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MOTION PICT

FEBRUARY — 25 CE

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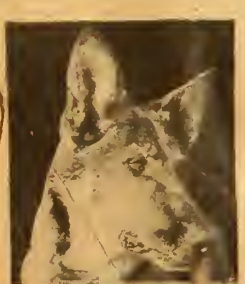
RIN-TIN-TIN

Makers of Romance, Laughter, Adventure—Warner Bros. Stars

WHAT a parade of human emotions these Warner Bros. stars portray for your entertainment. A thousand lives, a thousand loves, adventure without end—that is the joy of picture-goers that see Warner Bros. stars at their favorite theatres. Builders of life and romance in the shadowy land of make-believe, they bring happiness to millions.

This year you should follow them more closely than ever because this year the pictures in which they appear reach a new high point of picture perfection.

"Don Juan"

The Greatest Lover of All Ages

The very sensation of the entire picture season—John Barrymore in "Don Juan." Hailed on all sides as the masterpiece of impassioned love and thrilling adventure, it is already playing in New York, Boston, Chicago and Detroit.

"The Better 'Ole"

Syd Chaplin's Laugh Sensation

"The Better 'Ole" with Syd Chaplin as the lovable "Old Bill" will be voted the greatest comedy of years. It is now the rage in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Both this picture and "Don Juan" will soon be playing in many other cities—watch for them and be sure to see them when they arrive.

Warner Bros. Pictures Finer Than Ever Now

Note the other pictures listed at the right. All of them differ widely in appeal and for that reason each will prove to be a source of new delights. When you see them you will know why it is that Warner Bros. stars are now greater favorites than ever, and that Warner Bros. Pictures are the best entertainment to be found.

You must see Warner Bros. stars in these great pictures at your favorite theatre.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC starring Monte Blue.
MY OFFICIAL WIFE starring Irene Rich and Conway Tearle.
PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY starring George Jessel with Patsy Ruth Miller, Vera Gordon.
MILLIONAIRES with George Sidney, Louise Fazenda, Vera Gordon.
WHILE LONDON SLEEPS starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The Third Degree.
FINGER PRINTS with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
DON'T TELL THE WIFE starring Irene Rich.
WOLF'S CLOTHING starring Monte Blue with Patsy Ruth Miller.
WHITE FLANNELS
BITTER APPLES starring Monte Blue.
DOLORES COSTELLO in A Million Bid.
THE CLIMBERS starring Irene Rich.
THE GAY OLD BIRD
MATINEE LADIES
DOLORES COSTELLO in Irish Hearts.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The College Widow.
WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW
TRACKED BY THE POLICE starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS starring Monte Blue.
SIMPLE SIS with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
HILLS OF KENTUCKY starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
DEARIE with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER with Patsy Ruth Miller.
THE BRUTE starring Monte Blue.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The Heart Of Maryland

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show these pictures.

Warner Bros. Productions

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LILLIAN **GISH** *IN*

THE SCARLET LETTER

Directed by
VICTOR SEASTROM
Adaptation
and Scenario
by
FRANCES MARION
from the story by
NATHANIEL
HAWTHORNE
with
Lillian Gish
Lars Hansen

YOU will be amazed, thrilled
AT this magnificent, epoch making production—
AT the gripping, heart-stirring humanity of
LILLIAN GISH as Hester Prynne
THE heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's
IMMORTAL masterpiece
THE greatest love story ever filmed
FOR months it has been one of
BROADWAY'S main attractions.
AT $2.00 admission
SEE it now at popular prices.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Win John Gilbert's Valuable Prize

YOU are my most critical audience. You often attend motion pictures. You have an intelligent interest in what is shown. Where others merely *look* at the pictures, you actually *see* them. You are really observing. I want you to have this valuable prize.

So, I am submitting six questions. For the man who sends the best answers I have chosen the cigarette lighter I use in "The Flesh and the Devil" as my reward.

If it is a lady, Greta Garbo has promised the stunning umbrella she carries in the same picture.

And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the next fifty best contestants.

Someone will receive this prize. Why can't it be you? I hope it is.

Good Luck to You.

John Gilbert

John Gilbert's Six Questions

1 What is the first authentic picture of our admirals in the making? Who is the star?

2 Who are the heroes of peace time? In what picture are they starred?

3 Which is your favorite M-G-M picture and why? (Not more than fifty words.)

4 What was the wager in Bardelys the Magnificent? Who won?

5 In what M-G-M picture was the star imprisoned in a windmill? How did she escape?

6 Have you seen "Tell It To The Marines"? If so, at what theatre and what did you think of the presentation?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by February 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE. If you do not attend the pictures yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of The Renee Adoree Contest of November

MISS MADGE HARNEY
7427 Colfax Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Autographed pictures of Miss Adoree have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XXXIII FEBRUARY, 1927 Number 1

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

The Business of Being a Star

An Editorial

WE have seen Gloria Swanson in the throes of the first production of which she is also the producer. We have watched others suffering these throes too. And if men and women so beset by business details and financial problems and responsibility can continue to be great artists, they are indeed superhumans.

Things have come to a curious pass. The chances are we should say impasse. Only time and a few more stars ambitious to produce their own pictures so that they may make the sort of pictures they have dreamed of will tell.

The business of being a movie star has become just that, a business. For every time the contract of a star of any magnitude expires that star finds herself or himself involved in enough Big Business to keep a banker wakeful and nervous.

Invariably the star will sign a contract with a releasing company by which he becomes the producer of his own pictures. And this cannot fail to mean the responsibility of a thousand and one business and financial details. This means that the artist in the star must constantly be at variance with the business instincts that have, perforce, awakened. And we ask, can a star divided against himself stand?

Stars become the producers of their own pictures for various reasons. Sometimes it is foolish greed and the hope of making a few extra thousands of dollars. But we believe that it is usually because the star has become ambitious to make better pictures than he has been permitted to make as a part of a big organization.

There are two outstanding cases that indicate that this thing can be done . . . Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd.

But for the most part we think it inadvisable . . . and while we cheer those stars who are willing to subject themselves to such a severe task for the sake of their work, we think the very fact that they dare undertake it proves that they really do not realize the size of the load they so blithely stoop to carry.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

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We absolutely guarantee 100% improvement or your tuition will be gladly refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.

Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

Inspiring Book Now FREE

Send Coupon!

The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of "Physical Voice Culture"—a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

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Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Stammering*
☐ *Singing* ☐ *Speaking*

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City..... *State*.....

The Bulletin Board

The News as We Went to Press

BARBARA LA MARR'S little boy, who has been variously known as Ivan, Marvin, and Donald, has been legally adopted. Zasu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, have been taking care of Barbara's four-year-old son ever since her death, and were anxious to adopt him. Barbara's father objected at first, but recently he gave his consent, and Donald will be brought up as a brother to little Ann Gallery. Donald's original name was Ivan, but Barbara decided that was too much like a movie or a musical comedy, so she changed it. He is an extremely sweet little boy, and is known to his intimates as Sonny.

A GERMAN film, "The Slums of Berlin," has been imported by the Film Arts Guild and will be shown at the Cameo Theatre in New York. The Guild promises that it will be a real treat for those who glory in sordidness and human degradation. It makes von Stroheim's "Greed" look like a Mary Pickford picture, is reminiscent of Gorki's "A Night's Lodging," and there are simply no adjectives which adequately describe the depths to which it sinks. But its sponsors insist that there is "a sincere thread of self-redemption" running thru it.

RICARDO CORTEZ dashed across the continent in answer to a telegraphic message that his wife, Alma Rubens, was ill. Alma was operated on for appendicitis, after a three weeks' illness. She had just been assigned the leading rôle in the Fox production of H. G. Wells' "Marriage," but it will be several weeks before she can go back to work. Ricardo was right in the midst of a picture at the Paramount studio in Long Island.

H. D'ABBADIE D'ARRAST, who has been associated with Charlie Chaplin for many years, as script writer and general aide, is at last to direct a picture for Famous Players. He has been assigned to several pictures, and then removed at the last moment. Now he is to do "Glorifying the American Girl." But Famous Players has taken the precaution to engage Monta Bell to supervise the production. Monta will be working in the same studio on "The Greatest Show on Earth," and will keep a close watch on the goings-on of Mr. D'Arrast.

RAQUEL MELLER will be heard on the so-popular talking movies—but she will not sing for the Vitaphone. William Fox's Movietone, which is practically the same thing, has given her a test, passed her, and is now making records of the famous Meller voice and personality.

JOHN L. E. PELL, who wrote the script for "Down to the Sea in Ships," is to do another epic of the sea. It is "The Windjammers of Gloucester," and will be produced by the Film Booking Offices. The oldest square-riggers in existence will be used in this production. And another feature will be shots of the annual "Fisherman's Race," between the fastest schooners of the modern Gloucester. The fishing fleets were filmed, from every possible angle, at the last race.

THOSE who prefer to see Dolores Costello arrayed in the height of fashion will be relieved to know that her next picture will have a society background. It is a romance, and among other treats it will offer a shipwreck and an auction block on which our heroine will be sold to the highest bidder. The title is "A Million Bid." Dolores has just finished "The Third Degree."

WITH the exception of "The Ten Commandments," William Boyd has been in every picture Cecil De Mille has made for the past six years. He feels superstitious about it, somehow, and isn't going to let another production get by without him. In "The King of Kings" he will play *Simon the Cyrenean*, a small part—"just for luck."

JULIA FAYE is coming into her own at last. After years of playing second leads, and every conceivable type of part, she is to be starred. Her first picture will be a comedy from the pen of Irvin Cobb, entitled "Turkish Delight." Rudolph Schildkraut and May Robson will also be in the cast. Paul Sloan will direct.

HOPE HAMPTON has been threatening to turn operatic and appear in a New York musical piece, for some time. But she always disappoints us. Her latest operetta has been abandoned, and she's going to make a fashion movie, in colors, to exhibit all the gorgeous gowns which she recently acquired in Paris. We've never seen one of Hope's colored pictures, but the Italian government gave her a medal for one of them, so they must be good.

THE separation between Charlie and Lita Chaplin is hardly a surprise to Hollywood. When Lita sailed for Honolulu with her children and her mother, the friends who visited at the Chaplin home looked knowing and predicted just the sort of thing which now fills the newspapers.

No one really believes that the actual break came over a party of which Charlie did not approve.

However, while it is not believed that Charlie will do anything to cause Lita to reconsider, his friends wonder just what attitude he will take regarding the children. For Charlie has always wished for a son.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture of Greta Nissen in "Blonde or Brunette," as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by January 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE!
DONT EVEN SMILE — KEEP WITHIN THE LAW
DONT LAUGH — THIS MEANS YOU
POLICE STATION
LAUGHING STRICTLY AGAINST THE LAW
PENALTY 6 MONTHS IN JAIL OR $500 OR BOTH
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SUPPOSE IT WERE AGAINST THE LAW TO LAUGH!

SUPPOSE you didn't *dare* to laugh! Suppose that a good, hearty laugh would land you in jail! Absurd, you say, to have a law against laughing? Of course. You can't stop people from laughing—and no one wants to.

Which leads us to inquire—How much do *you* laugh? Do you laugh as you used to when you were a child? Do you get at least one good laugh every day? If not, you're missing the greatest tonic in the world. The one thing which, more than anything else, would keep you young.

So, if you've got the blues—or the cook has left without notice—or there's another installment due on the radio—or your fiancé has lost his job—forget about it—and laugh!

It's easy. All you have to do is to grab your hat—and see one of *Educational's Comedies*. You'll enjoy a whole flock of laughs, and your troubles will melt away like mist in the morning sun.

Educational's Comedies lead the field. You'll find them in the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. Millions of people in this country alone see them—and laugh over them—every day.

Neither time, talent nor money has ever been spared in making *Educational's Comedies* the best that could be produced. For clean, wholesome fun they are unrivaled.

Educational's supremacy in the Short Feature field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. You will enjoy them all.

* * * * * *

January has been designated by the motion picture industry as "Laugh Month." In consequence, theatres everywhere are cooperating by featuring comedies of unusual merit. Join in the fun. Treat yourself to a good hearty laugh. And because laughs are meant to be shared, take along the whole family!

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS
(in Natural Colors)
HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
JUVENILE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
CURIOSITIES — *The Movie Side-show*
LIFE — *Cartoon Comedies*
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

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"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
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AT THE COPLEY-PLAZA . . in Boston

Piquantly lovely with their Puritan profiles . . . graceful silhouettes . . .

153 Women Guests

tell why they find this soap best for their skin

STIFF, stodgy, sedate—Boston? Never!

It is one of the most romantic cities in the world.

Behind grim, forbidding gates somewhere along the Fenway—an Italian palace lies sleeping, filled with the opulent beauty of the Renaissance.

Back of those rows of heavy brownstone fronts—there are lighted drawing-rooms brimming with life and laughter.

Within the dingy outer city there is an inner city, hidden away, known only to the initiate few—brilliant, scintillating, ultra-modern.

And where are there women so piquantly lovely as those of Boston? With their Puritan profiles, contradicted by the flash of bright lips, bright eyes,—their aristocratic silhouettes, graceful as a drawing by Drian?

Among the exclusive inner set that gathers at the beautiful Copley-Plaza, we interviewed 186 women guests, to ask them their preference in the matter of toilet soap.

More than three-fourths answered, "*Woodbury's for my skin!*"

"*Because of its purity*," they said. "*Because it's invigorating.*" "*Because it's so wonderfully soothing.*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days*
Now—the new large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1303 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1303 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Kenneth Alexander

LILLIAN GISH

Critics directed their stabs at the fragile Lillian Gish of old. And a new, flesh-and-blood Lillian answered them eloquently with her proud performance in "The Scarlet Letter." Now hostilities have been suspended, to await whatever "A-[illegible]e" and "Wind" may bring forth

Russell Ball

JOHN BOLES

Unearthing young men who ought to be on the screen is Gloria Swanson's caprice. Her fancy lit upon John Boles as he danced in "Kitty's Kisses"— and he didn't protest when she asked him to be her leading man in "Sunya"

Harold Dean Carsey

MAY McAVOY

May McAvoy indulged in a nervous breakdown recently, and emerged looking like this. Beauty experts please copy. You may be able to see the happy results of collapse for yourself, because May is traveling about the country making personal appearances with "The Fire Brigade"

G. Maillard Kesslere

NORMA TALMADGE

It's a far cry from "Kiki" to "Camille." But not too far for those who prefer Norma, the beautiful and gracious, to Norma, the *gamine*. Norma herself has decided that her forte lies in straight drama, and will devote herself to it henceforth

Ruth Harriet Louise

JOHN GILBERT

Can a man look so sober and mean it—with cash in his hand and the world at his feet? We suspect this isn't one of Jack's habitual expressions —the photographer just had to think up a new pose. Jack and Renée Adorée will be reunited in "Day of Souls"

Irving Chidnoff

JOHNNY HINES

Fame takes its toll. Johnny loved his Broadway—but all good comedians live in Hollywood. So with the script of "All Aboard" under his arm, he turned his back on the bright lights for good. Hollywood wont be the same pastoral little town when Johnny arrives

ESTELLE TAYLOR

She is no longer known as "the champion's wife"—and it's not just because Jack Dempsey lost the championship, either. For Estelle has won laurels of her very own in "Don Juan" and "New York." But she'd rather have the old title back, and has gone to Hollywood to supervise Jack's training

Herbert Howe Tells the

C. S. Bull

Ramon Novarro

Romantic Life Story of Novarro

On the Road With Ramon

BIOGRAPHY should not be written until the ink is dry on the death certificate.

And I'm told it should be impersonal. This isn't.

Friend and adviser, I've known Novarro for four years and I still admire him. This alone is tribute fit for a funeral wreath; since ordinarily I dont cover half that many pages before I'm thoroly sick of a character.

Ergo, this is not a biography, it's a travelog. So, instead of commencing "In the year 1899 . . ." which would have you winded from the outset, I'll say informally——

"All aboard!" The sirens scream. The magic rug is undulating. We're on the way to Arab nights: Tunis and the mystic breath of Allah.

Majestically in rhythm with her name, the boat drifts off. But the mundane ghost of a night before clings to me. And as I wave a wan adieu to the dear ones on the dock, flexing their mouths like fish in soundless parting words, someone at my elbow observes I should have been a comedian.

"Um," I mutter foggily as I recognize Ramon Novarro. "And I should feel like one—but I dont."

Thus affably I totter away to my cabin, leaving the Statue of Liberty to scan the decks in vain for me.

When I encounter Ramon twelve hours later, he is breezily puffing a pipe that suggests the North wind's malice whistling o'er Chicago stockyards. "A parting gift," I guess. "It'll probably kill him." The next day there is a pipe overboard and a man in his bunk.

All is not poetry on the magic carpet—as the pale lady over the rail is hoarsely testifying.

First Impressions

IT was not until the night before docking at Cherbourg that I came to know Ramon, who, along with me, was on the way to join Rex Ingram on "The Arab" production in Africa.

I had met him by interview in New York upon his completion of "Where the Pavement Ends." My sole impression then was—youth.

I didn't think I'd ever met anyone so young.

The eager shine in his eyes was of a see-no-evil optimism. It inspired the tutelary indulgence you have toward a bright-eyed young fox-terrier that bounds joyously about knocking over things or sits triumphantly down in front of oncoming taxis.

With more self-sufficiency than is usually granted even to talented young men, there was a corresponding ignorance of self and ignorance of the world about him.

I wrote of him then: "Only time with its experiences can mold a token of character into a face—two years will work a big change in Novarro."

Two years later in Tunis the same old prophet penned: "Of all the young cinema celebrities, Ramon Novarro is the least known and the most worth knowing."

Ariel and Troubadour

IT was Adela Rogers St. Johns who cited him the perfect troubadour. "Lyric charm, poetical charm, plus the beauty of a Greek boy," she wrote. "Think of him when you read of Keats, when you read of Byron, when you read 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

I thought of him most, perhaps, when reading "Ariel—the Life of Shelley:"

This old photograph shows a six-months-old Ramon . . . with his two sisters, Rosa and Guadalupe, both of whom have become nuns

The life story of Ramon Novarro is romantic and stirring enough to bear telling even if Ramon were not one of the greatest figures upon our screen today.

And there is no one else who could write this story as Herbert Howe has written it. Ramon has been his friend and traveling companion thru several years. And this story as he presents it, endowing it with the color and charm of his incomparable style, is far more than a life story.

It is with pride and pleasure that we offer it to our readers.

A. W. F.

A young *Scaramouche* . . . Ramon at the age of two with his hair frizzed for the occasion of a visit to the photographers

Shelley with his habitual eagerness of mood. "Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness about it, and the air of profound religious veneration which characterizes the frescoed saints of the great masters in Florence."

In the eyes of the young Novarro there shone, too, an animation, a fire, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, and thru his youthful jollity the glimmer of a shrewd satiric wit.

We had dinner together the evening before landing, with a bottle of Pommery *sec* as toast to France, then decided to stay up all night and receive Europe in the dawn.

I must have touched a secret spring to his confidence, for that evening was one of charmed revelation, thru which I saw the substance of his character.

There are personalities in terms of color, others in terms of earth and power; the ultimate translation of Novarro is in terms of light.

His eyes so mesmerize a mood that you forget to listen. Nor is it wholly necessary. "Pantomime is thinking overheard," says Arthur Symons. "It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech."

The words he uttered, with Spanish modulations, the sharp-pointed *i's* velveted to *e*, were tributary to the lights vibrating in his eyes.

A brilliance of black in white, those eyes illuminating a face of Spanish pallor, in which health glows but does not redden, undergo at times a curious change; ordinarily wide and luminous, with thought apparent, they appear on certain days to narrow, almond shape, the white invisible. And recalling the Aztec strain in his Spanish blood, I've been moved to speculate on the theory that behind the veil of Maya mysteries there are Mongolian eyes.

The Garden of Eden

"I was born in the Garden of Eden," he replied with sudden humor.

"Oh," I ejaculated. "So you're the bird that ate the apple and got us all in dutch."

The First Stage Out of the Garden

But I didn't believe he had. He was still in the garden as free of evil as the day of creation. No, Ramon had not yet partaken of the tree of knowledge—for good or for evil.

The Garden of Eden in which he was born formed the

The death of his grandmother marked Ramon's first grief. The tears rushed to his eyes; then, with sudden consciousness, he turned and ran to a mirror. With a young Ramon here is his sister, Leonor

heart of his ancestral home in Durango, Mexico. His uncle had christened it so because he said Adam and Eve would have envied the family that lived there. He referred to the variety of fruit and flowers, not to the size of the family; tho Adam and Eve might have envied that too: there were fourteen children.

To know Ramon you must enter that home: a house of medieval masonry, not forbidding but aloof, guarding its inner character with iron-bound doors and shuttered windows.

Entering by the *zaguan*, you pass thru the dim coolness of a *sala*, down corridors of polished tiles with arches opening on to patios of cloistered sun.

There are three of these inner courts, each centered with a *pileta* from which a shade tree springs. Pots of flowers enamel the stone between the arches and encircle the *pileta* with a sparkling rim. To the rear a *mirador*, a wide paved terrace covered over, gives a view of the *huerta* we call the Garden of Eden.

Redeemed from the world by vine-grown walls, it is a paradise of scented color. Descending, you pass between orange and cherry trees, fig, cinnamon, mango, peach and pomegranate, under a pergola drifted in vines, the petals falling in benediction.

of His Life Journey Takes Novarro of Eden and Onto the S.S. Majestic

In this trellised shade at twilight Ramon would see his mother walking, a rosary in her hand and on her head the mantilla of the Spanish lady.

. . . Ramon showed me this garden with luminous rapture, his eyes glowing an appeal for appreciation.

The Birth of an Actor

HERE at the age of six Ramon made his dramatic début; it was a fiesta to honor his grandmother's birthday.

With his little sister Guadalupe, now a nun, he enacted a poem by Campamoor, "If I Could Only Write." It tells of a peasant girl who goes to a priest beseeching him to write a letter to her sweetheart. Guadalupe was attired in the bright colors of a gypsy, the young Ramon in tunic of priestly black with purple sash and cotton wig.

All the friends and relatives applauded bravely.

". . . This was a mistake," laughs Ramon. "They couldn't stop me!"

An actor was born to the Garden of Eden.

This picture shows Ramon in his first professional appearance on the stage . . . as a bird-seller in a dance pantomime

A few months later when his grandmother died, Ramon felt his first known grief. The tears rushed to his eyes; then, with sudden consciousness, he turned and ran to a mirror.

Belasco in Durango

ON his eighth Christmas his mother gave him a marionette theater—"the gift of the Holy Child."

Thenceforth all Ramon's spending money went to that enterprise. Out of furniture catalogs from Paris he gained designs for carving chairs and tables in the Louis Quinze period; his sisters assisted by cushioning the chairs and embroidering the curtains with gay design.

"The Merry Widow" had played Durango to great applause, so Ramon fearlessly chose it for his première. For weeks he drilled his sisters, Leonor and Luz, in the manipulation of the puppets and in the vocal numbers.

No sooner had the gracious permission of Señora Samaniego been granted for the use of her *sala* than announcements in the hand of Ramon were circulating the town: "Ten *centavos* for adults," they read, "and five for children or fraction thereof"—a satiric hint to those who insist that the child is under six and therefore entitled to a free seat.

Success was overnight. Durango had a Belasco.

From then on until he was fourteen Ramon was an active theatrical producer, adapting stories and plays, chiefly of satiric vein, and delivering the speeches for the puppets in eight or nine different voices. Monthly copies of *L'Illustration* from Paris and *Theatre Magazine* from New York supplied ideas for settings and lighting effects, which he constantly renovated.

For the performance of "Juan Panadero," a favorite Spanish piece, the one-man company played to a hundred seats, and standing room was sold.

". . . The artistic appreciation of Durango was very high," muses Ramon.

A town of old-world culture, overlaying the site of a still older Aztec civilization, Durango with its fifty thousand citizens supported a municipal theater. Mimi Agulia played there a month in the Italian tongue, and Tetrazzini was so fervently received that years later in

(*Continued on page* 104)

"There is no language for mortals to whom are vouchsafed brief moments of intuition into the reality of a world which for all the daily purposes of life is merely a dull show fittingly expressed in dull words, nor are there any images to express meaningly to men what comes into the mind when slowly one by one the scales have fallen from our eyes and we nakedly glimpse, once or twice or thrice on our course thru the world, and most of us never at all, one of those rare divine beings who pass veiled and disguised thru life, as in medieval days the old forsaken gods of Greece and Rome were said still to linger here and there in the world, with a cowl drawn over their flaming eyes, or a rough kirtle deforming the symmetry of their perfect limbs."—Havelock Ellis.

Greta Nissen's bob is often dressed in this fashion. The hair is brought softly down over one eye, brushed straight off the ear on the other side, waved, with a mass of soft curls in back

The *Gamine* cut, a favorite of Clara Bow's. Brush the hair from the crown of the head to the eyebrows and then tousle it softly to obtain a carefully careless effect

Lois Wilson favors the diagonal wave. Sweep hair from back to front in a swirl before waving, then comb, not brush, the front curls loosely about the face

"FRED"

"Bobbed, Unbobbed," or The Movie's Coiffure

By GRACE

TWENTY years ago in Vienna this still very young Austrian learned his profession, midst all the splendors of wealth and fashion, in a famous beauty establishment. Bank directors, Hungarian and Polish noblemen, countesses, ambassadors, all flocked for treatments and many became Fred's especial patrons.

Sounds like an Erich von Stroheim movie, doesn't it! Fred has, by the way, only unbounded admiration for that great director's pictures, which are, as he surely knows, authentic to a degree.

In his present domain among the dressing-rooms at Famous Players' Long Island studios, "Fred," as he is cheerfully hailed by all, must sometimes reflect on those stirring days of constant change and excitement, days and nights at sea when he roamed from England to China, from Japan to Australia, South America, and all the great ports of the world, aboard the great Hamburg-American liner to which he had been appointed hair-dresser by his friends and patrons, Count Romovtzy, Secretary of Railways in Russia, and Ballin, General Director of the Hamburg-American lines.

However, when questioned, Fred assures you, with inimitable accent, that these past two years at the studio, whence he was first summoned by Natacha Rambova to dress the elaborate wigs used in "Beaucaire," have been far more interesting than all the rest; that the stars are kind, considerate, and not at all difficult or temperamental. Only one name met with a slight grimace, and this young woman has long since proved by successive breaks with several of the larger companies that arrogance and conceit are not, to say the least, profitable!

Oh, yes! he knows what he's talking about, this Ferdinand Joseph Lawrence Graf; and why not? Is it not he who gives to us all these gleaming perfect bobs and coiffures that we see our favorite stars display?

All—ingénue, sweet young thing, smart woman of the world, quiet old-fashioned girl, hoyden flapper, exotic siren, blonde, brunette, "redhead"—each type comes eventually under the magic curling-iron, and Fred has a style for each; for did he not, before joining the studios, practise in such fashion centers at Saratoga, Spring Lake, White Sulphur, Miami?

He is seldom to be found in his room atop the studios, for this young master from Vienna is in constant demand, and when not at work in the dressing-rooms of the great, may be found on one of the dozens of sets busily repairing damage done the heroine's tresses after a tussle with the villain, or smoothing the bob under a smart maid's cap—for she's to be "close-up'd" in a minute!

FRED says his advice to all women, young, old, or medium, is *"Study yourself!* Do not slavishly copy the hair styles of your favorite star, for what is becoming to one may utterly ruin the beauty of another." Sound advice, isn't it? Stop and think a minute, and you'll realize that the *reason* the stars appear beautiful is not due

SAYS:

"Growing—Study Your Type!" Artist Is Interviewed

Corson

entirely to their own beauty but to the fact that each one of these famous heads is becomingly dressed.

"For instance," he continued, "how ridiculous to copy the straight-off-the-ears-and-forehead bob of a pretty favorite if one's own ears are too large or one's forehead too high—or how equally ridiculous for the tall, queenly girl of generous proportion to copy the tousled, fluffy curls of petite Betty Bronson!

"Yes, of course, these are extreme examples, and most girls are too intelligent to do such silly things, but far too few girls realize that style and beauty are frequently not good friends, and if you wish to be lovely, watch your step!

"Of course, in the large cities, of late years, many *most* unbeautiful styles have been worn, with utter disregard of their unflattering effects, but between the ultra-smart, slave-of-fashion type of woman, and the regular American girl there is, praise be, a wide gulf, and freak styles popular in Paris and New York are rarely adopted by the majority of those living away from these centers."

Since there is nothing new about the softly waved bob parted on one side, I have not pictured it here, but these variations that I have sketched are not too extreme and are both becoming and smart.

Take first the blonde fluffy bob on page twenty-two, upper left corner—such a style, or similar variations, is worn at times by Greta Nissen, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Norma Talmadge. Waved softly back from one ear, and brought softly down over one eye, with a mass of loose curls at the back, it is a very adorable fashion for girls from sixteen to twenty-four.

Below that one we see the *gamine* bob, exceedingly popular in New York and Paris, and worn by Bessie Love, Anita Loos, Clara Bow, Nissen, and Leatrice Joy. Cut like a boy's and brushed down from crown to eyebrows, then tousled lightly, in a carefully careless effect!

At the bottom of page twenty-two is a smart wave, the diagonal, which has found favor with Lois Wilson, Florence Vidor, Phyllis Haver, and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Before waving, the hair should be brushed around and forward, to give the forward sweep and looseness necessary. On completion of the wave, *comb,* not brush, the ends out lightly, and there will be a froth of soft hair becomingly framing the face.

In the upper right-hand corner of page twenty-three is an extreme French style of Arlette Marchal's. It is called the *garçonne,* and is quite "Byronesque" in effect. Only tall, striking girls of tailored aspect should attempt this one, but if you can wear it you'll surely be different.

It is dressed off the forehead in a pompadour, waved and brought far out on each cheek, like sideburns.

The Pola Negri coiffure shown below it is worn only at night, and only by those desiring the exotic. Straight off the forehead and ears, with only a lock before each ear, then knotted loosely, low on the neck with a

(*Continued on page 97*)

Arlette Marchal's "hair dip" is an extreme French mode called the *Garçonne.* A high pompadour with long "sideburns" over the cheeks. Only tall, striking girls of the tailored type should attempt this one

This bob is used by a number of stars and is attained by a diagonal part, with the hair brushed straightforward on one side and back on the other. Use very little wave and soften the severity with a few carefully placed curls and tendrils, as sketched

Pola Negri is, of course, the exotic woman of the world and can wear this extreme style. Brush the hair straight back with only a lock before each ear . . . a triple twist low on the nape, a comb, and we have an unusual evening coiffure. False pieces may easily be used to gain this effect

Riess

He likes the American women because they have the faculty of comradeship. And he thinks comradeship is beautiful in a woman . . . if she also keeps a femininity

© Grob

Mr. and Mrs. Jannings when they left Berlin on the first lap of their triumphal journey to Hollywood

Jannings is a Rodin. Only he works mightily with shadows rather than clay

JANNINGS COME

By GLADYS

WHEN we arrived at eleven in the morning, Mr. Jannings was not yet dressed for the day. He appeared, before us, a really cherubic smile on his face, clad in a capacious dressing-robe of brown. His expression when he saw us was startled. He had expected only men. He begged pardon, in German, of course, for the unconventionality of his attire—and remained so attired for most of the remainder of our stay.

While he was eating breakfast, his secretary clipped papers and let fall bits of personal information. . . . We gathered that "the king of character actors" lives like a king of royalty in Germany; that he is bringing over his private chef and his housekeeper; that he has signed a three-year contract with Famous Players; that he has always wanted to come to Hollywood because of the great experience it will be; that he is going to play *Falstaff* for Reinhardt when he returns; that he knows two English words or expressions, one of which is "Sank you" and the other "I'm happy!" that he is like a child with a child's immediate reactions to externals . . . if it rains, he is depressed, morose; if it shines, he immediately cheers up. That Mrs. Jannings, who was Gussie Holl, the Yvette Guilbert of Germany, gave up her extremely successful career when she married and that he depends absolutely upon her, never doing a thing without consulting her. That his first American-made picture may be a Biblical story; that he loves food and drink and pretty women above all other things; that he misses the German beer enormously. One of his first questions when he arrived on these shores was whether or no he could speak to a pretty girl on the street as they do in Germany. His discomfiture at the conventional negation may be imagined. It is quite possible that he will not heed it.

He came over to us and paid us a bold and forthright

Jannings is a child in spirit. He is depressed when it rains and cheerful when the sun is bright

He adores the good things of life and lives like a king in Germany. And he has brought his private chef and housekeeper to Hollywood with him. This camera study by Abbé shows him in his next great rôle to be shown on the American screen, *Mephisto* in "Faust"

Mr. and Mrs. Jannings and Sebastian, the very favored mocking-bird, upon their arrival in America on the second lap of their long trip to the capital of motion pictures

P. & A.

TO JUDGMENT

HALL

compliment. Too tame a word, too, compliment . . . but every word we use seems too tame, too vitiated . . . as if we were tapping ineffectually with a fragile wooden hammer at a crude yet definite projection of granite. . . . His eyes, as he spoke to us, were insolently bold. We didn't mind. There was that boldness in its immensity defying finicky resentment. Or coy evasion. After all, when you meet any quality in the raw, in its entirety, what is there to quibble about? Of what avail would quibbling be? Again, too, he was a symbol. A symbol of the predatory male too essential to be anything personal.

He was interested in watching the shoe repairers at work in their shop windows. Shoes are not repaired for all who pass to see in Germany. On his first day here he stood on Broadway for half an hour watching the cobblers at work, which greatly pleased those neglected artizans even tho they little guessed the identity of their engrossed spectator. He wants to watch the faces of the people on our streets. He is more interested in faces than in sky-scrapers. He wants to go to Harlem and see how the negroes live. He is particularly interested in the negro. Thinks them colorful and interesting. He doesn't understand the way we view the race problem, cant see why they should *be* a problem. Which means that Emil Jannings is beyond racial restrictions.

* * *

MR. JANNINGS came in, re-enforced by breakfast. He sat down and his bold, mocking, brightly intelligent eyes surveyed us. There was a slight patience on his face, as if to say, "Now, I'm ready. Shoot!"

We fumbled and made some sort of inquiry as to the type of part he wants to play here . . . Continental . . . American . . . ?

(*Continued on page* 100)

DEAD BROKE

HAVE you ever been stranded—without a cent? What would you do? What COULD one do!

This situation has been faced by so many of the screen people and their experiences are most interesting.

Lewis Stone, that beloved *gentleman* of the screen, gave a characteristic touch of his forefinger to his mustache and said in his whimsical way, "Stranded? Good gracious, yes! It is only a question of picking out the most *interesting* time to tell you of!

"I know!" he smiled, "When I was playing in a small town in New Hampshire, many years ago, I was put out of the town hotel for an overdue hotel bill. I simply moved myself over to the town bandstand in the public park and retired for the night.

"At midnight, I was rudely awakened and taken right back to the hotel. I thought at first the owner had had a change of heart but it turned out that an epidemic of small-pox had broken out in the hotel. The health authorities had rounded up all the guests and we were all quarantined in the hotel for two weeks.

"It was a mental and physical satisfaction to me to eat heartily and well during that enforced stay, for the gentleman who had put me out so unceremoniously groaned over every mouthful I swallowed, thereby making each swallow a joy to me!" laughed Lewis.

"When it was over I took my wardrobe to the station-agent and spread it all out before him. My opera-hat made an immediate and lasting impression. With my promise that he might wear that, he consented to keep the rest of my wardrobe for my fare, until I could send him the money from New York. I've always liked opera-hats ever since!" finished Lewis as he left my side to go back to work.

Dorothy Phillips remembers when she and her late husband, Allen Holubar, had five dollars to their name . . . determined to have one good meal, anyhow . . . and arriving at the restaurant, found the five dollars had disappeared thru a hole in his coat pocket

Wally Beery

"GOSH!" breathed Wally Beery, as I cornered him in his Gob's suit on the "We're in the Navy Now" set. "All I can remember before coming into pictures is one big blot forming the letters B-R-O-K-E!

"Cant remember one startling incident to save my life," went on Wally. "But I do know that always when the clouds looked darkest, the relief was the brightest! 'Sfunny thing about that—that's life—when you're a down-and-outer and give up struggling—'Something' takes it up for you and springs a way out, better than you had ever dreamed possible!"

"When you give up struggling, something always turns up, according to the philosophic Wally Beery

E. Irwin

Bill Powell remembers when he and Ralph, the nationally known cartoonist, arrived in New York with a lead quarter between them

Richee

Louise Fazenda remembers when she counted the decreasing coins in her pocketbook and wondered how many more days she would have the money to dine on a hot dog

They Didn't Always Get Weekly Checks in Three Figures. And Many of Them Can Remember When They Were Stranded . . . Without a Cent

By Doris Denbo

"C'mere, Ray!" called Wally, "This is a good one Doris has this time!" Ray Hatton arrived doing the sailor's hornpipe and said, "NOW, what's the low-down?"

"Ever been broke—without a cent?" asked I.

Ray looked me over carefully and said anxiously—"think she's all right, Wally?"

"Sure! You tell her, I cant bear the strain!" said Wally with a laugh.

Then Ray told of a time he was broke in a small town when he just had to have some money to feed the same little frail that today he's buying Rolls-Royces for.

He went about town promoting himself a hot-dog stand. He borrowed the oven affair from the lunch-stand where he had been drinking coffee as long as the show was prospering, and borrowed the hot dogs from the town butcher and the rolls from the baker. (Ray always looked honest everywhere but on the screen!)

In this way Ray fed the frail and finally had a hot-dog lunch-stand in the front part of a saloon and a prospering business until he could get back to the show business in New York.

It was Lewis Stone's opera hat once that made it possible for him to get his fare back to New York. There was a small-town station-agent with secret *Beau Brummel* tendencies that hankered after it

A sensational and original note is added to this experience by the fact that he is still married to the same frail and admits he loves her dearly and that she is the one who has made it possible for him to climb to the heights he has reached! Perhaps you, dear reader, do not realize how unusual this is in Hollywood!

June Mathis

June Mathis and her mother found themselves with just barely enough coffee for breakfast and fifteen cents between them and starvation. They dressed in their very smartest best and went around the corner to the grocery and ordered sufficient for two days.

She told the man to deliver them to her apartment and if they were not at home, to leave them and she would pay for them the next day. Fortunately, the next day June secured an engagement in an Al Woods' production, and all was well.

Frances Nostrum, David Hartford's wife, is a novelist, scenario writer, and has written several dozen vaudeville sketches for the Orpheum, Keiths, etc. She claims being stranded is what started her on her writing career.

(*Continued on page* 112)

There was the time that Chester Conklin had to take a job waiting on a lunch counter for three dollars a week

What people do when they're broke today when there are no more "free lunches" is what puzzles Francis X Bushman

Richee

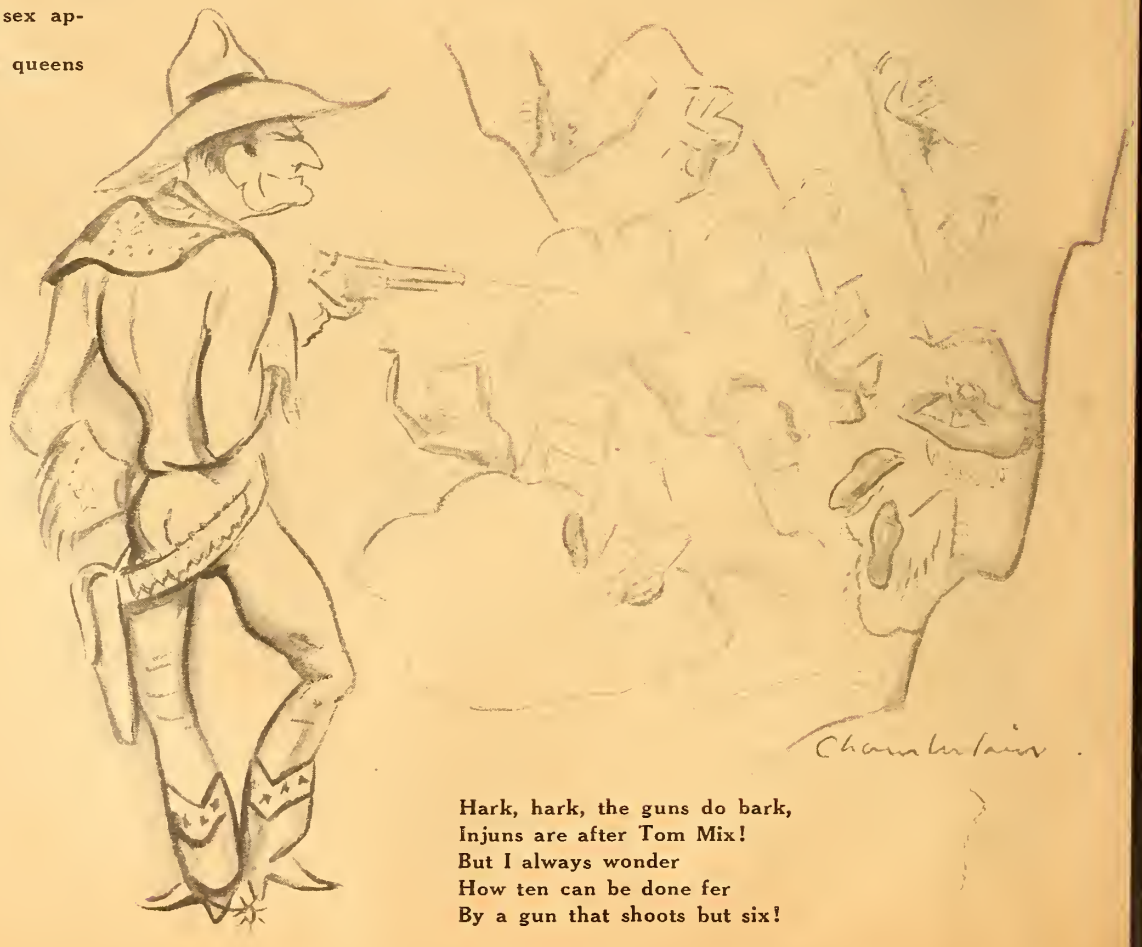
June Mathis remembers when she and her mother secured credit at the neighborhood grocery store by going to do their shopping in their best clothes. The grocer never suspected that they had just fifteen cents

Apeda

A Movie

What are movie queens
made of, made of?
What are movie queens
made of?
Zip and zeal and sex ap-
peal
That's what movie queens
are made of.

Movie star baby
At the screen's top. . . .
When you grow older
You may be a flop.



© by
Ken Chamberlain

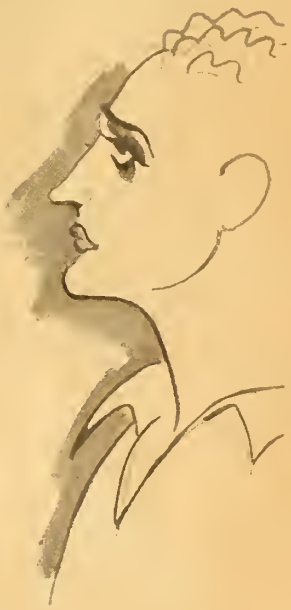
Hark, hark, the guns do bark,
Injuns are after Tom Mix!
But I always wonder
How ten can be done fer
By a gun that shoots but six!

Mother Goose

By
Ken Chamberlain

Twinkle, twinkle, movie star
How I wonder who you are. . . .
You were christened Lizzie Quince
But you've married six times since.

Pat-a-cheek, pat-a-cheek, leading man,
Take out the wrinkles as fast as you can;
Lip-stick and rouge, powder and paint,
Make an old-timer seem what he ain't.



What are leading men made of, made of?
What are leading men made of?
Pure profiles, and press-agents' wiles
That's what leading men are made of.

Big Boy (Monte) Blue,
Come shoot your gun. . . .
The villain's up to dirty work
And spoiling all the fun!

It is quite ridiculous to see her in the rôle of Mrs. John McCormick. She seems far more like a schoolgirl than a married woman

Colleen's John . . . a brilliant young producer who answers to the good Irish name of McCormick

Illustration by Henrietta McCaig

THE CAST

The Very Young Mrs. John McCormick.....*Colleen Moore*
The Very Brilliant Young Producer.....*Colleen's John*
We.....*Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher*
Others (strange as it may seem) Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Helen Ferguson, Prominent Magazine Writers, Newspaper Writers, Editors, Fillum Executives, Russell Ball, Directors, Maid, Waiters, Musicians, *et al.*

We Interview Colleen Moore

An Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

Russell Ball

Colleen in her "Orchids and Ermine" frock. . . . She says that she likes to do both comedy and drama . . . comedy and drama, all mixed up. Because life itself is a little like that

SCENE I.—The Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Ambassador, New York City.

To the experienced eye and even to the more naïve orb, it would be immediately evident upon the rise of the curtain that a motion picture party is in progress and that, in staging this first scene no expense has been spared either as to set, properties or Cast. (We thank you.) For the polished ballroom floor is copiously dotted with tiny tables, tables for two, for four, for six, eight and ten. These border the shining oasis whereon couples dance to the merry machinations of a string orchestra. Guests seated at the tables are being served with every manner of delicacy by unusually assiduous waiters. Groups stand about almost as numerous as the flowers and fernery that festoon the walls . . . there is the pleasing drift of cigaret smoke spiraling about in the expensive air . . . the singsong of contented voices . . . the broken cascades of laughter. . . .

Colleen Moore, her straight black hair sleek against her young Irish face, quaint and very young in a frock of lavender chiffon, wearing a corsage of orchids and sparkling, albeit youthfully, with diamonds and amethysts, moves among her guests. Here is Youth. Youth, wealthy and famous, draped in chiffon and begemmed with precious stones . . . Youth sought and acclaimed . . . but Youth none the less . . . such Youth as you may find at high school soirées or, perhaps, at freshman proms. . . .

COLLEEN MOORE: Hello, Adele . . . hello, Gladys. . . . So glad to see you! How've you been?"

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER: Hello, Colleen. We were afraid the hostess wouldn't be here. Someone told us you were ill . . . in bed with a vile cold. . . .

GLADYS HALL: We certainly didn't expect to see you . . . are you O. K. now, Colleen?

COLLEEN (*an admonishing forefinger raised . . . voice lowered to the confidential pitch of a small child, who confesses to having "got up, anyway"*): I *just* got out of bed. I felt a little dizzy when I was dressing, but I'm fine now. Come on over to the table with Norma and Constance. . . .

HELEN FERGUSON (*threading her way thru the crowd, creeping under potted palms and baskets of roses*): Why, Colleen Moore, you ought to be in bed . . . a fever and everything . . .

COLLEEN (*smiling*): Oh, I'm better, now . . . really . . . much better . . . I wouldn't have missed being here for *anything*. . . .

NORMA AND CONSTANCE: Hello, you two . . . hello, Colleen, sure you're all right now?

COLLEEN (*her head cocked to one side, looking too young to be true*): Goodness, a little cold doesn't merit so much attention. I'm quite a figure this afternoon.

CONSTANCE (*laughingly*): That's right, Colleen. You're the game type!

(*Another group of new arrivals stand in the doorway.*

With Colleen, here, are her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Morrison. They gave their daughter a precious heritage when they gave her her gift for life. It amounts to almost a genius for living. She never seems even a little blasé . . . or a trifle bored

Talbot

Then there is Clive, the other member of the Morrison family. . . . Colleen thinks it foolish to give your life to piling up money and never doing any of the things you want to do. And she seems sincere about her determination to leave the screen when this contract expires

Colleen sees them and hurries over to shake several dozen more hands . . . make several dozen more welcoming remarks . . . warm several dozen other hearts with her genial youth and spontaneity.)

A. W. F. (*as if a weight had been removed from her mind, tho Goodness knows why from hers*): She cant be feeling ill now, do you suppose? Just look at her!

SOMEONE AT THE TABLE: She is ill, tho. She fainted when she was trying to dress. And I dont know how many attempts she had to make before she could get out of bed. She's been running a high temperature for days. She's got nerve.

G. H.: She seems singularly unspoiled. If I were Colleen Moore, and had a cold, I'd stay in bed, if I were going to have tea with the Queen of all the Roumanias . . . if there is more than one!

A. W. F. (*pointedly*): I'm sure of it.

NORMA TALMADGE (*hastily . . . acquainted as she unhappily is with the Interviewers' penchant for inimical exchanges, which have been known to include china and other rare bric-à-brac*): To change the subject—just at the crucial moment—if I may—Colleen is a very remarkable child. Everyone loves her. In the studios and out of them. She accepts the things that have come to her so simply that they have not been able to change her.

CONSTANCE (*impulsively, and from the edge of the dance floor, which same she is just about to adorn with her besought person*): She's a good kid, all right . . . and a good actress, to boot. . . .

G. H. (*turning, albeit apprehensively, to A. W. F.*): I think it might be a good idea to do one of our double interviews with her, dont you?

A. W. F.: I do. Associations are said to improve people.

COLLEEN (*returning to the table for a brief moment*): You haven't had any ices . . . or *petits-fours*—let *me*——

G. H. (*registering that Colleen is her favorite movie actress, as that grown-up child serves them in person with ices and cakes*): We, Adele and I, you know, would like to see you before you go back to the Coast . . . when . . . (the date is forthwith made via the agencies of nods and eyebrow raisings and sibilant whispers and effusive pats on the arm and coy giggles and other insignia comprehensible to females well disposed toward each other.)

"Twinkletoes" is a part she has dreamed of doing for years . . . she thinks it is a sad story but "artistic" (this word used with a comical little smile), but, anyway, she adored wearing the blonde wig

(The curtain descends upon the gay scene . . . as Colleen goes lightly to another table to speak with other guests . . . as the musicians give an encore for an applauded dance . . . as Constance

(*Con. on page* 120)

AS OTHERS SEE US

By GRACE CORSON

ON THE SET WITH GLORIA

(An Open Letter to a Country Cousin)

DEAR COUSIN:

Somehow Gloria and I drifted into a discussion of beauty, and with a deep twinkle in her famous eyes, she said, "You know, I had an inferiority complex for years, and I'm not over it quite yet!"

"You! an inferiority complex?"

"Yesmam! I used to hate my eyes because they slanted up so at the corners, and I'd try, with make-up, to make them round, and I used to push and pull at my nose because it was so odd—that's probably what's the matter with it now!" and the twinkle broke into a laugh.

"—and my teeth—oh, ye gods! how I hated them. Thought they were too square and big, and I *always* kept my mouth covered with my hand when I smiled!"

Excitement at that statement was too much for me and completely forgetting that I was there to listen, not talk, I yelped, "So did I! always!"

Then we both laughed again and decided that the joys of being grown and called "interesting and different," more than compensated for the misery of more youthful days spent in mourning the lack of round dimpled faces, "cupid's bows," and baby eyes.

This is a sample of the talks we had during the wholly delightful visits I made to her studio. Is she "high-hat," "upstage," "spoiled"?—Chorus: NO!!!!

Patsy, my dear, it must be evident even to you, that I have a noble nature, when I

(*Continued on page* 103)

NOTICE TO STARS AND READERS:

(This is exceptional. —G. C.)

A particular blend of perfume is made for you, an individual. Absolutely no one else may have your formula. Stars of the Stage who have already discovered Nayan are: Alice Brady, Vivienne Segal, Helen Hayes, Louella Gear, Sylvia Field, now in "Broadway." Nayana, herself, distills these perfumes in her New York laboratory, and in order to obtain knowledge of your personality, sends you a Personal Analysis Sheet. This chart is studied until a perfume is blended exactly to suit your individuality. 2 oz. bottle, $33.00

THIS SHOPPING SERVICE IS FOR *YOU!*

(For Instructions and Full Details See Page 103)

$7.50 for three-piece set of heavy glove silk underwear, pure silk (no rayon). You may choose among the bloomer, chemise ("teddy"), and step-in for two of the three pieces. Each order must include vest. Extra garments, sold *only* with an order for a three-piece set, are priced $3.25 each for bloomers, step-in, chemise; vest, $2.25. Two-piece sets of vests and choice of bloomer or step-in, $5.00 (vest must be included). Colors: Peach, Nile green, orchid and pink—sizes 34-42

Marie Prevost likes a costume of this sort for winter sports, when the white snow glitters and creaks under foot. For skating, tobogganing, etc., there is nothing like a warm, woolly sweater, snugly buttoned, a trick little cap with fluffy bright pompon perched atop, and a pair of heavy socks to keep you glowing. Matching set in three pieces, $11.00. These costumes, caps, socks, and sweaters, are of purest *worsted,* no cotton, and of sunfast colors. Being beautifully made, they endure — no baggy elbows and sagging pockets. The big roll collar is generously wide and a joy when the wind bites, and the colors are delightful. Altho the stripe colors are the same in all sets, you have a choice of mauve; soft orange woven with pale gray; bright orange woven with yellow; or a light shade of tan. Stripe colors are green, white, gray and tan. Per set, $11.00

Gloria Swanson's Newest Costumes on Following Page

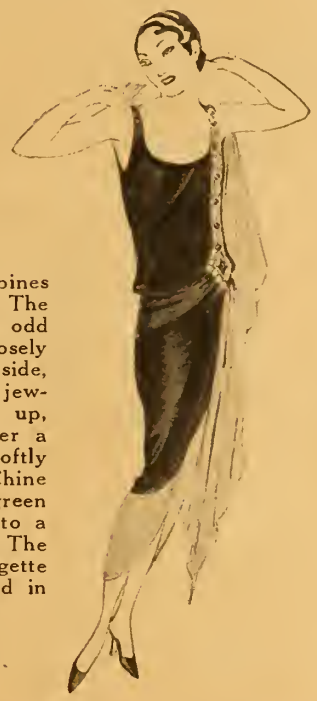
GLORIA SWANSON'S NEWEST GOWNS

Especially Drawn by Miss Corson

At right: A dazzling diva, surely, will be Miss Swanson in her opera scenes, for of regal black velvet, gorgeous emeralds and diamonds, white fox and cloth of silver, has this costume been created. A brilliant feature is the odd set of shoulder straps, necklace, earrings and cuff-bracelet fashioned of cabochon emeralds and diamonds, which also form deep sharp points at bottom of gown. The very low décolletage is even more striking in the back, where the V cuts down to the waistline. The wrap of black velvet, lined thruout with gleaming cloth of silver, is startlingly barred in back with broad bands of silver and gold, as shown in the reflection in drawing. The gown was fitted over tights, for a fastening of any sort would have ruined the desired smooth contour

Shaded chiffon and metal cloth swathed closely about the figure resulted in this exotic and elaborate peignoir. The almost classic drapery gives height to the diminutive Marquise. Red gold cloth forms almost the entire body of the costume, and flowing lengths of chiffon, shading upward from deep rich tones of Chinese red to cream, veil the arms. Alluring, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Velvets, Jewels, Furs and Chiffon Adorn the Marquise in "Sunya"



This charming gown combines richness and simplicity. The supple silk velvet is of an odd gray-green, and is draped closely about the hips up to the left side, where it is caught by the jewelled strap which extends up, over and down the shoulder a bit in back. Here a softly shirred flare of crêpe de Chine in a lighter tone of the green falls under from the strap to a little below the shoulder. The sloping curve of the georgette part of the skirt is repeated in back

Above at left: With Miss Swanson's smart little coat-dress of dove-gray velveteen, with trimmings of bright scarlet leather, she carries a huge square bag of shining scarlet, and wears a tiny little casque-like hat of the same gray velvet and scarlet leather. From the left shoulder, beside the close little round neck-line, runs the leather piping in three scallops, then diagonally across to the center of the blouse and straight down to the waist-line. This is repeated on the skirt, which opens in front to reveal the scarlet crêpe de Chine, which lines the whole costume. It is made tight at the hips and draped close up to the scallops at the waistline. A loosely knotted scarf of brilliantly striped silk completes the ensemble

Above, at right, is her smart wrap of figured velours and fox. The color of the velours is a rich wine red, is beautiful, and the deep luxurious fur which forms a shawl collar to the waist-line continues from there to the hem in a spiral; it is twisted three times and caught to the material. The cuffs, of fur, extend all the way to the elbow, a style feature which has been extremely well liked this season, but leave a scrap of snugly fitting material at the wrists. Her hat is a surprisingly clever little cap-like affair of soft wine-red chenille wound row on row about the head, and sewn to a net lining. The top is made slightly looser to allow for draping or crushing

Shimmering taffeta, rare old lace, mists of tulle . . . orange blossoms. A period gown of bewildering loveliness. The voluminous skirts rippling upward in front to allow a glimpse of silken ankles, open to reveal the exquisite lace which extends, closely fitted about her slender form, to a point just below the breast. Here again we find in the sleeve the idea liked so well this year of having trimming come to, or above the elbow, as does this lace

A King and His Movie Queen

Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (*née* and professionally, Eleanor Boardman), who have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at Beverly Hills, California

She's Beautiful and Sweet

But You'll Like Her

By HARRY CARR

When Erich von Stroheim selected Fay Wray for *Mitzi* in "The Wedding March," he reached down and picked up an unknown girl from the cow operas to play the lead in the most important picture he has ever made. Both von Stroheim and Fay are seen here in their characters in this new production

IT is beginning to dawn on me that, in Fay Wray, our tumultuous friend, Erich von Stroheim, has made one of the great discoveries of the screen.

Her selection to play the part of *Mitzi* in "The Wedding March" was playing a hunch with a vengeance.

When I heard that von Stroheim had reached down and picked up an unknown girl from the cow operas to play the lead in the most important picture he has ever made, I was inclined to suggest to his family that they select a pleasant padded cell, and put him under restraint.

I saw that the child was beautiful, and they told me she was sweet—both of which facts filled me with alarm.

Beautiful faces fill me with suspicion because of the other adjective that goes with it, and "sweet" irks my soul. One of my secret ambitions is to run an automobile truck over one of these sweet mothers of the screen, and to beat up a sweet young thing with a bed slat.

The trouble is that they are sweet only in the sense that fly-paper is sweet. They are cloying; their molasses smiles and baby stares would have spoiled the disposition of the famous Patient Mercy Jones, who used to be held up to us as an example when we were children.

I have small faith in pretty girls on the screen; but I have great faith in brains. And this new von Stroheim discovery proves, on closer examination, to have brains—a lot.

She is, in fact, one of the most remarkable personalities I have ever known in the movies.

Miss Wray makes me think a lot of Lillian Gish. She has the same patient tolerance—the same understanding heart—the same level, fearless intelligence; and a gentle distinction and dignity. By the time von Stroheim finishes her training, little Miss Wray will probably be a great actress; in any case she is sure to be a fine woman. She is only eighteen.

There is a science called Comparative Physiognomy. It is based upon the fact that every human being resembles both in appearance and character, some animal.

Mack Sennett, for instance, looks like a lion—and has lion characteristics. Ramon Novarro is a gray tree squirrel—fastidious, elegant, industrious—and always a little bit remote. A certain very powerful producer looks so much like a rat that he horrifies me. And so on and so following.

Fay Wray is like a thorobred race-horse. She has the

(*Continued on page* 108)

Collectors of autographs would revel in a special door that leads into a special room in Lew Cody's California home . . . just have a look at some of the names . . .

Those Who Enter Here Leave Gloom Behind

Above is a perfectly appointed table . . . gay with flowers, silver and crystal . . .

WHERE DO WE EAT?

Cheer Should Be on Every Menu. And the Only Way to Serve It, Is in a Pleasant Dining-Room

By STEPHEN GOOSON

ONE of the most important questions in the American home is "When do we eat?" Food is still one of the main factors of life, and no matter how much we become interested in art and literature, in the movies and theaters, eating will still play a big part in our lives. When do we eat? Yes, that is important. But in its own way, *where* do we eat is important, too.

It is significant to know that among the earliest antiques in existence today are dining-room tables—and is not this as it should be? The "festive board" was always important, even when it was literally just a board. These first dining-room tables, back in the days when our forefathers' table manners left a lot to be desired, when rushes served as floor coverings and when huge joints were tossed to the dogs between courses, were not things of beauty, but they did signify hospitality and pleasure. The dining-room table was the center of the home. The rude halls that contained them, contained few other pieces of furniture. There were no easy chairs. In a corner there were skins. There was a fire in the center of the room, and later in the corner or at the side, when fireplaces came in and folks learned something about ventilation. Chests of drawers, bread and cheese

Those who combine their living-room and dining-room will find that the gate-leg tables in soft colors add a charming note to the room. And these tables may either be folded up or left open to hold books and a lamp or a bowl of flowers when meals are not being served

Stephen Gooson, the Interior Decoration Expert of the First National Studios, Contributes a Practical Article on Decoration in the Home Every Month

cabinets came in later, but the dining-room table came in first of all.

The first tables of our ancestors were boards arranged on trestles—resembling somewhat our present-day informal picnic arrangement. That is, a couple of boards were put on standards resembling sawhorses, and this crude arrangement formed a table. In between meals the boards were taken down and the horses pushed out of the way. It was several generations later before the horses and the table top became one piece. Later, as civilization grew, benches were made on a similar plan to go with the table and out of this, slowly enough, grew our present refectory table with its graceful benches. Sawhorses changed into legs, and were planed or turned or elaborately carved. The table of the Italian Renaissance and the table of Jacobean and Elizabethan origin all show plainly how this development took place.

As time passed, backs were put onto the benches, and some time later the benches were made less broad, and turned, as the years passed, into chairs, and from these grew our modern chairs. As civilization became more advanced, paddings were added. At first these paddings were little loose cushions, gradually stuffed seats came in, and finally your present-day stuffed furniture grew to be what it is.

But you see the dining-room table was first of all—almost as early as the real heart of the home, the fire, which was for warmth and comfort. It was in the main room—the dining-room didn't come until generations later, but as the dining-room table was important to our early ancestors, it is important to us today. Where shall we eat? What kind of dining-room things shall we use?

It is a long jump from the time when our ancestors sat at long crude tables and threw their bones to the dogs, where folks were seated at the table according to their rank, and where, for many generations, the women waited until second table to eat, to the modern dining-room with its sparkling silver, its charming colored glass and its gay flowers. The step is a long one—in some cases it is not long enough. By this I mean that the dining-room frequently is not at all so modern as it should be. We renovate our living-rooms, we make our bedrooms gay and light and airy, but we are apt to leave our dining-rooms the way our grandmothers had them. Well, not altogether. We do little things to them, but do we do enough?

In a home I visited not long ago, a home where as much money as needed could have been spent on the furnishings, the dining-room was colored a dull, dingy brown and there were "fish and game" pictures on the walls. Ugh! No wonder that the man of the family suffered with chronic indigestion and the hostess herself was more than out of sorts a bit, and more than looked her age.

First of all, your dining-room must be a cheerful place. Good cheer, you have so often heard, will bring on

(*Continued on page* 117)

In the home of the director, Clarence Brown, the dining-room is furnished with Mexican furniture . . . rough plastered walls, brilliant hangings and bright pottery. You will notice that the chairs are not all of one pattern

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

In spite of their costumes, you know
These aren't girls of the sweet long ago,
Only Moderns have knees
As apparent as these

As it's well for the public to see
That their Idol's a golf devotee,
She takes care to play nigh
To the camera's eye

See Prize Winning Limericks on Page 96

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before January 20. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Fields is a man who's annoyed
Such comics as Chaplin and Lloyd.
His invincible charm
Gives them cause for alarm

Tom Mix is indifferent, very,
To what's chic in a girl's millinery,
And he makes his fair guest
Wear the styles of the West

"Have a fag?" . . . Clara in a scene from "Wings," the picture in which she appeared before Elinor Glyn singled her out for the title rôle in "IT"

"Tag, Clara . . . You're IT!"

Says Elinor Glyn to Clara Bow

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Merland

Clara Bow has always been sharply individual. And her take it or leave it attitude is quite enchanting. The youngster has lifted herself right up by the boot straps, and Hollywood has loved her for it

ELINOR GLYN is making a motion picture of her latest book, "IT," for Famous Players-Lasky.

Clarence Badger, in whom Mrs. Glyn has great faith, is directing the production, with Mrs. Glyn supervising it.

We wish to get this off our mind immediately, particularly the second paragraph, since we cant come back to Mr. Badger later, and Mrs. Glyn says that he does deserve mention. He and she are in complete accord and she feels that "IT" will be properly presented on the screen with this sterling director at the megaphone.

But who is to be featured in "IT" you ask, not being particularly interested in directors, anyway. And here's the answer.

Clara Bow. None other than our Flaming Flapper Clara.

You cannot be more surprised at the selection of Clara Bow as the newest exponent of the Glyn art than were we. Indeed, on hearing the news we went like a shot over to the Famous Players-Lasky studio, in search of Mrs. Glyn.

We remembered other Glyn heroines. Gloria Swanson. Aileen Pringle (oh, by all means Aileen Pringle). Pauline Starke. Lilyan Tashman. These past favorites were drawn from the ranks of the more mature screen actresses. They've worn Elinor Glyn clothes, hair-dresses and more or less regal manners. We've learned to think of them as "the Elinor Glyn type." Any one of them might have played the Lady on the Tiger Rug with a Rose in her Teeth.

But not Clara Bow.

Merland

"IT Is Possessed by the People Who Can Steal the Horses of Life, Where Another Must Take the Hedges"

Merland

In all fairness I ask you, can you see our Clara reclining on a tiger rug, toying with a rose. We cant. Judging from Clara's screen performances, she would submit to no tame pastime such as this.

Clara would eat the rose, and the tiger rug, too, just to be doing something. If a chivalrous gentleman mooned beneath her balcony, object matrimonial or otherwise, he would be rewarded (we speak cinematically, of course) by having Clara in his arms or a brick on his head instantly, according to the young lady's preferences. It would be astonishing to see Clara with her skirts below, or even to her knees, or with her wild orange-colored hair trained smoothly into place. Indeed, we're not certain that we'd care to have Clara, excellent little trouper that she is, change her type.

If working in "IT" makes an Elinor Glyn type of Clara, we're against it.

Something of this sort we said to Mrs. Glyn, when seated in her office at the studio. Mrs. Glyn was all in gray, her office in green, a most effective combination. (Green is restful and at the same time inspirational to the writer, she explained, making us wish heartily that we could have our work-shop done over.)

Mrs. Glyn then cheered us by stating that she does not intend to change Clara Bow's individuality. She seemed surprised that we had harbored the delusion that her heroines were more or less of one type.

"I do not know where this idea originated," she said. "My heroines are as widely dissimilar as are the plots of my novels."

Richee

Elinor Glyn says several men on the screen possess this magic quality which she has termed "IT," but that Clara Bow is the only woman she can think of, possessed of it

We couldn't enter upon an intelligent discussion of her novels with Mrs. Glyn, having read only one of them. Mrs. Glyn bore up calmly under this, we must admit.

"We always thought that Aileen Pringle represented your ideal type of woman," we suggested.

"You may say that Lilyan Tashman has the strongest personality of any actress who has appeared in my pictures, up to this time," countered Mrs. Glyn.

We really might have expected something of this sort, had we been more acute. When Mrs. Glyn and Aileen Pringle worked together on the M. G. M. lot, they looked so much alike that it was difficult to tell who was who. Today, Mrs. Glyn still looks like Mrs. Glyn. Aileen does not.

"But didn't these girls have IT?" we asked.

"Gloria Swanson had IT in her early pictures," said Mrs. Glyn, "but now she seems rather to suggest gentleness and serenity. Just goodness, sweetness, beauty or sex appeal alone has nothing to do with IT.

"On the screen there are only a few men who possess IT and at the moment I can pick only one woman. I think I can safely say that Clara Bow will radiate IT thru this picture."

"But just what is IT, if not sex appeal?" we asked.

"In one sentence," replied Mrs. Glyn, "IT is possessed by the people who can steal the horses of Life, where another must take the hedges."

This being a bit beyond us, we asked for a more detailed explanation.

"IT is that peculiar

(*Cont'd on page* 116)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 8 February, 1927

"Big Boy" was first seen in the movies when he was three weeks old . . . for he played the baby in "Three Weeks." Now, he's quite famous

A True Story About "Big Boy"

JUST think of it—a movie star at the age of two years!

It doesn't seem possible, does it? But that's exactly what "Big Boy," diminutive funster, is. And he's scarcely more than three feet tall, and doesn't weigh more than fifty pounds. But he's leader of the gang of kid players to be seen daily on the movie lot at the Educational Studios in California. Some of them are four and five times older than he is, but he is the feature comic of them all. With his large derby hat, and big shoes, he parades up and down in front of the movie camera like a veteran.

What's more remarkable, this youngster made his first appearance in motion pictures when he was exactly three weeks old. He was the baby in "Three Weeks."

But he was about eighteen months old when Jack White, supervising director, first noticed his cunning ways and exceptional ability. So "Big Boy" was signed and soon he became actually famous with his heavy shoes and funny headpiece.

You kids ask what makes him take such funny pictures. Well, it's because he follows the director's instructions to the letter. 'Course, he seems to have an inborn comedy talent that makes his antics appear funnier than the other kids'. But Mr. White, who says "Big Boy" will become one of the most popular movie actors, admits that his willingness to do as the director says goes a long way to making him such a success.

And now they've made a statuette of him. Bessie Bird, a noted sculptress, did it, and she believes it will rival the "kewpie doll" and "Billiken" in popularity.

"Big Boy's" mother is proud of him. No wonder—he'll be the star in six two-reel comedies this season. And talk about publicity—you should see all the newspaper photographs and press clippings his mother has saved about her "Big Boy," an' all the mail this youngster gets from the movie fans. She is filling a big scrap-book with the newspaper stories and pictures, so "Big Boy" will be able to read them when he has mastered his letters.

Jackie Goes to Military School

And Here's the Way He Celebrated His Twelfth Birthday

P. & A.

The other boys in the Los Angeles Military Academy were glad that Jackie Coogan had a birthday . . . for a big cake, with candles and favors in it, arrived and Jackie shared it generously

P. & A.

The famous Hawaiian swimmer, Duke Kahanomoku, is teaching Jackie and his schoolmates to swim . . . this picture shows them in the swimming-pool of the academy

Tim Holt is six years old now . . . and he's having great times. His father, Jack Holt, took him on location when they were filming "Forlorn River." And Tony Moreno came up and spent a few days and the trio rode together . . . Tim on his pony

In the circle is Thomasina Mix . . . and it looks as if the first one up in the Mix house is the best dressed . . . and Thomasina seems to have taken all of her father's riding things

The Younger Set in Hollywood

Erich von Stroheim, Junior, thinks it is very nice to have a motion picture director for a father, but he would have preferred his father to have been a fire chief, to tell the truth. And Erich, Junior, says that is what he's going to be when he grows to a man's estate

P. & A.

Young Bill Hart, Jr., is growing up . . . he celebrated his fourth birthday this autumn . . . and his ambition is to handle guns in the brave way which made his father so rich and famous

The Junior Answer Man

All questions sent to Joe Frank Cobb in care of Movie Junior, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be answered by him

CHUM KING—Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison. Her next picture will be "Twinkletoes." Kenneth Harlan is her leading man. She is five feet four inches tall. Her hair is bobbed. I enjoyed your letter and hope you will write again.

ELMER F. F.—Lee Duncan is the owner of Rin-Tin-Tin. He is almost nine years old. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. on August 8, 1905. Lon Chaney is forty-three years old. Patsy Ruth Miller was born in St. Louis, Mo., and has dark-brown hair and brown eyes. Our next comedy is called "Telling Whoppers."

EVELYN—Snookums is a little over two years old. I do not think he played in "Baby Blues," altho I'm not sure about this.

HELEN G.—Write to Mildred Davis in care of her husband, at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn is at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., and Madge Bellamy at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

ARLENE D.—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., and Claire Windsor in Cawker City, Kansas. She weighs 130 lbs. It is likely that Lois Wilson and Richard Dix will play together again. Dont miss him in "The Quarterback." The picture is great and the football game sure is exciting.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Lupino Lane's dog is really a twenty-two-year-old dwarf wearing a dog's skin . . . he was with Mr. Lane in England and will continue to play in the comedies now being made in America

Marion Davies carries her clothes extremely well . . . and goes in for simple things. The sketch shows a costume of light blue, olive green and red which Mr. André-Ani designed for her use in "The Red Mill"

Louise

He finds it difficult to dress Greta Garbo, for she has foreign ideas about dress . . . she likes short skirts when she should wear long ones . . . and she has innumerable dislikes. This André-Ani gown Miss Garbo wears in "Flesh and the Devil"

Louise

The Confidences of André Ani, the Man Who Dresses the Stars

Are They Heroines to

Here André-Ani and Renée Brouillet consider a gown being designed for one of the stars in his atelier at the studios

YOU can learn two things from Mr. André-Ani. One is about designing for the movie stars. The other, quite logically, is about women.

Any man who is costumer extraordinary for M-G-M; who has dressed numerous stars for purposes professional and personal ought to be well informed feministically. Mr. André-Ani *is*.

He has seen sides (no pun) of Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Claire Windsor, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, etc., etc., that none of us would ever see unless we were suddenly called in to do battle with shears and fabrics and colors and line and other such tools of the art of costume designing.

Lest the suspense kill you, we will say here and now that Mr. André-Ani is very far from being disillusioned about the stars. He *is* disillusioned otherwise, but that is something else again. No, he says that the stars are *not* temperamental or difficult or high hat, or petulant or exacting or any of those unpleasant things. At most, some of them know what they want and how they want it, but Mr. André-Ani is all *for* that. He believes, as do all genuine creators, that all of us can learn, that no one of us knows everything even about his chosen calling.

All of which is just another medal for the stars. For if beautiful women are not temperamental about their clothes, what would they be temperamental about? Answer being "Nothing."

Mr. André-Ani says that Mae Murray practically designs her own things, and that she will stand literally hours at one time for the sake of a line here or a fulness there. This gown worn in "Altars of Desire" was designed by both the star and the designer

He avoids silver cloth. But he has permitted one or two gowns worn by Aileen Pringle to be fashioned from this. On the right is a drawing of a gown Mr. André-Ani designed for Miss Pringle to wear in "The Mystic"

A Famous Costume Designer Tells His Secrets Regarding the Design of Clothes

Their Costume Designer?

By Janet Reid

Of course, we had rather hoped that he would have a little powder of venom to let fling. We had supposed that designing costumes for the stars would be the sort of thing that would twist the mind and the charitable instincts into little quirks and knots. Evidently not. We said, "Which stars are the *nicest* to do things for—and which—the, well, the least nice?"

"I especially like to do things for Marion Davies and Claire Windsor," he said. "Miss Windsor is one of the easiest women on the lot to fit. She can wear anything and wear it well. She never argues with me. She seems to trust me implicitly. She knows what she looks best in and she carries her clothes extremely well. There is a slight stiffness at times, but she is overcoming that and wears as many soft and clingy things as possible to counteract it.

"Miss Davies is extremely charming to do things for. She goes in for very simple things, a great many of them she makes herself. She is very good at that. She can take a few yards of material, a needle and thread, sit down and turn out the most charming little frock imaginable. She sticks to her own type and knows the things she wears best. She never makes an error nor tries to dress out of her own type.

"Mae Murray is interesting to do things for, altho the truth of the matter is that she does most of them for herself. I will design things for her and she will change the design all around, using part of one design and part of another until she has assembled a complete costume. Also, she has endless patience for fittings. She will stand for hours and hours at a time examining a line here, a line there,

(*Continued on page* 110)

Claire Windsor, according to Mr. André-Ani, is one of the easiest women to fit. She can wear anything and wear it well . . . and her slight tendency to stiffness is overcome by soft and clinging things. In "Dance Madness" Claire wore this gown fashioned with a bodice of black velvet and a skirt of peach satin crêpe, lined in black

CRAZY QUILT

Concluding a Story of the Most Glamourous Youth in the World

By
Adele Ormiston

Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim

Thruout the entire intermission

THE company which McAllister had assembled for the cast of "Woman" was a very congenial one. And the entire three months that went into the filming of this picture were spent in unflagging effort under the ferocious lights. From early morning until late in the afternoon they rehearsed scenes and the camera ground. In the evening they would look at the rushes of film or gather together over a dinner table to discuss future scenes. They would have vehement psychological arguments over some characterization or the motivation of some action.

Judith came to marvel over Mac's energy. He gave his nights and Sundays to the cutting of the film. Time was his taskmaster. He had promised to have the production ready for a première on Christmas Eve. During the last month Judith was aware that he was nervous and highly strung from overwork, but this gave him an intensity and drama that he, in turn, gave to the members of his company.

They were hardly aware that autumn slipped into the bluster of winter to the music of rustling leaves and trees sighing in November winds. All engagements were refused and Judith gave herself to her work without any reserve.

She found that she was always a little behind in the things that needed doing. Miss Cracy was always waiting for her to dictate some important letters . . . to keep an appointment with a photographer . . . to give Pierre Vache, the artist, another sitting for the portrait he was painting of her. It was to be displayed in the theater lobby at the première. There were countless things that needed her personal attention. Bills. Consultations about investments. And it seemed to Judith as they came to the last weeks of work on "Woman" and sometimes stayed in the studios until late at night, that she slipped further and further behind, no matter how she concentrated upon these matters during lunch hours, rest periods here and there during the day, and her infrequent free evenings once or twice a week.

Of course, all this left Harvey almost entirely on his own. But Judith rarely questioned him about his comings and goings now. She found that the slightest hint of prying set his nerves on edge and caused an eruption of his anger.

Now and then he would see some rushes of the film and be enthusiastic. There were flashes of his physical adoration of her . . . and her young lips . . . and her curving whiteness. But they seemed to have lost the precious thing they had possessed less than a year ago. Judith mourned this loss and plunged more intensely into her work, as a man seeps himself in alcohol. It was her avenue of escape. Without it, forced constantly to face reality she would have suffocated with despair and unhappin

Judith's box was a salon where almost everyone in the theater came to pay their enthusiastic respects

Harvey never seemed to resent her work taking her from him. Judith sometimes wondered if he would adore her so much if she were to fail professionally.

So the months passed in suspicions, work, quarrels, repentance, taciturnity, passion. Only loving reconciliations and hours of happiness together became less frequent.

At no time did Judith fail to see about Harvey's comfort. She always had Lillian leave the studio in time to prepare dinner for him if he was to be at home.

But he resented Lillian.

"That damn nigger was messing around my chifferobe again today," he would complain to Judith every time that Lillian straightened out his things. "She makes everything worse, balls everything up."

"I asked her to look over your linen," Judith would say. "It was laundry day," or "I thought some mending might be necessary. Miss Mines came today to take any sewing home with her."

Harvey, however, never failed to complain about Lillian and everything she did or did not do.

It was always worse when he was having an irritable spell, of course. He remind[illegible] Judith of [illegible] beacon in a lighthouse. Every so often his disposition would come to the dark spot. There was nothing to do but hold your breath and live thru it. He would always work out of it and things would be all right again, until the cycle was completed and he returned to the dark spot . . . until he went on another alcoholic spree.

"Dont fuss like such an old hen," Judith admonished him one morning as she bent to kiss him good-bye. Lillian stood down-stairs yelling: "Day automobele's hyar, Miss Judie."

"Lord God Almighty, listen to her," Harvey groaned. "This is some household. Aren't you ever going to train her to come upstairs and announce the car properly. It doesn't matter who is here, she yells in the same unholy way."

Judith knew Lillian's lacks as well as Harvey. But she preferred her, with her unintelligible jargon, her warm interest, and her awkward willingness, to any maid that could be secured from the smart agencies which Harvey was forever recommending. Judith knew how independent the modern maid was . . . how she would do this and not that and that and not this until you were frantic.

There are some who take the things they want from life, while others proceed very cautiously like children going along a dark hall timidly so as not to disturb any of the mysterious bugaboos that might jump out from unsuspected corners

But she did not trouble to explain to Harvey that she had ordered Lillian never to come up-stairs when he and she were there together, because her pride rebelled at any servant's witnessing the scenes which sometimes took place.

There were also continued arguments about money. Judith was sometimes chilled with fear at the thought of where they would have been if she had permitted Harvey to continue the management of her finances. What he did with his own salary she was never to understand. He paid only an infinitesimal share of the household expenses. Judith thought it better that he share some part of this burden because she believed it gave him more self-respect at least to appear to pay his way. But he was always behind with this contribution and always in debt, despite the fact that Judith took care of his big expenses under the guise of gifts. His sport roadster, for instance, had been her birthday present to him.

"You know," Harvey had told her one morning as he fussed about his linen drawer while Judith gathered up her bag and gloves, preparatory to leaving, "I think if you had to choose between that dumb nigger and me, I would be the one to go. Gee, it'll come to that if she doesn't keep out of my way. She's getting on my nerves with her sing-song hymns and her atrocious manners."

Judith appeared to refuse to take him seriously. "You're insane, Harvey," she said. "See you later at the studios."

But despite her light attitude, she was somewhat concerned over the way things were going. His dislike of Lillian was increasing. And while Lillian was indispensable to her, she did not wish to keep her about if she was antagonistic to Harvey. She wondered if he and Lillian had come to words . . . if Lillian in her childish, blunt way had taken him to task for some shortcoming. But her questions to Lillian availed her nothing. Lillian very evidently did not know what Judith was talking about.

She plunged into her work at the studios with relief. Here she escaped Harvey and his philandering and his sometimes alcoholic breath. If she had not still loved him, her course of action would have been simple. But she did. And this always made it impossible for her to take the hard, clean-cut action that she knew he deserved. Always she compromised

(*Con. on page* 74)

"I know," she said. "Life slips into the past so quickly. All you keep of today is a memory"

The waffles were all he had said they would be. And Judith ate as greedily as a small child. Robert watched her happily

WHERE "THE BOY" IS THE MAN

Two Snap-Shots Taken at the Lloyds' Beach House

Harold Lloyd is one of the easiest people in the world to locate. If he isn't at his studios, then the bet is twenty to one that he is at one of two places, his Hollywood house, or the Santa Monica beach house, wherever Mildred and Gloria, and the Great Dane, and the wire-haired fox-terrier, and the other members of his family happen to be at the time. The social set sees little of the Lloyds, for Harold is quite as modest and retiring and domestic as his interviews picture him

The Greatest Story the

Is being filmed by Cecil B. De Mille and called "The King of Kings"

The story of the Christ has long intrigued producers with its drama and beauty, but it has always demanded such delicate treatment that there has been hesitation about putting it into production. . . . But now Cecil B. De Mille is bending his every ability and effort to make this picture the beautiful thing that it should be. . . . H. B. Warner plays the Christ and Dorothy Cummings the Madonna

It is little Mickey Moore who gives this poetic and whimsical quality to the disciple Mark as a child

World Has Ever Known

"For it is easier for a camel to go thru a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Luke 18: 25. In the feasting scene, Ernest Torrence is seen as the apostle Peter and Joseph Schildkraut as the apostle Judas

Below are Joseph Schildkraut and Ernest Torrence, the apostles Judas and Peter, watching Jesus as he performs one of his early miracles

Photographs by William Mortensen

It is Jacqueline Logan who decks herself with beaten gold and precious jewels . . . perfumes her hair . . . and swathes her body in costly raiment . . . in the rôle of the Magdalene

The most beautiful episodes in the life of the Christ are those where he is pictured with the little children . . . and these are being portrayed with the greatest sensitiveness and beauty

Another Camera Angle!

The Germans started it . . . and now in order to be a good cameraman you have to be able to swing from chandeliers and do any other feat which will result in action being photographed in an unusual way. This scene of John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Day of Souls," is to be photographed with the camera shooting straight down upon it. On the platform are Tod Browning, the director, and John Arnold, the cameraman

Witzel

When Jesse Lasky read "Sorrell and Son," the poignant Warwick Deeping novel, on one of his trips across the continent, he wired his editorial office to purchase the motion picture rights immediately. And when we heard that this story of a father's unwavering devotion was to become a movie, we felt there was one and only one man on the screen to play *Captain Sorrell* . . . Percy Marmont. Evidently Mr. Lasky felt the same way, for Percy has been given the rôle

Percy Marmont as Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son"

Eight Suggestions for Winter Evenings

John Barrymore selected Dolores Costello for his lady again in "Manon," and that is one more reason why this production promises to be one that you'll wish to see. Jack and Dolores in a beautiful love story . . . what more could you ask?

Thomas Meighan in a flannel shirt and a genial smile plays the titular rôle of "The Canadian" and a splendid cast supports him. Seen with him are Wyndham Standing, Mona Palma and Dale Fuller

Everything must change . . . and in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," we have a new Jackie Coogan, somewhat grown up but still an actor from whom many could learn invaluable lessons. It wouldn't take a man from Scotland Yard to deduce that there is a horse-race in this story

Judging by this picture, "A Night of Love" promises high romance. It would even if it were a modern business man's story, considering that Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are the lovers and Montague Love the man who threatens their future

Advance Views of the New Photoplays

"The Taxi Dancer" is a vivid name . . . and seems to give broad hint to the type of picture it titles. We hope that Joan Crawford has an opportunity to dance as no one but she can dance. Claire MacDowell is the other player in this scene

It is seldom that a still picture grouped as interestingly as this comes to our desk . . . and we have discovered that still pictures are usually a fair indication of a production itself. "Not Herbert" has Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke at the head of its cast. And Charles Craig plays Ben's valet

That Harry Langdon is in a picture suffices for most of us. "Long Pants" marks his next appearance and we cannot think of anyone who could more perfectly suggest the thrill that comes with a male's first pair of long trousers . . .

"New York" finds its story in a musician who wants to express the pattern of the city's noise in music. One girl is sympathetic to his wish . . . the other doesn't quite understand him. Estelle Taylor is the former and Lois Wilson the latter. And Ricardo Cortez is the man. With Miss Taylor in this episode are William Powell and Agnes Griffith

One of Doug's best stunts is javelin throwing . . . Mary seems to be getting ready to steal his stuff . . . and in the picture on the right, if we may lapse into country-club vernacular, Mary addresses the ball

Mrs. Doug

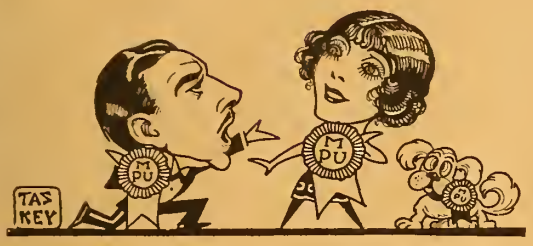
Mary Goes in for the Fairbanks-Sort-of-Thing

The Fascisti salute. Mary and Doug learned it in Italy from Mussolini. There's nothing like going to an authority! And now with their camping party they greet visitors at their beach camp in true Italian style. Right to left are Mary, Doug, Betty Bronson, Doug Junior, Ted Reed, of the Fairbanks production department, Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron, Mary's secretary, and Roger Lewis of the Fairbanks' scenario department

THAT'S OUT

Cocktails of Humor and Truth

By TAMAR LANE

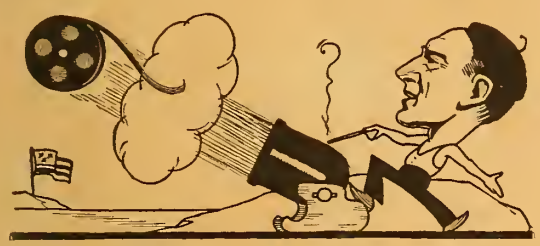


HOLLYWOOD is all excited.

The actors threaten to join the union and go out on strike. What they want is more work and less pay. No—that's not it. What they want is less work and more pay.

Guess that's not it either. What they are really after is more work and more pay. At least, that's what one gathers from listening to them talk along Hollywood Blvd. The extra players claim that they are underfed, underclothed and underpaid and that if the producers dont do something about it quickly they are going to annex themselves to the American Federation of Labor and unionize the screen.

The poor producers are bewailing the situation with tears in their eyes, saying that such an act will cause untold hardships to them and perhaps prevent them from making over five pleasure trips to Europe each year in the future.



In a few months we will probably view romantic love scenes between Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, each wearing a union button with the slogan "None genuine without this label."

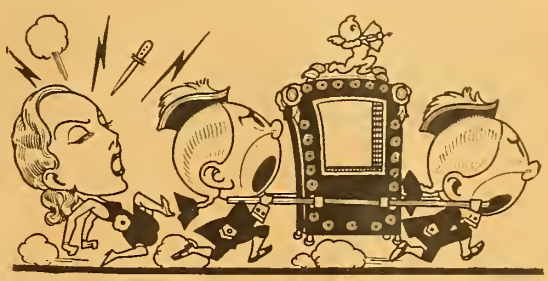
WHAT's all this talk about the "foreign menace"?

The biggest foreign menace I know of is a fellow over in Europe by the name of Rex Ingram, who keeps bombarding America with a lot of celluloid lemons that are supposed to be artistic masterpieces.

HOLLYWOOD is watching with great interest the attempts of D. W. Griffith to put Carol Dempster over as a big star. Griffith's record as a star-maker up to the present time is undoubtedly the most outstanding in the industry. He has never failed.

While Hollywood sharpshooters are dubious in regard to Miss Dempster, we are inclined to the belief that the old wizard will again win out with this young lady, after she is presented in two or three more films.

APPARENTLY, Greta Garbo is determined that her American managers will not bring about her cinema downfall as did the Yankee managers of Pola Negri, due to ill-suited vehicles.



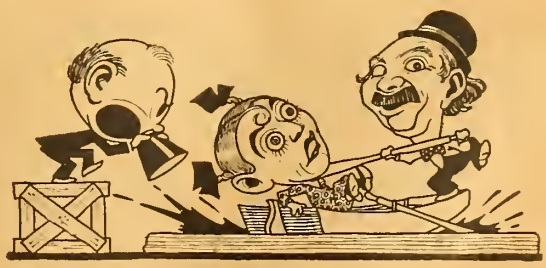
She has refused to make certain of the stories that have been offered her, and she threatens to return to Europe if she does not get the kind of vehicles that she considers suitable to her personality.

JUST as we go to press, it is again announced that a new director and cast are to be selected to make "An American Tragedy."

Almost every actor and megaphone wielder in captivity has been named as a possibility for this production.

The producer will probably end the matter up by having Mack Sennett direct, Ben Turpin and Louise Fazenda in the leading rôles, and then, just to be consistent with motion picture custom, change the title to "An American Comedy."

MANY in the film colony think that Greta is merely getting a little up-stage. But when one remembers what has happened to most of the talented foreigners who have come to these shores, Greta's attitude is to be admired.



One cannot help but speculate, for instance, as to what is going to happen to Emil Jannings now that he has come to Hollywood.

For the past three years, Jannings has steadily refused to leave Germany. During that period he has climbed to a pre-eminent position upon the screen, and earned the distinction of being one of the greatest actors in the history of the silent drama.

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Picture Parade

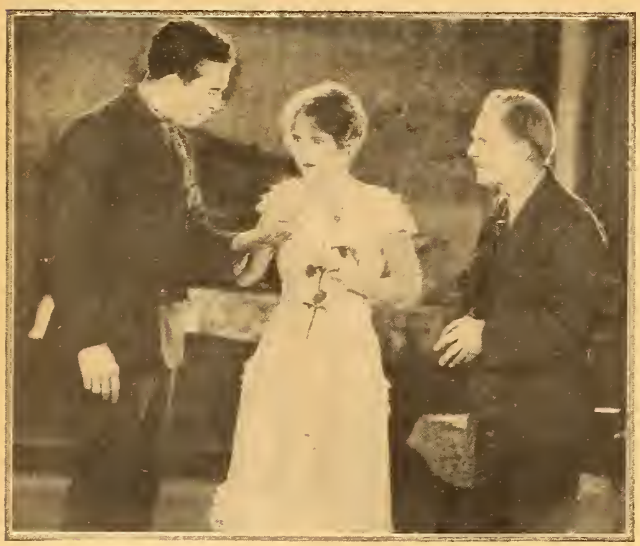
WHAT PRICE GLORY?—*Drama—95%*

THE long-awaited screen version of the celebrated war play, "What Price Glory?" is something to write superlatives over. The limitations of the stage are swept aside naturally—and as a film it takes on broad dimensions, without losing vitality in transference.

It has been argued that the hot profane dialog of the "leathernecks" which characterized the stage play would find weak substitutions on the screen—and that the vivid caliber of the original would be lost entirely. Such is not the fact. There is a healthy man's language employed—and the cuss words are not missed. The picture adheres to the play in all of its essentials and improves upon it in the scope of its war scenes. If the characterization is not so vibrant, the reason may be found in the silence of the dialog. Yet one can make believe that the soldiers talk in tough idioms.

Raoul Walsh, who directed, has brought forth a fine treatment. His atmosphere is perfect and his story progresses straightforward to its climaxes. He gets results from the players, too—Victor McLaglen, especially, contributing a lusty performance as the very he-mannish *Captain Flagg*. He is not so hard-boiled as Louis Wolheim was in the play. He doesn't have to be—not with the dialog missing. Dolores Del Rio makes a captivating heroine who loved and loved so generously, while Edmund Lowe as *Sergeant Quirt* is entirely vigorous if not always convincing. The picture is exciting and often humorous. And we highly recommend it as one of the hits of the season.—*Fox*.

L. R.



"GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS"—*Drama—70%*

PERHAPS the opening of the new Paramount Theater and the extensive program presented before the showing of the film were too much for us. Perhaps we were a bit worn out and when the melodrama, "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," was shown, our appreciative faculties were strained. At any rate, we didn't particularly appreciate it, except photographically. We only enjoyed it moderately. Very moderately.

It seemed to us to consist of the bad old hokum, if you know what we mean. The lurid ingredients consisted of a sailor on shore leave, the Mardi gras, a lady of the streets, prison bars, lust and love and a spotless maiden with a rosebud in her hair.

These are the elements, including, of course, the titular and dramatic twenty cents.

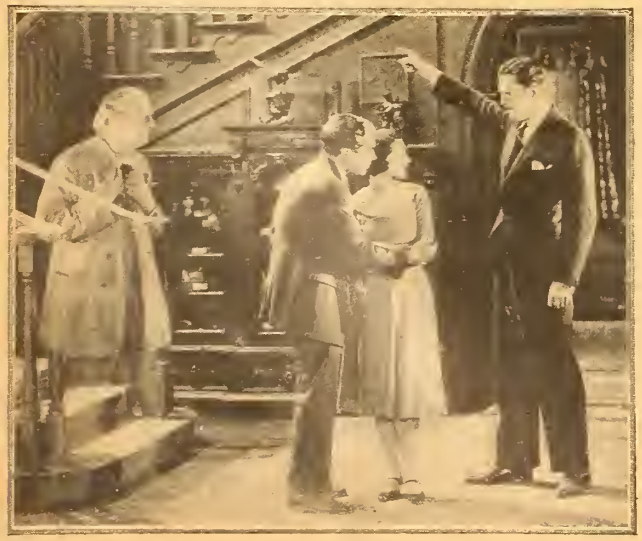
Jack Mulhall and Lois Moran as the sailor and the spotless maiden do get a quite real quality of emotion into their performances. They are, indeed, very good.

We didn't care for Lya de Putti, but, as we have said, we were tired. Everyone to his own taste . . . kindly omit juveniles.

The cast includes: Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall, William Collier Jr., Leo Feoforoff, Rosa Rosanova, Adrienne d'Ambricourt and Claude Brooke.

It was directed by Herbert Brenon.

G. H.



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—*Drama—85%*

WE didn't see "Peter Grimm" on the stage, and so have no odious comparisons to make with the Warfield version.

Alec Francis plays his rôle lightly and lovably, and gets across well the desperate efforts of the dead *Oom Peter* to communicate with his family, the helplessness he feels in trying to avert the calamity of which he, in life, had been the cause. But it seems to us that any number of men of about that age could have given as much to the rôle.

These spirit pictures are hard to handle, and in this case the atmosphere of the supernatural is more convincing than usual.

But even so, it's hard to accept the notion of a spirit that can walk about the house in his own old tweeds, and knock his pipe to the floor. The inconsistency of spirits is disconcerting.

On the other hand, this picture should hold real interest for many people since spiritualism is one of the subjects on which public interest focuses today . . . and there are so few stories which handle spiritualism as satisfactorily as "The Return of Peter Grimm," despite the fact that this too seems a little strained at times.

For the rest, the picture is loose in construction. Jaynet Gaynor is pleasing as *Katherine*, and John Roche is our idea of a perfect snake-in-the-grass.—*Fox*.

E. G.

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose view-points are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

THE WHITE BLACK SHEEP—*Drama—75%*

EVERYONE is waiting to see Richard Barthelmess in a good picture, and while we haven't see him in a better one than "The White Black Sheep" for a long time, we still hope to.

It is just another movie—a lot of plot, a couple of pretty good villains, the worst comedy of the season, excellent desert scenes, two girls and Dick, wearing a mustache and another uniform.

Richard Barthelmess is a distinct personality. His vehicles should be molded to suit him, but in "The White Black Sheep," there is so much of everything else that you almost lose sight of the star—not that his acting is weak or inadequate. It isn't, but its quality is too delicate for the clumsy trappings it has to work thru. Ask an etcher to paint a bill-board, and you would get the same effect.

Constance Howard, the girl he leaves behind in England, fades right out of the picture and out of your mind. Patsy Ruth Miller, the desert beauty who saves his life, is effective without winning your sympathy particularly. The outstanding performance in the picture is given by Erville Alderson in the rôle of a deaf and dumb beggar.

On the whole, the picture is mechanical. It never seems human. Perhaps the old-fashioned editing is largely responsible for this, as the direction of Sidney Olcott is deft and experienced. Everybody works and works hard, and considering the poor pictures Barthelmess has had, they succeed in putting this one over pretty well, but it isn't a wow. Oh, no, it isn't a wow!—*Inspiration.* D. B.

THE GREAT GATSBY—*Drama—75%*

HERBERT BRENON has gone about misinterpreting F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel to the very best of his ability.

There is, it seems, a stratum of life that the movies cannot approach with any real understanding, and this must be it. All the characters have been remolded into their movie counterparts, and the thing has become a conventional and not too deftly presented tale of a man who has the misfortune to love a woman outside his sphere, and of his futile attempts to raise himself to a level from which she would at least be accessible.

Warner Baxter at no point understands or interprets the pathetic and extraordinary character of *Gatsby*—except in the most superficial and physical sense.

And Lois Wilson's *Daisy* is equally inept.

Every character, in fact, is distorted. Mr. Brenon seems happiest in his moments of lavish display. He has seized upon every opportunity the book gave for staging an orgy, and bathing girls abound.

If, however, you didn't read Mr. Fitzgerald's book, and have no interest in the preservation of its finer points—this is probably a very good picture, with a fair share of excitement and sex appeal.—*Paramount.* E. G.

THE EAGLE OF THE SEA—*Romantic Drama—75%*

IF Sabatini had written this story it might have been one of those racy and swashbuckling romances of the sea. Or perhaps if the director had speeded up the tempo, if Ricardo Cortez had played pirate with more zestful abandon, if Florence Vidor had been less coy and mincing as the lady faire—the ideal might have been accomplished.

Certainly all the material is there—gallant ships, sinister tars, mutiny, perfumed gardens, a perfectly good plot, and Andre Beranger.

These could have been shaped into a picture stirring even tho stereotyped, for the lure of the sea is everlasting. As it is, this is a slow-moving tho still romantic tale, entertaining, soothing, but not quite casting the sea-spell.

It is of a reformed pirate captain who resumes his lawless ways in order to rescue a kidnapped lady.

Florence Vidor is badly miscast in this insipid rôle.

Ricardo Cortez has a nice smile, but that's about all.

Andre Beranger, on a perpetual spree, made us love him as we did in "Are Parents People?"—*Paramount.* E. G.

SYNCOPATING SUE—*Comedy—85%*

CORINNE GRIFFITH performs again in the vein of "Classified." And she has a light and indolent touch which lends itself beautifully to the inconsequential comedy of which this picture is fashioned.

This time she bangs the ivories in a music shop, and the plot clings to her ambitions to go on the stage.

The story, slight as it appears in retrospect, interests you while it is shadowed upon the screen . . . one of those things. And for the most part it offers good entertainment value.

It proves to a great extent that no miraculous new idea is needed to entertain.

Joyce Compton is the Little Sister, to whom Corinne points out life's pitfalls and how to get in them . . . and out of them. And Tom Moore gives an average performance of the young man who wins the heroine from her dramatic ambitions in a most extraordinary and seaworthy manner.

As a matter of fact, it was the very last three or four scenes of the picture which induced our disapproval. The remainder of the picture we adored.—*First National.* E. G.

THE BLONDE SAINT—*Romantic Drama—80%*

DORIS KENYON is the star of this picture. We had, as it chanced, never looked upon Miss Kenyon before, and that diversion so completely occupied us all the evening that we had no time to notice flaws. Flaws in the picture, we mean. But on sober afterthought it seems that there were many. In the first place, the plot has been done to death. It is that old one about the girl who was kidnapped by her daring lover and held a prisoner until such time as she should learn to love him. That gives him a chance to be the perfect and self-denying gentleman, and her a chance to register scorn, contempt, all the variations on hatred—and ultimately, of course, love.

The gentleman was Lewis Stone, wretchedly miscast, but in rare moments triumphing over his rôle.

Miss Kenyon is a very sumptuous lady, and it was unfortunate that she had to sulk all the evening. The picture has an engaging background of ships and seashore. But if Gilbert Roland is, as Norma Talmadge insists, the best impetuous brunet in Hollywood, things must be in a bad way out there.—*First National.* E. G.

"UPSTAGE"—*Drama—80%*

THIS story might have been called "Backstage" and not have been amiss, for we are familiarly introduced to a shifting group of vaudevillians behind the scenes. It is the story of how *Dolly Haven*, a small town, small college, fresh young girl comes to the Big City to make her fortune, via the stenographic route. But Fate has Bigger and Better things in store for her. She goes to the office of *Sam Mason*, theatrical agent, to apply for a key-tapping job. There she encounters *Johnny Storm*, a well-known song-and-dance man. *Johnny* is attracted and on an impulse signs her up as his dancing partner—and the play is on! Norma Shearer is *Dolly Haven*, Oscar Shaw is *Johnny Storm*, Tenen Holtz is *Sam Davis*. Oscar Shaw is human, appealing, convincing And we all know Norma! She is particularly good in these impersonations of a stage, circus or vaudeville girl. There is considerable drama, a great many deft touches, real pity and compassion. You will have an enjoyable hour or so, guaranteed. The cast includes: Norma Shearer, Oscar Shaw, Tenen Holtz, Gwen Lee, Dorothy Phillips, J. Frank Glendon, Ward Crane and Charles Meakin. It was directed by Monta Bell. G. H.

WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—*Comedy—80%*

THERE are about three reels full of hearty laughs in this eight-or-more reel comedy concocted by Eddie Sutherland and his incongruous team, Beery and Hatton.

And this is probably as good a place as any to register a vigorous protest against the slap-stick comedies that are being ground out by the mile and served up as feature pictures these days. Not even Harold Lloyd can always get away with that, and these haphazard affairs that are constructed without much thought or care usually flop with an awful thump after the first few reels.

We love our slap-stick dearly, but laughter that came right from the diaphragm at first grows very forced by the middle of these long-winded pictures, and at the end nothing is left of our merriment but a wry smile.

To be specific, Beery and Hatton start out uproariously—they blunder into the navy and everyone has a grand time watching the unwilling victims of discipline. Wallace Beery is marvelous thruout, and even the subtitles are good in the beginning. But you'll begin to feel boredom stealing over you before the evening is over.—*Paramount.* E. G.

THE FLAMING FOREST—*Drama—65%*

IF you are the ranting 100 per cent. American type, you will love this picture. You have James Oliver Curwood at his most banal, than which there is nothing banaler. It is a tale of the Great Northwest, where the men are Mounted Police and the villains are half-breeds. And it never deviates an inch from the ancient pattern for Westerns. There is fighting, shooting, forest fires, Indians, covered wagons, comic cooks, the cheerio Englishman with the monocle, and more Indians. But no danger is too great, no foe too fierce to daunt the dashing *Sergeant Carrigan*, played by none other than Antonio Moreno of the flashing eyes. The brave Antonio rides unscathed thru a ring of Indians, all shooting violently. He leads his band of Redcoats thru a flaming forest (see title), and not a mustache is singed. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego had nothing on the Royal Mounted. For love will find a way, and back at the little stockade a girl is in peril. This girl is that superb actress, Renée Adorée, completely buried in a wretched rôle in the worst of all possible pictures. We wonder how they have the nerve to do these things.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

E. G.

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—*Comedy—80%*

THIS is another example of an overgrown comedy, but the gags in this case do hold out pretty well. Only in the last reel or so does W. C. Fields break completely away from the story and do all the tricks he's ever been famous for, and then throw in a chase for good measure.

There is a plot—about a poor inventor who was high-hatted by the *élite* of the town, and even by his own wife, until he accidentally met a princess and made a pal of her. We did quite a lot of rocking with laughter, and after the moment when Mr. Fields staggered home to conciliate his wife with a pony instead of the conventional box of candy, we lost track of things for a while, from sheer exhaustion.

Alice Joyce is lovelier than she has been for a long time, and certainly very regal, as the sympathetic princess with a sense of humor.

In addition to Mr. Fields, who is a whole show in himself, there were interesting side-lights on small-town life and on high-hat people in general. You can safely go to see this one.—*Paramount.*

E. G.

LADIES AT PLAY—*Farce—75%*

THE stage play, "The Desperate Woman," has provided the background for a picture featuring the blonde Doris Kenyon. In order to inherit a fortune—you've no doubt heard this one before—the lady is forced to marry on very short notice, and she utilizes the only convenient bachelor that seems to be in the offing—a slick-haired hotel clerk. Two maiden aunts are to judge the worthiness of the bridegroom-to-be, and they have a hard time overcoming their scruples.

Louise Fazenda as the more caustic of the spinsters, and eventually, the more pickled, gives the picture its most hilarious moments.

Compromise is the means and slap-stick comedy apparently the sole end of this concoction. The action is fast and furious, and the acting is rather better than the plot deserves.

Miss Kenyon and Virginia Lee Corbin demonstrate beauty and sex appeal, respectively.

But the picture is really for Fazenda fans only.—*First National.*

E. G.

THE SILENT LOVER—*Drama—80%*

IN his latest picture, Milton Sills dons the gorgeous uniform of Moltavia (wherever that may be) and does everything that a perfectly moral young man should not do. In short, he does Paris from the bright lights to the gutter—sobers up suddenly to find that he has bestowed one hundred thousand francs of Moltavia's funds on *Mademoiselle Haidee*, a Gilded Lily.

Instead of committing suicide as his country pointedly suggests, he joins the Foreign Legion, considering it the same thing.

All of which serves to introduce us to a post of the Foreign Legion in north Africa with Milton Sills in command.

The story is slight, but has entertaining elements. Montagu Love as a desert sheik gives us a new note in sheikism, a villain who is a pretty good sportsman, after all.

The love story is entirely incidental, tho Natalie Kingston is beautiful enough to warrant a better deal. Viola Dana as *Scadza*, the favorite wife with flirtatious ideas, is particularly good, while the whole picture is brightened and kept in a light key by the antics of Charlie Murray as an Irish private, and Arthur Stone as his Jewish crony.—*First National.*

D. B.

Photographs by E. O. Bagley

When Gloria Swanson selected "The Eyes of Youth" for her first production in which she is part owner as well as the star, she planned to offer a different version of this story, and she calls it "Sunya"

The Yogi in the story who gives Gloria the power to view the future in a crystal is played by Hugh Miller. . . . On the left, Gloria as a prima donna, and below another characterization . . . that of a prematurely aged schoolteacher

"SUNYA"

IS SANSKRIT FOR

All Life Is But Shadow

NORMA SHEARER SUGGESTS

Breakfast Menu

Grapefruit

Old-Fashioned Porridge

Plain Omelet

Whole-Wheat Toast

Orange Marmalade

Coffee

A Breakfast for Busy People

IF anyone should ask us which meal of the day we would enjoy most with Norma Shearer, the answer would undoubtedly be breakfast—for the exotic evening and the practical noon do not suggest the freshness of Norma nearly so well as does the early morning. Dew on the lawn. Crispness in the air. Like Norma.

Morning finds Miss Shearer an early riser, for a nine-o'clock call is almost a habit with her, so closely does the studio schedule her pictures. Because she must be alert for the day's work and not drowsy from overeating, Norma serves and advocates a very light breakfast. No fancy concoctions of eggs and waffles. No meats or hot cakes for those who must be up on their toes thru the morning. (Working girls, please note.)

In a sunny breakfast-room of orange and black that overlooks the garden of her home, she begins the day simply with:

Grapefruit.

Old-fashioned porridge.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Norma Shearer is an early riser. And because she must be alert for the day's work and not drowsy from overeating, she serves and advocates a very light breakfast. Miss Shearer is seen here in the gay breakfast-room in her California home

It appears there is something in that rumor about Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert . . . this is the way the cameraman snapped them between scenes, and it doesn't look as if they were paying much attention to the radio

P. & A.

Joseph Hergesheimer arrived in Los Angeles for another visit. And his favorite star, Aileen Pringle, was among those who greeted him at the train. Reading from left to right, Anita Loos, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ailean Pringle and H. L. Mencken

News of the Camera

The last word regarding motion picture people both on the set and off

ONE of the greatest dramatic artists America ever produced is worried. John Barrymore is worrying for fear the villain of his next story will steal all the honors away from him.

John brought a new face to the films in Henry Victor, whom he cast as the villain in his present picture. The new face is such a handsome one and it performs so admirably that there is some fear that it may steal the acting honors away from Barrymore.

Victor has had considerable stage experience and I understand is a handsome chap. The trouble seems to be that, altho he is the crook of the piece, he is much more appealing than the gallant Barrymore. As my Aunt Maggie would say, I have been telling 'em right along that making a villain appear human will kill the glory of many a star. If I were a star I would keep my villain in the old rattlesnake skin and kick him out of the cast if he dared become too human with the ladies of the audiences.

MABEL NORMAND and Hal Roach have severed relations. Mabel has been making a series of feature comedies for Roach. Somebody said that Mabel was told to go home one day when she arrived for work. Knowing Mabel, I dont believe this. More than likely it was Mabel who told Hal to go home.

P. & A.

The Dempseys are back in the land of sunshine where Estelle will supervise Jack's intensive training program. Luigi Montagna, in other words Bull Montana, was in the group that met them at the station

CHARLIE RAY may have the chance to remake "The Coward." It was in this piece that Ray emerged from the ranks of "bit" players. Frank Keenan was starred in the production which was made in 1914, and Charlie played the rôle of the cowardly son. After this picture Ray was signed by the late Thomas Ince, and starred in a number of stories in which he always played the chicken-hearted rube.

John McCormick of First National has purchased the rights to "The Coward." He has also acquired the screen rights to "The Butter and Egg Man" and "The Poor Nut" in which he hopes to feature Ray.

Charlie says he will not sign a long-term contract with anyone. He is planning to do a little work on the legitimate stage, and it is quite possible that he will play in the Los Angeles stage production of "Miss Lulu Belle," which was a great success in New York, with Lenore Ulrich in the leading rôle.

"LIVES of great actresses all remind us;
We can make our pictures sublime."

While Edmund Lowe appeared in the exterior scenes of "One Increasing Purpose," which were filmed in London, Lilyan Tashman Lowe went over to Paris on a shopping orgy. Here are the Lowes, snapped at the station, when Lilyan returned to England . . . minus thousands of dollars and plus gowns and wraps and shoes and hats

She's in the movies now . . . Elinor Glyn, we mean. And she plays the part of Elinor Glyn. In a smart café scene of "IT" she explains the meaning of this popular word of her coinage

Coasts

By Elizabeth Greer and Milton Howe

The newest photographs of the film folk taken at home, abroad and in the studios

The producers are now chanting this ditty. Last month M. G. M. announced they would do the life story of Jenny Lind on the screen. Paramount comes forth this month with the statement that Pola Negri is to be starred in "Rachel." It is to be the life story of Rachel, the great actress, who seventy-five years ago thrilled audiences of both continents with her dramatic artistry. Rachel's story is said to be a tragic one, starting in the gutter and ending before the footlights. To me that isn't tragedy. Footlights to gutter has always been the formula for tears.

Our old pal Tony Moreno felt like a pouter pigeon when the story got out that Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge said they used to know Tony when he was going to school at Northampton, and reading gas-meters during vacations.

Tony must shrink his chest a bit when he hears about Warner Oland, one of our foremost villains, who carried off the rôle of the *Borgia*, in "Don Juan," and contributed greatly to the annoyance of Douglas Fairbanks in "The Son of Zorro."

Warner at one time in his career translated the plays of Strindberg, so that we Americans would have another playwright to read in order to keep pace with the intelligentsia. I told Warner that this trick was probably the most dastardly thing he had done either on or off screen.

Warner was in the midst of this task of passing on to us the works of Strindberg when he came in touch with Cal. Cal wasn't president at the time. He was just a lawyer in Northampton. It seems that the villainous Mr. Oland had only a little money at the time, and a New York typing concern was charging him tremendous sums for typing his translated manuscripts. He refused to pay, so Cal called him into his office one day and asked him to kick thru with the money for the bill, because Cal had been employed by the New York outfit to sue Mr. Warner. I merely wanted to get this in print so Cal will know of another doubtful vote he will have to worry about next year.

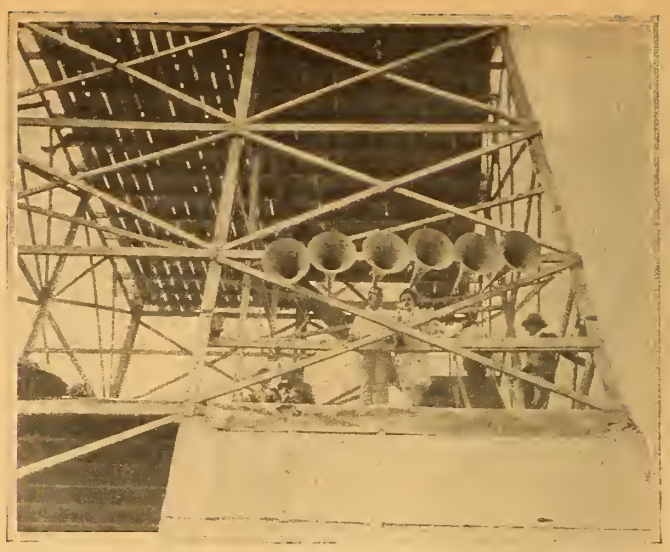
Uncle Tom comes to the screen in a new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the person of James B. Lowe, a noted negro actor

"Hey, Hey! Everybody off the set. Scoot!"

The assistant director on the picture John Gilbert is making scattered the crowd of visitors. They scurried for cover, stumbling over fuse boxes and cables. They had all disappeared but one lone little figure that was making an entrance at the door.

"Whatta you doin' here?"

"The Nickel Hopper" is Mrs. Lew Cody's next picture. We're talking about Mabel Normand, of course. She's continuing with her screen work and managing to have three breakfasts a week with her attractive husband, believing in Fannie Hurst's idea of marital bliss. Modern, anyhow. With Mabel here are Jimmie Anderson and her director, F. Richard Jones



Many of the scenes of "Wings" were shot from a one-hundred-foot parallel. Mary Astor, who was a guest of the company in San Antonio, directed one scene by means of the radio megaphones used for the mob scenes

bawled the assistant, and the meek little fellow closed the door and beat it. He couldn't stay, for Gilbert had ordered all visitors put off the set, so he could make his scenes.

The little man stood outside the enclosure of the set for a moment and walked away. He was Marcus Loew, who practically owns, controls and operates the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization. Marcus was paying his yearly visit to his studio, and not having been on a set in a long time, he was anxious to see how his pictures were being made.

If you ever come to Hollywood, and you have a friend in the picture business, do not be too insistent that he show the studios. When the boss, himself, cannot look at his own stars, what chance has an outsider! It is the only business in the world in which a man can be thrown out of his own joint.

THIS is the first chance I have had to be prejudiced. I was given two tickets to attend the opening of the Vitaphone at Sid Grauman's Egyptian theater by Hal Wallis of Warner Brothers.

If I had paid for my seats I believe I would have felt the same. The only thought I have now is one of sorrow, for about ninety per cent of our Hollywood actors. Within five years they will have to speak English along with their pantomime, and this will not only do away with the much-hated foreign element, but will obliviate about seventy per cent of the American actors. Everybody seems to have such difficulty in telling the public just what the Vitaphone is. I have read columns of stuff about the new contrivance, but didn't know exactly what it was until I heard it. The public will know what I mean when I say the Vitaphone is "talking movies."

The opening number at Grauman's was a speech, by Will Hays, on the wonderful advancement of moving pictures. Will held the attention of the audience for fully twenty minutes, which only goes to show that good looks will mean nothing after the Vitaphone is fully developed. When a man like Will Hays talks to you, via the Vitaphone, you kind of forget the scenery.

The audience the opening night was composed of the usual *élite* of filmdom. They applauded roundly after Will's speech, and again after the musical numbers. The only bad feature of the Vitaphone, is that, the applause, which the artists on the program received, cannot be canned and sent back to them.

GRETA GARBO is having another war with her employers, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Salary seems to be the main cause for Greta's dissatisfaction. I understand she is getting six hundred dollars a week on a forty-week contract. This is an exceedingly small sum, considering the value of her name to the box-office. If she were free of her contract, she would be able to demand two or three thousand per week, and get it. But she signed a contract before coming to this country, and a contract is a contract in the moving picture business.

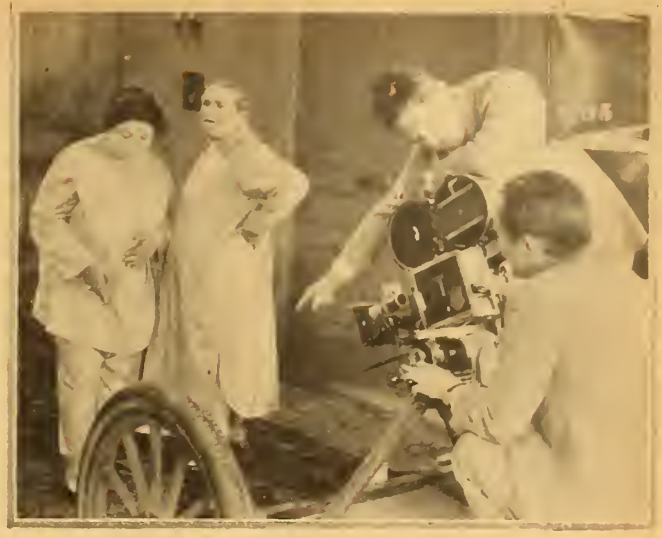
Greta came to this country on a very small salary. When she arrived, someone asked her, where she intended to stop . . . at the Ambassador, or the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"Ambassador!" exclaimed Greta, "I want a room with a private family!"

P. & A.
Here are three big fellers all right, all right. Doug Fairbanks, Otto Kahn, the New York financier and patron of the arts, and Charlie Chaplin

I STAGGERED into Virginia Valli's new home the other night, uninvited. It is a beautiful little English place, with a huge living-room and a lovely fire-

You've heard a lot about Universal City . . . well, here's one of the best pictures we've ever seen of it. In the distance you can see the old sets used in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"



A bedtime story, sure enough. With Vera Gordon and George Sidney appearing in somewhat informal garb for the benefit of a scene in "Millionaires." Herman Raymaker is the director in the case

place. The house has but one fault, and that is the fireplace doesn't get hot. It was cold that night in California, believe the Chamber of Commerce or not.

Virginia heaped wood onto the fire while I stood by and warmed my hands, but all the bloody heat went up the chimney and cinders shot out into the room. There are two features I like about Virginia's new abode. A big living-room and a big kitchen. We spent some time in the former and most of the time in the latter. It is one of the most unusual kitchens I ever saw. I opened all the doors and drawers and there was nothing but food. You usually find some pans or something, but I guess there must have been another room for them. Anyway, it was Christmas to me, and I haven't eaten since.

THE usual winter slump is hitting the studios. Not many pictures are being made. This idle time gives both actors and producers plenty of time to fight. The fur will fly until after the first of the year, and then everything will be tranquil. Contracts are expiring right and left, and actors and producers are exchanging lefts and rights in their efforts to come to settlements. It is a gory war, with the producers yelping "temperament" at the actor's demands for more dough, while the actors shout "Crooks" at the producers.

DOUG FAIRBANKS has fallen for that insidious thing. That habit which has caused many a wife to leave her husband. He has taken up golf!

When I heard this and actually saw him pelting the pill on the Lakeside course, I knew it was time to tell the readers of this magazine that the probability of Doug's making another picture within the next year is very vague. Golf is a bad habit. There is hope, however, Doug might decide to make a golf picture with a scene of himself taking niblick shots at the villain on the other side of a sand trap.

Donald Crisp has been signed by Fairbanks to direct him in his next picture, whatever it is to be. At one time he was planning to make a story of the Crusades, but a Spanish adventure story is now being considered for his next. Did the Spanish play golf? I dont know, but I have always thought it was a golf-ball Columbus used instead of an egg when he startled Isabella out of her doubloons. (Doubloons are pieces of money.)

JACK HOLT, Pola Negri and a lion became entangled in a merry argument at the Lasky ranch, where exterior scenes are made for the Paramount pictures.

Pola's company was working in one of the little canyons, when a terrifying roar came from the hills above. The action stopped. Everyone shivered. Another terrific roar echoed over the canyon. Pola shouted back to the unseen monster. Prop boys, electricians and carpenters turned pale as the wild thunder became louder. 'Twas a scene Nero would have relished.

Eventually some brave David sneaked into the oak-trees on the hill. There he saw Jack Holt stirring up the wrath of a full-grown lioness for a scene in his picture. The spy reported his findings to the Negri troupe. The roar continued. Like an echo from below Pola's voice answered the roars of the lion. Jack tried to argue with both of them. The debate ended with Pola the winner with the last roar. The animal was carted away until her behavior warranted her return. I believe the only thing that could defeat Pola is a stampede of African elephants.

International Newsreel

Gloria Swanson thinks her husband quite attractive enough for the movies . . . and she has finally prevailed upon him to have a screen test. Since make-up is half the battle, Gloria herself dabbed the Marquis with mascaro and greasepaint

THE movements on the Charlie Chaplin battle-front are a bit vague. Newspaper men have

(*Continued on page* 114)

Pola Negri
January 3

Monte Blue
January 11

Marion Davies
January 3

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Marion Meyer Drew Tells What the Stars Forecast for You in the Movies

Vilma Banky
January 30

EDITOR'S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Frances G. G.:

It is too bad you did not receive an answer to your letter. Maybe you made the same error that you made in your second letter, and that was to give me no date of birth. I print this reply because of your threat to "do me dirty" unless I answer! Honest, now, do you think that was a pleasant letter to write a person who is trying to do people some service? People who ask favors in a high and mighty tone have only themselves to blame if the rest of the world adopts a high-hattish attitude in return.

Elon Zuar, September 12:

All the talent for the movies that you or a whole firmament of planets could contain would not be enough to get you into the movies if, when you have an offer of a part, you refuse to take it. The day has not yet arrived when unwilling young gentlemen are yanked into the studio in spite of themselves, and, judging from the number of people who register at the casting offices, it wont come next month, either. So, Elon, if you come back to Hollywood, take what the gods provide and say thank you for it. You really have a better chance to succeed in business life, however, particularly if you deal in some kind of technical or mechanical goods.

Douglas MacLean
January 12

R. G. D., February 14:

It's too bad you dont know your hour of birth more accurately, for the later time would place your Sun and Moon, both vital elements in the horoscope, in the sensitive portion of the chart for motion picture work, while the earlier hour would incline you toward financial matters or some executive capacity. You have a good many possibilities, are probably too versatile to make it easy for you to remain fixed in the average position, and also possess a real talent for dealing with the public. If you have any little parlor tricks, it would pay you to work up some kind of an act and try it out in a vaudeville performance. It would be folly for you to give up your teacher's position without some definite idea of your future on the stage. I cannot give you a conclusive answer on such an important matter without being sure of your hour of birth.

The Beautiful DUCHESSE de GRAMONT

on keeping a lovely skin
Nature's gift to Youth

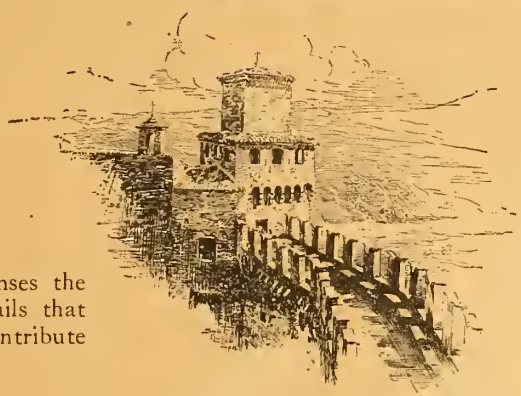
The DUCHESSE *de* GRAMONT
leader of Parisian society, is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, of an important French family. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.

BEAUTY brilliant as crystal, shadowy as a fugitive moonbeam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, dines and dances in the gracious houses on the Champs Elysées in Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach.

The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that make up the perfect whole, that contribute to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction!



THE creams she chooses for her skin like "the waxen whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, with meticulous care? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another beautiful woman of the social world offers praise to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Compounded with scientific skill from precious ingredients, they should be used each day as follows:

Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bringing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream applied after the nightly cleansing, and left on until morning, will restore suppleness.

These are the TWO CREAMS *distinguished women have chosen.*

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish; holds your powder long and so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every Cold Cream cleansing except the bedtime one.

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
113 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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Street. . . . . .
City. . . . . *State*. . . . . .

Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

The Stars in Person

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a staunch advocator of motion picture people and their work because I have met and seen quite a few of the celebrated stars.

The same shock came to me that perhaps comes to every visitor to a studio; when under the blue-green Cooper-Hewitts my face turned a haggard yellow green and my lips a rich purple. You can just imagine all the thrill of novelty there was in the clicking of valence of the studio musicians who were ready to furnish music for a love scene, a prize-fight, or a business office episode.

Now this all happened at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio on Long Island, where I had the extreme pleasure of meeting the very popular Richard Dix, who was in the midst of filming "Let's Get Married." I found Mr. Dix perhaps the most wholesome, genial and handsome star on the screen (in person). Mr. Dix introduced me to Lois Wilson, his leading lady in that picture. Miss Wilson is charmingly lovely and possesses what every woman should—"sweetness." The closing of a Wordsworth poem expresses Miss Wilson far better than anything:

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

After spending an hour or two on the Dix set I was taken up to see the work on "Sorrows of Satan." Here I was introduced to Adolphe Menjou, and GIRLS, he is suave and sophisticated as the screen reflects him. When we were presented we both said, "How do you do?" simultaneously, and I answered "Chawmed." Mr. Menjou laughed and said, "None of that here."

I found Larry Gray very handsome, but awfully bashful. Gloria Swanson is her upstage self.

Meeting screen people has almost become a habit with me, but I only wish it was a contagious habit, so everyone could meet and see the stars, who are in my opinion, really "nice people."

PAULA H. GREENWALD,
New York City.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Good Old Days

RECENTLY I read a fan letter in a magazine. This is not unusual, as I read many and varied opinions on all subjects cinematic. But a particularly amusing statement in this letter caught my eye. It was this: Motion pictures of today are not as good as those a year or so ago. I really couldn't help smiling as I read it. For that is just another variation of an age-old plaint. If you'll turn to the sport page of any daily newspaper, you'll probably see such statements as "Fighters of today inferior to those of yesterday," or "Dempsey is good, but there will never be another John L. Sullivan." In practically every line of work or art there is a tendency to minimize present successes, and dwell on the brilliant achievements of the so-called "good old days."

So it is with the movies. Even some of our most intelligent critics hark back to "The Birth of a Nation," "Tol'able David," and "Humoresque," for purposes of comparison. "The Birth of a Nation" was great, but no greater than "The Big Parade" of today. The tenderness of realism of "Humoresque" was equaled, if not surpassed, by "Stella Dallas."

Where, in the past, have we ever had such glorious, rollicking adventures as Fairbanks' triumph, "The Black Pirate"; such intensely dramatic features as "The Dark Angel," or such purely artistic gems as "A Kiss for Cinderella"?

"Distance lends enchantment," and it can be just as truly said that "time lends glamour." I heartily enjoy the pictures of today, and think that they are steadily improving, gloomy-minded critics to the contrary.

MISS B. CLEMENTS,
San Francisco, California.

After All, She Invented "IT"

AGAIN I raise my voice in protest. The movies on the whole seem to be a very fair organization. An artist or a genius is hailed and honored. A good actor or actress receives his or her full share of praise. Why then is one woman who has done nothing to hurt the movies but much to help them, so mistreated?

I speak in defense of Elinor Glyn. Magazine writers (that is the majority of them) ridicule her. The fans "pan" her. Why, I cannot fathom. From her pictures she looks a cultured and charming woman. Her features have a quality hard to describe but wonderful to possess. Her stories are not half so daring as hundreds of other stories published each year. Love scenes in her pictures are treated with a finesse foreign to most other productions.

I have no reason for rooting especially for Mrs. Glyn, but she has been treated unfairly too long. So, dear reader, the next time you start to knock Mrs. Glyn, please try to imagine just why you are doing it. The experiment will end, I am quite sure, by your changing your mind.

B. S.,
New York City, N. Y.

But on the Other Hand

I AM simply boiling with rage! How in this world of common sense can anyone dare to hint, suggest, or even insist that Reginald Denny is the only one that can possibly occupy Wallace Reid's chair? It is certainly beyond my imaginative power.

In my opinion, Reginald Denny's eyes and "The Leather Pushers" make his chance for that throne hopeless.

Wallace Reid's eyes seemed to me to have that "I want someone to love—and take care of me" expression. This expression is entirely lost in the eyes of Denny. His eyes appear to have a rather hard glint in them that suggests they are able to take care of themselves. That "devil-may-care" expression never showed from Wally's frank and earnest, fun-loving eyes.

In Wally, elderly ladies saw a son to admire, watch over and darn his socks. Would they want to do that for Denny? Of course not! Elderly men wanted to say to him, "My son, you are a Man!" Girls wanted him for a lover, and boys wanted him for their playmate. Would they want Denny? Absurd!

The public will always remember Denny as a big two-fisted man, who would protect them and not want them to "mother" him. That is what the Leather Pushers are responsible for.

Why doesn't someone try to put some man who has only played in one or two pictures in the chair? I suggest Charles Rogers!

Bah! Immorality in pictures? Humbug! I only have seen two what I would call immoral pictures. They were Mrs. Glyn's. That is why I am prejudiced against that famous lady. I have

(*Continued on page* 122)

Made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps

From beauty-wise France . . the Gift of a Smooth Skin

THE country that understands women—France! For centuries the whole world has looked to that beauty-wise land for fine toilet soaps!

Small wonder that women wrote us, "Oh please make a soap as exquisite for our skin as fine French soap but not nearly, nearly as costly."

It was because France knew that her incomparable powders, perfumes, cosmetics, lose their magic if the skin itself is not *smooth* and exquisite, that years ago she developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap. And—because the makers of Lux are the world's largest makers of soap—we *were* able to make "a soap as adorable as French soap but not so costly."

We made Lux Toilet Soap—*we made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps.* Quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap the firm fine-textured cake that your fingers recognize as true *savon de toilette.* Makes the creamy, bubbling lather, that even hard water can't quell, caress your skin—giving it the same satin-smooth feeling you used to adore after costly imported soap. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—generous, long lasting, delicately fragrant! Wherever toilet soap is sold you will find this *savon de toilette* for all the family. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Safe and gentle—such fragrant cleansing

Yesterday 50c for a fine French soap
Today the same luxury for just 10c.

Such a dear delight to have a luxurious personal soap without extravagance! Not one qualm of conscience—but the whole family using it freely for toilet and bath!

For Face, Hands & Bath

Instant dancing lather—ample, refreshing

LUX TOILET SOAP

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 50)

with what her sense of justice demanded and what her love asked for him.

She was grateful to Harvey for one thing. He conducted himself properly at the studios. And because Judith never heard the complaints of two or three extra girls, she sometimes wondered if Sonia had not exaggerated that business about Felice.

Chapter XIV

December came.

Driving to the studio of Pierre Vache one bright morning, Judith knew a happiness she could not define. Life took on color and zest and interest. She smiled at a holly wreath in the pagan window of a Chinese art dealer. And later she sat still as a mouse drinking in the beauty of the soft colors in the Paisley shawl in which M. V che was painting her. He worked quickly, with the colors splashed upon his palette.

That afternoon she was going for a drive and to tea with Robert Landis. He had telephoned her that morning, one hour after his ship docked.

Judith was glad she had such a lovely car and that she had had the jade fittings which McAllister had given her at the completion of "Woman" installed. She would wear the black broadcloth coat with the heavy lynx . . . a black chiffon gown wth her pearls . . . and a black hat.

They would go to Sherry's. She signed her bills there now. Harvey had arranged this for her. He was a dear in some ways . . . if only . . . First, she thought, it would be nice to drive thru the snow-laden park or up the Avenue. It would be fun to dance again and to have a few leisurely hours for tea and talk.

"See," M. Vache startled her from her reverie. "Et ees feeneshed."

She walked over to get a proper light on the canvas. An assistant placed it temporarily in the large lacquer frame of soft green and gold that was to hold it in the theater lobby.

"You have made me very lovely," Judith said, "and I know how trying I have been, giving you only snatches of time here and there."

She held out her hand, "Thank you, Monsieur Vache, for your kind patience."

The Frenchman bowed low over her slim white hand.

"Most women," he said, "they would wear the rings. And their hands would not be so lovely as these. You, too, are an artist, Madame."

Judith flushed happily. "I do wear rings, sometimes," she said. "At night."

"So! Well, that is all right. When you are in a big crowd you must have the sparkle to meet the sparkle. But for . . . how you say that . . . quiet times, in your home, when you sit for my portrait . . . then you wear no rings. Only your long white fingers. So I know by them you are the aristocrat."

Again Judith thanked him. She must hurry. There was some Christmas shopping to be done before she returned home to dress for tea. Miss Cracy had done most of Judith's shopping for her. The pleasure of buying and wrapping her gifts in gay paper and glittering tinsel was denied her this year. A few things, however, she wished to attend to herself. Harvey's. Her father's. McAllister's, Mr. Irving's. Judith had thought of the perfect thing for each of them. Some books that Harvey especially wanted and a portable typewriter and cigaret case. A check for her father and stepmother, but other little things such as boxes of his favorite cigars and a fur scarf. Traveling things for Mr. Irving, a folding leather frame with four compartments for his family's photographs and a small clock. And for Mac a wrist watch of platinum with phosphorent hands. Mac was always in the dark room, watching eagerly for his film to come out of the solution. And he was always being late for engagements.

Oh, yes . . . and Sonia. Judith decided upon a couple of books for her. She read so much and so omnivorously. A volume of philosophy and that new edition of "Jurgen" with the exotic illustrations and George Moore's "Hail and Farewell."

Judith loved buying just the things she knew they would like. She did not stint. The week before she had made several thousand dollars in investments. Of course, she had acted upon advice. Charlie Bail, the comedian, had told her about the stocks and advised her to buy. He had a reputation in the profession for being one of the shrewdest business men in the game. He was independently wealthy now because of his investment. Yet on the screen he appeared a pathetic little fellow, quite incapable to taking care of himself in a civilized society.

Judith marveled over the incongruity of his screen personality and his actual personality on the drive home. He was a far hail from the things he seemed to be. It had been Harvey who had told her what a wizard with money Charlie was. And Judith had enjoyed talking to him about stocks and bonds at several dinner-parties when they had been placed together.

She had adhered to her plan of saving one-third of her income. Half of this she put away in very safe securities . . . utility bonds, twenty - year endowments. But with the other half she speculated. She never invested wildly, but with this one-half she did buy things that were not entirely safe and sure. So far she had lost nothing. On the contrary, with Charlie Bail's advice, she had tripled her investments.

It was about three-thirty when Robert Landis arrived. Judith had not looked for him until four, but she was ready. And her car was at the door.

After their exchange of greetings, Robert Landis looked at her curiously. "You look so altogether charming," he said, "that I lack the nerve to make the suggestion I had planned to make."

"Do make it," said Judith. She felt quite young and care-free.

"I have my own car down-stairs," he said. "It is open . . . a roadster. I thought you might get into a fur coat and we could drive up into the country. Would you like that? I know an old Inn where they serve delicious waffles that just swim in maple syrup. And there will be a big fire. And the snow in the fields will be fresh and white. . . ."

Judith had already taken off her smart city hat. She ran up-stairs. "I'd adore that," she said. "I haven't been out of the city in months. And I love the country when it is white. . . ."

She leaned over the balcony, laughing down at him as he stood there looking up into the green of her eyes.

(*Continued on page* 76)

$200 in Prizes

ON page 48 of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100 . . . . . First Prize
50 . . . . . Second Prize
25 . . . . . Third Prize
10 . . . . . Fourth Prize
5 . . . . Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize

Utterly different . . in appearance, in results

Tissue-thin, transparent diamonds . .

they have saved America a billion dollars

SYMBOL of value—the diamond-shaped Lux flakes! Symbol of purity—their transparency!

Each year from the diamond mines of the world come thousands of gems worth fifty million dollars. Yet department stores say truly: *In the last ten years Lux diamonds have saved American women twenty times that sum—probably more than a billion dollars!*

Millions of silk stockings and sheer lingerie saved from dangerous alkali and hard rubbing—for of course, in these tissue-thin transparent Lux diamonds there can be no alkali! Miles of tub silks kept from yellowing! Thousands upon thousands of woolens saved from shrinking! In such ways Lux has piled up its savings to American women.

Today women who first found Lux perfect for fabrics know that it keeps hands safe from the "dishpan look". No longer does dishwashing make their hands red and rough. And one teaspoonful does the dishes for the family.

Different—diamond-precious—modern washing magic.

In every country of the world Lux is sold only in the familiar Lux boxes—never in any other form. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

If it's safe
in water
it's safe in Lux

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 74)

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Tell my chauffeur he can go. I wont want the car again today. But ask him if he will lend me his raccoon coat. I have no furs."

"Bosh," said Robert Landis. "Movie stars have wraps of chinchilla, sable and ermine. . . ."

"This movie star has one fur wrap . . . for evening wear," laughed Judith. "It was bought last week for the première of 'Woman.'"

While he went down-stairs to get the raccoon coat from her chauffeur, she hastily changed into a rust jersey sport suit she had worn in the picture. She put on woolen stockings and a soft rust felt hat. Then she wrapped herself in the raccoon coat and together they laughed like two schoolchildren as he turned his car uptown and into the country.

"I had forgotten about this delicious sort of thing," said Judith, sniffing the frosty air. "I had even forgotten how white and untrammeled snow can be. . . ."

"I loathe the city," said Robert Landis, daring to look at her now and then because they had left the confusing traffic far behind them. "And when I have to drive around all closed up in a motor, I'm miserable. You're not cold, are you?"

Judith shook her head. Her cheeks were bright, whipped into color by the December wind. And her hair had escaped in one or two tendrils from the close hat. No wonder Robert Landis waited for a good opportunity and then looked at her with frank admiration.

They sped up a hill, because he knew a view that the crown promised.

"That's so like you," laughed Judith. "You live just like that. I feel stupid and plodding and blind when I'm with you."

"How's that?" he asked her.

"Why . . . you take the things you want from life, somehow," she said. "I cant quite explain what I mean. Others of us proceed very cautiously like children going along a dark hall timidly so as not to disturb any of the mysterious bugaboos that might jump out from unsuspected corners. Have you no fear?"

"I know a fearful fear, Judith," he said using her first name and apparently not conscious that he was doing it. "My fear is the fear of missing some experience . . . of lacking some new taste . . . of missing some emotion. I'm often a damn fool, I suppose. But I do not want to live anemically. Today is the only guarantee we have, you know. So . . ." He raised his fur-lined glove from the wheel dramatically, eloquently.

Judith snuggled closer into the raccoon warmth.

"I know," she said, "I have that fear too sometimes. Life slips into the past so quickly. All you keep of today is a memory."

They turned into a long drive between dark pine-trees. And then they came to a huge log cabin. Bright red curtains hung at the windows. A large dog barked ferociously.

"We have arrived," he said. "Wait until you taste the waffles."

"I should be dieting," Judith admitted. "But I dont plan to today. I must lose ten pounds before I face the cameras again. You know what the screen does to you, makes you look half again your size."

They entered the large room where a great divan faced a cavern blazing with spicy logs. There were tables here and there complemented with chairs.

But he led her right to the lounge. "Serve us here," he said, and it was done.

The waffles were all that was said of them. Judith ate as greedily as a small child. And Robert Landis watched her happily. It was six o'clock when they started for home.

With the sun gone down, it was much colder. The stars shone almost stiffly in the black winter sky. And the wind rushed past them as if on an important errand. Actually they said little. Now and then a splutter of conversation. Then silence, not strained or awkward but a happy, satisfied kind of silence.

"Good-bye," Judith told him when the car stopped before the apartment. "You have given me a gorgeous afternoon. I had almost forgotten about the country and the way it feels to drive in the open with the stars spinning past over your head."

"Good-bye, Judith," he said, still holding her hand. "I suppose I'll see a very different Judith Tower at the première, a poised, sophisticated and silken woman . . . not the happy little girl with the big appetite who drove with me today."

Judith loved his smile. It was so big. Because he had a big mouth, of course. But this very practical explanation never occurred to her.

Suddenly she felt a sense of guilt. It was eight o'clock. And they had planned dinner for seven-thirty. She always went out of her way to plan things so that she and Harvey might be together when she was not working. She blamed her work in a way for the fact that they had somewhat drifted apart. They got along without each other. And Judith was not sure that this was quite so desirable as the modern novelists postulate. She thought the essence of marriage was an interdependence. She would rather have liked that.

Now here it was eight o'clock. She rang the bell furiously and heard Lillian hurry to the door.

"Is Mr. Dunn home, Lillian?" she asked.

"Yes'm, he's home." And then Harvey appeared in the doorway of the living-room.

"Where have you been?" he asked, inclined to be cross but making a slight, half-hearted attempt to hold his temper in leash. "You told me you were going to Sherry's for tea and that Robert Landis was going to interview you."

"I was," Judith said and suddenly she felt guilty about another thing. That fur coat. It was not in keeping with the personality that Harvey had outlined for her. It was not compatible with the fragile, silken, perfumed things he had told her to wear. It was rough and cumbersome and out-of-doorsy.

"Mr. Landis thought it would be pleasant to motor in his car. It is a sport model, something like yours. We went way up into the country and stopped at a big log cabin for waffles and coffee. . . ."

Harvey troubled to constrain himself no longer. "You little idiot," he said. "You've gone and ruined all I've done to create an illusion for you."

He finished what remained of his whisky and soda in one gulp, hardly pausing in his tirade. "Beautiful but dumb. All you had to do was be the thing I created for you and you cant even be that."

"It was fun," said Judith. "We had a lovely time and Mr. Landis says . . ."

Harvey grabbed her arm and pulled her back as she turned to go up-stairs. His fingers pressed deeper and deeper into her flesh, each of his finger-tips felt like a drop of hot iron.

"Dont Mr. Landis me," he said. "You're a whited sepulcher all right. Suspicious of me every time I look at a woman because you know how men act when they take a woman out, I suppose. . . ."

The import of his words filled her with anger. And with her free hand she slapped him across the face. Her eyes were black with fury.

"Let go my arm," she said. "And dont touch me again until I give you permission, if I ever do. I'm nearly thru trying to hold together this broken thing of our marriage."

Harvey did as she told him. He seemed fearful of the fire he had lit. Yet a few minutes after she had gone up-stairs he ran up after her. He found her sitting before her dressing-table with the tears of a woman's quiet weeping on her face. And when he took her in his arms, waiting for no permission, her arms went about his neck eagerly.

"Harvey darling, what is happening to us?" she cried. "Where will we land if we keep on like this. It is all so ugly and so much less than I wanted it to be. We are spending our todays in quarrels and anger and laying up horrid memories for the future . . . oh, Harvey."

He wept a little, too . . . shamefacedly as men weep.

"Miss Judy, dinnah's gaten kole," whined Lillian from down-stairs.

"Coming right away, Lillian," called Judith, but her voice was not very steady.

Chapter XV

It seemed that almost everyone in New York who was anyone attended the première of "Woman" on Christmas Eve. Judith was to sit in a box with Harvey and the McAllisters. She dressed with care. And she and Harvey drove to the theater, arriving there about eight-thirty. The car's progress to the entrance was slow. Other motors were discharging their brilliant occupants. And the crowd in front of the lobby and in the lobby made this slow work. Reserves did their utmost to keep a lane free for ticket-holders, but found it almost impossible to keep back the surging, pushing people.

The more curious peered expectantly into the cars waiting to get to the awninged marquee, hoping to see some star. Harvey told Judith it was a pity not to turn on the light and let them see her, she was so beautiful. And he spoke truthfully. She was ravishing in the snowy ermine evening cloak with its soft white fox collar. Her hair was parted in the center and brushed sleekly on the sides to where it curled slightly in wide marcelled waves and showed gleaming copper lights.

Her eyes were a dark green . . . her skin pale . . . her lips scarlet.

With her white stockings, sheer as webbing, she wore scarlet velvet slippers.

(*Continued on page* 78)

Youthful Beauty *Instantly*

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly.*

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.

Tear off now! You may forget

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories
2900 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____
Powder shade _____

Medium rouge sent unless another shade requested

Pompeian
Beauty Powder *and* Bloom

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 76*)

The crowd surged when their car finally drew up to the entrance and Judith stepped out. The policemen did their best to hold them back, but the line broke and joined, blocking their entrance to the lobby. Judith was a little terrified of the swirling, seething mob. She held tightly to Harvey's coat as he preceded her, pushing their way thru the people.

"Hello, Judith," voices called. "Hello, Judith. Hello."

In the lobby a group were standing about her painting. She and Harvey went inside swiftly. And finally, after stopping several times to greet friends and acquaintances in the back of the theater, they reached the stage box.

The theater, already well filled, broke into applause as Judith entered.

"This is nothing to what they'll do after they've seen you as 'Woman'" whispered Mac. And Judith wondered why she had not realized it would be like this. She had attended other premières. She knew what they were like.

The musicians offered the overture. Across the theater, Judith caught sight of Mrs. Irving. She sat like a hen, pluming herself, with her brood of young Jewish boys about her. Mr. Irving was always being interrupted by someone who came to the curtain of his box asking for instructions about this and that.

The overture ended. The dull-red curtains parted and slowly skirted the stage, finally being looped at either side of the proscenium arch with heavy silver cords.

The screen was suffused with silver. Then the announcement came

Messrs. Irving and Singer
present
The McAllister Production
of
WOMAN
with
JUDITH TOWER

More applause, rippling thru the theater at the sight of the different names. The author, scenario writer, photographer, art director, the censors were all given credit for what they had done, good or bad, to the film that was to follow.

Then the story began to unreel.

Judith watched the screen scarcely at all. She was fascinated by the dark sea of heads stretching in dim rows below her. They were the writers, critics, editors who could make her reputation great or destroy it. She raised her eyes and saw the two semicircles of figures filling the two balconies.

"It is a much greater picture than I knew," Harvey whispered to her and Mac at the same time, "You have both made a killing."

Almost as he spoke, the audience applauded a bit, but the story hushed their hands as it went on. Judith knew that Mac was terribly nervous. Mrs. McAllister whispered to her that she had had the most awful time getting him dressed. He had misplaced his studs . . . his dress shoes . . . his tie . . . everything.

So an hour passed, while Judith wondered what the sea of dim personalities would think of their three months of soul-giving work.

The lights went up, slowly . . . like great eyes blinking open all over the dark house. First the side lights, then the lights in the large crystal chandeliers.

The applause was tremendous.

Judith dared to turn her head to see them. She was trembling with excitement.

Everyone was looking at their box.

"Stand up, Mac dear, and say something to them," she urged. Because Judith knew how much credit was due him for the beautiful thing they had seen, she expected everyone to know. He smiled at her. "It is you they want, Judy," he said. "They dont care a hang about an old fellow like me."

"Bosh," said Judith as Mr. Irving arose in his box. But it was some little time before he could achieve silence. He raised his hand, but the applause continued. It was like the ocean, rushing in and dying out a little only to rush in again greater than before.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Mr. Irving finally when he had stepped from his box to the stage and when they had finally quieted their hands, "Your appreciation of our production fills me with a pleasure that I cannot express.

"Miss Tower . . ."

The applause came again. He could not go on. So he walked across the apron of the stage of Judith's box. He signaled to her.

Judith was beginning to be dazed from the excitement and the applause. It was Harvey and Mac who pushed her towards Mr. Irving. She rather saw everything thru a mist when she stood with Mr. Irving before the folds of the red velvet curtain. They were still applauding. Louder. Louder. A whistle split the roar . . . a whistle from the top of the top gallery.

Finally they were quiet.

"Allow me," Mr. Irving said, "to present to you Miss Judith Tower." He could not say more for the applause started again. He left Judith standing there and went smilingly back to his box.

She was a slim figure as she stood alone against the deep red of the curtains. Her white satin gown followed the curves of her body for its adornment. At her waist was a corsage of tiny Christmas flowers . . . tiny poinsettias and lilies-of-the-valley sprayed among them. At her throat gleamed a large ruby, like a drop of heart's blood. And on her finger there was another, smaller ruby.

She looked at the box to find Harvey's eyes. She felt she must hold on to something familiar. He was laughing with a hysterical happiness. And Mac . . . dear old Mac . . . was smiling happily and quietly.

Judith wondered if this mad applause would go on into eternity.

Then she discovered the house was still. They were waiting for her to speak to them.

She stretched forth her hand impulsively and when she found her voice it was warmly charged with gratitude for their appreciation.

"We were not sure you would like it," she said. "But we did hope you would during the months when the company, as one person, worked for the success you seem to promise us.

"I stand before you very grateful, really. . . .

"If enthusiasm and belief in a picture can make it great, 'Woman' should be that. Every member of the company brought both of those things to his work. Mr. McAllister imbued everyone with these things. You all know him. But it behooves me to thank him publicly for all he has done for me."

Now she turned to their box and beckoned the big man who sat there blustering at the things she was saying about him.

"Mr. McAllister," said Judith as he climbed over the railing and onto the stage, "let me reverse the usual custom and introduce you to an audience which appreciates your greatness."

Then she left him to hold the big stage with the shadows cast by the folds of the heavy curtain and the glare of the footlights.

But he finished what he had to say almost by the time Judith reached her seat. Thruout the entire intermission their box was a salon where almost everyone in the theater came to pay their enthusiastic respects.

And when the house was again dark and the picture again shadowed the screen, Judith sought to remember something that had been said in the confusion of congratulations and praise of a few minutes before. Something about Goldstein of Excelsior. What was it?

He liked the picture? No. He had sailed for Europe? No. That he . . .? She had it now. "Goldstein has gone into bankruptcy" someone had said.

Judith remembered the scene in his office and her prophecy, voiced in reaction to hurt pride and anger, which had come true . . . dramatically enough, on the very evening of her triumph.

The second half of the production ran its length while Judith's mind concerned itself with many things . . . her triumph, of course . . . Goldstein's bankruptcy. And Robert Landis' failure to come to her box as so many others had.

The applause at the production's close was less than before. It is always that way. Commuters begin to worry about the last train. New Yorkers begin to worry about the scarcity of taxicabs when the theaters let out and the possibility of having to walk a few blocks.

"You're coming to supper with us," someone insisted. Judith never knew who it was who had sought to carry them off. Then another. Someone came over with the same demand. But to all of them Judith offered gracious regrets. She wanted to get away from it all . . . from the pushing crowds . . . from the confusion. . . . She wanted to think it all over.

So Goldstein had failed, had he? She wondered if he would have to pawn the big diamond that had flashed on his stubby finger as he had reached out to touch her. She wondered if he had gone into bankruptcy because he had no sporting blood and wished to get out of debt with his personal fortune safely invested in someone else's name for the time being. Likely enough.

She wondered if the audience had really liked the picture to the extent that their applause suggested.

She and Harvey went quickly thru the lane of people still waiting. She smiled at those who called out to her. And when their car came up and she and Harvey

(*Continued on page 84*)

A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods

Eight in ten better class women have adopted this NEW way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets *every day* unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company,
Chicago

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy Disposal

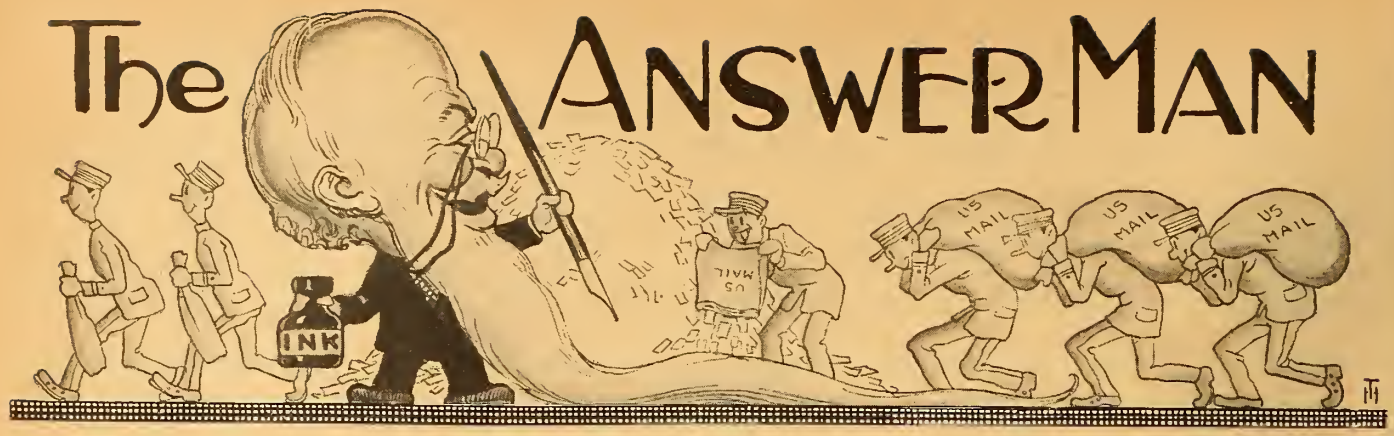
and 2 other important factors

(2) Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

The Answer Man



TESSIE OF NEW BEDFORD.—Here we are again beginning another year and I want to wish you all the happiest and most prosperous year ever. Like Father Time I am having another birthday, but I'm not too old to answer your questions, so let me hear from you. My advice to you would be to go to California.

VILMA BANKY FAN.—Haven't heard of your new discovery. Vilma Banky is playing with Ronald Colman in "A Night of Love."

HELENE A.—Write James Hall at Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I., where he's working on "Love's Greatest Mistake." "Brown of Harvard" is from the stage play written by Rida Johnson Young. Betty Bronson in "Paradise for Two" with Richard Dix.

FLORENCE A.—The new Paramount Theater, which is located at Times Square, opened November 19, 1926, showing "God Gave Me 20c." The theater has its own tea room and also a small theater for children where pictures especially for them are shown. That was Frank Montgomery in "Aloma of the South Seas."

MARY S.—I should say it is cold in New York. I have my fireplace going—an electric heater. Virginia Brown Faire in "Chip of Flying U."

INQUISITIVE.—They do say that happiness is mostly imagination, but unhappiness is the real thing. But I think it's a state of mind. So you think if I discarded my beard I would be a Gilbert or Novarro. You flatter me! Vivian and Irene Rich aren't related. Snitz Edwards was the *Evil One*. Yes, I liked "The Count of Monte Cristo" with John Gilbert very much. Renée Adorée was *Eugenie*.

JUST LAURA.—Thanks for the clipping. Edmund Burns opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." No, Lewis Stone is not married to Anna Q. Nilsson. Where did you get that from? Charles Ray is playing with Marie Prevost in "Getting Gertie's Garter."

AMO, WINNIPEG.—You say it's pretty cold up your way. Just remember—

"The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Tho love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten winter nights."

No, J. Warren Kerrigan isn't married and he was born in 1889. So you think Clara Bow is improving.

KATE.—You certainly are an Anna Q. Nilsson booster.

TEDDY.—So you are rooting for Warner Baxter and Richard Dix. Rod La Rocque has been signed up by Edwin Carewe for the lead in "Resurrection." Dolores Del Rio is the girl.

ROSE.—Mighty like a rose, eh? Write Mary Pickford at 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, California. Her last picture was "Sparrows." That was Joseph Schildkraut in "Meet the Prince." Eddie Cantor's next will be "Special Delivery." And that's not so slow.

SHIRLEY M. D.—"Night drew her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star" was written by M'Donald Clarke, who was popularly known as the "mad poet" who was an eccentric native of New York. Nathaniel Lee was also known as the "mad poet." He was the author of "Alexander the Great" and was confined four years in an insane asylum. Gloria Swanson's eyes are gray-blue and she's playing in "Sunya."

MARY ANN.—Ramon Novarro was born September 20, 1899. Huntly Gordon is playing with Irene Rich in "Dont Tell the Wife."

RED GRANGE FAN.—At this writing Red is scoring on the football field, but he'll soon start his second picture.

COLLEEN.—You say your letter was short but sweet. You know, Plato says: "As empty vessels make the loudest sound so they that have the least wit are the greatest babblers." Greta Garbo has blue eyes and light hair; born 1906; five feet six and a half and weighs 123 lbs. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THRILL CHASER.—So you dont think I am the old man I'm pictured. My past life? That's an open book. Address Rod La Rocque at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Yes, Allene Ray and Walter Miller are playing in "Melting Millions."

BILL HAINES FAN.—Moderation? Yes, I certainly do believe in it. As some one said, if you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you could eat and drink. Bill Haines was born January 1, 1901.

SILVER THREADS.—Thanks for your very kind letter. Yes. Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, and she married Lothar Mendez on November 17, 1926. While we are recording marriages, there are the James Quirk-May Allison wedding on November 15 and Laura LaPlante-William Seiter wedding on November 14. The Answer Man extends blessings.

LONESOME LOU.—Why be lonesome? The world is so full of a number of things, we all ought to be as happy as kings. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Alice Terry has red hair and blue eyes.

KITTY BRIGHT.—It cost me thirty cents to have your letter translated from Russian to English, Kitty, and I want you to know that the Answer Man cant afford to carry on a weekly correspondence with you at this rate on $15.00 a week. Figure it out for yourself. You can get in touch with Thomas Meighan at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Mrs. Meighan is not a motion picture player.

RAY D.—You want to know where you can find a map of Brooklyn. There ain't no such thing. No one has ever been able to make one. Richard Dix is playing in "The Hunch," a prize-fight picture. It was purchased with the idea of starring Gene Tunney, but Richard got the part.

GENA.—Address Ruth Roland at 605 So. Norton Ave., Hollywood, California. Pat O'Malley is at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

RONA.—All the way from New Zealand? Must be pretty warm down there now. Carmel Myers has black hair and Eleanor Boardman has brown hair. Yes, I like Adolphe Menjou very much.

RED NOSE PETE.—That was some picture you drew of me. Clara Bow is playing in "Children Divorce" with Esther Ralston.

ELSIE.—Welcome to the throne, Elsie! The more the merrier. All I can tell you about William Boyd is that he was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898; is six feet tall; weighs 175 lbs. and has light hair and blue eyes. Married to Elinor Fair and playing in "Jim the Conqueror."

NESSIE.—So you are rooting for Alberta Vaughn. She was born in Ashland, Kentucky, in 1906. Pauline Garon is playing in Gloria Swanson's "Sunya."

CAROLA B. F.—Sure, I'm always here. Ever ready to answer your questions—like a taxi in the

(*Continued on page* 82)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of Motion Picture Magazine, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

What is pore film *and* why must you *remove it?*

This is the second of a series of Princess Pat informative talks giving new facts about complexion care. Here we tell about the requirements of cleansing cream—a most important subject.

DO you fancy that we are merely creating a *talking point* when we refer to pore film? If so, visit some scientific library and consult the works of the most eminent authorities on the skin.

Pore film is invisible. Yet every night and every morning there is an accumulation on *every* skin. And it is *resistant* to ordinary cleansing cream. Therein lies the danger—and the reason every woman who values her complexion should know about pore film.

Pore film is acid. It glazes over and seals the pores of the skin. It is formed by the commingling of perspiration and oil given off by the pores. If allowed to remain pore film is injurious to the skin. It can be a first cause of roughened skin texture, blackheads, excessively oily skin, shiny nose, and eruptions.

And remember, ordinary cleansing cream will *not* remove pore film. Any prominent skin specialist will confirm this statement; in fact he is likely to say that unscientifically formulated creams will make pore film even more harmful to your complexion.

Princess Pat Skin CleanserShould Be Used By Every Woman In the Land

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (you may call it cold cream) is definitely formulated to remove pore film. You may say you get along very well as it is, that you see no ill results from pore film. The explanation is that some skin has a high degree of resistance. But not to deal with pore film, merely *invites* the earlier fading of complexion beauty.

On the other hand there are thousands upon thousands of women who will see in this explanation of pore film the reason why all their beauty effort avails little, why their complexions remain unlovely despite nightly and morning applications of cream.

With Princess Pat Skin Cleanser you *know*—you have the comforting assurance that in regard to pore film *no chances are being taken*. It is precisely one of those situations when it is far better to be safe than sorry!

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Princess Pat Skin Cleanser is a product of the modern laboratory. It is quite different from the inadequate creams of yesteryear. It was formulated in the full light of scientific knowledge of the actual *needs* of the skin. It was known that pore film had to be considered—and the need was met.

Further, the "stickiness" of old fashioned cold creams was avoided. Princess Pat is a light cream, delightful to use. It is a particularly *gentle* cream, agreeing with *every skin*. By no possibility can it encourage or promote hair growth. It does not necessitate vigorous rubbing. On the contrary, it seems literally to *melt* all the day's grime and dust from the pores. It is quite *impossible* for a woman not to like Princess Pat Cleansing Cream for the immediate effects she can see and feel.

But think *most* of the *most* important result. Princess Pat Skin Cleanser *removes pore film* and ends the troubles that ordinary creams do not combat. Accept our explanation at its gospel truth, scientific worth—try this different cold cream—and if it fails to live up to all expectations, receive back the cost from your dealer.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 80)

movies. Ruth Roland is playing a dancer in "The Masked Woman." Flora Finch is playing in "The Cat and the Canary."

A. A. A. A.—Marjorie Daw is playing in "Redheads Preferred."

RITA F.—Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, and he is five feet eleven; weighs 181 pounds; has gray eyes and black hair. He's married. Estelle Taylor is replacing Lya de Putti in "New York." Norman Trevor, Ricardo Cortez and Lois Wilson are also in the cast.

Here are a few of the newer correspondence clubs:

Norma Talmadge Club, Constance Riquer, 14207 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio.

George O'Brien Club, Elizabeth Smith, 75 Fern Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey.

Evelyn Brent Club, 366 East 146th Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels Club, Dorothy Lubow, 2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

Clara Bow Club, Katherine Conway, 375 East 146th Street, New York City.

Doris Kenyon Club, Evelyn Jackson, Finchfield, Kew Gardens, Southport, England.

Richard Dix Club, Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

PATSY ANN.—Oh, sure, Elijah must have had an automobile—because the Good Book says he "went up on high." Elinor Faire is 5 feet 4½ and Doris Kenyon is 5 feet 6. I believe Nita Naldi is the tallest star.

BLUE EYES, BANDOENG.—Dont worry; what's the use? Grief shortens life, by hastening death; joy prolongs life, by aiding health. Lillian Gish is playing in "The Wind."

KASTA B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Yes, Houdini died November 2, 1926, in Detroit; Francis X. Bushman has been assigned the lead in "Invisible Government" for J. C. Bachman Productions. Lillian Rich, Gaston Glass, Raymond McKee and Betty Francisco all in the cast.

MRS. G. K. J.—Thanks for your good wishes.

BETTY L.—Let me advise you, ladies all, Of Jealousy beware. It causeth many a one to fall, and is the devil's snare. "For Her People," with Raquel Meller, was taken abroad and is being distributed in this country.

NELLY.—Well, I sure am glad you are attending college and gave up the idea of writing scenarios. There is plenty of time for that. No, this is the first time William Boyd has been married.

VALENTINO FAN.—It all depends on where you wrote for that photo. The S. Bram Studio, 729 Seventh Avenue, Studio 205, New York, send Rudolph Valentino's photo out for 25 cents. He was born in Castellaneta; had black hair and brown eyes and was five feet eleven.

BEBE DANIELS FAN.—Bebe's next picture is "A Kiss in a Taxi." Jack Mulhall in "Orchids and Ermines" and "Just Another Blonde" and Belle Bennett in "Mother Machree." Well, it's all right to be ashamed of your pride, but all wrong to be proud of your shame.

L. D. G.—You want to know who the lover is who never has a rival? Why, I'd say the man who is in love with himself. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York, May 9, 1895; he is five feet seven; weighs 135 pounds, and has dark-brown hair and eyes.

MARGE.—Nita Naldi is playing in pictures for the Sascha Company in Vienna. Her latest, "Prater Mizzi," will probably be released in the United States. Dolores Costello has one of the leads in "Noah's Ark," and Emil Jannings first American picture will be "The Hairy Ape" from the Eugene O'Neill stage-play.

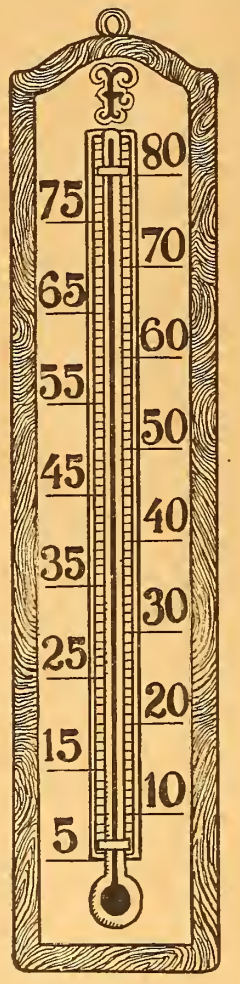
RUDY'S MOURNER.—So you like to read. Well, a book is the one friend that will tell things *to* you—and not *of* you. Rudolph Valentino's body has been placed in a mausoleum in Los Angeles. I am glad you liked the poem and photograph published in memorial to Rudy. Dimitri Buchowetski is to direct Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina" by Tolstoy for Metro-Goldwyn.

K. D. D.—You're a bit twisted. Rin-Tin-Tin is very much alive. It was Peter the Great, also a Police dog, that was shot in Hollywood some time ago. Mabel Normand was the girl in "Mickey" and she's playing in two-reel Hal Roach comedies now.

DONALD.—So you have started a Lois Moran club—write to Donald Phillips, 212 W. 23rd Street, New York City.

MIRIAM G.—Ha, ha, I've got you guessing. No, I'm not a woman.

Watch Them Rise!



WOMEN

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James Hall	12
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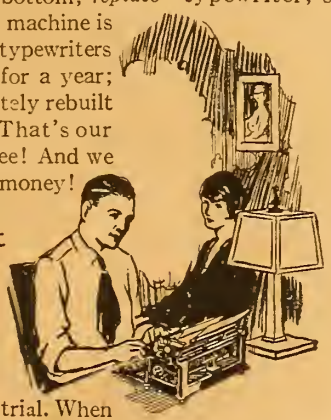

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 78*)

were safely inside, she sank into the seat with a little cry of exhaustion.

Harvey was talking about Goldstein. "Don't ever prophesy anything unfortunate about me," said Harvey. "I'm superstitious about your prophecies after this."

Judith smiled. "I feel funny about it, myself," she said. "It seems almost as if I had wished it on him. I'll never quite forget that day in his office. I was furious with his animalism and his impertinence. I dont suppose I really believed it myself when I told him that he would end as nothing and that I would then be something."

The car stopped at their house. And as they went into the elevator, the doorman handed her a telegram which had just arrived. Judith tore it open. She hoped it was not bad news from her father. She had invited him and her stepmother to New York for the première and the Christmas holidays, but he had been ill with grippe and could not come.

But no, it was signed Robert Landis. Judith read:

> I did not come to your box because so many crowded there. But I want to tell you that no one may deny that you have genius. My enthusiastic congratulations and best wishes for a very merry Christmas.
>
> ROBERT LANDIS.

She handed it to Harvey to read.

"He would have to be different from everybody else and telegraph his sentiments. He could have come over to our box as well as not."

Judith was pleased. Harvey was jealous.

He opened the apartment door with his key and switched on a lamp.

Judith looked at the clock. It was exactly midnight.

"It's Christmas," she explained, raising her lips for his kiss. "Merry Christmas, Darling . . . merry, merry Christmas."

CHAPTER XVI

THE Christmas holidays seemed to escape before Judith turned around to enjoy them. There were so many parties. There was so much excitement. And there was never any time to pause and be happy remembering. Judith and Harvey dashed here and there. Everyone wanted to give a dinner or a tea in Judith's honor. Every magazine and newspaper wanted to interview her again because of her success in "Woman." It had actually become her picture. Her name was now in electric lights in front of the theater. With other names . . . traditional names almost . . . John Drew, Barrymore, Walter Hampden, Alice Brady, Lenore Ulric and Florence Reed, Judith Tower electrified the night on Broadway.

Then one day Mr. Irving sent for her and said that they wanted her to leave the following Monday for California. Judith was not surprised. She had come to accept the impromptu decisions and the lack of any definite pattern in activities which color everything in the motion picture profession.

As a matter of fact, Judith rather wanted to see the magic town of Hollywood. The only difficulty was that Harvey was expected to remain in New York. He was scheduled to do the treatment on Hugh Kendrick's next picture, and Mr. Irving explained that Judith would have to go on ahead. Later, he thought Harvey could follow her.

Harvey had been anxious to go West for a month now. Several times he had suggested to Judith that she speak to Mr. Irving about them both going to California for a few months. And his repetitious suggestions had rather given Judith heart. It seemed to indicate that there was no lady holding him to New York. She had hugged this reassurance to her heart when she did not know where he was of an evening and when he looked up defensively if she chanced to ask him any casual question about his activities.

He acted particularly guilty about his companions when he was what he lightly called toxy woo. Judith thought this a silly, juvenile word for a man with bleary eyes, an evil temper and a foul breath . . . an inadequate word to use in description of a man so deteriorated, even if temporarily.

* * * * * * *

"I'll finish up the 'script as soon as I can manage it," Harvey told Judith. The party that had come down to see her off had left them alone together at the last moment. They were in her drawing-room. The reporters and news photographers had gone. "And if you'll wire Irving that you cant stick it without me, he'll let me follow you. Otherwise they may want me to stay around here. They've got so many scenario writers on the Coast."

Judith kissed him. "You have the train and reservation numbers so you can wire me, haven't you?" she asked.

"All of them," he reassured her. "And wire me from every main station for God's sake. I'll miss you enough as it is."

They kissed each other good-bye reluctantly. And her fingers clung to his as he started towards the door. The conductors were calling the warning. Funny the way her fingers clung to him, just as if there was some chemical attraction. To pull them away meant that drawing feeling that you know when you pull a small piece of steel from a magnet.

The train started slowly. Harvey waved to her thru the window. Judith waved back. She was a little sad at leaving him behind. But she knew this separation was a good thing. Deep within herself, she knew that she could never think clearly about Harvey if she was to remain within the call of his voice . . . to be blinded by the force of his personality . . . magnetised by the touch of his flesh . . . and hypnotised by the passion she knew for him. She hoped that the next few weeks would permit her to straighten out her mental tangles. She hoped that she would regain some perspective and be able to do what was best. She hoped that the aching void of being separated from Harvey would help her save their marriage.

The things she and Robert Landis had talked about on their ride into the country remained uppermost in her mind. This was all there was to life. She had no guarantee of future years stretching into three score and ten. Today was her only surety. And she and Harvey were squandering this in bickerings, suspicions and infidelities.

Judith saw Lillian busy in the adjoining drawing-room. The company had secured two rooms for her so that Lillian might use one in which the luggage and clothes could be kept. Even now she was arranging things. Hanging up a few gowns . . . trying to get a dozen train baskets,

(*Continued on page 86*)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

free!

If you want to know

—How to make an impression on people
—how to attract valuable friends
—how to develop your personality
—how to acquire complete poise
—how to apply culture to dress
—how to speak with beauty and charm
—how to make your voice cultured
—how to overcome timidity
—how to compel attention
—how to suggest a cultural background
—how to be at ease in any company

Send for your copy of this interesting book. Mail the coupon for it *today!*

Why Even Well-Bred People Often Feel *Out of Place*

CULTURE is not a matter of studied rules and regulations. Etiquette is merely the *expression* of culture—the outward manifestation of a desire to appear well-bred.

Even the well-bred often feel awkward and uncomfortable in a highly cultivated society. Yourself, for example. Haven't you—who are thoroughly well-bred, you who know the rules of good society—haven't you at some time or another felt out of place, the least bit . . . well, *inferior?* Haven't you felt embarrassed, ill at ease, as though you somehow didn't "belong"?

Why? Not because you weren't as well-bred as those other people. Not because you didn't know as well as they how to conduct yourself.

Have you ever attributed it to the fact that you are not quite sure of yourself? That you can not talk confidently enough about the things in which cultured people are interested — art, music, literature? That your personality is undeveloped, that you lack that final touch of social charm that will attract people to you instantly, everywhere?

What Is Culture?

Culture, in its final analysis, is *knowledge.* How to dress, and speak; how to attract the right sort of people; how to make visits, and how to entertain, and how to give a cultural impression on all occasions.

Are you sure of yourself? Or do you concentrate on mere *etiquette* to try to hide that which is lacking? The final touch. The important *cultural touch* that no amount of etiquette can give.

Why don't you enrich your personality and acquire new poise and assurance by giving yourself a fine cultural background? Why don't you make yourself appealing, likable—to all people? Why don't you acquire the *culture* that you simply must have to feel at home in any society, at ease in any gathering?

You can do it! You can make yourself acquainted with the finer things of life—give yourself a complete cultural training—through the remarkable *Science of Culture* recently perfected by authorities.

Be Sure to Send for Free Book

We shall be very glad indeed to tell you more about this fascinating subject—more about culture and what it can mean to you—more about the unique Science of Culture that well-bred people everywhere are discussing.

Let us send you at once, without the slightest cost or obligation to you, a copy of the illustrated book "The Development of Culture." Not only does it reveal important secrets of poise, confidence and cultural self-improvement to you—but it outlines the Science of Culture, and tells you everything about it you want to know.

We urge you to send for your copy NOW before you forget—before it is too late. Use this special coupon. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-7812, Garden City, N. Y.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-7812 Garden City, N. Y.

Without obligating me in the least, please send me at once your illustrated booklet which describes the Science of Culture—and tells me how I can obtain it on seven days' free trial. I understand the free book contains many important and interesting secrets of culture.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Whiten Your Skin My Way

By Clara Bow

"JUST RECENTLY I found a wonderful new way to clear and whiten the skin—almost overnight! As you know, anyone appearing before the camera simply must have a sparkling white skin free from even the tiniest blemish. But now I no longer worry about sun freckles, sallow skin or tan, for I have found that a new discovery gently removes all blemishes, clearing and whitening the skin with amazing quickness. In hardly any time at all you can have that satiny, smooth skin which photographs so beautifully."

How a Million Women Keep Their Skin Dazzling White—Free From All Blemishes

Today there is no excuse for any woman having freckles, sallow skin or blackheads! For now a new easy treatment clears and whitens your skin almost overnight. Already a million women are using this new discovery to keep their skin a faultless, dazzling white.

In just a few days you can clear your skin of distressing freckles, redness, rougness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish. Soon your complexion will take on a smoothness and a clearness which will astound you. Your neck will achieve that fresh, lovely whiteness so necessary with bobbed hair. Your hands and arms will grow smooth and flawless. In no time at all you will have the charm of a crystal clear skin—soft, velvety, and milk white!

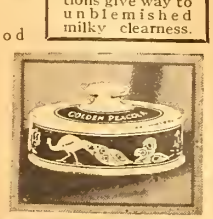
Just Try This 3 Minutes Before Bedtime Test

Right before bedtime smooth some of this cool fragrant crême on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror! See how the skin has already begun to clear. Notice how quickly freckles, blackheads and other imperfections give way to unblemished milky clearness.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new, scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it. Get a jar now—today—at all good drug and department stores. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded.

Dealers: Most good dealers already carry Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—it is one of the fastest selling toilet items. Get an ample supply from your jobber or write us for one special offer. Paris Toilet Co., 762 Oak Street, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 84)

books and flowers out of the way.

Judith wore Harvey's gardenias. He had never given her any other flower. It had been a gardenia which had given them their first warm meeting ground.

As Lillian opened the boxes of flowers and hung one train basket of orchids on one of the hooks in Judith's drawing-room, the air became heavy and funereal with the commingling of hothouse breaths. Judith opened a ventilator and was grateful for a reviving rush of winter air. She thought it was wicked to have spent so much money on flowers. They would be wilted by the time they reached Chicago. And she could not cart them all up to the hotel where she would rest between trains.

She could only read half the books at the most.

The candy was taboo. She had planned to lose ten pounds en route.

However, some of the extravagances in which motion picture stars were indulged were pleasant . . . the two drawing-rooms, for instance. One drawing-room would have been uncomfortable if the luggage, clothes, books, flowers and other paraphernalia had to be stored in it. Now Lillian sat in her own compartment unless Judith needed her services.

The same arrangement prevailed when they boarded the Sante Fe Limited the next evening after several hours in Chicago. It was one of the de luxe trains. And Judith went to bed immediately after they entrained at seven-thirty. Chicago had depressed her. She was glad to be on her way again. Actually she was missing Harvey. And the thought of traveling at a great speed for four days and four nights . . . farther and farther away from him . . . quite appalled her. The distance ground out from under the wheels . . . .

The next day they went thru Kansas. Most of the day flatlands with the scarred corn fields stretched off to the horizon and great clouds traveled at leisure overhead. It made your eyes ache to watch the unaltering scene. But towards evening slight undulations rose in the flat landscape, like great giants curled up under the sod. And now and then in the distance, herds grazed and there was a white farmhouse, like an argosy on the green billowing sea. Squares of gold denoted warm lighted rooms within as night came on.

Little towns now and then. When the bell clanged as the train passed a crossing, you had to raise the curtain quickly or the town would be behind you. Specks of towns.

Just as Judith was planning to ring for the porter and have her berth made up, there was a knock at her door. It was Betty Best, a little flapper who had known considerable success lately. Judith thought her delightful on the screen, a little cheap now and then, but exuberant with the zest and tang of youth always. Betty was traveling to California with a friend and they had been having one long party in their drawing-room with three or four traveling men who were aboard. Some people in the observation car had spoken to Judith about them that morning. They had called it disgusting and shameful.

Betty's face was flushed when Judith opened the door. "I recognized you when you passed our room this morning," she said, holding to the door-knob to balance herself in the swaying corridor. "We are having a little party and the boys told me to ask you to join us."

Judith obviously hesitated. She did not wish to appear snobbish, but she could not bear to join the ribald, drinking bout which she knew was in session.

"You've got to do something to kill the boredom of this damn trip after you've taken it a hundred times," Betty complained. Her eyes were too bright, her hair was untidy and her cheeks flamed with rouge while her young mouth was slack with sensuality.

"The fellers aren't half bad, butter-and-egg type," Betty explained. "They have lots of booze in their grip. It's good stuff or I'd be dead by this time."

"I'm dieting," Judith resorted to frankness in the hope of diplomatically escaping, "so I couldn't take anything." And finally she forced Betty to agree that inasmuch as she was dieting and headachy from insufficient food, she would be no particular addition to the party.

The second day out the scene changed. You saw it with a sigh of relief when you awoke in the morning. It was curious country, with dwarfed evergreen-trees covering the sloping land below the railroad tracks. And as you wearied of this new monotony, the mountains began to rise, almost as if by magic. Higher and higher and higher. Little vegetation on the great rocky formations. A brown scene which changed to orange and then to a flame color. For now the cliffs were formed of a brilliant substance which seemed almost part of the sunset.

Sometimes you could see the engine from the observation platform and the last train from your drawing-room window. The train like a steaming dragon pulled the cars up the mountains.

Judith read and spent a short time every morning and afternoon outside on the observation platform. She had her meals served in her room. For she was eating so little that it hardly seemed worth while to go to the diner.

There were many personal letters to be written when she tired of reading. And there was always Harvey to think about . . . and their marriage. The difficult part of it was that Harvey seemed totally unaware of his lack. Judith was convinced that he did not know how unfair and trying he was for a minute. She was convinced that human beings never had a sane or unbiased perspective on themselves. And she wondered if Harvey found her difficult in another way . . . in some way of which she never dreamed.

The following day they came to the desert. Sand. Sand. Sand. Now and then a forlorn house, shabby because of the sand that had blown up against it, scraping, scratching and thin coating of paint. Such houses were inhabited so very evidently by men discouraged from their hopeless fight to gain substance from a barren soil.

On and on, over the desert. Impossible to imagine the prehistoric times when it had been a sea in which submarine life lived . . . fishes, water plants . . . and that many fathoms higher some prehistoric man had sailed some prehistoric craft. Utterly fantastic . . . yet every once in a while there was a formation in the ground which bore out the proven theory of the savants.

Diet. A new book. Telegrams at central stations from Harvey. Fragmentary, drifting train conversations. Curious looks when the drawing-room door was left open. Disturbed nights. . . .

(*Continued on page* 88)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!

Departing on 'Ugly Duckling'

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles — and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I *knew* were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin *structure* instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the *facial contours* and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to *revitalize* it —and so on.

"I was elated with even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan.

Arrists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face

Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago

I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone — just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a "head" *on a magazine cover!*

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town, and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—then came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

Miss Follis as She Appears Now

The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere. A Chicago woman has learned how to bring any type of skin to normal color and fineness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it, and what to use. Her name is LUCILLE YOUNG, and her offices are in Chicago. The way to become acquainted with her astonishingly successful beauty methods is to write for her remarkable book "Making Beauty Yours." It reveals every general principle she uses and the book is at present distributed FREE. Use coupon.

Returns a Pretty Girl

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 1262, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Losing 39 lbs.
in 6 Weeks Was Easy

Marjorie Crawford, 6704 Merrill Ave., Chicago, "was good looking" even when she weighed 189 pounds. She had the same features she has today, but not the same figure. Today she is beautiful, as fair of form as of face.

A miracle? No; but a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form slender and graceful as any woman could wish for.

This great reduction of 39 pounds was accomplished easily, in less than six weeks, by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, turkish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She has a figure any woman might envy, wears stunning gowns and once more gets real enjoyment out of living.

She gives Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the real fun she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal—no more.

By this system the waist grows slender, hips straighten out, broad shoulders and oversize bust take on new shapeliness. Arms and limbs, too, lose all signs of ungainly fat and ankles become slender and graceful.

Best of all, health is improved by this method, which is endorsed by physicians and health authorities everywhere.

No woman need carry a single pound of excess weight if she will write Wallace.

Wallace's Free Offer

For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Miss Crawford and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 628 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free and postpaid, for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name.....

Address.....

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BEAUTY AIDES

Unconditionally Guaranteed as is my

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Here's a marvelous *home treatment* for regaining the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion—the *wonder way* of restoring youthful freshness and beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. Wrinkles, crowsfeet, frown lines removed.

CORRECTS ALMOST OVERNIGHT

Restores girlish elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. AMAZING RESULTS!

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

USE COUPON

Mme. Fuolaire, 800 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O.
Send Free samples (10c *each* for packing, etc.) with Free "Beauty Secrets." Check articles:

( ) Parisian Flesh Food ( ) Bust Developer
( ) Astringent—tightens Droopy Muscles
( ) Cleanser ( ) Hand Massage ( ) Vanishing Cream ( ) Almond Cream for Dry Skin

Name_____

Address_____

Superfluous HAIR GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 62-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 86*)

Then the last day when the plains of cacti looked like gnarled Harry Lauder sticks and twisted and deformed beings. In the distance the blue, blue mountains with hats of snow.

With noonday came the descent. The air grew warmer. Coats off. Vineyards in the sunshine. And when the train curved and the breeze came from the snowy crags, a chill in the air.

San Bernardino. The mountains were behind them now. The snow was hardly discernible except when it glistened in the sunlight. Hedges of red geraniums growing around the little bungalows. Fields of poppies. Orange groves with their golden balls of fruit ripening on rows and rows and rows of trees. Pink, red and white geraniums twining thru the fronds of the palms. Freight-houses where the shoots to the cars were like golden rushing streams as the oranges tumbled down.

Luncheon, hastily eaten. Because at two o'clock the train will reach Los Angeles.

Two o'clock. A crowd outside peering in the windows anxiously as the train slows down to a stop. Voices raised. Judith Tower . . . Judith Tower . . . where are you? Betty Best . . . Betty Best . . . where are you?

The porter took the baggage out. Judith and Lillian stepped off the train. Cameras clicked. Someone came forward and presented Judith with a sheaf of deep American Beauties. Cheers. Judith Tower. Several telegrams were pushed into her excited hands. Tourists peered out of the windows of another, waiting train. More flowers. And a Rolls-Royce to whizz her to the house which Harvey had heard was to sublet furnished.

It was like the triumphal return of a Cæsar. The movies, like nothing in the world that has gone before them. Unexplicable, unbelievable, impossible, tawdry . . . canned romance. But youth, fame and wealth compatible at last.

CHAPTER XVII

FOR the first few weeks Judith was idle. As usual, the frightful rush to leave had been unnecessary. The scenario of "The New Sin" had not proved satisfactory. It was being revised. And the executives of the California studios had decided that it was wisest to wait until Carl Stanton could play the leading part opposite Judith. He was finishing a picture with another company.

Judith was glad of this holiday. It permitted her to adjust to her new surroundings. And there were a number of things that she was glad to have settled before she went into production.

She had disliked the house that had been sublet for her, subject to her approval. On occasion, Judith found herself behaving in what was undoubtedly considered a temperamental manner. But she just could not live in that house. And the day after her arrival she went house-hunting. The second day, she moved into a smaller house, built after the manner of the old English manor houses, of fieldstone, rafters and stucco. Big eucalyptus-trees gave it a privacy, screening it from the road. When the lecturers on the sightseeing busses that toured Beverly Hills megaphoned "On the right is the home of Judith Tower, the movie star," the sightseers had rather to crane their necks to see the house thru the fretwork of slim hanging branches.

In the rear was a swimming-pool set in amber marble. And there was also a winding old-fashioned garden. Inside the owner had displayed the same feeling for things. There were colonial pieces and gay chintzes and good etchings on the rough plaster walls. There were comfortable chairs and there was a small library with mullioned windows and shelves crowded with interesting books.

Judith thought she would like to buy this house if she was to remain in the West. And there was some talk of this.

Most of the houses seemed temporary like motion picture sets. In spite of herself she expected to see the skeleton of uprights and braces supporting the white, pink and ochre stucco mansions that sprawled all over the foothills. There were, Judith found, two classes of people in Hollywood . . . those whose houses crowned one of the seventy-seven foothills and those whose houses didn't.

She thought that Robert Landis best described the scene. He had been among those who had greeted Judith at the station, for he had preceded her West by three or four days. She had been surprised to see him, and glad also. And since her arrival she had seen him once or twice a week. They had gone horseback riding together and stopped at the Beverly Hills Hotel for breakfast. Another time they had been members of the party that had ridden at dawn and then breakfasted at the exclusive Breakfast Club.

Judith had loved this ride in the freshness of a misty daybreak. The sky had seemed a soft blue arc with scarfs of pale flame color thrown across the horizon.

There had been motor rides, too. It had been on one of these that Robert had expressed himself about the houses.

"When I saw the house reserved for you, I knew you would not live in it," he had told her. "I was glad when you fulfilled the prophecy I made to myself.

"The people who live in most of the houses around here expect to have the director call 'Strike' and see the houses disappear overnight, like sets.

"Some of them, you know, are furnished like sets, too. I know of two or three instances where some star has worked in a drawing-room scene that has appealed to him, and bought the furnishings, rugs, curtains, ornaments, books and all."

Judith had laughed merrily at this story, but she had known instinctively that it was true.

"That is the sort of thing that the newspapers print," Robert had continued, "The other homes, furnished in a charming manner and with a real feeling for line, color and grouping and comfort, do not make what is considered a good newspaper story."

It was natural enough that Judith should see a great deal of Robert in the weeks following her descent upon Hollywood. She knew that this companionship was dangerous. She knew that it was only a matter of time before he would be in love with her, if he was not already. And she knew, also, that the very fact that she so desired his society was the very reason that she should have denied it to herself. It was obvious to her that she would have encouraged his personal challenge of manner the very first time she saw him at the Cortez tea-party if she had not, at that time, been madly in love with Harvey.

And now, when she was not with him,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

he would flit into her fancy, and her mental images of him were unfailingly pleasant. He seemed to lend himself only to admirable attitudes.

On several occasions when she was blaming herself for the state of her marriage, she resolved never to see him again if she could possibly avoid it. But she never kept these resolves. She would later argue that Robert Landis was a pleasant person and that pleasant persons were all too rare . . . that she was entitled to his friendship . . . and that no harm would come of it. But deep within herself, she knew without any peradventure of a doubt that she was not being wise.

Harvey wired her daily and wrote often. On several occasions during her first six weeks away from him, he telephoned. Judith received this attention with a warm response, but she made few overtures herself, writing him at odd intervals. She wanted to think out the problem that confronted her and not be prejudiced by contact.

She wondered if Harvey and she could not start over again and bring some happiness to pass. Then she would remember this instance or that and doubt that things could ever really be changed.

The humiliations she had suffered in the months of her marriage had been gall to her pride and spirit. If she could believe that Harvey would behave differently, she was willing to go on. But she knew that she would never be willing to go back to the old pattern of doubts and quarrels and suspicions. She felt it was not worth while, either for Harvey or for her.

Hollywood itself, Judith adored. She had read so much about it. She had heard so much about it. A great deal of all this was amazingly true. More of it was untrue. And yet, half had never been told.

She thought Hollywood a glorious suburb in which there were more beautiful women in more fragile gowns and wearing more beautiful jewels than anywhere else in the world.

There was the boulevard, too, not arched with dark elm-trees, but bordered with palms festooned with geranium vines.

And instead of the Buicks, Chandlers and Nashs parked at the curb, there was an unending procession of Rolls-Royces, Hispano Suisas, Packards and Lincolns. Now and then a car would be a bright hue and now and then there would be an unbelievable monogram on a door.

The first week after Judith's arrival, every night saw a dinner-party given in her honor. She became accustomed to the houses crowning hilltops which boasted seven- and eight-room servants' houses and fifteen-car garages and acres of planted tropical forest and garden and living-rooms quite as enormous as they are pictured upon the screen.

Champagne eternally bubbled in crystal goblets that sang at the slightest touch. Out-of-season delicacies were served on platters of beautiful china that were embossed in enamel or gold or silver.

But always Judith was most interested in the contrasts. Sometimes she would notice that the rare editions in a library had uncut pages. Yet, on the other hand, the more serious new books were often to be seen on the camp-chairs outside of the cameras' range where they served during the waits between scenes.

Actually, it was a Mardi gras of youth and gold and beauty. It always gave Judith pause to see the beautiful young girls of twenty and the young men just beginning to boast of a fuzz on their upper lips already on the Utopian road to a financial security. She among them.

Where else in the world, she asked

If your skin is "*temperamental!*"

— today, delicate — fresh — supple
— tomorrow, sullen — morose — disturbed

VERITABLY, can you blame your skin for being moody—for behaving like a capricious prima donna—when today you experiment with a new cream, tomorrow with a strange lotion, and yet again with a new variety of cosmetics—applying, recklessly, to the tender facial tissues a conglomeration of warring chemicals!

Small wonder that fine lines weave a network in your skin—that muscles droop and pores become enlarged—that a gradual instability—a definite lessening of charm—inevitably takes place!

The genius of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, *internationally celebrated beauty specialist,* has created a definite, consistent, scientific technique in caring for your skin.

Use the "Three Steps to Beauty"—listed below—the unequalled basic home treatment. Select the special correctives which your skin may require.

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

1. Cleanse and Mold

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—*the basis of beauty*—removes dust and grime thoroughly—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Unsurpassed for normal skins—the only cream that positively benefits oily, pimpled or acne blemished skins. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 1.00

VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM—*particularly recommended for dry sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up.* .75, 1.25

2. Clear and bleach

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—lightens, purifies and refines the skin, bleaching away tan, freckles and sallowness. Creates a fascinating delicacy and whiteness. 1.00

3. Tone and brace

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—keeps pores invisible and tissues youthfully firm—obliterates fine lines. 1.25

CORRECTIVE PREPARATIONS

Oily skins, blackheads

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—a wonderful lather-forming wash—corrects oiliness—clears away blackheads, refines enlarged pores. 1.00, 2.00

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—absorbs oiliness and shine—especially on nose and chin. 1.50

Lines, wrinkles crowfeet

VALAZE GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (Anthosoros)—richest of nourishing creams—feeds the underlying tissues, smoothing out lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet and filling out hollows. 1.75, 3.50

VALAZE EXTRAIT—exquisite rejuvenating lotion—absorbs "tired look" about eyes—keeps delicate skins smooth and youthful. 2.50.

Drooping chin, puffy eyes

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The Finest of All Cosmetics

VALAZE POWDERS, ROUGES, LIPSTICKS, MASCARA—*intensely flattering—absolutely pure—safe and protective for even the most delicate skin* 1.00 to 5.50.

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DOUBLE COMPACT—*Chinese Red only,* 1.50. MIDGET DOUBLE COMPACT—*Chinese Red or Silvered,* 1.50. CUPIDSBOW—*the "self-shaping lipstick"—Chinese Red, Silvered or Golden,* 1.50.

Dispensed at the better stores by trained advisers or order direct from Dept. M-2

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Helena Rubinstein

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Thin Men— Fat Women

Regain natural weight in a few weeks this way

Discover free how easily and quickly science can do it. At the end of two weeks you are amazed and delighted or the test is free. Go to any Health-O-Meter dealer or send coupon.

NO excuse now for being fat. There is a new way that brings back the beautiful and alluring body you had when a girl. It is the only way approved by the medical profession. And most surprising of all it takes only a few weeks. Thousands of women have proved it. So we ask that you, too, test this safe and pleasant way to reduce. If you are not amazed and delighted the test is free.

We are manufacturers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale which is necessary in reducing scientifically. You weigh every day—at the same time—without clothes. Public scales are useless.

With the purchase of each scale this new method of reducing is given free. If you do not lose 5 pounds the first 2 weeks return the scale and course and get your money back.

Go to your leading store today and ask about this short time offer. Or send the coupon.

Complete 5-year guarantee with each scale.

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS
Dept. B-52, 5701 So. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Tell me about your scientific course in reducing.

Name..... .....

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Please print name plainly

Genuine Diamond Ring

Biggest Diamond Bargain Ever Offered

Sent to You for Only

$1.00 Down

Complete Price Only

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"Norma" Diamond Ring
Genuine blue white Diamond, 18-K white gold ring, $37.50. $1.00 down and $1.00 a Week

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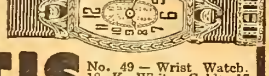

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

No. 49 — Wrist Watch. 18-K White Gold: 17 Jewels. Price only $35.00. $1.00 down and $1.00 a Week

Dept. K-615 Stores in Leading Cities
108 NORTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Earn $5000 yearly

Selling Supreme Shirts

Our plan will make you independent. No experience necessary. Get in the big money class. Others are doing it. We start you.

SUPREME SHIRT CO.
278-PM Fifth Ave., New York City

Robert Landis after one dinner-party, was youth so enthroned.

Judith was not lonely. She knew several girls whom she had met when they were making pictures in New York. And quite as naturally as would have been the case in Westchester or on Long Island or in Connecticut, she migrated to a group of her own kind.

One night a week she and three other girls, all stars, got together with a French teacher.

There was one group called the Roughnecks. They tumbled into bed in the early hours of most mornings with heavy breaths. They squandered all they earned and went into debt for the sake of this riotous living.

Their bootleggers were buying the bonds and the real estate.

And Judith knew that their names would have waned in brilliance by the following year and that they would be glad to play any part any director offered them the year after that.

There was scandal. Of course. Sometimes it became more unpleasant than the flirtatious husband or unfaithful wife variety. There was the case of Patrick McGuire. He played kindly Irish patriarchs on the screen. He had his own company and had made a fortune with the sentimental brand of film entertainment that he offered for sale. A realty company that had been interested in developing a track of land several miles beyond Beverly Hills got him to state that he was going to locate his studios there. They mentioned this in their advertising. It served their propaganda that this locale would become a second Hollywood. Prices soared. And working people took their savings and invested, believing that years of providence had led them now to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. For the use of his name in this connection, Patrick McGuire was given a number of acres of this land. And when the prices rose high enough, he sold out thru an agent and made several thousand dollars. He had never had any intention of locating his studios there. It was less than nothing to him that families had sunk their little fortunes in a worthless investment because of the false impression he had permitted to be made. It was nothing to him that the poor grew poorer when he made a sum of money he did not need. He bought public utility bonds with his profit and went back to his studios to play another kind old Irishman.

When Judith heard this story at one of the dinner-parties, it made her ill.

Was life always so much less than it appeared? Were people always to be bought if you named their particular price? Was it just that one man would do for only a thousand dollars what another man would not be tempted to do for less than ten thousand? She wondered.

And because she had been disillusioned, because one man had proved so much less than she had believed he would be, she was inclined to accept the things the cynics said.

However, in spite of her surface cynicism, Judith did wish to bring something worth while out of what she felt to be the chaos of her marriage.

She knew that she did not feel the same towards Harvey as she had felt as short a time as four months ago. Sometimes when she was resting on the chaise longue in her dressing-room, visions of what life might have been with Harvey at her side passed before her closed eyes. Sometimes there were young and hopeful visions of what their life together might still be. And on other times, vagrant visions of another kind of life with Robert Landis obliterated the thought of Harvey. Then Judith would jump up and busy herself with her secretary or return to the set and watch the others at work.

There were the days when she was convinced that Harvey was unfit for marriage because he could never be true to one woman, no matter how much he loved her. And she felt that she was the last wife in the world for a man with these tendencies. It was not enough for Judith that she was loved the most. She could not bear the thought of sharing him.

There were other days when she was not willing to dismiss the problem this simply. She was old-fashioned about marriage. Divorce had been a scarlet word to her mother, a word of sacrilege. And Judith felt something of this. Despite her fame she had not traveled very far from some of the things she had been taught as a little girl.

Judith knew one thing. She could live without Harvey. She had proved that to her satisfaction. And having lived with him thru some experiences she knew that nothing was impossible. It would be easier by far to put Harvey out of her life entirely than to suffer further indignities and humiliations at his hands.

But if there was any slight hope of making things different, then she wanted to give both of them that chance.

Actually, this matter absorbed her. One day when she was motoring with Robert Landis, he noticed that she was quiet.

"Look here," he said to her, "I dont want this very serious and troubled young woman to kill the gay girl who drove with me thru the snowy country one day not so long ago. And that's what appears to be happening."

For just one swift second Judith had been tempted to talk to him frankly. It seemed to her that things might straighten out if she could talk about them to someone and thus give them a reality. Now thoughts went scampering thru her head like frightened mice.

"I have found out that right isn't right and wrong isn't wrong," she said wistfully, "and I'm trying to straighten out some mental tangles.

"I suppose you discovered that you couldn't be sure about anything in this world years ago. I'm just discovering it. That's all."

She wondered what she had been thinking of. Of course, she couldn't talk to Robert Landis about Harvey. Why, he was the very person with whom any confidences would have been possible. Why was that? Judith shrank from answering that question.

He had turned to her with a tender and curious smile that day. He had patted her hand gently. It was almost as if he understood. But how could he, thought Judith. She never admitted that Harvey's infidelities were better known to others than to herself.

CHAPTER XVIII

JUDITH often wondered what decision she would have arrived at if Harvey had not sent the letter which came the day after her drive with Robert Landis.

It was a free day from the studios. And Judith took an hour before her appointment at the hair-dressers to go thru some papers that she had never unpacked. Among them were letters and love notes from Harvey. There was the card that he had enclosed with his first corsage of gardenias.

"Will you take dinner with me tomorrow night?" Judith read the words that had filled her with an ecstasy.

She tried to laugh at the tears streaming

(*Continued on page* 93)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

ILLUSTRATED

By

WALTER BIGGS

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Film on Teeth and Your Smile

Modern dental science largely advises that the film on teeth—to which many tooth and gum disorders, and most dull "off-color" teeth, are attributed—be combated daily in this way

RUN your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. That film is largely charged by dental authorities with many tooth and gum disorders.

It is said to foster decay. To make otherwise clear teeth look dull and lustreless. To invite gum disorders, including pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat it. That is why, largely on dental advice, thinking people are widely adopting a new way in tooth and gum care, a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an Effective Film Combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay.

Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in the film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids. No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 995, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2209

H A V E A C A M E L

Smoking refreshment that never ends

WHY is it that the enjoyment of Camels never fails? That you can light them all day and far into the night with never a loss of smoothness, mildness and incomparable fragrance? It's simply a question of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. Camels are given an expert blending found in no other cigarette.

First thing in the morning. Late at night. Before or after breakfast, lunch or dinner. Light Camels as liberally as you choose, one after the other, as often as you desire the cheering comfort of a cigarette. You will get always the refreshing thrill of smoking pleasure.

Camel perfection has resulted in a demand that has never been known before or since. There has never been cigarette popularity that could compare with Camel's. Each year, millions of experienced smokers, who are willing to pay any price for quality, find in Camels every good thing ever wanted in a cigarette.

Here's a smoke invitation that's leading millions to an entirely new conception of cigarette contentment and satisfaction—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 90*)

down her face, but laughter would not come. She put the papers away. They belonged to the past. It was foolish to weep over that. There was the future to face. It would be a pity if that was permitted to become a past that would some day bring more tears.

Lillian brought her the letter just as she was going to the car.

"Judy dearest," Harvey wrote.

Something has happened to you. When I telephone you everything seems all right, but I feel this other thing in your letters. I know some of the pain I have brought you. I know that I do not deserve mercy at your hands. But I know, too, that there is a tomorrow and that I have no wish to face it without you.

This separation has taught me how much I love you. Wont you wire Mr. Irving and ask him if I cannot join you and work out there? He wont see me because he knows what I want to ask him.

Dear Judy, please dont get a lot of foolish, independent notions in that beautiful head of yours and shut me out. Love,

HARVEY.

Judith hoped that Thomas was not able to see her when she read that letter. For coming upon the papers she had just read, it made her weep. Harvey in a repentant, little-boy mood always made her sad. It was when he seemed to need her that Judith could not resist him.

So this decided her. She determined to wire Mr. Irving. She felt that she would be making a grave mistake if she did not make another supreme effort to resurrect the precious thing that she and Harvey had known in the beginning.

"It isn't impossible," she thought, "I'll try it."

There wasn't time to stop at the telegraph office before her appointment. Usually Marie came to the house to do Judith's work, but today they were so very busy that all they could do was sandwich Judith between two previously made appointments.

"I'll send the wires on the way home," she thought. And except for a funny little pang at the thought of Robert Landis, she felt happy. At least she was definite about what she would do.

Marie was waiting for her. In the booth she took off her hat and scarf and Marie's nimble fingers massaged her scalp before the shampoo. Judith stretched back in the chair, utterly relaxed. Harvey would be joining her soon. Out here it would be different. There was something about New York that made everyone restless. It could be arranged for Harvey to do most of his writing home in the library. He did better work away from an office.

Marie's electrical fingers manipulated her scalp. And Judith found it pleasant to lie there, half between sleeping and waking.

Now the shampoo. A maid brought in the two slender-necked bottles filled with a green wash. It was cold when Marie emptied it over her head. Ah, but the water was warm. . . .

Then Judith began to feel unaccountably depressed and nervous and uneasy. A little sad, too. It was as if a dark wave had passed over her and drowned her stirring hope.

There was a faint scent in the booth. It was pleasant, but Judith disliked it. It made her remember the day that she had returned unexpectedly from Mountain Stream and found a scented cigaret still burning in one of the *cloisonné* trays in the living-room. It was the same odor.

"Sit up now, please," said Marie. Judith opened her eyes. And over the partition of the booth she saw a wisp of blue cigaret smoke.

She shuddered.

"Cold?" asked Marie with evident surprise.

Judith shook her head, "A little nervous chill," she said. And she wished that the woman in the next booth would put out that cigaret. She did not wish to be reminded of the things of which it reminded her.

Now that the hair dryer was shut off, Judith could hear conversation. The woman had a friend with her.

"He'll be here, wait and see," the woman said. Judith could not hear the reply.

Then "I know. But she has all kinds of pull with the company and if she wants him with her it will be easy. She's crazy about him, you know."

Now Judith could hear the other woman.

"But, Letty," she said, "you know perfectly well he wont be able to get away for parties and things if she is here."

"She was in New York, wasn't she?" asked Letty. "She wont go out or do anything when she's working. She doesn't care if he goes. And she is probably so conceited that she never dreams that he could find any other woman attractive."

"It isn't a question of conceit, it's a question of stupidity if she is married to H. D. and doesn't know that he hasn't it in his make-up to be true to one woman. God knows he means no harm. It is just his way."

The laughter which this evoked from Letty was unpleasant. There was something low-bred about it . . . something shrilly primeval and elemental, like a witch's laughter.

"Meaning, of course," said Letty, "that he wont be true to me either, I suppose."

"Something of that," was the answer. Judith could hear them distinctly now. There was a lull in the commingling noises in the near-by booths. "But you will have been untrue to him by the time he is untrue to you. Birds of a feather."

Again that laughter.

Marie turned Judith's chair around and Judith was surprised to see her face in the mirror. It was astonishing to her that anyone could feel the way she felt inside and look so utterly poised and calm. Her heart seemed to be breaking into little cold pieces. And there was a heavy fog encasing her thought . . . yet she spoke coherently.

"Who is that in the next booth?" she asked Marie softly. "Letty Earl?"

Marie nodded her head.

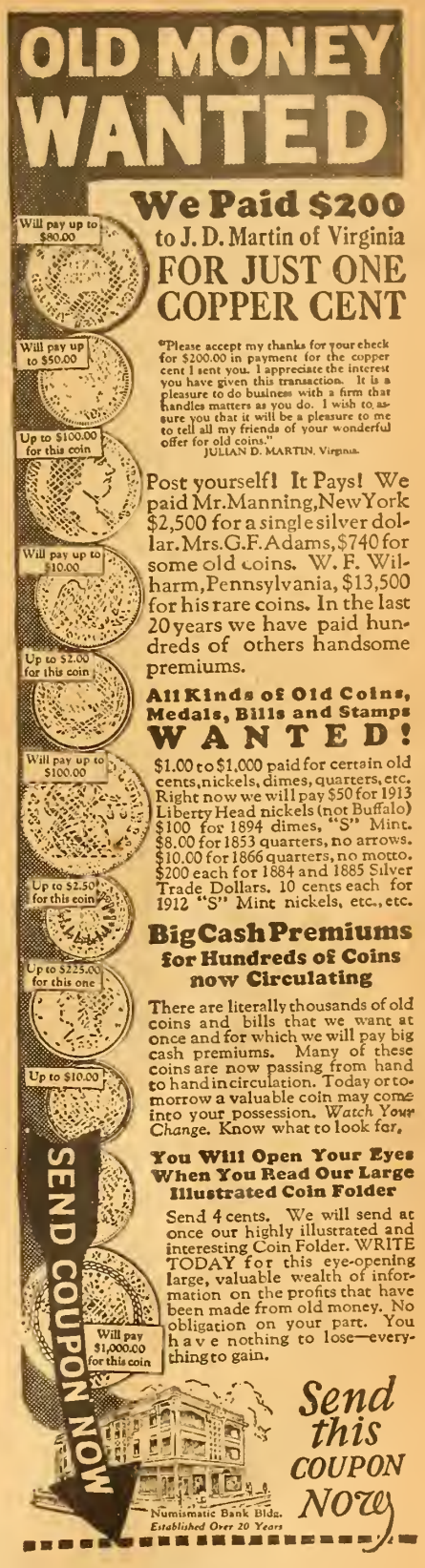
"Know her?" she asked.

"I have heard of her, of course," Judith answered, "but I dont know her."

Marie seemed to understand. "She's not your kind," she said. There she let the matter drop. At that moment the soft wave that caught a copper patch in Judith's hair was the only thing in the world that really interested Marie.

A little pat and she was thru. She whisked off the apron that had covered Judith's gown.

Judith signed the bill and slipped the tip into Marie's peasant French hand.


OLD MONEY WANTED
We Paid $200
to J. D. Martin of Virginia
FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT
"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."
JULIAN D. MARTIN, Virginia.
Post yourself! It Pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, $740 for some old coins. W. F. Wilharm, Pennsylvania, $13,500 for his rare coins. In the last 20 years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums.
All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps
WANTED!
$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not Buffalo) $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint. $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows. $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto. $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars. 10 cents each for 1912 "S" Mint nickels, etc., etc.
Big Cash Premiums
for Hundreds of Coins now Circulating
There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch Your Change. Know what to look for.
You Will Open Your Eyes When You Read Our Large Illustrated Coin Folder
Send 4 cents. We will send at once our highly illustrated and interesting Coin Folder. WRITE TODAY for this eye-opening large, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain.
Will pay up to $80.00
Will pay up to $50.00
Up to $100.00 for this coin
Will pay up to $10.00
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SEND COUPON NOW
Numismatic Bank Bldg.
Established Over 20 Years
Send this COUPON Now

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS,
Dept. 209, Fort Worth, Texas

Please send me your large Illustrated Coin Folder for which I enclose 4 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Is your hair always in place, well-kept?

You *can* subdue unruly hair

This modern hair dressing has pleased more people than any other

Once you combed your hair every morning only to have it get hopelessly out of place an hour or so later. But today! . . .

A mere touch of Stacomb and the most unruly hair lies down, looks just the way you want it to, all day long.

No wonder more people rely on Stacomb than on *any other hair dressing!*

Your hair never looks sticky with Stacomb. Nor dry and "dead," as wetting with water makes it. Stacomb keeps it in condition—alive. Helps counteract dandruff.

Stacomb now comes not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

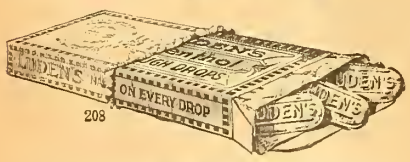
FREE OFFER **Stacomb**

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. O-36, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

At every seat in the theatre there ought to be a box of **LUDEN'S"** *says well-known actress*



Audiences realize this, too, as many letters in our files testify. Coughs are contagious, particularly when an audience is under a nervous strain and the air is close and stuffy.

To throats that are parched and dry—Luden's Menthol Cough Drops bring relief—cooling, refreshing, soothing.

in the yellow package 5¢ everywhere

Judith adjusted her hair becomingly under her hat. It was habit. She was hardly conscious of the things she was doing. But her brain was clearing now. She had gone out of her way a thousand times not to hurt Harvey. And what a curious coin he chose to pay her with.

For a moment she hesitated. It was her impulse to step to the door of Letty Earl's booth and introduce herself. She knew how their cheap faces would change and how effusively polite they would be until they determined whether or not she had overheard.

Judith's dramatic instinct favored this move.

But she paused a moment to consider and in that moment she remembered those things she and Robert Landis had talked about. She knew that all that saved this moment from being a more or less painful memory was a sufficient span of time. She supposed she would remember it forever. What was the use of making it any uglier than it was already? It was better to go away. Judith slipped out quietly.

"The telegraph office?" asked the chauffeur. Judith hesitated.

"Yes," she said after a perceptible pause in which a hundred thoughts sped clearly thru her mind.

She must wire Harvey that there was no use in his pretending any longer. She must tell him that she wished a divorce. She supposed the newspapers would get hold of it and print all manner of stories, some true, some untrue. There was no way to stop that. And no matter what they printed about you, you couldn't sue them. Who was that actress who had sued a newspaper for libel and never been mentioned in any paper again at any time?

Thomas brought the car to the curb with a capable smoothness.

Judith went inside the telegraph office and took a blank from the rack of the little mission desk at which she seated herself. Now a slow deliberation marked her every movement. She thought it was funny that she was not more hurt. Perhaps she had worked up an immunity against suffering in having lived thru the things that Harvey had already done.

Her first message was to Harvey. It read:

> Cannot intercede with Mr. Irving for you, since I plan to get divorce. However, understand this may not interfere with your coming West since Letty Earl is here, and that seems all you ask at the moment.
>
> J.

Then she wired Mr. Irving.

> Will company's lawyer assist my lawyer in arranging divorce? Ask this in order to arrange things expeditiously and avoid as much publicity as possible. No use urging me to reconsider as my mind is made up. Will make no public statement until I talk with you on your arrival next week. Regards,
>
> JUDITH.

Judith sent the messages and returned home. She kept waiting to feel some intense pain, but did not. She knew a very keen sense of disappointment and discouragement, but that was all.

She was at dinner when Harvey's reply came. And when Lillian handed the yellow envelope to her, she knew that she had subconsciously been waiting for it.

Harvey wired:

> May I ask on what grounds you are going to seek divorce? Dont be ridiculous. Will arrive next week. Love,
>
> HARVEY.

His complete assurance that his arrival would straighten out everything infuriated Judith. She left the table and went directly to her room, leaving her entrée untouched.

She thought it was no wonder that Harvey believed he could wind her around his little finger. He had done so ever since he had known her. How should he know that she had changed?

She read the message over, inflicting torture upon herself.

Then she realized that a divorce would be difficult unless she had some proof of the things she suspected. If only she had not been such a trusting simpleton. If only she had used her head, it would be very simple to arrange things now that things needed arranging.

Mr. Irving had influence. With sufficient damning evidence he could have arranged a case that would come up before a closed court.

There was the handkerchief she had found in the apartment that day. Letty Earl's undoubtedly. The lawyers could have unearthed ways of establishing the ownership . . . laundry marks for one thing. If only she had taken Marie into her confidence in that booth and asked her to listen to the conversation.

Her head began to ache.

Lillian came in, worried because Judith had left her dinner.

She looked at Judith with an intense scrutiny which eloquently asked what was wrong.

Judith spoke impulsively. She would take Lillian into her confidence. Lillian would be discreet. Wild horses couldn't drag a family secret from Lillian. And Judith felt she must talk to someone.

Her voice was a little weary when she spoke, that was all.

"Lillian," she said, "I am going to divorce Mr. Dunn."

Silence. Lillian stuck a rose deeper into the water.

"Are you surprised?" asked Judith.

Lillian shook her head negatively. And certainly she did not seem shocked in the least.

Her calm acceptance piqued Judith.

"Why dont you say something?"

Lillian looked up at her now. "Ah sayed ah ain' s'prised . . ." she said. "Ah reckoned to heah it some day, but ah ain' reckoned to heah it so soon."

Judith thought that was just like Lillian. Sometimes simple people lived nearer to the truth than others. Perhaps you were wiser when you didn't get too far away from the earth.

"Yo' all got proof Mistah Ha'vey ain' been good?" asked Lillian.

Judith shook her head. "I know he hasn't," she said, "but I cannot prove it. That's the difficulty."

Lillian appeared to have finished with the conversation. She turned to leave the room, but at the door she paused and turned to Judith again.

"You sho' yo-ll wants to leave him now, ain' you?"

Judith smiled. "I'm very sure, Lillian. For a long time I have known that Mr. Harvey . . . that Mr. Harvey . . . went about with other women, but I always thought perhaps I was foolish to be jealous. I have always thought I could change him, in time. That was stupid of me. Vain of me."

"Nobody never changed nobody," said Lillian and she closed the door softly behind her.

Judith thought about that. She wondered why she had not realized it before.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Lillian seemed to find life so simple. For all her ignorance of the things that are supposed to make people superior, she never became as confused over values as Judith did. She was quite right about people. You never really changed them. You might influence someone here or there. You might even pull a weaker person over to your way of living and thinking for a time, but just as soon as you removed your influence he would slip back into his own way. The core of people didn't change. Judith believed that. Too bad. . . .

The door opened and Lillian came back. She was fiddling with something held in her apron which she bagged with her other hand.

"Yo' all want them things?" she asked, dumping several articles on the bed.

Judith went over beside her to see what was what. There was a hotel key from a New Jersey hotel. There was a letter which had been torn to bits and painstakingly pasted together again. . . . It was an incriminating letter, signed Letty Earl. There was a handkerchief. Judith picked it up unbelievingly. It couldn't be! But it was . . . no doubt about that, it was the selfsame handkerchief that she had been wishing for less than thirty minutes ago.

"Where did you get this?" asked Judith.

"That there?" said Lillian, "outen yaw scrap-basket in Noo York."

There was another piece of paper. Judith picked it up. It was a canceled check made out to cash, but nevertheless indorsed with Joy Royce's illegible scrawl. It was dated three months after their marriage.

As Judith, with an increasing sense of unreality, looked at the articles on the bed she wondered if Harvey had been suspicious of Lillian's sleuthing activities. Certainly his animosity towards her had increased without any apparent cause.

She picked up the note again. And even this perfumed evidence of the way in which she had been cheated and humiliated did not move her. She felt no revulsion for the articles. They seemed dead things, symbols of a dead past. They would serve her purpose. They would make it possible for her to begin over again.

But what could she say to Lillian? What weak things words were when an emotion looked to them for expression. How much less were the things you could say than the things you could feel.

Judith turned to Lillian with real affection.

"Why didn't you tell me about these things before?" she asked, indicating the letter and check and key and handkerchief heaped together on the candlewick bedspread.

"*Tell* yo' 'bout 'em . . . wha' fo' ah tell you 'bout 'em?" wailed Lillian in the martyred voice of one who is being scolded unjustly.

"But if you had given me these things before, I would never have continued living with Mr. Dunn, Lillian. You must have known that. I didn't have any idea . . . until very recently . . . that he . . . well, that he did anything more than take another woman to the theater now and then."

"Tha's why!" Lillian's wail rose to a trembling height.

Still Judith did not understand.

"Tha's why!" Lillian repeated the wail. "Yo' wuz happy mos' o' the time. Ah didn' have no sich happiness to give yo', chile, so ah leaved yo' be."

"But you thought that some day . . ." Lillian nodded her head in solemn

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Please send me free trial of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

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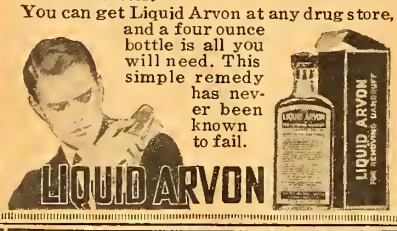
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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Instead of unsightly hollows

Don't let sunken cheeks, hollow temples or a drawn, skinny neck keep you looking thin, peaked, old, worn out. Science offers you a sure, delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tiresome exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks and under-developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as tho by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but pay postman $3.00 plus few cents postage when he delivers it.

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Attract Men

The difference dimples make is amazing. They give plain girls an exquisite charm. Married women appear many years younger. Men are fascinated by their beauty. Yet dimples can be made with absolute safety and certainty with THE DOLLY DIMPLER, a simple, harmless device invented by a woman. Used by beauty specialists and actresses. Easy to apply. Results guaranteed. Complete outfit mailed post paid for $1.00 cash or sent C. O. D. for $1.25 plus a few cents postage.

The Dolly Dimpler Company Dept. C 1, 1895 Salem Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

agreement. "The debil will out," she admitted, "an' yo' wuz so daffy in love 'at ah lawwed yo' didn' see nothin'."

"Oh, Lillian," Judith put her arms around the heavy shoulders, "you are very wise. I hope some day I will understand life the way you do."

"They ain' so much to understand ef yo' trus' in th' Lawd," said Lillian. "Ah prayed t' mah Heabenly Fathah 'bout yo' all an' Mistah Ha'vey. Ah prayed fo' to git his heart changed 'round. . . . But it ain' never changed *none*. Mayhaps th' Lawd got some reason fo' leavin' folks lak Mistah Ha'vey be . . . lak them other queeah animals . . . tigahs an' allygartahs an' sich. Ah don' understan' them nohow. But ah reckon th' Lawd know whut he's doin'!"

Judith patted Lillian on the arm.

"I can never say thank-you the way I feel it," she said, "but . . ."

"Hush yo' talk," said Lillian, a little embarrassed over the situation. "Don' say nothin' moah 'bout it."

There was a knock at the door.

Lillian opened it. And Toko, the butler, stood there.

"Mr. Landis calling, madam," he said.

Judith had for the moment forgotten her promise to drive out to the beach.

"Give Mr. Landis my regrets, Toko," she said, "and tell him that my head aches and that I will . . ."

Lillian took immediate command of a situation which in her estimation was being incorrectly handled.

"Don' be nonsensical," she admonished Judith. "You caint ver' well quit libin' . . . you gotter keep on wif th' bad paht so why caint yo' all take some o' th' good paht 'long wif d' rest?"

Judith laughed. It would be lovely driving to the beach on such a warm night. And after all, she had promised to go. She slipped into a light green kasha coat and crammed a hat over her hair.

"Tell Mr. Landis I'll be down directly," she ordered Toko, who still stood doubtfully in the doorway.

Swiftly she powdered her nose and adjusted her hair.

"Oh," Judith paused, "I have to wire Harvey not to come here. I want to tell him that I have very good grounds for divorce," said Judith. She went to a telephone to write out the message.

But Lillian once more took things in her own capable brown hands.

"Tha's right," she said, "tha's right, a'ways be puttin' off th' pleasant things fo' th' disumgrible. Gon wif yo'. An' sen' that when yo' all gits back by'n-bye. Time 'nuf.

Judith took Lillian's hands in hers and bent her head to kiss them for their faithful and wise service.

"All right," she agreed. "It would be a pity to keep Mr. Landis waiting. I like him ever so much, dont you, Lillian?"

The door closed behind her. She was eager to be with him and waited for no answer.

Lillian clucked her tongue. "She shoh do lak him, she does," she muttered to herself. "Ef she don' lub him then mah ole skin's w'ite. But she's that kin' wont eben admit it to huh-se'f w'ile Mistah Ha'vey's aroun'."

She went over to the window and pulled aside the long chintz curtain.

Below she saw Robert Landis and Judith step into his car, which stood in the driveway. In a minute the engine throbbed and they were soon out of sight.

Great tears smudged Lillian's high brown cheeks, but she did not make any attempt to wipe them away. Her hands were raised in prayer.

"Deah Lawd," she prayed, and the shiny tears fell faster. "Please let dem two be happy . . . please. It ain' huh fault this heah marriage spoiled. She done try awful hahd, hones' she do. An' oh, Lawd, ah reckon mebbe it might be a good idea ef yo' all sent some lil babies w'en Mistah Landis an' Miss Judie gits married. Yo' faithful servant asts it in His name. Amen."

THE END

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in December Magazine

According to Miss Ruby Blaine,
Modern girls have no cause to complain;
In old-fashioned apparel
They'd look like a barrel
But with (w)hoops they could "stave" off each swain.

EDDIE SIDDELL,
Lodi, N. J.

The poor Pilgrim Fathers, I fear,
Wont have Thanksgiving turkey this year,
For Patsy cannot
Seem to fire the shot,
She admits she's a bum musketeer.

LYDIA WILL,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Imagine an Indian Chief
In a costume so bright and so brief!
But Ruth Roland's appeal
Is much greater, I feel,
Because she's not burdened with beef.

F. F. FAXON,
Kansas City, Mo.

Gwen Lee is not one to deplore
The scraps on the cutting-room floor.
She'd rather convert
Them into a skirt
For this "filmy" stuff, ladies adore

CHARLES WAY,
Brookline, Mass.

Tho as evcryone knows, Kathryn Perry's
Game of golf is just simply the berries,
Even she sometimes sinks
In despair to the links,
But she "puts" them across without ferries.

W. H. ROGERS,
Norwood Sta., Pa.

"At a Time Like This, I Lose My Head"

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It was contributed by Sara B. Miller, Columbus, Ohio.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Has New Hair

KOTALKO DID IT

"After convaleseing from pneumonia and the mumps, nearly all my hair came off, and left me practically bald," writes Miss Amee Sutton.

"I tried everything, sparing neither time nor money, yet there was no sign of life in the scalp. I came to the conclusion that the hair roots had been killed by a germ, and thought seriously of buying a wig.

"One day a sympathetic lady gave me some Kotalko which I began to use. I, and all who knew me, were amazed at the result, as the improvement came almost immediately. Now I am the proud possessor of lovely, thick curly hair. Life seems worth living, and I am very happy."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through Kotalko. Many testimonials from men and women. You may buy a full-size box at the drug store under money-refund guarantee.

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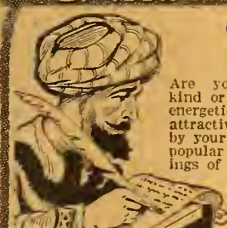

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$1 Is All You Pay Money Refunded if not Satisfied

NAGOMA SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. B-2 309 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Fred" Says:

(*Continued from page 23*)

decorative comb. Many smart Europeans and New Yorkers adopt this style for evening wear, which may easily be achieved by the use of additional hair pieces.

Last, but not least, in the lower right-hand corner, is a sketch of an extremely unusual "hair-do" worn by several of the stars. Blanche Sweet, Bebe Daniels, Claire Windsor, and Louise Brooks are a few who like it.

Make a diagonal part, then brush your hair forward on one side and back on the other—use little wave and soften with a few carefully placed curls and tendrils.

A new style is generally adopted for each picture and is worn both during working hours and when away from the studios.

Fred's room is a veritable treasure house of wonderful transformations, curls, braids, and odd portions of hair to be fastened over the ears or laid in "figure-eight" at the nape of the neck.

Many of these pieces are equipped with elastic to be slipped under one's own hair and covered. One such was a curly black piece worn by Lya de Putti in "God Gave Me Twenty Cents."

It gave the effect of a thick fluffy bob, in back, instead of the usual close cut. A slender silk-covered elastic extended from each end to cling above the forehead; over this her own hair was dressed and presto!

The silhouette most admired at present is the close-to-the-head bob, of which I have shown you four unusual versions—I thank you!

Norma Shearer Suggests a Breakfast for Busy People

(*Continued from page 65*)

Plain omelet.
Orange marmalade.
Whole-wheat toast.
Coffee.

Grapefruit: Half portion sugared and chilled before serving.

Old-fashioned porridge: One cup of oatmeal to every two cups of boiling water. Add pinch of salt as gruel comes to boil. Cook slowly for hour and half in double boiler. If possible, allow gruel to simmer over night in fireless cooker. When serving, add half teaspoon of butter to each dish. Serve with cream and sugar.

Plain omelet (one egg): Care should be taken that omelet pan is hot and dry. Allowing one egg to one person, separate whites and yolks. Beat whites to stiff froth and yolks to thick batter. Add to yolks seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir in whites lightly. Cook in pan greased with butter. Do not cover.

Orange marmalade: Allowing pound for pound, pare half the oranges and cut rind into shreds. Boil in three waters until tender and set aside. Grate rind of remaining oranges, taking care to throw away every particle of the thick white inner skin. Quarter oranges and remove seeds. Chop into small pieces. Drain all juice possible without pressing them over the sugar. Heat until sugar is dissolved, adding very little water. Boil and skim five or six times. Add boiled shreds and cook ten minutes. Add the chopped fruit and grated peel and boil twenty minutes longer. Preserve in small jars.

Whole-wheat toast: Slice bread half-inch in thickness. Toast to brown in electric toaster. Remove crust.

For the final touch of elegance

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perfected by the authority on the manicure

TWO SHADES
Deep Rose and Natural

LIQUID nail polish lasts for days at a time. No wonder so many women now use it.

If you prefer the nail's natural soft brilliance, just such a liquid polish has been perfected by the originator of Cutex. For those who affect the sophisticated deep color and high brilliance, that, too, has been prepared. Both spread thin and smooth.. When the polish begins to wear off, remove it with a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Price 35c each everywhere.

Mail Coupon Below

NORTHAM WARREN,
Dept. M-2
114 West 17th St., N. Y.

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for samples.

I End Gray Hair or Don't Accept a Penny

Send for free test

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way has been found to bring back original shade — to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts — to make the hair live looking and lustrous.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection ... and because it's safe. They warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If auburn, will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1309-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Please print your name and address

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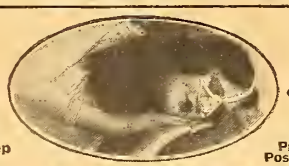

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The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: William Seiter

By
SCOOP CONLON

BECAUSE he is the director of those uproariously funny Reginald Denny farces.

Because he has just married Laura La Plante, that piquant, delectable blonde beauty, who is one of the most delightful of the younger stars.

Because he gave up acting heroes—upon seeing himself on the screen for the first time—to become a director!

Because he and his star are "real folks." You've met Reg on the screen. Meet Bill!

He is just the sort of fellow who you know can stand gaff in the days of adversity, and the prosperity in the days of fame and fortune. Of a substantial New York Dutch family of social standing and attainments, William Seiter could have lived a life of ease and security had he so desired. He had had a good military academy training, in accordance with the ideals of his father, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the famous Twelfth New York Regiment during the Spanish-American War. He had enjoyed a good art education too (his father was one of the leading chinaware and glass importers of the United States), yet, he chose the rocky road to motion picture fame rather than the golf links of the Siwanoy Club, at Mount Vernon, of which his father was president, or the bridle-paths of Central Park.

Seely

William Seiter

With all of these advantages at his command, this stalwart, handsome, six-foot-two college athlete and society man fared forth to peek into the mysteries of Hollywood and the "Movies" when Hollywood was but a picturesque little town of orange groves and a half dozen studios. When his money ran out, he wisely advised his anxious family that he was becoming famous as a "movie actor"—where, as a matter of fact, he was sleeping in the back seats of automobiles in an all-night garage, and eating when he could. He craved to stand the gaff, and stood plenty before he found himself. He learned to fall off Wild-Western cowponies, and Keystone cop patrol wagons equally well. But, after several months of "extra work," the erstwhile director's creative ability asserted itself. In collaboration with Sidney Franklin, now Constance Talmadge's director, he created the job of "assistant cameraman" in order to get past the gateman into the studio, and to be sure of a day's work, either acting or toting a camera. In those hectic pioneer days in the old Selig Studio at Edendale, now occupied by Dick Barthelmess, the cameramen "carried their own," so they certainly owe Bill Seiter a debt of gratitude.

He actually made his début as an actor in stock for the late "Smiling Billy" Parsons, who allowed him to play the juvenile lead opposite none other than Norma Talmadge in "The Captivating Mary Carstairs"—and also act as the assistant director. But later, when the ambitious young man was selected by D. W. Griffith's staff to be co-featured opposite Loretta Blake in two-reel romances, the screen lost a potential star, and gained a director. He beheld himself on the screen for the first time in the uniform of a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman, and after watching himself "act"—resigned on the spot!

It was under the unerring eye of the late Thomas H. Ince, that William Seiter was first to win his "spurs" as a director. To this dramatic training, and to his

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

many invaluable years of comedy experience in most of the studios, may be attributed the steady rise of this director to a place in the sun among the leaders of picture-making. Altho he made such successful opuses for the Warner Brothers as "The Beautiful and Damned," "Daddies" and "The Little Church Around the Corner," he has reached the pinnacle by virtue of his direction of most of Reginald Denny's funniest farce comedies. There was first "The Fast Worker," in which his future wife, Laura La Plante, played opposite Reg. Then he deserted Denny long enough to make "The Teaser" featuring Laura, which was hailed as one of the best last season. Of late, however, these two big, breezy, happy-go-lucky individuals, Reg and Bill, have been ringing the bell with such scintillating comedy hits as "Where Was I?" "What Happened to Jones?" "Skinner's Dress Suit," and "Rolling Home." In "Skinner's Dress Suit," Bill again had Laura playing opposite Reg to the great delight of Universal. And now Carl Laemmle has found these Reginald Denny comedies directed by William A. Seiter of such great value that he has arranged to have Bill direct Reg's next five productions during 1926. The two "big boys" have started off with their laugh version of the musical comedy, "Take It From Me," which is their most side-splitting to date.

Bill Seiter has a kid brother, of nineteen, Bob, who is going to be a screen star some day. Bob is as big as Bill, six foot two. He is a Hollywood Club athlete. He has a splendid physique, handsome features, ruddy cheeks and curly hair. But the kid has to stand the gaff so far as working his way up in pictures is concerned—for brother Bill has given him nary a part in one of his pictures. He knows from bitter-sweet experience that the rocky road is the best!

The Junior Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 45)

RED GRANGE ADMIRER—You can get a picture of your favorite at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Buck Jones is at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Farina's real name is Allan Clay Hoskins.

PETE W.—I believe you are referring to Winston Miller, who was *Danny Donovan* in "Kentucky Pride." He is Patsy Ruth Miller's brother, you know.

FRANCES C.—You can write to William Boyd at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif., and to Jackie Coogan at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. He has just finished "Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut."

ADELINE U.—Write to the Stern Film Corp., 6040 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., for a picture of Snookums.

SUSAN.—Write to the stars for their photographs. William Haines is at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Lloyd Hughes is at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Dolores Costello is at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Corinne Griffith is at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

DOROTHY G.—I'm sure Mary Pickford will be glad to send you her photograph. Write to her at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

NELLY.—I'm sure Mr. Duncan will send you a picture of Rin-Tin-Tin. Write to him at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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by Susanna Cocroft

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The sagging muscles are taught to support themselves.
The lines from nose to mouth, and about the mouth and eyes, are *lifted out* of their creases.
The eyes look young and rested.
The face immediately takes on a brighter and more youthful expression.

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BY new, easy methods you can learn to play a Conn saxophone in a few short weeks. Entertain yourself and your friends. Its zestful, cheering music makes you the life of the party; you're welcome everywhere.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Exclusive, easy-playing features, yet Conns cost no more than others. Write today for free literature.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

International Newsreel

By birth, Emil Jannings is an American . . . for he was born in Brooklyn in 1886. . . . Here Jesse Lasky greets him on his return to American soil just after the S. S. *Albert Ballin* docked

Jannings Come to Judgment

(*Continued from page 25*)

He talked graphically, with expansive, dramatic gestures. He talked voluminously and his interpreter had, occasionally, to break in on him so that she could translate before he got too far ahead of her. There again his complete ungrudging interest in the topic at hand, the mood of the moment, was manifest.

He said, in effect, Art is international. Or should be. That the type he wants to play is not a "type" at all—but a human being. A fundamentally human being. And a human being is not limited by boundary-line or nation.

"We can learn something from American pictures," he said. "We abroad are often too heavy, too psychological. We can learn from each other."

"How," we wanted to know, "do you go about working out your great characterizations? Observation? Study?"

No. It is done, he says, or they are done, by *auto-intoxication*. He *is* the character he is playing. He auto-intoxicates into the character, as it were. He becomes, gradually at first and later develops completely into the rôle. He lives him. He *is* him. His secretary here explained that this is only too true. While he was making "The Last Laugh," his favorite rôle, he was so utterly an old man that Mrs. Jannings felt she was living with an octogenarian, while they all prayed for the day when "Faust" should draw to a close, so terrific was Jannings while in this sinister portrait.

* * *

WHEN Mrs. Jannings appeared, blonde and smart in a black costume trimmed with monkey fur, we asked Mr. Jannings whether he had demanded that she give up her career? Whether he believes in women working. His immediate reaction was one of fun. He looked very mighty and said, "I am ze hoosband!" and then looked mightier and prouder than ever because he had unexpectedly expressed him-

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self in English. He added that he didn't believe anyone could *make* anyone else give up a career, that abnegation has to come from the person directly involved. But he does think that when women work it is against Nature; women were not intended to work, it is contrary to Nature's plan—but if they want to work—here Mr. Jannings raised his eyebrows—if they want to, far be it from him to stem the tide!

Mrs. Jannings said that she had had the satisfaction of achieving success and that was sufficient—at least so far. She has been married for four years—and who can tell? She added that one career in a family is quite enough. With such a career, we quite believe her! And after all, aside from the personal equation involved, it was an intelligent and a happy thing to do. A force so positive as the force in Jannings could not successfully mate with another force. Especially if that other force was directed along similar lines of creativeness and achievement. As it is, Mrs. Jannings' fine intelligence and native understanding of the artist will aid and abet Jannings and make a fusion more complete than any other adjustment could be. Besides, she seems to be one of those rare wives who "understand him." We asked her if he had changed since Fame had come to him. "Not one little bit," she said, "he is exactly the same as he was when he first came to Reinhardt with fifty dollars in his pocket." She added that despite the current opinion about living with a great artist, Jannings is delightfully easy to live with. They never fight—except when he drives one of his three Mercedes cars at the full power of its 142 horse-power—his chief relaxations when away from the studio are eating and talking with her—and they are as one in their love for German beer.

We drove up Park Avenue with Mr. and Mrs. Jannings and en route Jannings stopped at the Mercedes automobile shop. He had gone six minutes and emerged having purchased two cars and, so he said, a chauffeur. Mrs. Jannings sighed, doubtless considering the potential horse-powers, and then said, "He always knows what he wants—immediately."

We asked him what he thought of the American women and so perfect in his power of pantomime that we didn't have to understand his words to know that he was expressing vehement admiration. He drew his coat in tightly, looked coy and glancey, and said that such was the European woman's habitual manner with men. American girls, he said, are more comradely, more friendly, and when we asked him whether the comradely type is as appealing to men as the less forthright variety, he said, "yes, so long as they keep their femininity."

It is a slight matter, comparatively speaking, to write pretty words about pretty people. It is another matter when the inadequate pen must attack a Rodin, tho that Rodin be Jannings and his medium be shadows rather than sculpture.

For Jannings is a Rodin. The artist can do no more than symbolize. Jannings symbolizes. It is, he says, the thing he means to do. He is more than the individual he portrays. He is the fatality of life, that inescapable fatality of which he is immensely aware. He is Fate.

In "The Thinker" Rodin mightily symbolized the gigantic processes of all thought. In "Variety," for one recent instance, Jannings symbolized the fearful power of murderous Fate descending implacably upon two miserable little creatures. He explained to us, via his interpreter, that had the murder been shown

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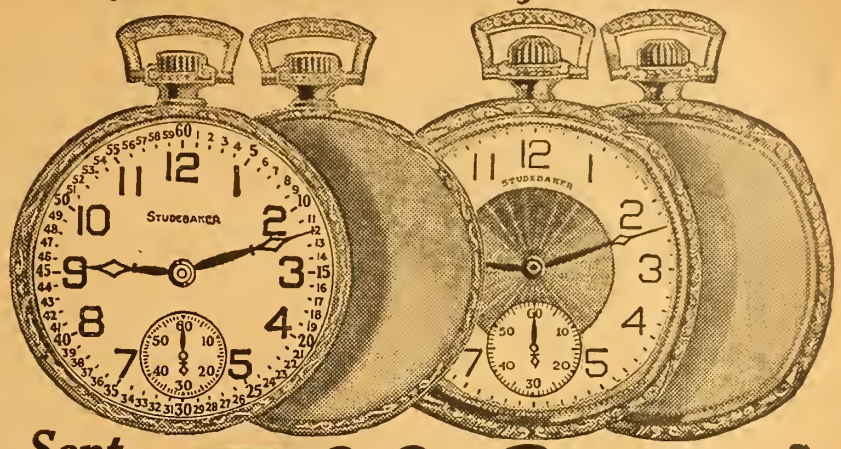

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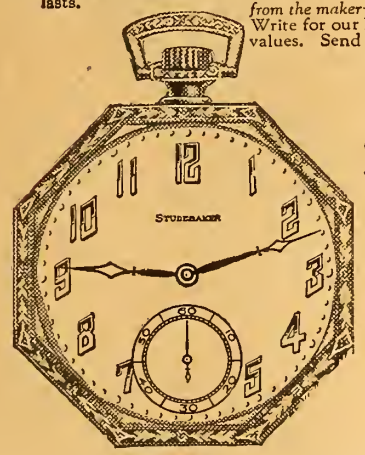

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They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

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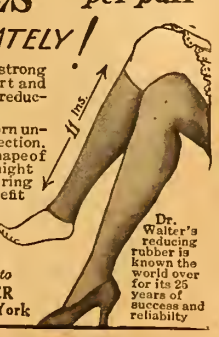

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10¢ per Card of Four
At leading 5 and 10¢ Stores, Dept. Stores, and Beauty Parlors
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Up the beanstalk

WHEN Jack climbed the beanstalk, he got a new conception of his needs. No longer would just a hen do, but a golden-egg hen. No longer just a harp, but one that stood by itself and played. He didn't know what he wanted till he saw something better than what he had . . . tho he labored hand over hand to get hold of that point of view.

Advertisements give you a high point of view without any climbing at all. They spread world products before you—servants to serve you, conveniences to please—prices low because so many thousands are using the same. They give you a new conception of what you'd like to own. No longer will a watch or food chopper do—but the highest improved watch or food chopper. No longer just a radio—but one of purest transmission. They make you change your mind about what you started to choose, and choose something more pleasing at no higher price. They help you see the whole field of satisfying wares. They lift you to fresh joys.

Read the advertisements. Honest facts are in their news

on the screen it could easily have descended to a tale of sordid misadventure between three petty, sordid people. But that dreadful advance of his, those glazed half lifeless eyes, that sense of a huge mechanism operating as a mightier Force, moving almost without volition to the accomplishment of its horrendous purpose—surely that was Fate.

* * *

ONE approaches such a master with a certain hesitancy. The pen is fearful of an undervaluation, a tendency to hyperbole.

It is difficult to make understandable the prodigious impression he made on us. So raw, so vital, so integral a force is impossible for us to confine in words. It is the very stuff of life minus the devitalizing processes. Comparisons are discourteous, but Emil Jannings did seem to reduce other personalities to a papery insignificance. It would be difficult to name a man, who could vie with him in sheer force of virility.

The man seemed to be exuberant with an immense joy of life, joy of living. He seemed child-like, as when he showed us Sebastian, his mocking-bird. He seemed completely bold and brazen. His eyes were bright with fun and mockery and again they were weighted and dulled and tragic. He was completely without self-consciousness—and whatever mood or phase he happens to be in, it is a complete one of its kind—breaking unrestrainedly into pantomime to help out our difference in speech; he was childishly self-conscious when he appeared dressed for the street and strutted (there is no other word for it) and announced proudly, turning this way and that, that he was "all pressed"—and he knew that it was funny and that he was showing off and he laughed with his eyes at us and at himself.

So, as best we can blunder it down, Jannings has come to us from Germany. What will Hollywood do to him? The fear that this enormous power in Jannings may be ironed into the prettified Hollywood pattern. We had the fear, too, before we met Jannings in person. It is considerably lessened if not altogether abated now. It is quite likely that Jannings will do things to Hollywood. Jannings come to judgment—what will that judgment be?

This photograph was taken five minutes after the minister pronounced Laura La Plante and William Seiter man and wife. We're glad Laura was married in a church with a veil and orange blossoms and everything . . . most movie people have to rush their wedding in at a Justice of the Peace's office between scenes. It never seems a bit romantic!

International Newsreel

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 33)

can still protest ardent loyalty to Gloria after going thru a morning like this one!

Almost I feel a recurrent surge of hatred against the world in general, and publicity men in particular, when I recall the anguish of soul experienced in keeping that eleven o'clock appointment!

Of course, they did not know that I'd been writing until three o'clock the night before, nor that Anna had taken this week to visit her mother, leaving nothing in the ice-box for breakfast (and the nearest restaurant seven blocks away), nor that after a bitter struggle to rise at eight I'd fallen sweetly back to sleep 'til nine, nor that after a hasty bath and a horrified search for a decent pair of hose I'd had to rinse a pair, only to find the radiators cold—nor that two hurried dashes to the nearest lingerie shop revealed locked doors to such plebian early risers—nor that final starvation drove me to stand at a dirty marble counter and gulp coffee and crullers only to rush home and find my stockings still wet—nor that I broke a nail in hurrying—saw that all the make-up in the world would not beautify my savage expression (adding, of course, to the joyous morning)—nor that finally dressed and on the way, tho late, I should jump brightly into a scavenger cab and discover that, arriving at the other end of the world, *i e.*, the Cosmopolitan Studio, I'd exactly seventeen cents left after paying the robber his meter charge!!!!

In other words, darling, being a normal human being, I loathed everyone in the world with enthusiasm and was already thinking of unpleasant things to say about everyone connected with the place!

However (to get, eventually, to Gloria), I was met by a soothing young person, Kendrick by name (the aforementioned publicity man), who in spite of his red hair, has a most quieting manner and Southern drawl; was promised luncheon in a short while, and repaired smiling and with feathers smooth once again, to the set and the Marquise.

As you know, my attitude toward her has always been rather fiercely protective, tho Heaven knows why—since she can most assuredly scrap for herself—but, of course, being *always* the diplomat, I brightly remarked when we were finally settled for a minute between scenes, that I'd had an argument with some people the day before, who had read, and believed, some unkind things about her. (Naturally, magazine people, in such very close touch with the studios, are more or less in a position to know what goes on and I know that, in this instance, my friends had believed what I had told them about Miss Swanson.)

She watched me, as I spoke, with those amazing eyes, which seem to search clear thru to one's most innermost thoughts, then said, "You should not have done that, Miss Corson."

While I waited, in some surprise, to hear why she said that, she gazed thoughtfully across the set, then turned and said quietly, "People's minds are hard to change, and they believe what they *want* to believe, dont you think?"

Possibly, but if these same people could only realize the tremendous strain of a life like hers, of the risks she runs of incurring enmity by merely insisting on a few hours privacy and rest when away from the studio, of the grinding worry and responsibility, with never a minute in the day that is not definitely assigned to someone or something—there would be more

(*Continued on page* 119)

Personal Advice

Anyone constantly in the world of fashion . . . anyone who attends the smart openings at the exclusive ateliers of the modistes . . . in other words, anyone with the background of Grace Corson, is well able to give advice . . . advice that should prove invaluable.

And Miss Corson, in a special service to the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will be very glad to give her personal attention to any questions you wish to ask.

However, it is extremely necessary that you give her every detail about your appearance, enclosing a full-length snap-shot when it proves possible to do so.

Address:

Miss Grace Corson, Fashion Editor,
Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield Street,
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And be sure to give the following details:

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Complexion	Name and Address

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 33, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

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First, Taylor Cap Factory Representatives offer you a selection of 20 rich, all wool fabrics and four popular styles—80 combinations to choose from! Every fabric is rain-proofed by a special process that defies water. Linings are pure silk. Visors are made of solid leather. Quality in every detail. And in addition your Taylor Cap is made for you alone—cut and fashioned to your individual measure.

CAPS COST LESS

Because they are sold direct from factory to you, you get the finest cap you ever had at the lowest price you ever paid for such quality. Outfit also displays sporty Bobbette Hats for girls, and fashionable match mufflers and cloth hats for men. Coupon will bring a Taylor outfit to your door absolutely free.

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Write for Taylor agency and see how amazingly easy it is to make $10 to $15 a day extra in spare time. No limit to what you can do. S. W. Allen, California, made $40.80 in one day's "joyful work." No experience required. J. N. Greenia, N. Y., a beginner, writes: "Was out this evening, and sold six."

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Just wear free cap. Show friends. Take orders. Deliver and collect. You get cash profits in advance. Complete selling outfit absolutely free. Mail coupon. Make big money the very first day—$50 to $75 extra every week. Not one cent to pay, either now or later. Bobbettes, mufflers, and cloth hats add to your profits. Act at once.

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Please send me by return mail your wonderful sample outfit absolutely FREE. Also details of your free cap offer to agents.

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Fat Lost
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There are countless people who can tell you an easy, pleasant way to reduce. Perhaps your own friends are among them. There are now so many that excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It is based on many years of scientific research. People have used it for 19 years, and every circle shows the fine results.

Users have shown others, told others the effects. And the use has grown in this way to over a million boxes yearly.

Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily, to correct the cause of excess fat, until weight comes down to normal. And users find other benefits galore.

You should try Marmola. Any help which has done, for 19 years, what Marmola has done, must be efficient and helpful. That is the way to easy, lasting reduction. Try it, for your own sake—now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free, and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

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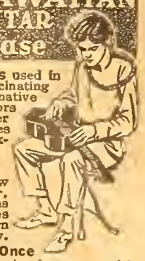

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After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary.

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Even if you don't know one note from another, the 52 printed lessons and the clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. Pay as you play.

Free Guitar
and Outfit in Genuine Seal Grain Fabrikoid Case as soon as you enroll. Nothing to buy—everything furnished. No delay.

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You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian Guitar. Write for Special Offer and easy terms. A postcard will do. ACT!

FIRST HAWAIIAN CONSERVATORY of MUSIC, Inc.
9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 141 New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York

On the Road With Novarro

(*Continued from page 21*)

London when asked the place in all the world that had offered her the greatest appreciation, she promptly replied: "A little corner of the earth, in Mexico, named Durango."

. . . As with Tetrazzini, so with Ramon.

Romeo 'Mid Revolution

When the revolution of 1913 overthrew the Huerta government, and inadvertently brought the closing of Our Lady of Guadalupe school in Durango, Dr. Samaniego decided to take the family to Mexico City.

Ramon's first tragedy——

He was in love. Separation meant annihilation. He knew he couldn't live long.

His courtship had progressed to the feverish point of shaking hands with his beloved. This amounted to triumph, for in Mexico girls are still guarded by duennas.

Most of Ramon's courting had consisted in walking moonfully about Maria's house, a nosegay in his hand and in his heart the swooning hope of seeing her thru the iron grille of a window.

Failing this, he climbed one time to the roof of a two-story building opposite and from the vantage-point saw Maria playing in the patio with her sisters. At another time, however, he only overheard her mother demanding indignantly of the laundress as to why the señor's drawers had not been returned.

A Very Devout Young Man

Shortly before leaving Durango he passed a photographer's shop and saw in the window a picture of Maria with her two sisters. Entering on a pretext, he contrived unseen to lift the photograph from its place. That evening in the sanctity of his chamber he clipped the sisters from the scene, leaving Maria to star alone. For safe keeping in a suitable place he slipped her between leaves of "Of the Imitation of Christ."

Thus at Holy Communion by opening the book and concentrating ecstatically upon the image of Maria, he got the early reputation of being a very devout young man.

The Mystic Romance

In Mexico City Ramon entered upon military training at Mascarones College, conducted by Jesuits, and continued with his music, French and English, along with a general course, his scholarly fervor finding recess in football, track and *la bandera*, the latter a Mexican game, was his favorite because it gave him a chance to show off his sprinting prowess that won a track championship.

Finding that revolutions still pursued, the family decided to return to Durango and the comforts of home. It was then that three of his sisters made known their resolve to become nuns. . . . Guadalupe, the witty one who had played little gypsy with Ramon in his first dramatic act, Rosa and Leonor who had helped him with his marionettes . . . they were to pass forever from his life.

Within two years they took their vows, Guadalupe entering the House of the Cross in Durango, Rosa and Leonor going to the Canary Islands to serve in the hospitals of St. Lazarus and St. Martin, there to volunteer upon the noblest, most

New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only

Blonde hair always darkens with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children's hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

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Can Easily be Yours

Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service.

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Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

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Freed from Rupture
Test It Free

By a New Invention

A new invention, so small that it cannot be detected beneath the closest fitting clothes, has been perfected; it retains rupture safely and with comfort and heals the rupture.

Dancers, athletes, sportsmen, society women and people who do hard, tiring work have been healed in this new way. It is so comfortable that regardless of the position you assume, it does not hamper the body movement.

Constructed of sanitary, non-irritating materials and assures absolute freedom from skin irritations. Send for Free Trial Offer, sent in plain, sealed envelope.

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Positively, the most effective antiseptic ever created for Feminine Hygiene. Women who try it will use no other—they recommend it to their friends. Immaculate cleanliness insured with this odorless, soothing antiseptic. Will not burn or injure delicate membranes. Destroys all offensive odors and relieves irritation.

Introductory Offer. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for regular $1.00 package. Stamps or coin.
Moon Laboratories, 645 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
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for that 5c TICKLE

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I enclose one dollar for large size package of SLIMS. Check your preference on flavor My money is returnable without question if I am not delighted with results.
Mint Wintergreen
Licorice Cinnamon
Name.....
Address.....

courageous mission ever given woman to perform—the nursing of lepers.

The departure of his sister playmates turned Ramon toward the church, his susceptible nature already steeped in the mystic legends of his native place, where children addressed their letters to the Holy Child instead of to Santa Claus, where Judas was burned in effigy on Easter Sunday from the windows of a thousand homes, the poor *peladitos* scrambling for the fruit of candies that fell as the fireworks destroyed the gift-hung effigies, and where childish awe went down on its knees before the miracle-working image of the Lord Jesus in purple robes displayed each Saturday at five in the church of St. Augustin, the wondrous image brought in a little box by people driving donkeys and left with the Franciscan fathers, who put it away only to discover years later that the little box had grown six feet in length and, behold, within the image of the Lord Jesus become life size.

Rapturously before this image he resolved to be a priest. For months he lived the life of the penitent. He slept on the floor without covering. He arose at five in the morning. He performed menial tasks ordinarily given the servants. He fasted. He prayed. And he gave up his girl.

". . . When the boys saw me coming down the street they would start chanting the Ave Maria," smiles Ramon. "But I was rapt to Heaven and did not mind."

The Chrism of Music

He did not know that before his infant baptism in the church his soul had been anointed, as divinely, with the chrism of music.

He only knew that when a program of the Metropolitan Opera announcing Caruso and Farrar in "Manon" was thrust into his hands there surged over him a fervor as great as religion, and akin with it, a love mounting into ecstasy—the love of music. This was the religion for which he had been ordained a priest.

At the age of six he had commenced his music with unmusical protests. At seven, under the tutelage of his mother, he began to love it. At Mascarones College he sang in the chapel and earned the praise of the fathers, and in Durango he chanted the chants of the great cathedral.

The Metropolitan Opera program awakened him from priestly dreams and plunged him into deeper ones. . . .

". . . Perhaps it was the devil tempting me," he muses seriously. "I'm still not so sure it wasn't."

To his confessor he hastened scripturally armed with the parable of the three sons—the one who wasted his talents, the second who buried his and the third who returned with them multiplied. The padre smiled and told the troubled youth that all must rest with Divine Destiny.

And Destiny decreed——

The Test of Fire

Adventure was predestined. His father's ancestors had come from Spain in the cavalcade of Cortez bearing a family name of Greek connotation which, centuries before, adventurers sailing out from Hellenic seas had carried to the coast of Spain.

His mother's family, the Gavilans, of Spanish blood tinged by Aztec, proudly point to a prince of Montezuma's line whom the Spanish named Guerrero for bravery in war.

". . . I have very little blood of that man!" laughs Ramon. "But I may have

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Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Rub the ointment gently over congested spot It penetrates the skin and goes right to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

To Mothers: **Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**

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I POSITIVELY GUARANTEE that you can produce wonderful, sweet music in three days and quickly play popular and classical selections.

Complete Outfit Sent on Trial

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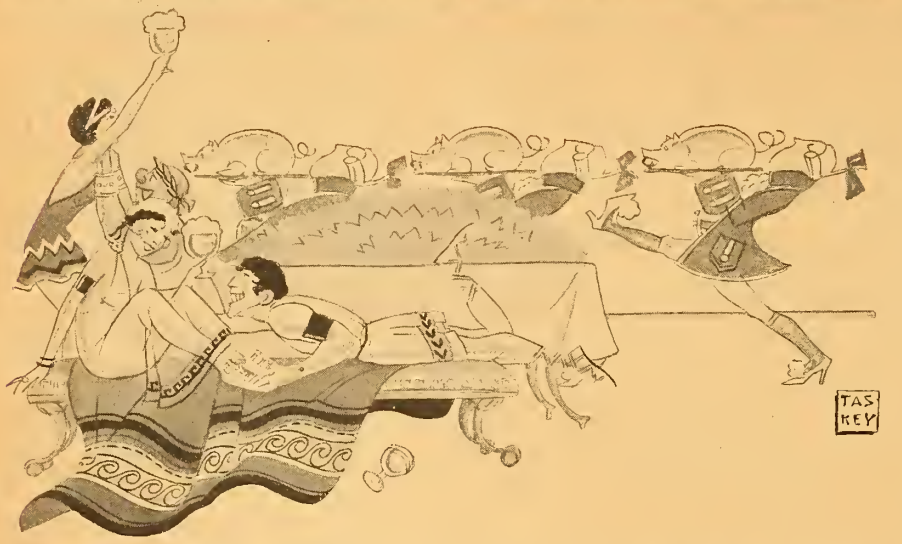

CURE THAT COLD!

There are just two cures for that annual chill or cough or cold. Sulphur and molasses—and the CLASSIC! One is an old-fashioned remedy handed down by Grandma, the other is the 1926 remedy handed to you by the mailman or the newsdealer. As you stay in the house and hug the fireplace or the radiator, your fever will subside and you will forget your cold when you pick up the CLASSIC. Once you've scanned its beautiful photographs and digested its articles, you will be rapidly on the mend.

Aside from being the most beautiful publication of the screen (sixty-four of its ninety-two pages are printed by rotogravure), it is the most intelligently edited and the most brilliantly written. It is free from bunk and slush. It treats of pictures and picture people accurately, brightly and fearlessly.

Watch for the portrait of Greta Garbo on the February issue of the CLASSIC. It is one of the most striking covers we ever have had. This portrait alone is guaranteed to cure any cold no matter how obstinate or annoying.

The February issue is going to be unusually bright and attractive. One of its features will be about an actress Who Talked Back to De Mille. Another will be a fine character study of Jean Hersholt, that up-and-coming young actor who did such marvelous work in "Greed" and "Stella Dallas." Mr. Hersholt, himself, illustrates the article.

There will also be a reply to the article of Foreign Invaders which appeared in an earlier issue—it defends the Foreign Legion.

An absorbing article will also acquaint you with the Inside Facts About Movie News. And Hugo Ballin—the artist-director—punctures the hokum about the overworked Camera Angles.

Another feature will tell you about the Mastery of Make-up. There will also be several sparkling interviews—and a rich array of beautiful photographs and clever caricatures.

Order Your February CLASSIC Now!

some of his superstitions. At least he figured in my arguments with my mother when I wanted to go to the United States for a musical career."

He might have argued in the words of Huneker that "because of its opportunities for the expansion of the soul, music has ever attracted the strong free sons of earth."

At least a strong free son of seventeen started forth with a hundred dollars in gold which his father gave him and with his younger brother, Mariano, whom the parents decreed as aid.

Everything appeared smooth on the surface, but ever lurking underneath were those fitful revolutions of old Mexico. At Escalon, a pueblo midway between Durango and the border, he was told that rebels had burned the bridges ahead. Orders no sooner were issued for the train to turn back when telegrams arrived with the warning that the bridges behind had been set to flames. For two days the brothers remained in the little adobe village subsisting on tortillas, beans and dirty drinking water.

". . . I had very little appetite anyway," confesses the adventurer ruefully. "We had heard that Villa was in the neighborhood cutting off people's ears. I particularly cared for my ears. What would a musician be without them!"

Toward the end of the week a locomotive arrived from Torreon repairing bridges as it came. Seeing a means of escape from tedious Escalon and the menace of missing ears, Ramon gallantly proposed himself as escort for one of the lovelier lady passengers who had avowed the necessity for returning home.

Prevailing on the engineer, he assisted the lady into the cab of the engine and commenced the flight thru bandit territory. The engineer had deemed the way safe without counting on the alertness of Villa. Bridges burst into flames almost as rapidly as the engine crossed them with its intrepid knight and lady fair.

In Durango a mother terrified saw the will of Providence opposing her son's venture. "It was not meant to be," she repeated again and again, and it required more than a week of youthful eloquence to persuade her that this in reality was a test of fire such as the old Aztec gods imposed for the tempering of courage in men.

". . . On Thanksgiving night we arrived in Los Angeles," says Ramon, a distant glow in his eyes. "And I tell you the Pilgrims kneeling at Plymouth could not have prayed more devoutly than I. Ten dollars in my pocket, in my brother's nothing. . . . Not that it was his fault; I had handled all the funds!"

The Name in the Sky

RAMON did not tell me all this in the ship's cabin that evening. I've combined with notes from along the road of the past three years. Together they form the essential background for knowing Novarro, whose character blends into the shadowy reaches of an early environment where Spanish mysticism was brushed on a palette of Aztec lore.

One scene of the moving picture which he did draw before my eyes in the cabin that evening sealed my liking for him. It was that of a lonely boy sitting at night on the steps of a church just off Broadway and gazing up at the sky where he saw his name in luminous vision.

He had left the Garden of Eden for the glare of Hollywood. While playing extra he was observed by Marion Morgan, who

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MAKE YOUR *Eyes* IRRESISTIBLE!

The appeal of *eyes* is Beauty's ace-of-hearts. More than any other feature, eyes that *speak* create charm and wonder. And it is the effect of long, luxuriant lashes that heightens the play of lights and shadows in the eyes and gives them that irresistible loveliness.

WINX will impart to your eyes this fascinating beauty, in this simple way: Just darken your lashes with this waterproof liquid. At once your lashes appear longer and thicker and your eyes become strikingly appealing in every glance. Easily applied with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly and will not rub or smear—and it is harmless. At drug or department stores or by mail. *Black or brown* 75c. U.S. or Canada.

OFFER! *Mail 12c. for a generous sample of Winx. Another 12c. brings a sample of Pert, the waterproof Rouge.*

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WINX *Waterproof*

Free Watch!

To advertise Sterlite Diamonds, we will give, *Absolutely Free*, choice of lovely Ladies Platinum Finish Wrist Watch or Gents fine 8 Day Watch, with each Sterlite Diamond ring purchased under our monthly payment plan. Both watches are *accurate timekeepers, have finely jeweled movements, fully guaranteed, and we have sold hundreds at $10.00 each.* Your watch will not cost a penny under this offer Sterlite Diamonds have the *brilliant, dazzling, blue-white, flashing fire of genuine diamonds.* We defy you to tell them from real diamonds costing hundreds of dollars. Send only 10 cents with order, mention Ladies or Gents style. Send strip paper ring size On arrival pay Postman first payment of 98 cents, plus postage Then send us $1.00 a month for six months—$6.98 in all. *We trust you fully, ship at once, ask no reference, and we will gladly refund your first payment if not satisfied.* You are taking no chances, *our money back guarantee protects you.*

8 Day

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AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-258, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

offered him a part in a dance pantomime.

"But I've never danced," he confessed, with compunction of honesty.

"That doesn't matter," was the brisk reply. "You have the physique."

The company was taken to New York, where Ramon worked in rehearsals for weeks without pay. His family impoverished by revolutions, his father ill, he had only the aid of his superlative optimism.

By day he rehearsed and at night he worked as bus boy at the Automat where part of his duty was going for pastries at a bakery several miles distant. Ten cents was allotted for car fare. Ten cents gains enormously on the exchange of poverty, when your overcoat is in the pawn-shop. So he walked the distance, and carried the tray on his shoulder. He worked from midnight until dawn.

The trip to the bakery took him past a church in a side street. On the way back he would sit down on the steps to rest before plunging into the river of traffic that churns under giddying lights.

"And as I sat there," he said, "I would look up at the signs in the sky and read the names that were written there in electric lights. And do you know, I could always see my own name up there?"

He looked at me, his eager eyes pouring their dazzling vision into mine. . . .

Finally I said, "And how did you feel when you saw it there—actually?"

"Well, you see," he replied. "I had always seen it there—actually."

A gasp amounting to an ovation went up the opening night of "Ben-Hur" in New York when Ramon Novarro in the princely robes of *Judah* entered the tent of *Sheik Ilderhim.* He paused, magnificent, while the eyes of *Iras* moved in fascination from his sandals upward to his brow. The eyes of the camera followed hers, and when they reached that proud poised head the gasp went up.

"I never saw such beauty ! !" exclaimed Corinne Griffith. "The beauty of sheer nobility."

Nobility is *le mot juste.* Poised the spirit he reigned, a prince whose brow is laureled in serenity. Not a gesture, not a movement, he stood triumphant—"with inner glory crowned" says Shelley—and to that inner glory went up the breathless tribute.

My thoughts stole out to those steps just around the corner where a boy sat in the shadow of a church, his eyes fixed radiantly on a vision.

I dont think much was said that night on the boat after Ramon told me that scene of his story. We shook hands and had a glass of Benedictine distilled by good monks.

In the dawn the gaiety of Paris stretched forth her jeweled hands, and Arab Africa smiled lazily thru her Yashmak.

. . . Down boulevards of light that vein prismatic Paris. . . .

Thru dim and perfumed *Souks* of Tunis where throbs the *derbouka.* . . .

Over the Sahara, whose golden sands are beetled with the low black tents of Arabs clustered round Cabes. . . . The Road of Ramon lies.

All this is told in Herb Howe's fascinating way next month.

Order your copy of the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE from your neighborhood news-dealer now.

BATHASWEET

The real secret of beautiful skin!

The most important clue to true skin-beauty lies in the fact that no "ring" of dirt is left around either wash bowl or bath tub when Bathasweet is used.

"But," you exclaim, "what can that have to do with beautiful skin?" Just this:

Beauty specialists agree that blackheads and most other skin blemishes are due to pores that have become clogged, often by their own secretions. The remedy is a more perfect cleansing method, and Bathasweet offers the best method that has yet been devised. Its softening action enables water to dissolve dirt more freely and hold it in solution, as evidenced by the absence of the "ring." When you use Bathasweet even the tinest recesses of the pores are quickly cleansed. And the dirt is not washed back. As a consequence skin blemishes disappear and soon your skin takes on a clear, healthful loveliness such as it never knew before.

The Luxury of the Perfumed Bath!

No other road to skin-beauty is so sure, so easy, or so pleasant as this. The soft, limpid water feels so good! And then the delight of washing and bathing in water sweet-scented as a flower garden—that leaves about you a subtle, almost scentless, personal fragrance that is the very height of daintiness! What luxury can vie with this?

Yet Bathasweet costs so little! 25c, 50c, $1, and $1.50 at Drug and Department Stores. It has been used by gentlewomen for over 20 years. Will you, too, try it?

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M-B., New York.

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
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Your dreams of a clear, velvety skin now come true. That mysterious "something" which wins all hearts is what all women crave—and the vital secret lies in a clear, velvety skin.

Sallow and muddy complexions, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, roughness and redness vanish like magic under the nourishing stimulation of **Velvetone.** Banish those unsightly blemishes and give your skin a pure, pearly appearance of alluring beauty, flushed with the true tints of nature.

FREE: A full sized cake of **Velvetone** skin soap with every jar of **Velvetone,** for a limited time only.

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53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Rush to me one jar of **Velvetone,** together with free offer and copy of "Velvetone Beauty Secrets." I will pay postman $1 plus postage.

Name.....
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These little heel buffers fit into the back of your shoes and prevent the slip and rub of the shoe against the hose. Butterflies, with their soft, chamois-like surface mean added comfort and

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Director, Dept. 79
J. L. Decker, 500 North Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

She's Beautiful and Sweet

(*Continued from page 37*)

same slim, clean-cut beauty—the same polished, quivering, sensitive eagerness; and the game, unquenched, unconquerable courage of the high-bred cup winner. She is made of the stuff that will die on the track with a ruptured heart; but will never quit.

It is this fineness of texture—this delicate resiliency of strength that will make her a sensation on the screen.

I am not going to make any bones about it: girls with this quality are terribly hard to find. I know a director who has been trying to find a promising girl for the screen; and has given up in black despair. They are all hard-boiled, or dumb or gooey sweet. Nine-tenths of the girls available are more common than gum stuck under the edge of the chair.

What strikes me at once about little Miss Wray, however, is a quality I have not seen in more than three or four actresses: Mabel Normand says that screen success depends upon being wanted. The boy in the audience must say: "Gee, I wisht that she was my girl"; and the old women must sigh for such a daughter. Miss Wray has this haunting quality; and also something. In some indefinable way she appeals to the chivalry of men. When you see her on the screen, you wish you were a knight with a black velvet cape; and there was a mud puddle or something around.

And, for all that, she is just a merry-hearted flapper—only you are careful and protective in your secret thoughts about her. When you see her on the screen, she makes you believe you are a gentleman—and that gentlemen think only pure thoughts about women.

A highbrow young lady, steeped in occult wisdom, suggested to me a most amazing idea about Fay Wray—that she is one of the advance guard of the new race that scientists and especially theosophists say is to be born into the world—the appointed birthplace being out here in Western America.

This race is to be a sort of revised model of humanity. Its people will be lovely to look at and—so the young lady with the educated dome says—will be distinguished by a sort of naïve, unstudied wisdom that comes as instinctively as shedding tears. It is, in fact, wisdom without knowledge.

I am not so sure about that; but it is a fact that this child sometimes makes chance remarks in a gentle and casual way that makes you sit up and stare. Sometimes they come dangerously near profundity. For instance, I remember one day, on the von Stroheim set, that the talk turned to the German philosopher, Schopenhauer. Now, I am willing to bet my shoes that she had never before heard of Schopenhauer—but out of the mouths of babes came a remark that more nearly punctured that gloomy German philosophy than all the ponderous reviews I have read.

Some one was saying that Schopenhauer had given it as his dictum that happiness comes into each life only as an interval between pain.

Miss Wray looked up shyly and said: "In which case pain is only an interval between happinesses; so you can look either at the lattice or the holes . . . whichever way your mind inclines."

It may be a little unkind to repeat what she said about Pola Negri; but I am going to, anyhow; for she is a great admirer of Pola's, and Pola herself appreciated the verdict.

They were talking about the effort of

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Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.

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RAJAH GEMS astound jewelry world and defy detection. Most marvelous imitations, large size stones perfectly cut and mounted in attractive STERLING SILVER mountings copied from most expensive designs. We will send C. O. D. your choice of any style shown here for only $3.19 — SPECIAL, ANY TWO FOR $5.58. Wear five days and if not entirely satisfied, return and get

MONEY BACK WITHOUT QUESTION

Write for FREE Catalog and make big *CASH* Commissions selling to your friends.

THE RAJAH CO. Dept. 224 Salisbury, N. C.

the American producers to modify Miss Negri for the American taste—not so much in character as in the choice of plays.

"The trouble is," said Miss Wray, "that in trying to clean up Miss Negri's screen characters, they scraped them."

No critic has ever written anything so penetrating as that about Pola.

Miss Wray is the kind of actress who will be great—or a failure. Like Lillian Gish again. There is no middle ground.

There is a type of actress like Miss Gish, like Lois Wilson and Florence Vidor and Fay Wray whose great difficulty is to "let go" of their emotions.

On the other hand, there is a type of screen girl who can turn on tears like a kitchen sink. The only trouble is, their tears dont mean anything.

These other girls I have mentioned are all dignified, self-contained women who keep their private sorrows to themselves. They are like the Japanese Samurai. Partly thru training and partly thru inclinations of character they hold up their heads and bear their wounds proudly. It is hard for such girls to let go of their emotions. But when they do learn, the effect is tremendous. The reason is that they achieve their artistry thru high imagination; not thru meaningless emotional mechanics. They have too many locked doors in their souls.

In the end, I feel that Fay Wray will be a very fine actress; and von Stroheim thinks so, too.

If she does make her mark as a real actress, she will be one of the first very beautiful girls who ever have been able so to do.

But perhaps, after all, we have all been wrong. Perhaps the beautiful are not always dumb. Certainly this one isn't.

I imagine that, once in a while, God finds a beautiful, sweet soul wandering out there in the Eternal Night; and takes pride in fitting it with scenery to match.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 59)

Will he retain that distinction, now that he is to work in the American studios? Or is it not more likely that a few months over here will find him playing inferior parts that will reduce him to the same level of other American character actors?

If there is any truth in the assertion that the public prefer moral players to great artists, then we at last have an explanation as to why there are so many third-rate players in the canned drama.

These actors and actresses are no doubt giving more attention to the study of ethics and perfect behavior than to the development of dramatic powers.

Axioms of the Silent Drama

No. 1.—That no heroine is ever reduced to the extent of poverty that she cannot afford high-priced silk hosiery.

No. 2.—That there are no ordinary men in the Sahara desert, all Arabs being sheiks.

No. 3.—That all damsels who marry for money later learn to love their husbands.

No. 4.—That individuals starting on a trans-continental journey use only a small satchel into which they hurriedly toss a few ties, two collars, tooth brush, and a handkerchief.

No. 5.—That there are really honest and kind-hearted policemen.

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TODAY is an age of beauty. The modern woman no longer tolerates conditions which detract from her natural charm. To enhance her loveliness, she not only enlists the forces of nature, but she summons to her service the marvels of modern science.

She has come to realize that *real* beauty lies in *natural* eyes. Nature intends these wondrous windows of the soul to radiate that natural beauty.

Science has at last learned the secret of *natural* vision—has struck off the shackles that dimmed the lustre of so many eyes. This new knowledge of the eye is not only enabling thousands to discard their glasses, but it is so improving the lustre, the eloquence, of womankind's most ravishing feature that a new age of beauty is dawning.

Read what Mrs. Russell Simpson, singer and actress of note, and wife of Russell Simpson, prominent motion picture star has to say:

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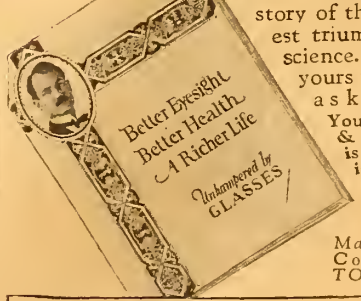
(Signed)
Mrs. Russell Simpson



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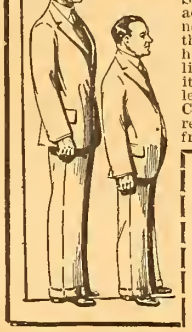

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Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

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Are They Heroines to Their Costume Designer?

(*Continued from page 47*)

altering this, remodeling that. She is extremely particular and knows what she is about. She has one back line she always wears. And she is especially fond of vivid shades, all the roses and reds. She doesn't care for black, altho she looks very lovely in black. She says it depresses her.

"Carmel Myers wears clothes very well indeed. She goes in for the exotic type of thing. Velvets and heavy laces and metal embroideries and fur and Oriental jewelry. She has one or two bad points, but she knows how to manage them, as it were. She wears very long trains whenever possible and puts her clothes on exquisitely. Of course, that is more than half the battle. A woman may wear the most gorgeous creation in the world and put it on badly and she will be badly dressed. The contrary works, too. If you know your own type and if you put your clothes on with the right swing, it doesn't much matter what they are.

"Miss Pringle is like Mae Murray in one particular—patience. She, too, is very punctilious about fittings. She also changes the designs I make for her quite frequently. She has perfect taste and a truly remarkable sense of design. She looks best in the sophisticated type of dress and she knows it."

"You must have had trouble with *someone,*" we interrupted. . . .

"I did. Not with the stars—*with the directors.*" (Here Mr. André-Ani made a gesture that consigned that superimportant body of people to limbos where dress is NOT.) "These directors! They are the ones who have caused me the real trouble. They have been the stumbling-blocks, the only stumbling-blocks, in my career. They know nothing of clothes, absolutely nothing. If they did, they would be doing what I am doing instead of their own work. But they assume that they do. Time and time again I have created something particularly lovely and some director has discarded it. Usually, because his wife has never worn anything like it or has come on the lot and expressed her disapproval! Imagine! Of course, there are exceptions, but for the most part it has been the directors who have caused me the temperamental trouble commonly attributed to the stars.

"I did have some difficulty with Greta Garbo. She is very difficult to do things for. She has a difficult figure; she has very set ideas and very foreign ones. She has innumerable dislikes. She will wear nothing that has fur, absolutely nothing. She will wear no laces, no velvets. She goes in for flaunting, bizarre collars and cuffs. She likes short skirts when she should wear longer ones. She is very fond of tulle and crêpe marocain."

"Are there," we asked, feeling more human now that a few foibles had been exposed, "are there any particular tricks to the trade—tricks, that is, that you would care to divulge?"

"Not very many. I begin work by reading the script. I take notes on the costumes that will be needed and then begin on my sketches, which are complete in every detail, including color and incidental jewelry, shoes and hosiery when they are finished. After these sketches are O. K'd., I begin to work on them. Sometimes I cut a gown myself, entirely out of cheesecloth. I usually do this if I am not quite certain of the practicability of the design. There are some designs, you know, lovely

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

How I Keep My Waves

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair is ever-wavy, with never a Marcel. It always has a glow. The reason lies in a hair dress which experts made for me.

I apply it on a brush twice a week. To fluff my hair I comb it backward, and the fluff remains. For a curl, use combs or fingers in the usual way, and the curl will last. It keeps a permanent wave in the same way. Or it keeps hair sleek and smooth for those who want it, and does it without grease.

This remarkable hair dress is now supplied by all toilet counters. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. The price is 75 cents.

No girl or woman will go without it when she once sees what it does. It multiplies the beauty of the hair and keeps it in the style one wishes. You will be delighted with it.

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to look at, but impossible to make up. I believe that I am about the only designer who can do his own cutting and it is of immense value because I can always prove my own designs, as it were, or prove to my assistants that I know what I am talking about. Then comes the shopping, which is most important. Fabrics mean so much and suggest so much both as to texture and color. After the fabrics are decided upon, the staff of experts I have under me begin to work and the star is called in for fittings. Very often I fit only the lining and go on from there without her.

"I very seldom use a material that has any sheen to it. Satins with sheen, baronet satin, for instance, silver cloth and gold cloth, cast a reflection when they are under the lights and enlarge the appearance of the wearer.

"Upon one occasion it was necessary that a gown designed for Aileen Pringle be made of silver cloth. The problem of slimness was solved by making the frock very tight-fitting and by painting a design in black across each hip. This took away the reflection from the metal cloth.

"I always make a tight-fitting princess slip as a basis and I never use any drapes at the hips."

"How," we asked, "did you learn your art? How did you begin?"

"I cant remember beginning," smiled the small dark man with the face of an artist, a musician. "I've always been interested in women's clothes. I cant remember the time when I wasn't working on designs or fooling with fabrics and scissors. I must have been born that way. And I have had a very fortunate time, really. No desperate struggles, no tale of bitter hard luck. I really didn't study at all. I started to go to one of the best art schools in my part of the country, which is California, but I was only there a few weeks when I began to teach. After that I did some work for the Government—after the war, you know. Teaching disabled soldiers a craft. Then I went with M-G-M. I have the feeling, tho you may think it a curious thing to say, that it isn't I, I alone, who do the work. It is the same when I need an idea, an inspiration, sometimes in half an hour or less. That inspiration *always comes*—from somewhere, someone. I never worry, never allow myself to become flustered or harassed. I have faith that I will be helped and that the job on hand will be done. I dont profess to give this higher source a name, but it is something bigger and more creative than I could ever be alone."

* * *

Thus the man who dresses the stars; who catches, if it seem not too extravagant, glimpses of their souls as he apparels their bodies.

The Princess' Press Agent

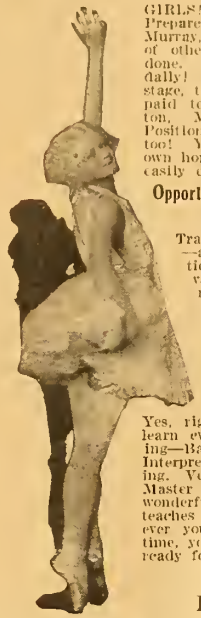
A Short Story

By Faith Baldwin

. . . is one of the things which go to make the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE well worth buying. You may have read "Thresholds" or "Three Women," Miss Baldwin's latest novels. If so, you know that a treat is ahead of you without our telling you any more about this new short story.

Girls Wanted
—for the *Movies*
—for the *Stage!*

Dance to Fame and Fortune



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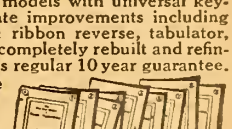

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Dead Broke

(*Continued from page 27*)

Her company went broke in a small town in Missouri, and she was desolate. She decided to take her life—she couldn't live without food—and food cost money—so she would just hasten Nature's course.

She was very young and dramatic. She turned on the gas in her room and prepared to die. Then her mind began to work on this situation, and she soon turned off the gas, sat on the floor and wrote her story and called it—"Via the Gas Route."

This was played on the Orpheum and abroad for three years. She played the principal part during that time and wrote several other skits and has been writing ever since. "If I hadn't been stranded I would have never thought of writing!" she laughed when she told me about it.

Francis X. Bushman said—"The saloons may have been a curse to the nation in general, but I want to tell you they saved me from starvation one time, when I arrived in New York—penniless. The contents of my trunk and bags saw me thru as to the hotel bill, but I just had to eat!

"What easier in those days," laughed Francis X., "than to stroll carelessly into a different saloon each time I became hungry and grab a free lunch! I chose times when they were too busy to see whether I had bought beer or not.

"I managed in the course of three weeks to secure an engagement, but in the meantime managed to be able to pay for a little beer now and then, to go with the lunch, thru posing for some artists."

Gardner James decided motion pictures and Hollywood were to be his objective at the inconvenient moment of financial disaster. His face and form was all he owned in the world.

He shipped as a stoker aboard a vessel coming to Los Angeles via the canal.

He landed in Los Angeles harbor with ten cents. He caught a free automobile ride to Los Angeles and then spent his last dime on carfare to Hollywood. He hastily looked up some old theatrical friends and stayed with them overnight. What'd he eat? Mostly nothing!

Ten days later he heard some men talking on a street corner. One of them said: "Over forty-three fellows have tried for that part over at Vitagraph and they still are not satisfied!"

At his rope's end, not having been able to come close to a job, he walked the five miles to the Vitagraph Studio. J. Stuart Blackton engaged him to play the juvenile lead in "The Happy Warrior." Today he has a five-year contract to take the place of Richard Barthelmess on the Inspiration Pictures Program. It seems to pay to be—stranded—from these accounts!

Estelle Taylor confesses after graduating from Sargents Dramatic School in New York, she boiled eggs in a baking powder can over a gas jet. She bought stale bread at the bakery, two loaves for a nickel, boiled corn meal in the same baking powder can, washed her own clothes and stretched them on the window pane to dry. And in general practised all the known and unguessed of economies the world has ever known, before she was given her first stage part in "Come on, Charlie."

"After this I went into pictures—and they've been good to me! I've never been broke since!" said Estelle.

Creighton Hale said with a hearty laugh, "Have I ever been stranded? Ask me if I ever drank milk as a baby! Any stage actor has not only been stranded once, but many times!

"In fact," went on Hale, "it was the constant discomfort I was going thru each off-season on the stage that made me turn to pictures.

"Things became pretty serious for me in New York one summer. My clothes dwindled to one suit and my habits to one slim meal a day before succor came in the form of one House Peters.

"I was walking down Broadway in my last pair of fresh pearl spats and sporting a fat Havana, bought with my last dime. I was inwardly wondering what queer twist of fate would be apt to present my aching stomach with a square meal. House Peters proved to be the "queer twist," for as soon as he saw me he said, 'Come have a glass of wine and a bit of lunch with me at the Brevoort!'

"Did I go—I did! Did I have a 'BIT of lunch'—I did not—I had a *meal!*" laughed Creighton.

"House Peters told me how it happened he was able to eat so well during the summer and the next day found me at the old Biograph Studio—after which I was eating regularly, too—and have ever since! Long Live the MOVIES!" cheered Creighton as John Gilbert came on the set to see how "Annie Laurie" was progressing.

"What's the idea of the Rah-Rah party?" asked Jack Gilbert. I told him and then he told of a time he and his father were stranded in a town half destroyed by a cyclone. They washed dishes to get enough money to get out of the town! Think of having John Gilbert washing dishes in your home! Methinks the feminine members of the household would have an epidemic of kitchenitis about that time!—and you couldn't really blame them!

Dear old Charlie Murray — always a laugh — a witticism — something different to say! I said to him—"Charlie, were you ever broke?"

He looked at me out of the corner of a mischievous eye and twinkled as he said, "You making fun of me? Why, child, I was never anything else but broke until pictures came along!

"My worst experience was when I lost my job as chambermaid to a skating Shetland pony—an animal act. I stood on a corner with a patch over one eye, looked pathetic, and held my hat out until I had gathered enough pennies to get back to Cincinnati in a sheep car.

"Everytime I see a lamb-chop now, I say—'Baaaa!'" He finished with a flourish and wrinkled his Irish face into a knot and shrinkingly (sheepishly) wandered off. It was too much for me and I left with what little dignity I had left trailing in the dust.

Dorothy Dwan, just recently returned from a location tour as Tom Mix's leading lady, said, "I know what it feels like to be 'broke.' Mother and I went into town from the location camp to have a facial, manicure, shampoo, wave, and all the rest of it (and we needed it after three weeks in the mountains, working every single day). We had twenty-five dollars between us!

"It was Sunday and the girls had planned on being there especially for us. When we left, our bill was twenty-three fifty. We certainly felt, under the circumstances, we *had* to give them what was left, so we said grandly—'Keep the change!'

"When we got outside the door we didn't feel so grand. We were *broke!*

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We did not know a soul in town. The telegraph office was closed and there would be no way to reach the camp.

"Fortunately for us, we met one of the boys in the company. He bought us some supper and took us back to camp—but s'posin' we hadn't met him? It would have been a mess, for sure!"

William Powell told of the time in New York when he and Ralph Barton, the nationally known cartoonist, had a lead quarter between them.

They found a murky delicatessen and in its dim interior—where lead could not be distinguished from silver—they bought five cents' worth of candles, ten cents' worth of lemon wafers and ten cents' of apricots.

That evening they dined on apricots and wafers by the light of a candle. The next day Barton received a check for $150 from *Life* for an accepted cartoon. They celebrated with friends and woke up in the morning with $21. This tided them over until Powell received his first big dramatic engagement in "Within the Law."

Jack Holt told me of many times he had been stranded—West, East, North and South. But the time that meant the most to him was when he was exploring for copper in Alaska. He finally gave up the ghost of copper and stowed away on a tramp steamer bound for San Francisco. He arrived friendless and penniless.

Learning that a motion picture company in Sacramento was in need of an expert horseman, he walked the seventy-five miles and obtained the job as the rider. He was given twenty-five dollars for jumping a horse off a cliff into a river.

He did it—and lay in the hospital for four weeks—but the company paid the expenses and gave him a contract when he came out. So it was being stranded gave us Jack Holt for the screen.

It is a queer fact that many times out of being stranded have come the biggest events in peoples' lives. When one is up against it—and gives up, it seems the way is opened and we follow—fate.

Dorothy Phillips remembered a time when she and her afterwards famous director husband, Allan Holubar, had but five dollars to their name. They sought a moderate restaurant to eat and plan what they would do next. As they entered the café, Holubar reached in his pocket to feel his purse—and it was gone. A hole in the pocket told the tale.

They hastily retraced their steps. It was hopeless in the crowded streets to find their purse, but Dorothy *did* find another purse containing twelve dollars and thirty-eight cents. They ate well that night and a few days later they started their first motion picture work together in the cinema world at the Essanay Company.

Ken Maynard, that good-looking Westerner at First National Studios, said, "When I was a kid I was with a little wagon circus which went stranded in a little city in Colorado. I hadn't a dime!

"I decided there were only two things I could do—rope and make a noise that was a good imitation of the flat, nasal tones of an old Victrola. Having seen my friends laugh many times over this latter accomplishment and beg for it, I knew it must be amusing!

"I could not convince the manager of the Picture Show that I would give him the world's greatest one-man prolog, so I did the next best thing and did my roping and singing act in front of his show.

"He finally paid me to come in and bring the little gang that seemed inter-

Patricia Avery in
Metro Goldwyn Pictures

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ested in my act inside the show and to put on the one-man prolog he had so cruelly turned down. In that way I earned my way back home."

Chester Conklin waited on a lunch counter for three dollars a week. He slept on a billiard table and ate "on the house" until he made sufficient to go on across the country in a freight-train. Here he joined a circus and watered elephants—(that ancient pastime of all small boys)—for his fare on out to California and Hollywood.

John Miljan said, "I landed in Salt Lake City with fifteen cents and it was Christmas Eve. I could not decide whether to get a fifteen-cent meal or get a shave. As I was on the lookout for a job, I decided on a shave!

"After the shave I went to a hotel and sat in the lobby wondering what to do next. A man came up to me and asked about the city. I told him all I knew of interest and he asked me to dine with him. I refused and told him why. He said it was Christmas Eve and I would be doing him a tremendous favor by saving him the agony of eating alone. I couldn't let the man suffer, of course, and so hastily accepted.

"The next day I landed a job and pulled thru for that time."

Louise Fazenda, the girl in pictures who has that thing, personality-plus, said, once in her life she had to eat so many hot dogs to get by with life, that it is a wonder she didn't bark when she asked for a job.

There seemed to be no end to the stories Hollywood folks could tell of being broke. But they all ended with the sentiment—"since pictures, there have been no more slim, hungry days, no more facing the world with—nothing." It's not a feeling to cultivate—this being broke—but in each case there was that "something" Wally Beery spoke of—some people call "fate"—others "providence" and still others "God," that seemed to open the way to go on, mostly to bigger and better accomplishments.

Thus does the moral seem to be—"Man's extremity—God's opportunity!" According to our screen adventurers this is the underlying creed of Hollywood. They believe it because they have proved the truth and power behind that age-old saying.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

pierced the haze that clouds the relations between Charlie and his wife and have a story which they are afraid to publish because it has not yet become a fact.

It is said that Chaplin and his wife have come to a new agreement. According to this new rumor, Mrs. Chaplin is to be paid $500,000 and will go to Paris or some easy port of separation and get a divorce from Chaplin. It is understood that Chaplin will retain the children.

The reason this agreement is not being put into effect immediately, it is said, is because Chaplin wishes to finish his present picture and get it out on the market before any more unpleasant publicity is published. He is expected to complete the film about the first of the year.

MABEL NORMAND and Lew Cody think they have discovered the secret to marital happiness. Three breakfasts a week together is the formula. Lew occupies his own house and Mabel hers. This is an old gag, but Mabel knows from her comedy experience that the old gags are the best.

WHEN Dorothy Mackaill's mother learned that her daughter, who is in New York, was married, she fainted and has been in a very serious condition.

Dorothy's mother came to this country from England with her daughter, who promised that she wouldn't marry. A short time ago Dorothy's stepfather joined her mother in Hollywood.

This is all I know about the case, and I didn't read this in the newspapers.

WHAT sounds like the first American defeat for Emil Jannings is the announcement that his first picture for Famous Players will, after all, be "The Man Who Forgot God." Mr. Jannings rejected this story when he first arrived. Whether his capitulation means that even he cannot buck the great American producer, or merely that the great American producer has resorted to his customary trick of hiding a new story behind an old title, will not be known until the picture is finished. Work has already begun, with Mauritz Stiller directing, under the supervision of Eric Pommer.

THERE have been reports that Jannings would have liked Lothar Mendes to direct his first American picture. Mendes is the German director who worked with Eric Pommer in Europe, and who apparently has no intention of working with Robert Kane in New York any longer. Kane didn't take kindly to the suggestion that Mendes be released from his contract to go with Jannings, and so "The Prince of Tempters" was made—Mendes' first picture in this country—and for a month or more he has been at work on "Song of the Dragon." But the atmosphere of the studio wasn't entirely harmonious. When the picture was only half finished, Mendes, without surprising anyone very much, walked off the set for good and all. And on his arm was Dorothy Mackaill, who plays the leading rôle. Miss Mackaill did not desert permanently—only long enough to dash to the Municipal Building and become Mrs. Lothar Mendes. Then she went back and resumed work under the direction of Joe Boyle. Mr. Boyle has been production manager for Robert Kane, and this is his first directorial experience.

It's all very puzzling, and nobody knows just what is at the bottom of the conflicting rumors about Kane and Mendes and their quarrels. But one thing is certain—Dorothy Mackaill is a fast worker. Six weeks before their marriage Mendes had never even seen her.

HAROLD LLOYD, as you might have suspected, is a football fan, and when the University of Southern California played Stanford, at Los Angeles this fall, he made arrangements to have himself and his car admitted to the stadium by a special gate. As he drove up, the student who guarded the door stopped the car, and Lloyd explained who he was. The student peered at him skeptically. "I'm sorry," he said, "but there have been five ahead of you and they all wore glasses and you have none." And Harold had to back his car out and go in by the regular gate.

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Which reminds me of a young man I know who has the general contours of Lloyd and wears spectacles. During the year when he lived in and about Hollywood he was constantly hailed by little boys and adoring flappers. "There's Harold Lloyd!" they would squeal, surrounding him. And he spent a fortune in fountain-pen ink, signing Harold's name for autograph hounds. At length his fame was too much for him and he came back East where there's no penalty for wearing tortoise-shell rims.

NOTHING daunted by the fact that the two films made with Aimee Semple MacPherson's kidnapping story as a basis flopped dismally, a Los Angeles promoter has proposed that Aimee herself appear in a picture with the same theme. The officials at Universal City were consulted, and altho they preferred to have nothing to do with such a production, they agreed to rent the sets and the space on their lot if Mrs. MacPherson wished to make the production at her own risk. When last heard from, Mrs. MacPherson was considering the matter very seriously, and the world was waiting for her answer.

I NEVER thought a movie star would wear the same coat for two consecutive seasons. But, wandering thru the Cosmopolitan Studio the other day, I found Pauline Garon wrapped in the same garment that she wore as a bride, almost a year ago. With her was Lowell Sherman, who looked like the same devoted husband who posed for the photographers last winter. Maybe Pauline has discovered that the way to keep a husband is not to ask for a new coat every year. The Shermans are working in the same studio, Pauline with Gloria Swanson in "Sunya," and Lowell as the gentlemanly German spy in "Song of the Dragon."

IF you have faith in Erich von Stroheim's discoveries, watch the career of Harry Reinhardt. Harry is twenty-eight, has been in pictures for three years, and is sure of being in for three years more, because he has signed a personal contract with the optimistic von Stroheim for that period. Von Stroheim has complete control over Reinhardt's professional activities, and confesses to great plans for his protégé, tho none of them seems to be very definitely formulated. Reinhardt began his career in a D. W. Griffith picture. He is also a graduate of musical comedy, and during his years in Hollywood he has worked as art director, assistant director, and production manager. But nobody mentions just exactly what pictures he has worked in, or what he looks like.

UNITED ARTISTS is reaching out and gathering the best bets it can find around Hollywood, to increase its fame and distinction. June Mathis has already been signed to make special productions for U. A. And Lois Weber, the only woman director of importance in Hollywood, has deserted Universal and gone over to United. There is still the possibility that Universal may exercise the option they have on her services and force her to remain with them another year. Miss Mathis will probably be in charge of all Constance Talmadge productions.

Syd Chaplin, also, is leaning toward United Artists, and there is the possibility that Corinne Griffith will ally herself with them. Syd made a profound impression on Hollywood with "The Better 'Ole," and is beginning to be regarded with al-

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most as much reverence as his brother Charlie.

THE evolution of "Women Love Diamonds" is another proof that you never can tell what's lurking behind the title of a movie. A few months ago, "Women Love Diamonds" was a script written by Willis Goldbeck from an original story by Carey Wilson, and was to be made into a feature production, with no star, by Monta Bell. It was an episodic tale tracing the course of a diamond from the mines in Africa to the ultra-civilized fingers of a modern lady. A sophisticated and capricious tale, promising much amusement. The only character who was carried thru the whole story was a negro girl.

Something went wrong. Monta Bell got temperamental and left. The story was shelved. And now Metro-Goldwyn announces that Pauline Starke has selected "Women Love Diamonds" as a suitable vehicle. And that it is a story written and directed by Edmund Goulding. No clue to the nature of the plot is given, but I'll wager Pauline Starke isn't playing a negro girl.

FAMOUS PLAYERS begins to feel that the Paramount School has justified itself. Three of the Junior Stars have successfully played leading rôles since their début in "Fascinating Youth." Charles Rogers has the lead in "Wings." Mona Palma was leading woman for Thomas Meighan in "The Canadian," and Josephine Dunn has been assigned the leading rôle in "Love's Greatest Mistake," which Eddie Sutherland, the youthful husband of Louise Brooks, will direct. James Hall, now well established as a delightful leading man, will play opposite her.

Tag, Clara—You're "IT"

(*Continued from page* 43)

quality which some living beings possess, which draws others of both sexes," she said. "The possessor of IT must be absolutely unself-conscious, tho full of self-confidence, and must have that magnetic sex appeal that is irresistible. Mothers spoil boys with IT. Women never refuse them, while the women who possess IT are simply devastating. They can attract any man even against his judgment, and they arouse devotion in their female companions. All who come in contact with them are their slaves.

"IT is a magnetic emanation, and beauty has nothing to do with it. An ugly girl can have IT. However, few women possess it, even among the most beautiful and physically attractive.

"Jack Gilbert had IT in 'His Hour' and 'The Big Parade.' Douglas Fairbanks has IT in all of his pictures.

"The person who has IT suggests in his bearing, the flash of his eye, that it is impossible to control him. That is a great part of his fascination. However, more animals possess IT than men or women. Every cat, every tiger has IT. Some dogs have IT."

"And," we interjected, "of course, there's Rex, King of Wild Horses," who first won from Mrs. Glyn, the distinction of having IT.

Yes, Mrs. Glyn agreed, Rex still has IT, and he will probably keep this extraordinary quality, since he doesn't know he possesses it. It is absolutely fatal for a person to discover that he or she has IT. With the knowledge, the gift vanishes, Mrs. Glyn says. Rex, Jack Gilbert and our Doug luckily have escaped the knowledge that they have IT to the *n*th degree. Can it be that none of them reads the fan magazines, while the luckless Glyn heroines of the past have devoured every compliment, and thus lost their heritage?

And will Clara Bow follow in the footsteps of her sisters?

We hope not. We've watched Clara, both on and off the screen for some time. She has always been sharply individual. There's the matter of Clara's hair, for instance. We have seen—all Hollywood has seen, Clara's hair change in none too gradual a manner from black to a quite surprising orange. Her take-it-or-leave-it attitude is quite enchanting. The youngster has lifted herself right up by the bootstraps, and we've loved her for it.

Mrs. Glyn told us that she was attracted to Clara in "Mantrap." "She had IT in her eyes, in that picture," Mrs. Glyn says.

She thinks very highly of Clara Bow as an artist. Clara is very sincere, takes her work seriously as the artist must do, and Mrs. Glyn "would not hesitate to put her in tragedy—a very great tragedy."

"IT," however, will not be a tragedy. Mrs. Glyn adores doing comedy, and there will be plenty of "delicious fun" in "IT."

Mrs. Glyn is an ally of all flappers, if by flapper is meant the young girl who enjoys, but does not abuse freedom. "She must have self-control, self-respect, and never do anything which degrades her own soul," the author said.

Later we strolled out on the Glyn set, and indicated that we were quite willing to meet Clara Bow, who has dethroned so many screen beauties, and now reigns alone in the Glyn kingdom of "IT."

But word came back that Miss Bow was too tired to accept an introduction, and quite abashed we crawled humbly out of The Presence.

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Do you want a beautiful complexion *this week?* A skin that fairly *sparkles?* And color that is all your *own?* Then give your system just a little *calcium!*

Calcium clears away *every* impurity that keeps the skin sallow or dull. It keeps pores purged, and the cuticle clean. You'll feel and see the difference from the very first day you take a tiny, sugar-coated Stuart calcium wafer!

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Make you look old—lift the sags! Mar-Vel Lifters will take the years from your face instantly. Makes you young looking permanently. Can be worn with bobbed hair. Invisible. Best rejuvenator on market. Price $3.00. LUCILLE FRANCIS. 404 W. 9th St., Dept. 5, Los Angeles, Cal.

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EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

LADIES' wrist watch of latest design, 6-jewel guaranteed movement, 25-yr. white gold fancy engraved case with jewel tip. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalog sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address *today*.
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What Is Alice Joyce?

No one on the screen has been more grossly misrepresented than Alice Joyce. She has always been pictured as the aristocratic Park Avenue type and nothing else . . . To read most things that have been written about her, you would think she had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth and never touched life at its dark places. . . .

All this is tommyrot. . . .

And next month, Gladys Hall, who knows Alice Joyce as a friend, presents a fearless portrait based on years of charming and intimate friendship.

Reserve your copy of the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at your neighborhood news-stand now!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Where Do We Eat?

(*Continued from page* 40)

appetite. Meals should be among the most pleasant happenings of the day. Party dinners should be the brightest of functions. You cannot have gaiety and happiness at meals unless your dining-room has an appropriate background for this same gaiety and cheer.

Your walls first of all. I pointed out before how important these are. In a dining-room your walls must be gay. Only a generation or two ago dining-room walls were often a dingy brown, a dull blue, or an impossible green. There were heavy wood plate rails, with ugly plates and steins leering down at one. There were dadoes of wood and imitation leather. There were horrible and grotesque panels. No wonder family dispositions were gloomy. We have come a long way from them, just as we have come a longer way from our bone-throwing ancestors, but in many cases we have not come far enough.

Gay walls, then, first of all. If I were decorating a dining-room in a modern home where too much money couldn't be spent, I would spend my first money on my walls. I would make these a warm cream, a soft ivory or a pale green or gray, if I were using plain colors. If I wanted to put more decoration in my walls, I would get one of the lovely flowered wall-papers that are so appropriate for dining-rooms. Bright birds. Gay foliage. Slender tree trunks. All with a background of soft warm cream color.

I would have my woodwork light. If I were having cream walls I would match the walls exactly, using an egg-shell finished paint so that the woodwork could be washed frequently. Nothing is so bad as dingy, spotted woodwork in a dining-room and you know how greasy fingers can spot woodwork.

For floors in my dining-room I would not use carpets unless I had to. Carpets spot easily too. Altho there is nothing I like better than one-tone rugs, in a dining-room where there is a lot of entertaining and when there are children, it is almost impossible to keep the one-tone rug in good condition. If it were at all practical I would have hardwood floors and I would stain these a dark color and keep them well waxed. If your floors are not hard wood, I would paint or stain them a dark color, give them a coat of varnish, and then keep them nicely waxed. If your floors are in very bad condition, one of the attractive, new linoleums would make a good floor covering. In any case, no matter what my floor covering was, I would use light rugs that could be moved easily, and in summer I might dispense with rugs altogether.

Chinese rugs are lovely for dining-rooms but a domestic rug, in good [illegible] ing, a big rag rug, or even [illegible] of the grass materials would prove attractive

I would keep my [illegible] simple. If your walls [illegible] bright [illegible] or pr[illegible] w[illegible] I'd s[illegible] room. If you like, you might edge the linen with a two-inch band of color in plain chintz or taffeta. If you dont want to use flowered or figured hangings at your windows, you might use a plain silk, a dyed monk's cloth, or bright glazed chintz. Cream walls, dark floors and printed linen in blue, black and white, with bands of blue or burnt orange make a very good-looking dining-room. Cream walls, with plain hangings of orange, makes a good dining-room too. Green

The man who thought a buggy was good enough

IN THE old days, a solid, conservative citizen might sniff and tell you he didn't read advertising.

He didn't think so much of the horseless carriage, either. The telephone was newfangled, and an insult to the United States mails.

As for radio, aeroplanes, wireless photography—if they had been born then, he probably would have thought them a bit immoral.

But he's changed. He's been educated. His point of view has been made broader and more modern. He has been civilized—by the automobile, the telephone, radio, advertising.

Every single one has opened up new paths for him, taught him new things. Advertising, especially. Advertising tells him the newest things to wear, the best things to eat. Advertising tells his wife how to make a home up to date and attractive. Advertising tells him the prices to pay for things he buys, saves him from the old-fashioned ways of doing business—helps him live well, keeps him modern.

Advertising can help you. The advertisements in this magazine are here to tell you many things that make life more comfortable, more interesting, happier. Read them faithfully. They'll keep you abreast of the times. They'll prevent you from becoming the type [illegible]

Advertising is the key to modernity

Now! a real
WAVING LIQUID

Discovered by two French chemists, *Vlotoline* sets your hair in waves that last from shampoo to shampoo. Wet your hair with Vlotoline, then curl with ordinary curlers or curling iron, (or have your hairdresser wave it). It takes but a few minutes; the liquid makes the wave stay. Not affected by dampness or heat. You'll be amazed how beautiful your hair will be! Vlotoline is greaseless and harmless, and contains no alcohol. 4 oz. $1.50 enough for 3 or 4 months.

VLOTOLINE
(VLO-TO LEEN) Reg U.S. Pat Off

OFFER—*To prove what a remarkable Liquid this is, mail coupon with 50c for a bottle of Vlotoline—enough for at least 4 applications.*

Vlotoline Laboratories, Inc., Dept. B-2
224 East 42nd St., New York

I enclose 50c. for which send me a bottle of Vlotoline—enough for at least 4 applications.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

FREE

$20 Fine Tone Musical Instruments

Your choice of a Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. You will be proud to own any one of these instruments and we will give you one without cost. A few cents a day for lessons is your only expense. Our system of teaching is so easy that you can play several pieces by note with the first four lessons. We guarantee success or no charge. Instrument and lessons sent on **one week's free trial.** Write for booklet today, no obligation. Over 200,000 satisfied pupils.

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1632 North Halsted Street, Dept. 216, Chicago, Illinois

$1250 FOR A PHOTOPLAY $1250

Written by an unknown writer whose story was sold through our sales department. We copyright, revise, criticize and market photoplays. We are right on the ground in Hollywood in daily touch with the studios. We know the market. Send manuscript today for free criticism and advice. Universal Scenario Company, Room 215, 5507 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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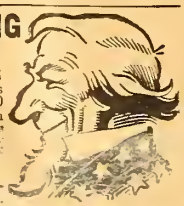

from the school that has trained hundreds of successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more a week. The Landon [illegible] Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send for [illegible] for full information and chart test your ability. *Also state age*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
1402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER

10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and [illegible] Its Cause and Cure. It tells how I cured myself after stammering 25 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 11401 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

Beauty Of Hair and Skin Preserved By Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal

hangings are always good in a dining-room and green flowered chintz is lovely.

Your other dining-room accessories can be in harmony. Use candles the color of your walls or the color of your hangings, or pick out a contrasting color for them. Throw away your artificial flowers. There is no place for them in the dining-room—nor in any other part of your home. For your dining-room centerpiece use a few simple cut flowers or a small, growing plant, or an amusing, gay colored, china ornament, or a dish of fruit. All of these are appropriate and good-looking.

And now the dining-room furniture. These days when it comes to dining-room furniture we are becoming almost civilized. Yet the greatest horror in our grandmothers' days was the dining-room "set." What a hideous thing it was. Ugly chairs all alike. A huge sideboard loaded down with cut glass or imitation cut glass. A cabinet full of useless things. Today, luckily, the "set" of dining-room furniture is going out, and where it is used it is greatly modified.

As a matter of fact, it is not necessary to use a complete suite of dining-room furniture at all unless you want to. Oh, you can use one, and there are lovely suites of furniture today made for dining-rooms, that are graceful in line and most attractive-looking. There are modifications of Jacobean suites that are lovely. There are Colonial suites and Duncan Phyfe suites that are attractive too, but the average dining-room "set of furniture" is one of the ugliest things that I know. Dont buy a whole suite just because some manufacturer has got it together and told you it can be used. These days there are too many suites that come in open stock where you can buy the pieces you need, to have forced upon you a whole ugly "set of furniture" because a clerk thinks that it should be sold.

If I were starting out housekeeping today, I would not buy a suite of furniture at all for my dining-room. I would buy first of all a very good-looking table. This could be a table of the refectory type with or without draw ends, according to how many would usually sit at the table, or a lovely gate-leg table which could be kept folded during the day.

Refectory tables and drop-leaf tables are ideally suited to the average dining-room. They take up less room than the big formal table, and are far more artistic-looking. They enable you to use your dining-room for other purposes than dining during the day. It does seem foolish to have a dining-room used only three hours a day at the outside, and left standing vacant all the rest of the time. This is a day of conservation. When you use your dining-room half an hour for breakfast and half an hour more for lunch, and stretched out, not more than an hour for dinner, you will add up and find that you have used the whole room only two hours out of the twenty-four. You have got to get more out of your room than that, or you are not being an efficient housekeeper.

Why not use your dining-room as an auxiliary living-room? With [illegible] leg or refectory [illegible] sible but practical. Your table can be pushed out of the way during the day. The rest of your dining-room suite can consist of graceful and always good Windsor chairs or high, ladder-back chairs with rush seats. Half a dozen of these chairs wont seem to take up much room, and you can get other straight chairs to go with them if you need more than six.

For the rest of your dining-room suite you might buy a graceful serving table and buffet to match, if you need them. You might find that a pair of serving tables, just alike, would serve your purpose as well as a larger buffet and be better looking besides.

For dishes, I know nothing more attractive than an open Welsh dresser. Here can repose in state—and be well displayed, your good-looking plates, and your best pieces of pewter and silver. If your furnishings do not fit in well with a Welsh dresser, you might try a Colonial cabinet, either one of the graceful corner cabinets that can be built into a room or shoved into a corner, or one of the regular Colonial cabinets with attractive curved lights in the doors. With your dresser or cabinet and your serving tables and good-looking chairs, and your dining-table pushed against the wall, your room will have a real air. Add to it then an overstuffed chair, with perhaps a bridge lamp with a parchment shade back of it, and you have given real charm to the room—and a double purpose too, for you can use it for reading and lounging, as well as for eating. A small corner book-shelf or a hanging book-shelf will add to the room and take away its just-for-eating appearance.

If you feel that you must have a real dining-room suite, choose carefully. Avoid the heavy suite. Some of the loveliest suites today are light in size and weight and are therefore far more graceful than the heavy suites of other days.

Why dont you do away with your dining-room entirely? Many people have done this successfully. I know of a dozen charming homes where, apparently, there isn't a sign of a dining-room when you go in. This may not prove practical where there are a number of small children. In every other case I think it would be ideal in the small home or apartment.

Where there is no dining-room, a gate-leg table is excellent, too. These drop-leaf tables are always in good taste and come in inexpensive designs and many wood finishes. Where you do not care to use a gate-leg table, use in your living-room as a substitute one of the library tables that pull out, or a small refectory table. These new library tables are splendid. In between meals they repose back of the davenport and hold books and a lamp. When it is time to eat, you give them a slight pull and as if by magic an extra leaf pops into place and you have a generous-size dining-room table.

If you are going to entertain a lot, you could use pairs of chairs in your living-room and hall, and usually three pairs of chairs do not interfere with the living-room-like appearance of a fair-sized room. For auxiliary chairs I would get some of the very attractive folding chairs that can be bought at a small cost. These can be painted or stained to match any color of decoration. I know one home where twelve of these are tucked away in a small closet and are taken out just before dinner. When they are in place, these folding chairs look as formal as regular dining-room chairs [illegible] comfortable.

Many modern homes today are being built with dining-rooms and breakfast-rooms. To me this seems a waste of valuable space. Living-rooms are small enough as they are, and to provide two rooms for eating, which means that the dining-room is used only once a day, seems preposterous. Where there are a number of children or servants to use the breakfast-room, this is a comfortable solution. Otherwise, it is inefficient. Breakfast-rooms where there are no dining-rooms are an excellent solution to the subject, however.

Breakfast sets these days come in most charming designs and may be used not only in breakfast-rooms for which they

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were made, but in small dining-rooms as well. In gay enamel, in black enamel, or in walnut or mahogany, they are light enough to be graceful and large enough to be quite adequate.

Candle light for eating! Cut flowers on the table. Accessories in some of the new colored glass. Some of the new chintz, plain or gaily flowered, and your dining-room will reflect charm and hospitality. It will make the words, "Dinner is served," the most welcome of the day.

"When do we eat" is important. "Where do we eat" is most important of all.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 103)

consideration and less criticism for the star. However, if Miss Swanson's popularity be any indication, there must be far more who do understand than do not.

A moment later she was on the set, posed in a doorway and singing blithely as she waited for the lights and camera. Once before I heard her sing, and her voice is beautifully clear and true, tho not with the depth and resonance necessary to a concert voice.

Then a change of costume, in the bungalow dressing-room, with piano, violin, and cello following the general exodus to the new set. Here, after the usual tedium of awaiting the adjustment of lights, camera, etc., the scene, a short one, was shot four times, with the necessity each time of being merry and bright!

Since the whole company had worked until two-thirty the night before and been on the set since nine o'clock, being behind schedule with "Sunya," I found I must be content with moments caught between scenes. During one of these periods a very blonde young beauty was introduced to Gloria, stating immediately and simultaneously that she was delighted to meet her and that she had just won a "beautiful leg contest!" All of which Gloria received with a friendly smile and the comment, apropos of the beautiful legs, "I can easily see why you won, but what will you do if long skirts come in?"

I've forgotten the answer to that, but shortly after she'd gone Gloria turned to me with an alarmed expression and exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens! do you suppose she'll take that the wrong way?"

I answered, "Of course not, how could she?"

"Well, I cant always tell."

How *lovely* it must be to have to worry over every chance remark one makes!

Meaning to lead gently up to her little daughter, Gloria II, I ventured a remark about my little sister. A flash of real interest was my answer, but as we were about to launch into what promised to be a cheerful talk about children, there came once more the call to the set, and that was the end of conversation that day, for luncheon followed, during which Mr. Kendrick and I agreed most thoroly that Miss Swanson is a perfect peach.

I know that I myself should have displayed less patience and good nature over an incident that occurred the first time I met her, when "Sunya" was just starting. It was during some scenes requiring rather tense concentration and she had gone thru two of them to the accompaniment of a deafening racket from an adjacent set where some carpenters were working. The mellow music of "The Swan" was quite drowned when she turned to Albert Parker, who is directing, and asked if the men could be more quiet for a little while. Immediately from Parker and all hands went the cry "Quiet, please!" "Quiet!" "Quiet!"

Again the scenes began, this time with the murmur of "Ave Maria," from the studio musicians. For about two minutes there was the needed quiet, then again began the maddening hammer, hammer, crash, bang!—but Gloria went with apparent calm, thru her scenes, making no further reference to their disobedience.

I can think of many less important stars, not all feminine, who would have thrown the usual temperamental fit and with just cause.

Not that she is all "sweetness and light," but how many of us are? The slightest lapse of ordinary temper or nerves, to which we, as mere "plain citizens," are entitled, is forbidden a star, however justified, and labeled, "Too much temperament!"

On the return from luncheon I couldn't resist returning to the set for a last glimpse and a good-bye before starting for the wardrobe-room to take the sketches of the costumes she had ready for me—but, as I was wondering if handsome Ian Keith's melancholy expression was caused by the recent alimony judgment against him, I caught sight of Mesdames A. W. F., our brilliant managing editress (free ad.), and charming G. H., aproaching.

"MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is well represented today, *n'est-ce-pas?*" quoth I, lightly, tho with a guilty thought, winging wardrobewards.

In the wardrobe-room, where all the rich furs and silks are fashioned, I met Monsieur Rene Hubert, Miss Swanson's designer, who showed me, with much delight, the exquisite necklaces, bracelets, etc., which he had had made especially for her.

As I sketched, there came to my ears excited yells and laughter from below, and, chancing a glance out over the balcony rail I saw Dorothy Mackaill in the throes of a love scene with someone who looked like Lawrence Gray, dont know who he was, but Mendes, the director, was shouting "More! More!—Kiss him! Kiss him again!!"

Buster Collier, in a funny sailor hat, was doubling with laughter on the side lines and so was everyone else. Watching Mendes direct is a very good way to understand why one felt the life and momentum so strongly all thru "Variety," of which he was director (or associate director or something).

Later, having torn myself away long enough to finish the drawings, I went down to the set and watched some more. This time she was weeping softly, but a sudden burst of wails from Mendes was, apparently, the signal for violent shoulder-shaking sobs, for oh! how she cried—while over again, as the scene was retaken, came these Ray Dooley "Wah-Wahs" from the director.

How under the sun she managed to convey grief and not comedy is beyond me!

Well! Pat, is this enough for this time? It had better be, for my hand is almost paralyzed!

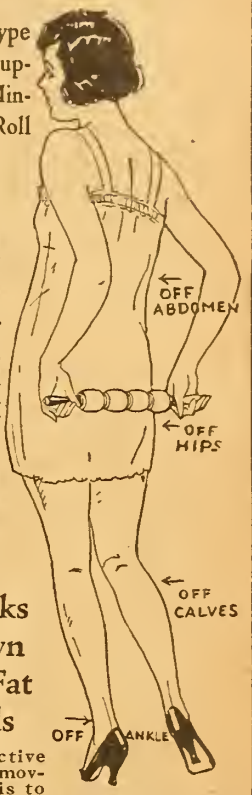
Dont forget you're coming soon for another visit. I'll have the band at the Grand Central to meet you!

Much love,
GRACE.

Take Off Fat

~ *Any Spot or over Entire Body!*

Amazing New-Type Rubber Roller (Cupped) Does it! 10 Minutes a Day Will Roll the Fat Away—



A GRACEFUL slender figure now easy! 10 minutes a day simple massaging with this new type Reducer does it—takes off the fat—at any spot—or over the entire body. Nothing like the Magic Reducer unique rollers—really four rubber rollers in one and each one cupped. Scientific! It actually works as a reducer. Produces a combined massage and suction action that breaks down the fat cells.

Breaks Down the Fat Cells

The effective way of removing fat is to break down the fat cells and at the same time stimulate circulation so the blood will carry the cells away. This, the Magic Reducer does through its combined massage-and-suction action. The fat positively disappears. 10 minutes a day in the privacy of your own boudoir will absolutely reduce double chin, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles—the entire body and restore youthful, graceful lines. No rigorous diet or strenuous exercise necessary. Full instructions with every roller.

TODAY!

The Magic Reducer is on sale at leading department stores or direct from us. BUY one today, see the results yourself even in so short a time. Weigh and measure yourself before starting—then note the difference even in 10 days! Order today at the special introductory price of $6.50. Send no money, if you wish, but pay postman the price (plus few cents postage) on delivery. Mail coupon or copy it in a letter or on postal —TODAY!

Industrial Rubber Co.
Desk M
Long Island City, New York

INDUSTRIAL RUBBER CO., Desk M
133 Harris Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

You may send me a Magic Reducer. I will pay postman $6.50 (plus postage) on delivery.

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

If you wish you may enclose $6.50 with this coupon and we will prepay postage.

CLASSIC

is the de luxe publication of the screen. It prides itself on its bright and attractive features — features which are off the beaten track. It is ever in search of new, original and fresh ideas. It believes in giving you the up-to-date slant on what's going on in the picture world. It's far ahead of the field, because it scores one journalistic beat after another. Its contributors are constantly writing new impressions.

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CLASSIC

for FEBRUARY

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The Magazine with the Personality

We Interview Colleen Moore

(*Continued from page 32*)

steps the light fantastic with a pleased partner . . . as G. H. selects her eighth fat marron from the petits-fours *tray . . . as A. W. F. foregoes a pastry, making the martyred gesture public property . . . as Norma is engaged in conversation by a man resembling the late god, Pan . . . as Helen Ferguson talks about Gene Tunney . . . as a late Lothario cuts in on Constance.*

ACT II: SCENE I.—The living-room of the McCormick suite at the Ambassador on the following Tuesday at five o'clock.

The brilliant chintz curtains are drawn against a wintry rain outside. There is warmth and color within . . . great damask chairs in warm colors . . . etchings on the walls . . . flowers . . . smoking tables . . . a large table against the wall holding an array of baby-doll house, furniture collected by Colleen for her doll house.

Colleen is wearing a negligée of soft blue crêpe de Chine on which swirl fandangos and petals and things in heavenly colors . . . mules of ash-rose on her feet . . . her only jewels, her wedding ring of platinum and the huge square-cut diamond set in platinum that is her engagement ring . . . She is curled up, small-girl fashion, on one corner of the divan . . . talking . . . her hands make the swift gestures of birds in flight. . . .

COLLEEN: My poor John is so wretched. He shouldn't have come to my tea the other afternoon. He caught more cold there.

G. H.: You seem to have suffered no ill effects from it.

COLLEEN (*laughing*): I think it did me good. Tho I fainted when I got back to my rooms that night. I think because the place had been so hot. I'm fine now, if only I wasn't so worried about my John. As a matter of fact, I've worked since the day of the tea . . . exteriors . . . and in the rain. . . .

A. W. F.: Where did you take the scenes?

COLLEEN: On Fifth Avenue. And I dont believe anyone so much as suspected that we were taking pictures. Oooh, it was lots of fun . . . you see, we hid the camera up in the big window of a second story . . . a shop window . . . and Jack Mulhall and I had the greatest fun. . . . You see, we just had to get the scenes while we were on here and when we first planned to "shoot" it was raining. So we had the idea of taking the scenes in the rain. That's done so seldom. We've seen the rushes and we think they're pretty great. They show a pageant of umbrellas, dripping and dipping and dashing thru crowds and colliding with one another. It's really very interesting. It's well we did start to take the scenes in the rain because we haven't had any trouble about getting other rainy-day scenes. We haven't had anything *but* rain.

G. H.: Didn't people on Fifth Avenue recognize you?

COLLEEN: They didn't seem to. No one paid the slightest attention to us.

Oh, and the funniest thing happened! Jack has to jostle me in the crowd in some of the scenes . . . as I get off the bus, you see . . . and he did jostle me and an elderly man saw him do it and gave him a fearful look. Jack asked Al Santell, our director, you know, not to take any retakes, because the elderly man kept on watching him and Jack was afraid he would get knocked down.

(*She jumps from the divan at the sound of a bell ringing in the next room.*)

Excuse me just a moment. That's the phone in John's room and he mustn't try to answer it.

A. W. F. (*sotto voce . . . or so she thinks*): It seems ridiculous for her to be married. She looks like a schoolgirl, really.

G. H.: Agreed. I thought that, even I had the same thought, when I saw her wedding ring. Isn't that a luscious negligée?

COLLEEN (*running back . . . she is usually to be seen running or taking small skipping steps*): What was I saying? Oh, yes, I know . . . the poor old man thought that Jack was pushing a poor woiking goil. . . .

A. W. F. (*efficiently . . . on a scent . . . and off*): *Are* you a woiking goil in this picture . . . "Orchids and Ermine," isn't that the title?

COLLEEN (*shaking her head affirmatively and so energetically that the black curtains on either side of her face flap like wings*): I'm a telephone girl at the Ritz. And, of course, I have an idea that it would be nice to marry one of the rich men who flirt with me when I get them a number . . . then a poor boy comes along . . . but I wont tell you the story . . . that's "no fair." . . .

G. H.: You like the part, tho?

COLLEEN: Yes, and there are lots of funny situations in it. And I think the public will like it, too. It's kind of a Cinderella theme and that's always good. "Twinkletoes," which I just finished, is . . . well, different. Sadder. Well, we think it is "artistic" (this with a comical little face). And I wear a blonde wig in it, and I adored that.

G. H.: Which had you rather do, Colleen? Comedy or drama? The sad or the glad?

COLLEEN (*very seriously*): Well, both. I like to change. Drama and comedy. Sort of alternate, if possible. I think I did one too many of the light frivolous things, as it is. Besides, life is like that, too, isn't it? Comedy and drama . . . all mixed up. . . .

A. W. F.: Yes. . . . You really do get a great kick out of your work, dont you, Colleen?

COLLEEN (*like a high-school girl*): Oh, I do! I should say I do! I was a movie fan long before I went into the movies, you know. I still have a scrapbook I kept of my favorites and when I work with some man I used to have a crush on when I watched him on the screen, I get a great big thrill out of it.

But of course I wouldn't want to keep on indefinitely. . . .

G. H. (*apprehensively*): You mean you plan to leave the screen?

COLLEEN (*seriously . . . very seriously, now*): I *hope* I will. I hope I will have the good sense to. To stay too long is such a tragedy. You know, I often think that is what is so lovely about Marguerite Clark. She left when she was at the top, on the crest. We keep on remembering her as always young and gay and lovely. She never tasted defeat . . . never was disillusioned. . . .

A. W. F. (*oracularly*): If only you'll

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have the courage to stop when this contract expires. It will take courage. They will offer you so much money, so many rôles you'll adore doing, so many glittering plums . . . they'll try so hard to get around you and your determination.

COLLEEN: I know they will. That is, I know they will if I still have my popularity. But you can lose that very quickly.

G. H.: What would you do with your time if you left the screen?

COLLEEN (*surely*): What would I do? Oh, so many things. All the things I've wanted to do and never could do. I'd take up my music again. And, this probably sounds foolish, but it's true; I'd like to fool around with clay. I've always been interested in sculpture, always thought I could sculpt. . . . There'd be that. I dont know that I could make anything very big out of it, but I'd try.

And I'd travel . . . there are so many places John and I want to see. . . .

A. W. F.: To curious lands, do you mean?

COLLEEN (*nodding brightly, vehemently*): Yes. To India . . . Africa . . . and we want to take a house-boat or whatever they call 'em and travel up the River Nile . . . slowly . . . I want to see the places I've read about. Not only the big cities and world capitals, but the little, out-of-the-way places.

You see (*very gravely*), life goes so quickly and there is so much to see and do and be. So few of us ever do the things we would most love to do—and that's sad. What is the sense of piling up more and more money in the bank if you are never to enjoy it. I love my work. I dare say that, you see, even tho it is trite and repetitious. But I love other things in life, too. I want some of them *all*.

G. H.: Children? Do you want children?

COLLEEN (*wistfully*): Yes. That first of all, when I retire. Children. I want *two*—but I wouldn't have them now. I want to have time for my children, not have to leave them entirely to the care of nurses.

(*At this juncture Russell Ball arrives to take some photographs of Colleen. And while he is supervising the adjustment of the lights and erecting his cameras,* et cetera, *Colleen slips into a party frock with the assistance of her maid . . . the interviewers wait . . . they have heard of the frock that typifies "Orchids and Ermine."*)

A minute later Colleen dances in, wearing the frock . . . a conceit, a whim, a fantasy of orchid chiffon, of bands of ermine and little ermine tails, of silver and froth . . . "such stuff as dreams are made of."

COLLEEN (*pirouetting, now this way, now that, pleased, as excited as if wearing her first party frock*): Isn't it darling? I think it is . . . I love wearing pretty things . . . I've worn rags and forlornities so often . . . you're not quite ready yet, Mr. Ball? Oooh, I want to show John . . . you come, too, Gladys and Adele, then he may not ask what it cost. John's so funny. He'll never say whether he likes my things or not until I tell him what they cost. Unless they're blue . . . no matter what I get, if it's blue, John likes it. He never cares *how* much a blue things costs. . . .

SCENE II.—The bedroom of the McCormick suite. In one of the twin beds lies John McCormick, the Supervisor of the First National Studios in California, the actual producer of Colleen's pictures, an immensely popular young Irishman, everywhere liked despite the fact of his just mentioned professional successes, not to mention his personal success as the husband of Colleen.

JOHN MCCORMICK (*genial, tho on his back*): Hello, hello. I'm a fine spectacle. But the darn germs got me and the doc makes me stay put.

Turn around and let me see you, Baby. That the dress you got to wear in "Orchids and Ermine"?

COLLEEN (*on tiptoe, round-eyed with expectation and excitement*): Ye-es. Like it, John?

A. W. F. (*trying to be helpful if needed*): I think it's adorable.

G. H. (*playing follow-the-leader*): Me, too.

JOHN (*an amused twinkle in his eye*): Much money, Babe?

COLLEEN: No, really, John, it was *quite* reasonable. *Now*, is it pretty?

JOHN (*waving a hand*): Very pretty . . . very pretty indeed! (*his proud eyes defy the others to so much as think otherwise*).

(*Al Santell, the director, comes in. There are two other men with him. A conference is due to take place. Motion picture productions and the details thereof wait for no man's cold.*)

COLLEEN (*anxiously*): Did you take your medicine, John?

JOHN: No, and I dont want any of that medicine.

COLLEEN: Oh, but it does help your throat and you'll have to be talking. . . .

JOHN (*docilely*): That's so. Well, give it to me, Baby.

(*Colleen measures the dose . . . John takes it and doesn't make quite so frightful a face as husbands usually make over medicine. Perhaps the wifely hands helped matters.*)

A. W. F. (*rising, in what manner all fans know by this time*): Good-bye, John. You'll be all right when you start back for California and sunshine.

JOHN (*smiling his charming Irish smile*): Oh, boy, that's all I need!

G. H.: Good-bye . . . good luck. . . .

JOHN: Good-bye . . . glad to have seen you . . . going to have pictures made, Baby?

COLLEEN (*dancing out with another toss of ermine tails and orchids*): Yes, dear.

SCENE III.—The reception-room, same as Scene I.

The lights are ready. The camera is set up. Colleen takes a pose inimitably full of life and action. The bulb clicks. The plate slides.

A. W. F. (*drawing on her dry-cleaned chamois*): We have to run, Colleen. Commuters, you know.

COLLEEN: When are you coming out to California? This winter?

A. W. F. and G. H. (*in unison*): Hope so.

COLLEEN (*anxiously*): Think John looks badly?

G. H. and A. W. F. (*reassuringly*): Pale, that's all. Just a cold. Regular epidemic of 'em. He'll be all right. Good-bye, Colleen.

COLLEEN (*preparing to make another change of costume for the next portrait*): Good-bye . . . 'bye. . . .

SCENE IV.—The interior of a taxicab. Strangely enough, it is not the customary cut-rate necessity. But the reason for this is immediately to be explained.

A. W. F.: Well, I've *told* you never to get into the cab the doorman hails for you . . . they're always the expensive cabs at the hotel stands.

G. H.: Why didn't you do something about it? *I* dont set up to be efficient!

A. W. F.: I couldn't very well pull you out by your coat-tails. You go into

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a taxi like a mouse after cheese. Just let *anybody* open *any* taxi door and presto, in you jump. Girls have come to bad ends doing just that, my friend.

G. H.: Oh, *MY!*

A. W. F.: Now, if you were Colleen Moore, just turned twenty-some-odd, about to retire at the end of your contract and spend the rest of your life doing the things you most want to do, why then, such things as taxi fares would be unimportant. But as it is . . .

G. H. (*putting up both hands as if to fend off blows*): I getcher, I getcher! But say, how must it feel to be like that, do you suppose?

A. W. F.: You give me credit for an imagination I do not possess. I have NO IDEA, my friend, no idea, whatever.

G. H. (*unpleasantly, it would seem*): She's so young. . . .

A. W. F.: And has so many illusions and hopes and enthusiasms. . . .

G. H. (*romantically*): Ah, Life could be very sweet!

A. W. F.: It has been said before, if I am not mistaken, that life is what you make it, after all. Colleen has a gift for life. Some may know how to write . . . I said *some* . . . others to paint . . . but Colleen is Irish before she is artist and she has the genius for living. . . .

G. H.: True enough. The essence of her. It is, I suppose, the thing that made her rise from a sick-bed and dress between fainting spells to attend a tea-party. Tea-parties . . . even *such* tea-parties . . . must be an old story to her, but she wasn't the least bit blasé, the least bit bored. . . .

A. W. F.: Exactly. What a debt she owes to her Celtic ancestors.

G. H. (*reluctantly removing small coins from her purse*): And what a debt *we* owe to the taxi driver!

A. W. F. (*wearily*): Our life is difficult at times. This is one of them. We hobnob with people whose weekly salaries sound like our yearly stipends . . . and I fear me this results in our tastes not being compatible with our pocketbooks.

G. H. (*dropping the coins like dole into A. W. F.'s determinedly outstretched hand*): A champagne taste, you might say . . .

A. W. F.: . . . without a bootlegger's income.

G. H. (*hesitantly*): I gave you all my money and I . . . I have no train ticket.

A. W. F.: I could feel it in my bones that I'd have to pay that extra fare somehow . . . it isn't the money I mind so much as . . .

G. H.: . . . the principle of the thing . . . I know.

CURTAIN.

Say It With Letters

(*Continued from page 72*)

often wondered whether she was ever in love. I think not. Love is not the disgusting, hard, and cruel emotion that is told by her, but it is something sweet and beautiful from the soul. Smoking, drinking, fighting and drunken men are considered immoral by many people. It really isn't. This age is filled with such actions and the lessons that people get from the screen on these actions make them ashamed. They wont admit it, but instead call it immoral. Am I not right?

Now I feel much better since I have exploded. I feel more like my real self.

K. McB.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

After their wedding in the late fall Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills were almost immediately separated. Doris had to go to a sanitarium for several weeks, and Milton had to go to California, where he was due to start work on a new picture. But a few weeks ago Doris journeyed westward . . . and Milton met her train at Pasadena

P. & A.

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Do Women Consider Marriage as a Business Proposition?

. . . or does a girl forget how practical life is when she becomes of a marriageable age and seek only romance?

Next month a dozen of the most interesting women on the screen speak with charming frankness in answer to this question . . . and their opinions vary.

Anna Q. Nilsson announces that the American man is generally a frightful husband, but she lays the blame for this at the feet of the American woman. You'll want to read what Anna so indiscreetly says . . . and all the things the other famous ladies say also.

What Is Alice Joyce?

For years people have gone about with a totally wrong impression of Alice Joyce. No interview has ever really gotten beneath her social surface . . .

Gladys Hall has known Alice for years. The things she has written will amaze you . . . but when you come to think them over you'll recognize them as the truth.

Ramon Novarro Found Romance in Paris and Arab Africa . . . Ramon Would!

Herbert Howe has given us far more than a life story in this, the only biography of Novarro that has ever been written. Biographers rarely know their subjects so intimately. And in this second instalment you will be enchanted by the sophistication, wit and gorgeous color that patterns their journeys and cloaks more drama than is usually found between the covers of a best-seller.

Lita, Wife of Charlie . . . *By Dorothy Manners*

Very little has ever been told about this slip of a girl, who is probably the most talked of personality in Hollywood. And the illustrations are what might be called family affairs.

The Princess' Press-Agent . . . *By Faith Baldwin*

If you've read "Three Women" or "Thresholds," the new novels by Faith Baldwin, you wont need our recommendation to read this short story. Miss Baldwin has qualities kindred to both Kathleen Norris and Edith Wharton . . . and it is with justifiable editorial pride that we offer "The Princess' Press-Agent."

Reserve your copy of the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at your neighborhood magazine store now!

We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

Read how to do it in "PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE", the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

Free Book!

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, *Physical Voice-Culture* will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The *Physical Voice-Culture* method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of *Physical Voice-Culture*.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e-e?"
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

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Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vosconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Vanity Fair -the New Terri Triple Compact with pencil. Price $2.50

Makers of exclusive Terri Face Powder

Terri
4 West 40th St. N.Y.C.

Notes for Peacock Alley

Vanity Fair
The New Terri
Compact de Luxe

Remember the days of the slipper bag? When *la jeune fille* dropped a wad of hairpins, a clean kerchief and a box of powder—not pink or "naturelle," but a chaste *flour*-white powder—into the silk bag with her dancing pumps and set out thus thinly armed for the ball?

Chaperones were not all dead then and only the *demi-monde* resorted—openly—to rouge.

The sophisticated young woman of today is far better prepared to withstand the wilting hours. With the aid of such a captivating little contrivance as the new Terri Compact—dubbed VANITY FAIR—she can keep her complexion in order through luncheon, tea, dinner, theatre and restaurant-after-the-show!

What so decorative as this slender case of polished black bakelite with the tiny white streamline running about the edge and gold crest in the corner? *Wherever* the spirit moves you to retouch your coloring Vanity Fair will adorn the occasion.

A diminutive gold-tipped pencil slips cleverly into a hollow at the hinge—invaluable for noting those new telephone numbers and addresses friends are always springing at luncheon or tea.

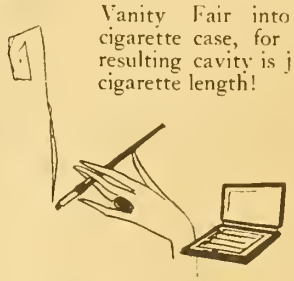
Inside is a mirror that *is* a mirror! Large enough to reflect the entire countenance—not the usual meagre glimpse of one cheek bone and half a nose! With its assistance it is really possible to adjust your complexion satisfactorily.

On the quality of the cosmetics one can only be frankly enthusiastic. If you have ever made the acquaintance of Terri powders you will know what I mean. They genuinely deserve the adjective "velvety" applied to so many powders—they caress—and they cling. The shades are true and blend well: Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel.

The cake rouge is remarkably fine grained and adheres very well. The colors have a hint of the exotic—Coral, with an orange cast, a Medium rose tint and a vivid Raspberry.

The lip rouge is exceptional in being absolutely free from the unpleasant greasy taste common to so much lip rouge. Refills, of course, are available.

An amusing factor is the possibility of removing the fitted compartments in a whimsical moment and turning Vanity Fair into a cigarette case, for the resulting cavity is just cigarette length!



Although containing a generous supply of cosmetics and a sizeable mirror in its attractive polished case, Vanity Fair costs only $2.50 and slips easily into the pocketbook.

In fact Vanity Fair is a Paragon of Compacts!

P.S.—That excellent Terri powder—by the way—with its intriguing perfume distilled from the exotic opopanax—may be had in *loose* form as well as compact. The loose powder has the same clinging quality character istic of the compact and the same smoothness, like the bloom on a peach.

It comes, too, in a most amusing and delectable box which is well worth the purchase in itself. Terri has chosen a modernistic version of the Spanish tradition for a motif and the languishing Senorita on her balcony—the gay serenader—the dancer—the picador—the matador—and the bull—desport themselves across the box in brisk, humorous black silhouette. A clever gadget for the smart dressing table!

The Shopper

Flushed—*Radiant, Alluring*

—Here the sweet charm of natural loveliness
that surpasses every other type of beauty

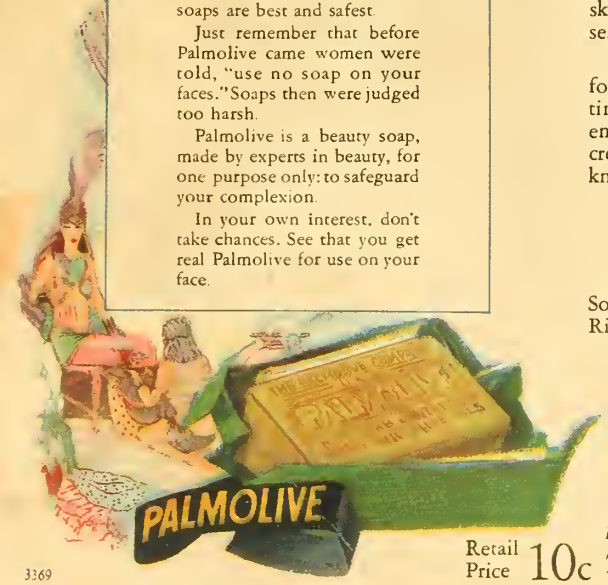
The simple rule in skin care, noted below, is bringing it to thousands—follow it in this way:

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment. Proved rules and proved soaps are best and safest.

Just remember that before Palmolive came women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only: to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.



ONLY the girl or woman, who can reveal natural skin loveliness, can justly claim true beauty.

For that reason, natural ways in skin care hold supreme sway everywhere today. Proved ways in skin care are alone followed by the woman who seriously wishes to care properly for her skin.

Leading skin specialists of the world urge the following simple rule. It's been proved effective times beyond number. Famous beauty experts employ it. More naturally clear complexions are credited to it probably than to any other method known.

The rule and how to follow it for best results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3369

Brett Litho Co., N.Y.

MOTION PICTURE

MARCH - 25 CTS

he Riddle
of the
Chaplin
Marriage

Norma Shearer

Do Women Marry
for Protection
or Love ?

MARLAND
STONE -

Are Movie Stars and Princesses Sisters Under the Skin?

See Page 22

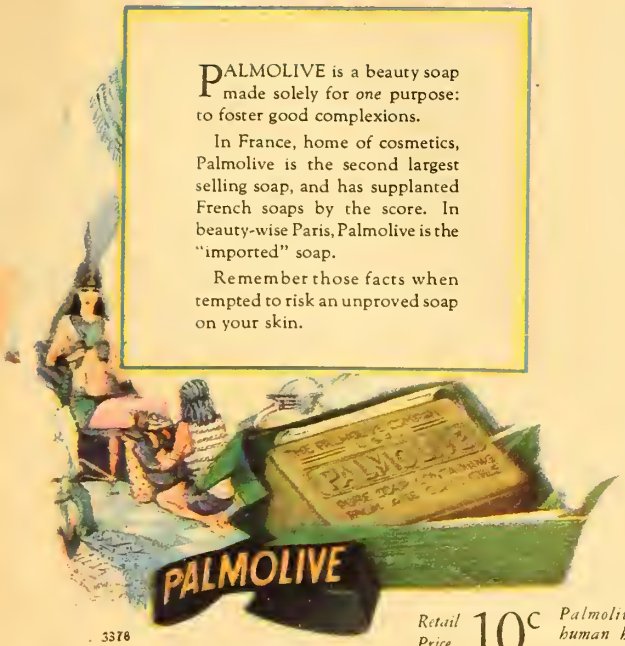
"The Prettiest Girl in Her Set"

Because—In this natural, wholesome way she makes the most of her attractions—protecting the good complexion nature gave, she assures beauty and happiness in her future; read how:

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose: to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.



3378

HAPPINESS is more necessary to a woman, sages say, than to a man. Yet what woman can be happy who is unattractive? . . . The girl who is beautiful in simple, unaffected ways is sought by everyone. "The most popular girl in her set" is usually the happiest girl.

Beauty is often only a matter of a lovely skin. For *that* is youth. And youth is the most priceless possession in the world . . . a possession now, thanks to natural ways in skin care, that is extended long past the allotted time. Youth well into the forties is common today. Thousands have gained it by following this simple rule:

The rule and how to follow it for best results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

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The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price 10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

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HELENE COSTELLO

RIN-TIN-TIN

Makers of Romance, Laughter, Adventure—Warner Bros. Stars

WHAT a parade of human emotions these Warner Bros. stars portray for your entertainment. A thousand lives, a thousand loves, adventure without end—that is the joy of picture-goers that see Warner Bros. stars at their favorite theatres. Builders of life and romance in the shadowy land of make-believe, they bring happiness to millions.

This year you should follow them more closely than ever because this year the pictures in which they appear reach a new high point of picture perfection.

"Don Juan"

The Greatest Lover of All Ages

The very sensation of the entire picture season—John Barrymore in "Don Juan." Hailed on all sides as the masterpiece of impassioned love and thrilling adventure, it is already playing in New York, Boston, Chicago and Detroit.

"The Better 'Ole"

Syd Chaplin's Laugh Sensation

"The Better 'Ole" with Syd Chaplin as the lovable "Old Bill" will be voted the greatest comedy of years. It is now the rage in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Both this picture and "Don Juan" will soon be playing in many other cities—watch for them and be sure to see them when they arrive.

Warner Bros. Pictures Finer Than Ever Now

Note the other pictures listed at the right. All of them differ widely in appeal and for that reason each will prove to be a source of new delights. When you see them you will know why it is that Warner Bros. stars are now greater favorites than ever, and that Warner Bros. Pictures are the best entertainment to be found.

You must see Warner Bros. stars in these great pictures at your favorite theatre.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC starring Monte Blue.
MY OFFICIAL WIFE starring Irene Rich and Conway Tearle.
PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY starring George Jessel with Patsy Ruth Miller, Vera Gordon.
MILLIONAIRES with George Sidney, Louise Fazenda, Vera Gordon.
WHILE LONDON SLEEPS starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The Third Degree.
FINGER PRINTS with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
DON'T TELL THE WIFE starring Irene Rich.
WOLF'S CLOTHING starring Monte Blue with Patsy Ruth Miller.
WHITE FLANNELS
BITTER APPLES starring Monte Blue.
DOLORES COSTELLO in A Million Bid.
THE CLIMBERS starring Irene Rich.
THE GAY OLD BIRD
MATINEE LADIES.
DOLORES COSTELLO in Irish Hearts.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The College Widow.
WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW
TRACKED BY THE POLICE starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS starring Monte Blue.
SIMPLE SIS with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
HILLS OF KENTUCKY starring Rin-Tin-Tin.
DEARIE with Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray.
WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER with Patsy Ruth Miller.
THE BRUTE starring Monte Blue.
DOLORES COSTELLO in The Heart Of Maryland

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show these pictures.

Warner Bros. Productions

1600 BROADWAY ~ NEW YORK ~ N. Y.

LON CHANEY In TELL IT TO THE MARINES

With
ELEANOR BOARDMAN
WILLIAM HAINES
and CARMEL MYERS
A GEORGE HILL PRODUCTION
Screen play by
E. RICHARD SCHAYER
Titles by
JOE FARNHAM
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Directed by
GEORGE HILL

HERE it is!
THE Marines' own story
SPANNING the world
WITH brave laughter and courage
BROADWAY cheered this mighty
ENTERTAINMENT. Now it comes
DIRECT from the Embassy Theatre, N. Y.
WITH its great star, Lon Chaney
AND thousands of daring, dashing Marines
TELL it to your theatre manager
YOU must have
"TELL it to the Marines"

William Haines and Eleanor Boardman

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Tell It to Joan Crawford and Win This Valuable Prize!

HERE is a chance for every M-G-M Fan to show what he can do. And what an enviable prize! Something actually used in the making of motion pictures. A really personal prize. Something that has belonged to perhaps your favorite star. And it all depends on whether you actually *see* motion pictures or merely look at them.

I am submitting six questions. For the lady who sends the best answers I have selected as my reward the Slave Anklet I wear in "The Taxi Dancer".

Nor are the gentlemen forgotten. If it is a man who is the lucky winner, Lon Chaney has promised the wrist watch he carried in "Tell it to the Marines".

And moreover I have fifty of my favorite photographs which are ready to be autographed for the next fifty best contestants.

Read over my questions carefully. Think over the pictures you have seen. And then tell me the answers.

Cordially yours,

Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford's Six Questions

1 What M-G-M star in actual life holds a commission in the U. S. Marines? What is his latest picture?

2 What M-G-M picture is based on a famous Oscar Strauss Operetta?

3 Where was the secret meeting place of Hester Prynne and the Rev. Dimesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"?

4 Who is your favorite M-G-M star and why? (Not more than fifty words.)

5 What were the Glencoe Massacres and what M-G-M star plays in what picture concerning them?

6 Give four M-G-M reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by March 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Eleanor Boardman Contest of December

MISS MAUD O'BRYAN, c/o Union Sulphur Mine Office, Sulphur, La.

MR. LLOYD E. SCHULTZ 30 Seneca Street, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Autographed pictures of Miss Boardman have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

FEB-1'27

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XXXIII MARCH, 1927 Number 2

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, *Art Director*

What Strange Creatures Are These?

An Editorial

THERE appears to be more and more agitation against the motion picture people who contribute scandal stories to the newspapers. We do not quite understand it. We do not mean to condone the very bad taste that has sometimes been displayed. Nor have we any sympathy whatever with the immoral attitude that a few individuals have flaunted. However, while we agree that these things disparage them as individuals, we do not see that they have anything to do with them as artists . . . or how they can possibly be considered as grounds for banning any established personality from the screen, either temporarily or permanently.

To our mind such an attitude is puerile and an indictment against the very personal freedom for which our country was founded.

What have an artist's personal affairs to do with his art? If a man or woman has beauty to give, that should be enough. Surely this old planet is not so surfeited with beauty and talent that we can afford to suppress anyone with gifts to offer.

And furthermore, why should this procedure apply only to motion picture people? A writer may commit many sins against society and his books are not suppressed. Musicians, artists and actors of the stage may also become involved in scandal without the world's appearing to be leagued against them.

What strange creatures are the motion picture people that they should be treated in this unseemly manner?

To look back over the histrionic names that are linked with much of the beauty that the world enjoys in all of the arts, is to prove that artists are not likely to be conventional people. The very emotional extravagance that is responsible for their creations makes it impossible for them to be fitted into the mold born of the Average and the Majority.

Alas for the future of the motion picture if this ridiculous state of affairs is permitted to continue!

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Also publishers of Motion Picture Classic

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Motion Picture Magazine

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To Men Getting BALD

Here's My Contract

Give Me 15 Minutes a Day for 30 Days

and I'll give you new hair or no cost

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

I DON'T care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or 10 years—whether you've tried one remedy or a hundred remedies. Give me 15 minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in 30 days or I won't charge you a penny.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, which I founded, many people have paid as high as $100 for results secured through personal treatments. Now through my Home Treatment I offer these same results at a cost of only a few cents a day or money instantly refunded.

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Free Book Explains Treatment

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a 32-page illustrated book which explains the Merke treatment—tells what it has done for thousands—contains valuable information on care of hair and scalp. This book is yours Free—to keep. Mail coupon TODAY! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 563, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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Dept. 563, 512 Fifth Ave.
New York City

Please send me in a plain wrapper —without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

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(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Bulletin Board

The News as We Went to Press

MADGE BELLAMY, who as a Fox star has been transformed from a sweet old-fashioned girl to a delirious flapper, is about to join the happy family at the Lasky studio. If rumor is true, and Madge does become a Lasky star, she will be given the feminine lead in "An American Tragedy"—which would be an American tragedy indeed.

E. A. DUPONT, famed director of "Variety," didn't fall for American movies quite as most of his UFA colleagues seem to have. After a brief stay and a few quarrels with the Universal Film Company he left our shores, and has signed to produce pictures for British National. Perhaps Dorothy Gish will have the good fortune to be in a Dupont production. British National has taken a new lease on life. It is reorganizing, with a drawing account of $1,500,000.

ERNST LUBITSCH seems to have held out for a really good cast for his production of "Old Heidelberg." This will be Herr Lubitsch's first, last, and only picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the cast now boasts Ramon Novarro as the Prince, and Norma Shearer as *Kathie*. Novarro's fans—if this writer is a representative example of one—are giving devout thanks that Ramon is at last to have a good picture.

WHEN Adolphe Menjou got his divorce, he magnanimously presented most of his properties to his wife. So now he has to buy and build himself some more. He has acquired two adjoining sites on Los Feliz Heights in Hollywood, and is going to build two houses, one for himself, and a less resplendent one for his mother. A rumor that he is soon to marry Katherine Hill, now divorcing Ira Hill, the photographer, is doing its best to survive Menjou's fervent denials. He insists that he's inhibited against marriage now, and will avoid it carefully for a while.

FRED NIBLO, who got the credit for "Ben Hur," and is now the highest-salaried Metro-Goldwyn director, is going to divide his time between MGM and United Artists. He is under a three-year contract to Metro, but they have made an arrangement with Joseph Schenck, whereby Niblo will direct two pictures for United Artists, then one for Metro, two more for United, and so on. By this alternating process he will complete four pictures a year, which is quite a lot for a man who took two years to finish "Ben Hur." What I want to know is how Mr. Niblo is going to have time to act as master of ceremonies at Hollywood's best functions. Good as Mr. Niblo's pictures are, his before-or-after-dinner speeches are even more inspired, and it would be a pity to have this branch of his Art interfered with.

BEN HECHT, after spending many observant years in his home town, Chicago, has written a motion picture story for Famous Players called "Underworld." They say it's the real thing, and Famous has selected George Bancroft, Ricardo Cortez, and Evelyn Brent for the important rôles. Evelyn will be on a familiar ground, as crook pictures have been her specialty for some years past. Arthur Rosson will direct.

WHEN Norma Talmadge was at the height of her youth and charm, she made a picture, a comedy, called "The Social Secretary." Any one who saw this will remember it, for it was one of the most delightful things Norma ever did. Connie Talmadge evidently thinks a good thing cant be done too often, for she has selected this same story for her next picture. Maybe Connie thinks Norma's version of it was made so long ago that nobody will be able to compare the two, but even so it seems quite a daring thing for her to do. But Connie gets better every year, so maybe she's right.

POOR Richard Dix is reported engaged again. But the incorrigible match-makers are divided into two camps—one favors Alyce Mills as the future Mrs. Dix, and the other insists that Betty Bronson has really captured Richard with her elfin ways. It seems Dick was foolish enough to take Alyce to lunch and Betty to tea.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH's next picture will be "Ask Beccles," which is described as "a rather successful English play," by Edward Champion. Edwin Justs Mayer, who wrote "The Firebrand," is concocting Reginald Denny's next story. It will be called "The Best Quality"—self descriptive, no doubt. Chuck Reisner, who has been Syd Chaplin's director, will direct Patsy Ruth Miller in an original story of his own called "What Every Girl Should Know."

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture of Evelyn Egan, of the Christie Comedies, as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by February 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

TO top off the excitement of the Hall-Mills trial, Philip Payne, editor of the *Daily Mirror*, which instigated the revival of the case, married Dorothy Hughes. Dorothy is just a young girl trying to make her way to fame at the Paramount studio. Another Paramount romance is that of Pierre Collings, scenario writer for Mal St. Clair, who recently married Miss Natalie Harris, of Pomfret, Connecticut. Mrs. Collings is a nineteen-year-old newspaper woman, associated with the *Boston Traveller*. They were married, I need hardly add, at the Little Church Around the Corner.

IN the screen version of "Camille," now being produced by Joseph M. Schenck in Hollywood, Norma Talmadge wears her hair bobbed. The word from the studios is that Miss Talmadge's "Camille" will be "every whit the 'Camille' known to millions thruout the world, save that the character is to come to life on the silver sheet as an ultra-modern siren of present-day Paris." This screen version of the famous romance of Dumas, the younger, is being directed by Fred Niblo. The cast includes, Gilbert Roland as leading man and Lilyan Tashman.

Natli Barr, known formerly as Natalie Barrache, renowned Russian beauty, who is now under contract to First National, has begun work on her first picture.

We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

Read how to do it in "PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE", the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

Free Book!

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, *Physical Voice-Culture* will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The *Physical Voice-Culture* method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of *Physical Voice-Culture.*

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e-e?"
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

Now FREE

Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding *true stories* of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
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1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and full information regarding your home study method of voice building. It is understood that I do not have to pay a cent for this book, either now or later, and that I do not have to return it.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vosconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

Among the Society Debutantes of Eleven Cities

this soap leads all others in popularity for the care of the skin

That last lingering look in the mirror—does it show a skin clear, smooth, radiant with fresh beauty?

YOUNG society girls of eleven American cities, asked what soap they use for their skin, replied overwhelmingly, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

From luxurious, jazz-loving New York to straight-laced Philadelphia —from Boston, aristocratic and highbrow, to lovely, romantic Baltimore, Nashville, New Orleans—the answer was the same.

In New York, Woodbury's is nearly three times as popular among society debutantes as any other toilet soap.

Among the lovely debutantes of Southern cities — Baltimore — Nashville — New Orleans — Savannah — Birmingham—Richmond—Atlanta— Woodbury's is nine times as popular.

In conservative Philadelphia, Woodbury's is preferred seven times to any other. Two-thirds of Boston debutantes are using Woodbury's; more than half the Washington debutantes.

"Its purity" is the quality they name oftenest, in telling why they prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap. "Its soothing, non-irritating effect on the skin."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today — begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Send for the new large-size trial set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 1305 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1305 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Preston Duncan

MYRNA LOY

It began to look as if Myrna might go on playing French maids forever. A cap and apron really dont give a girl a chance to show her natural gifts. But as the insidious native gal in "Across the Pacific," Myrna certainly showed 'em. Presto! She will have the lead opposite Monte Blue in "Bitter Apples"

LEWIS STONE

One of the few men whose age is an asset. Perennially romantic. And better than almost any part he plays. Poor pictures and miscasting have not been able to budge Lewis Stone from his position as a distinguished actor. He'll next be seen in "Here Y'Are, Brother"

Clarence S. Bull

GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD

One more sweet old-fashioned girl has gone flapper. Gertrude was the mainstay of directors who wanted a little unspoiled innocence to take the edge off their pictures, but they'll have to look elsewhere now. She has bobbed her hair, and you know what that implies. There are compensations for the loss of the old Gertrude, as you will see in "Mister Wu"

DOROTHY GISH

Dorothy is over in London having her art taken very seriously by the British producers. But playing *Nell Gwyn* and *Madame Pompadour* hasn't turned the head of our rowdy Dot. She finds it easy to be a fine actress and still remain very close to earth

Ruth Harriet Louise

LEW CODY

Lew is quite a famous figure in Hollywood. He is the genial master-of-ceremonies at all important functions, an ardent prize-fight fan, and the possessor of more and bigger checked suits than Bull Montana. Last, and far from least, he is the comparatively new husband of Mabel Normand. His next picture has the reassuring title, "His Last Affair"

Talbot

BEN LYON

Ben s next picture is "The Duke of Ladies." And he fits the title rôle to perfection. The young and artless Ben is a connoisseur of broken hearts. He collects them. Vampires are his specialty—but any really famous heart will do

Melbourne Spurr

HELENE CHADWICK

Helene used to be a model—acclaimed as the girl with the perfect face. Artists still cry for her. But she prefers acting to posing—and in her case the words aren't synonymous. She is starring in "Stolen Pleasures"

Irving Chidnoff

LOIS MORAN

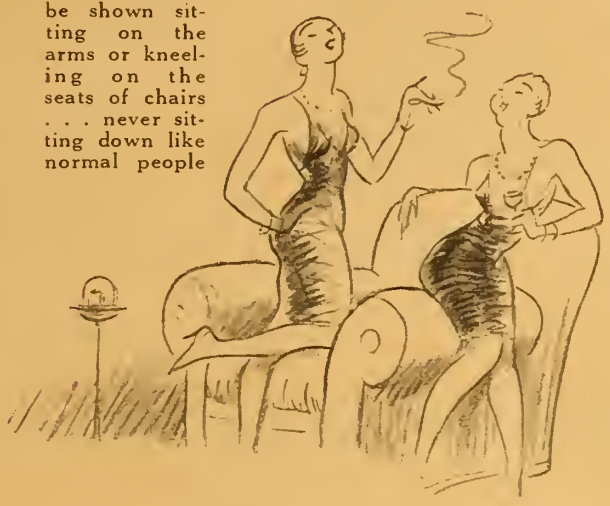
After a year of sky-rocket success on the screen, Lois still looks more like a real girl than an actress. How do you account for it? Here she is all muffled up for an ocean voyage. Lois felt some winter sports coming on, so she hurried off to Switzerland as soon as her work in "The Music Master" was finished

A PRIMER FOR FILM DIRECTORS

By KEN CHAMBERLAIN

A butler must have a stiff neck . . . sway back . . . wear gold braid and knee-breeches

Flaming adolescents should be shown sitting on the arms or kneeling on the seats of chairs . . . never sitting down like normal people



Living-rooms in well-to-do homes should be but slightly smaller than the Yale Bowl

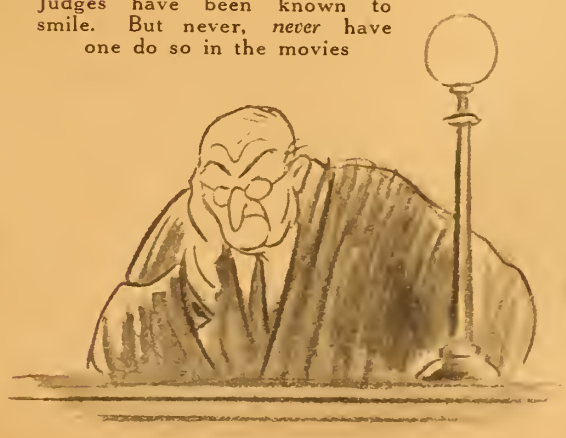
Always have maids dress like this. Forget the maids you've seen in real life

To show a detective without a derby hat and cigar is raw treason to all directorial precedent

Bankers must invariably have kind faces . . . white mustaches . . . neatly parted gray hair . . . and cutaway coats

Never fail to have every colored character break out in a Charleston spasm at the slightest opportunity

Judges have been known to smile. But never, *never* have one do so in the movies



And never show a Wall Street broker doing anything but clutching the tape and tearing his hair

Valerie drove an ambulance in "Hearts of Humanity." Von Stroheim played in that picture, too. And when Carl Laemmle made him a director, Von remembered the dark Valerie and she was put under a contract. Now she is Mrs. Erich von Stroheim, occupied with Erich, Senior, and Erich, Junior. And the screen knows her no more

SIDE-TRACKED BY CUPID

The Stories of Extra Girls Who Came to Hollywood Looking for Fame and Married Famous Stars and Directors

By DOROTHY MANNERS

In "Robin Hood," when Wallace Beery played a king, he tossed one of the extra girls delicacies like raisins and figs and walnuts during the banquet scene. And she was shyly grateful for attention from such a great actor and . . . now look!

NEXT to dazzling Hollywood into a starring contract and becoming idols themselves, the dream closest to the heart of the average movie-struck girl is to get employment in a studio—any sort, preferably extra work—meet the reigning matinée idol of the lot and in practically no time engrave his name on her calling cards.

You know—head-lines in bold, black type—"Dick Darling weds small-town girl after brief romance. Couple to reside in Beverly Hills after short honeymoon to New York, Honolulu, Europe," or where would you?

It is the prettiest little dream in the world. And the most natural. Breathes there a girl with soul so dead she never to herself hath said: "I'd like a rich and handsome husband. Santy Claus." Throw in a little fame and fan mail and you have the perfect working ideal of half the girls in the country. Or any other country, for that matter.

And the nice part of it is, it isn't at all impossible. Not that stars marry extra girls often enough to dash out and buy a railroad ticket about, but it has been done. Not once. But more than that.

Perhaps the most famous extra girl to make a brilliant love-marriage was Alice Terry. Hard to think of the satin-finished Alice trudging as an extra from studio to studio, isn't it? Hard to imagine why a girl with a face like hers would have had so much trouble in making the grade. But the fact remains that Alice devoted a couple of years to the background. She got so discouraged that she used to tell the girls in the dressing-rooms, as they made up on rainy mornings, that she wasn't even going to try to get ahead. She was just going to make what she could out of extra work and let who would scramble for the "bits" that might lead to bigger parts. When they would get out on the sets, Alice would pick out the most inconspicuous spot in the place and hide there.

The story of how Rex Ingram brought Alice out of the corner is too well known to need repeating here. Soon after "The Four Horsemen" he asked the beautiful girl who was no longer discouraged with life and her work if she would marry him. And so the handsome young

Alice Terry is probably the most famous extra girl to make a brilliant marriage. But as Mrs. Rex Ingram she was only side-tracked from her career for a very short time Then she came back more of an actress than ever before

Hollywood Prince married little Cinderella and made her his Princess and a famous movie star to boot.

Mrs. Walter McGrail told me her romance with Walter wasn't nearly that pretty but it was a lot funnier.

"I was crazy to get in pictures and be a star," confided Mrs. McGrail one day as we watched her husband work, "but I was crazier about Walter. I was just one of the girls about the lot to him, but I determined at least to impress myself on him. I did, all right! I nearly killed myself doing it.

"It happened that they needed some girls to do some fancy diving from a very high platform. I knew Walter was going to be on that set and I also knew that I knew nothing about diving, fancy or otherwise. But I told them I did. I gave the impression that if I hadn't been a human being I'd have been a mermaid. They let me do the dive—and do I need to go on? When they fished me out, I was as near dead as you can imagine but I was looking right into the face of Walter. I guess I impressed him, all right."

I guess she did, too. Since she has been Mrs. McGrail, she tells me, she has done very little diving.

Consider Erich von Stroheim in his early days in Hollywood. Not an international figure of art, but a despised alien whose Teutonic birth was too obvious to disguise even if he had cared to—and he didn't. Occasionally he got employment. One of the occasions was Allan Holubar's "Hearts of Humanity."

There was a girl named Valerie driving an ambulance in that picture. A beautiful, dark girl. She was very kind. She never moved bruskly away when he was near. Some days, when the ambulance business was rather slow, she would talk to him for hours. He told her all those burning artist things within him and she believed.

Later on he told the same things to Carl Laemmle. And he too, believed—for a little while. He made Erich von Stroheim a director and Eric made Valerie an actress. That was only for a little while also. Because he asked her to marry him and now she is too busy looking after little Von and helping to straighten out big Von's upheavals at the studio to think of a career of her own.

Several years ago a beautiful, regal, blonde girl was one of the couple of dozen loyal subjects to Wallace Beery, who was a king in "Robin Hood." During the big banquet scene, which flickered by in the batting of an eyelash on the screen but lasted a week on the set, Wally got to tossing delicacies like raisins and figs and pears and walnuts in Rita's lap. She always

(*Continued on page* 103)

"That dark girl ought to get ahead," said Jack Mulhall, the first time he ever saw the Evelyn who is now his wife. Then it was years before they met again

Photographs by Kesslere and Henry Waxman

Are Princesses and Movie Stars

A Short Story by FAITH BALDWIN

Paula was tall and slender, with a swirl of smoke-colored black hair. She had a heart-shaped face and long green eyes, clear and thoughtful, a white skin wiped clean of the paint, and a lovely, mutinous red mouth

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig

The Princess' Press-Agent

JIMMY JONES had red hair and enthusiasm. He had also a college education which hadn't hurt him very much. A number of quite intelligent people conceded that he was the best press-agent in New York City. His employer, Abrahams, of Abrahams and Lensky's Filmart Company, said that Jimmy was the best *chef* in Hollywood. "He can take a small waist, an accent and a string of pearls," said Abrahams, "and serve you a highly seasoned, quite palatable French dish of scandal in twenty minutes!"

Thus, Abrahams, "The Old Man," as his employees called him with real affection, had a sincere regard for Jimmy's instinct and opinion. That was why one night in 1921 he laboriously climbed into his great maroon-colored limousine and betook himself to an obscure vaudeville and moving picture house in Harlem. He was there to see a girl dance. Jimmy, wandering into the theater the evening before and seeing her, had sped down-town in a taxi and roused Abrahams from his bachelor slumbers, to sit on the edge of the bed and rave, with his blue eyes like sparks and his red hair all on end.

"A wonder! Dances like Anna, looks like an Elinor Glyn heroine, acts like Duse—she'll knock 'em. You go and see for yourself."

Abrahams arrived at the shabby edifice of pleasure rather late and sat patiently thru a "comic" film before the act announced on the program as "The Russian Trio" appeared. It was a short act, with wailing Volga boat-song music, a pantomime dance by the three, two girls and a man, and a solo dance by Jimmy's discovery. Abrahams drew a deep breath. She was all Jimmy had said, and more. When the curtain fell, he was already fitting her in the small but excellent part in the newest Filmart production. Letty Lawrence was the lead, but the minor interesting character of the little Russian dancer had not been filled, even mentally, so the production had been shelved for a season until the right dancer could be found and Letty was making meantime her greatest success, "The Woman in the Garden."

When the "big" picture flashed on the wobbly screen, Abrahams roused himself, went up the aisle, bulky in his great coat with the sable collar, and sent his card in to the lady billed as "Paula."

He saw her. Somehow he cleared the crowded dressing-room of the East Side gentleman who took the pantomime part of the Russian Prince, and the pale little Austrian who was Paula's stage sister. Then they were alone in the bad light and the dusty room smelling of grease-paint, with half-torn posters on the distempered walls.

"Paula" was tall and slender, with a swirl of smoke-colored black hair across a broad, low forehead, touched in one spot with a little dash of pure white oddly suggesting ashes. She had a heart-shaped face, and long green eyes, clear and thoughtful, a white skin wiped clean of the paint, and a lovely, mutinous red mouth. She was shabbily garmented for the street and Abrahams' quick, little eyes noted the absence of jewels and the predominance of admirable collar-bones.

She fingered his card, looked at him inquiringly as he sat down on a chair just calculated to bear his weight, and lifted one long, black eyebrow.

"You wished to see me?"

Abrahams was enchanted by her voice, silver-clear, and low with deep undertones, speaking with precise and exquisite enunciation.

When he had told her who he was—and she was not impressed—he asked abruptly, "What nationality are you?"

She told him. It was the famous manager's turn to raise an eyebrow.

"But you speak English so well——?"

It was a question. She smiled at him suddenly and said nothing. The smile finished him and he got down to business. At the end of a half hour it was settled that Paula should have her part with Letty Lawrence in "Pilgrims of Passion" in the fall. Meantime she should have decent, modest living quarters, a living wage and much hard training. The engagement of "The Russian Trio" expired that week in the Harlem theater.

the Same Under the Skin?

She was a collected young person. It occurred to Abrahams as he made an appointment with her and left, after being refused the honor of escorting her to her boarding-house, that she had taken her good luck as coolly as she had apparently borne her hard times. For hard times she had had. He saw it in the thin, beautiful hands, the shadows of fatigue under the green eyes, and the display of what he termed "good bones." He was thoughtful as he drove homeward.

Jimmy met her the following Monday morning in the office, having been bidden thereto for a conference. She sat easily in the great leather chair close to The Old Man's classic desk, and looked graciously at Jimmy.

"I saw you," was her greeting, "at the theater."

Jimmy goggled, blushed brick red, and fell violently in love with this unknown young person.

Her history was simple. Her parents had been killed in the Revolution. She had escaped and had worked her way cleverly and secretively until she reached America. She had had money, yes, but that was gone. On the boat she had fallen in with the Austrian singer. Later they

(*Continued on page* 80)

Sonia was sitting in the great easy chair he had bought for her, very pale, rather stern. A man bending over beside her was arguing with her, that much Jimmy knew from his tone and from hers, low as they were

Russell Ball

What Is Alice Joyce?

By Gladys Hall

SOMETHING went sadly wrong in Alice's early childhood.

Any student of child psychology knows what such things do to children. The sense of something awful impending. The feel of something not wholly understood. Inexplicable. The sense of dark mystery and impending trouble. Hidden things. Strange things that clutch a child's heart with a ghastly fear and a premature knowledge of evil and uncertainty.

Alice knew these things.

* * *

IT is difficult to believe when one sees Alice Joyce today, perfectly gowned, cool, aloof, an Exquisite, lunching at the Ritz, dining at the Crillon, stepping from a limousine, walking leisurely on Park Avenue . . . it is difficult to believe that she has known anything but the hothouses of life; that not so very many years ago this poised perfected woman was a tiny country girl on a farm, a little ginghamed, barefoot girl, feeding chickens, eating country sausage, helping to milk cows, counting the daisy petals and searching for wild strawberries for thrill and excitement.

It was so.

Alice Joyce began on the soil. She was a country girl.

* * *

YOU have read Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather and Zona Gale, we take it, or most of you have. And if you haven't, you should. You know, or you ought to know, what profoundly full characters they portray as rising from the soil and the small town—when they rise.

Alice rose. Not easily.

* * *

ONE of the speeches most ridiculed by the majority of people is the one "Nobody understands me."

Great fun is made of this pathetic declaration. The comic supplements parody it. It is farced in song and verse. The general answer is the equivalent of "Apple Sauce." For a fundamental piteous assertion, a fundamentally glib retort is made.

Lest we lead you into a misconception at the beginning, we wish to state here and now that Alice Joyce

She used to live on a farm, as a ginghamed, barefoot girl. She fed chickens, helped to milk cows, and searched for wild strawberries for thrill and excitement. Then something went sadly wrong in her life

Alice Joyce today . . . perfectly gowned, cool, aloof, an Exquisite . . . stepping from a limousine . . . walking leisurely on Park Avenue. . . .

It is difficult to believe that she has known anything but the hothouses of life. Perhaps that is why this is the one picture always given of her. Perhaps that is why her dramatic story has never been told.

Alice Joyce began on the soil. And this story gives her true picture.

A. W. F.

Impression by Cerline Boyl

It was not difficult for a central exchange operator with Alice's rare beauty to find a position in an office or a hotel

never said to us that she was misunderstood. We are assuming that she is upon our own responsibility and if there is any comeback, courteous or otherwise, let the comebacker meet us with his or her seconds and choice of weapons.

We assert, therefore, that we believe Alice Joyce to be generally misunderstood. Perhaps it would be nearer to the truth to say not wholly *understood*.

She has more to give than she has ever given.

We believe that she has many facets and that not more than two facets have been shown.

We believe that she has a personality that in revolving could reveal many hitherto hidden colors and that no more than two revolutions have taken place. She brings to our mind the simile of a full-tone orchestra of which only the cello and the bass viol are tonally caught.

There are numerous girls and women (men, too, but we are eliminating the Highly Important Sex for the moment) who have risen to Fame and Fortune in the well-known "overnight." Of course, there is always more than the fabled one night to get over and live thru, flamboyant publicity to the contrary. But it is true that quite a few of them have risen rapidly and meteorically.

This sort of thing doesn't make for roots and it is the root that grows the richest flower, the most effulgent and variegated garden.

Alice Joyce has roots.

* * *

After the family disaster, Alice, her mother and brother moved to a small town.

Russell Ball

She must, perforce, have more glamour, more fire and more pain than she has been permitted to show upon the screen. For she has won her place in the sun by dint of hard work

In those days women did not have open to them the careers they may turn to today with a reasonable sense of financial security. Women who were left alone with small children to support were in a dismal, decided predicament.

What to do? But women simply didn't "do" in those days. They didn't "do" beyond the portals of the home no matter how forlorn and needy those homes might be. They weren't trained. They hadn't expected to do things.

Such was the plight and predicament of Alice's mother. Such was the situation half-faced by the small Alice. For children face the things their parents face, no matter how gallantly concealments are erected. And they face them the more dreadfully because they face them without the necessary stoicism of adult knowledge.

Such a childhood, such an adolescence *must* leave wounds. And wounds strike deep and, even when they heal, leave scars. Scars can throb at an informing touch.

Alice has scars. She has yet to feel the informing touch.

(*Cont'd on page 98*)

The Most Interesting Biography Ever Written About a Motion Picture Star

On the Road With Ramon

By
HERBERT HOWE

Drawings by W. K. Starrett

Paris et Tunis

MOTORING thru the Elysian fields of Paris as the evening flowered in topaz lights, we arrived at the Hotel Chambord, where awaiting us was Alice Terry, with arms outstretched, the image of a Rubens' Madonna that had drunk her first cocktail.

"You'll *love* Alice," Edith Allen had prophesied. This I found not hard to believe, gazing on that vision in tapering flame, tendrils of ostrich flickering around her face,

Without knocking, we quietly opened the door. There Ramon sat at his piano, his fingers softly caressing the keys. Over his mouth a handkerchief was tied. He was silently singing!

A snapshot taken at the Oases of Gabes. Reading from left to right, Rex Ingram, Herbert Howe, Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro

"That boy is an Arab," said the *caid* one day as he watched Ramon enact a scene. "It is not his make-up. It is his soul. He comprehends"

her Titian hair curled to her shoulders like the daughter of Herodias.

"Alees!" cried Ramon, and plunged into the flame of encircling arms; while into her cerulean eyes there came the baffling smile that is Alice.

A Tribute Paid Ramon Novarro

Ramon Novarro is a romantic hero to women, but he is a man's friend. And his appeal to men, strangely enough, is on account of his spiritual qualities. He has the body of a young Hercules and a mind unsoiled by the smut of the world. To women he is a slightly aloof young god of romance. To men he is the friend of that clean, fine thing inside your soul that does not quite surrender even in the worst of us.—

HARRY CARR

Paree Américain

Four days of prismatic Paris: To the Casino de Paris where French ladies stalk proudly nude on the stage and American ladies sit proudly jeweled in the orchestra—little more than a jewel's difference between them. To the Folies Bergère, where naked nymphs twine the chandeliers and personate chickens on the spit of a delicatessen oven. To Montmartre, where Americans go to see vice cancaning in its shrouds, few ever achieving the heights where by day the *Sacre Cœur* sits with the sun contemplating the life of man below. To the Russian place, where young Cossacks bound amid the champagne corks, one of them a gigolo who earned a hundred thousand in a year by kindly attentions to needy rich ladies. To Zelli's and the boulevardes where *cocottes* proffer their whispered hospitality . . .

. . . Paris of the Americans with its pretty-pol mocking of *sex-francs—sex-francs, francs-sex . . . ah, vous Américains, vous êtes trés riche*—meaning—*vous êtes trés fou!*

When Pola Negri paid Ramon her great tribute, he went to the Lasky studios personally to thank her for her interest and appreciation

A Table Chez Foyot

On the fourth night I said to Ramon, "Well, we have done our duty. We have seen America first, now let's see Paris."

So, in a taxi propelled by huge mustaches, we bounded over the Seine to the ancient restaurant of Foyot.

Between it and the whang of Montmartre, the gossip of Ciro's and the flesh of the Folies Bergère, there is a river and a century. Across from the Luxembourg it sits in tranquil dignity, proud of its own white hair.

Foyot is for conversation and digestion.

There are the blind men tapping with staffs . . . and beggars exposing their sores for alms . . . and there are the romantic veiled ladies of whom you've read, their faces bound tightly with black stuff and their forms so bundled in sheets that they appear to be airing the family bedding

The Red Widow

OPPOSITE us two French girls—not *mam'selles*—were prettily talking.

"Is there anything more charming than a French girl speaking French?" queried Ramon.

"American girls are prettier," I countered, regardless of patriotism.

When Ramon asked for the rôle of *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Rex Ingram groaned. "My God," he ejaculated, "*Rupert* is a blond German, six feet two!" Then Ramon started to act. . . . Above Ramon as *Rupert* and Barbara La Marr as *Antoinette de Mauban*

"Much," he agreed . . . then dreamily, "When I was fourteen I fell madly in love with an American woman . . . The wife of the consul in Durango . . . Her hair like the moonlight, her eyes so blue as a doll's. . . . She was charming! . . . She wore red to the cemetery when her husband died. . . ."

"Charming!" I ejaculated.

The Swoon Song

THE arrival of the poulet Foyot turned his thoughts from red widows in Mexican graveyards.

"Did you ever faint from the odor of food?" he demanded. "When I came first to Los Angeles and was hungry, I suggested to the manager of a restaurant that he engage a singer, the singer I had in mind being I. At that time I was feeling sorry for Caruso. I knew that as soon as my voice was heard his day would be over.

"The manager engaged me. 'Sing something popular,' he said. I stepped to the platform and commenced singing, 'Poor Butterfly.' Just then the kitchen door flew open. I smelled food and flew off key. The waiter passed with a tray of chicken—and I passed out. 'Poor Butterfly is *right!*' they said."

Singer in Silent Drama

HAVING recovered from the effects of his vocal début, Ramon decided to try the silent drama.

"Before letting the news leak out that I was available, I wrote my father telling him that Charlie Chaplin was a fine man, doing very well, and that Mary Pickford was respectable."

In reply Dr. Samaniego granted that a man might be honest even in pictures.

With this tacit permission Ramon sped to an uncle, asking, "With which company do you advise me to start?"

"With whichever will have you," was the laconic reply.

A Knight in Bursting Armor

"LASKY'S won!" said Ramon.

With the valor of a knight, but not the raiment, he assaulted the Lasky battlements. He wore a cousin's suit

(*Continued on page* 108)

He cares nothing at all for his appearance. In Tunis he wore an overcoat that might have been carved by a hiccupy Eskimo, and a pair of brogues that even in the army would have received a pension. He still wears the overcoat. But the shoes, I believe, have been confiscated by a museum. Above, Ramon and Alice Terry in "The Arab"

A Quiet Sunday on the Beach

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills (*née* Doris Kenyon) on the sand in front of their beach — house at Santa Monica

Try and get it if you are a movie star

"C. B."

A New Angle on the Monarch of Bath Tubs and the Czar of Luxury

Jeanie Macpherson has worked with De Mille for years. She is called his "right hand." She knows the man of whom she writes. And she is enough of a writer to have keen perceptions about human beings. She sees beneath false surfaces

By
JEANIE
MACPHERSON

ANY effort to break down popular illusions about anyone or anything has always seemed to me an uncertain and thankless task, for while the world may half-way believe what you have to say, just the same they are inclined to resent your telling it.

And that is what I risk in this story of Cecil De Mille as I know him. The skeptical public will probably cling to that gilded illusion fashioned for them by the press and their own talented imaginations of a De Mille—Monarch of Bath Tubs and Czar of Luxury.

I dont know just when this modern fable started. Probably years ago when the movies were urchins and Cecil De Mille came to them fresh from the formality of the drama. To the budding Hollywood he must have seemed a thing apart. For the majority of directors in those days were "good fellows" who told stock actors what to do, and in certain emergencies even did it for them. For the most part they worked from ideas supplied on the spur of the moment by gag-men whose art consisted in concocting plots about (a) society people (b) poor people and (c) Westerns.

On this scene of informality came De Mille—"C. B." as they called him—with his splendid dramatic "background," complete disregard for movie precedent, and contempt for shoddy talent. No one understood him and he didn't bother to explain himself. So Hollywood, not knowing the man, fashioned the fable and C. B. looking inscrutably on, found it amusing—let it stand.

He is, they will tell you, unapproachable.

As a matter of truth, what is thought to be a bluntly cold attitude is an armor for an unbelievably sensitive nature. He wants to make friends and isn't quite sure how to go about it. He likes immensely for people to like him. Any little service done by someone who isn't paid for doing it will please him for days.

Not long after I became associated with him I went to

His desk is the strangest conglomeration of seemingly unrelated facts . . . but all waiting for his O. K. Scenarios . . . ancient duelling pistols . . . stocks and bonds . . . French brocades. And once I saw two priceless emeralds resting on the reel of a new fishing-rod

He insists upon genuine jewels in close-ups. No one, in any of his pictures, has ever seen a supposedly wealthy woman in imitation gems or smelling imitation flowers. On one of his sets there were four detectives guarding the jewelry being worn by members of a cast

I have seen actors tremble before his sarcasm, but when they wake up and find they have become stars overnight, they understand the merit of his severe training

Details . . . C. B. directing some animals for his new production, "The King of Kings," which will be the most ambitious thing he has ever undertaken

He has been the employer of four men with prison records. Each and every one of them has made good. Only once has he misjudged a man and that fellow came and told him he didn't want to go straight

a dinner party. At my place was a favor—just a little doll of peppermint stuck on a card with a funny rhyme—but I thought it amusing. The next day I brought it to the studio and left it on Cecil's desk. He still has it. For years it has been kept among important papers despite the secretaries' threats to throw it out.

His desk is the strangest conglomeration of seemingly unrelated facts—but all waiting for his O. K. Scenarios—ancient duelling pistols—stocks and bonds—French brocades. And once I saw two priceless emeralds resting on the reel of a new fishing-rod.

The world knows little of that side of him and there are times when I think he does not want it known. He receives reporters and other delegates of the public in a richly carpeted office of soft lights. He answers them succinctly, fairly staring them out of countenance with his searching gaze—his keen eyes shooting black lightning at them, which is characteristic of him. The reporters take stock of the luxury of the surroundings, quote him on the beauty of women and the future of pictures and go away to prepare a treatise on De Mille—the man—thinking they know him.

Actually, what they have seen is but one side of a nature that is as many-faceted as a diamond. Knowing nothing about it, what can they tell of his charities, his devotion to his "kiddies," his records as a sportsman, his intensity in his work? When he bows them from his office, he bows them away from the myriad things that go to make up the real De Mille.

Luncheon is always his time for an hour's relaxation—with some distinguished guest. Sometimes a world famous philosopher—painter—banker—or bandit. Just as it happens, but always the *best* in his line. If he is engaged on a picture, he turns back to his work, at the end of the hour, with the discipline of a military general. No one man can crowd more work into twenty-four hours than he. With tie jerked loose from his throat and shirt open, he tears thruout a dynamic day of not less than fourteen or eighteen hours. If he has been accused of driving, it must also be remembered that he drives himself. He starts each undertaking with a clear image of the finished product and until it is complete he is artistically relentless.

There may be actors who do not like De Mille. But I have never heard an actor who has worked for him say that. I have seen them tremble before his sarcasm and often cry with humiliation. But unfailingly they blame themselves. In the end, when they wake up overnight to find themselves "stars," they begin to understand the merit of his severe training.

De Mille himself is happiest when working with real artists. He insists on genuine talent as he insists on genuine jewels in close-ups. He

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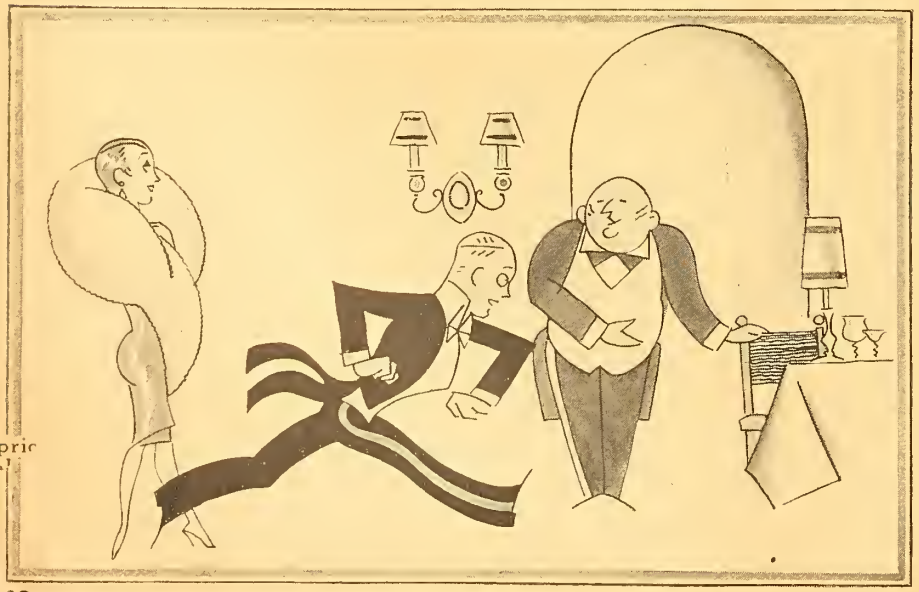
Etiquette as Taught by

The Introduction

Those who move in high social circles always extend their hands several feet higher than their chins, shaking merely the finger-tips. And when a gentleman greets his hostess, he gives a grotesque imitation of a court bow

Drawing-Room Manners

No man ever rises from his seat when a lady enters the room. And, furthermore, no man ever rises from his chair when a lady stands next to him and talks with him. What is more, it is quite correct, according to movie etiquette, for a gentleman playfully to tickle a lady in her side by way of accenting small talk. Also . . . it is good form to loll comfortably in one's chair when calling upon a lady. A sprawl is even better. It conveys to your hostess that you feel thoroly at home



When Dining Out

The gentleman always precedes the lady into the dining-room and seats himself first. When the lady has struggled out of her coat, she sits down. The gentleman orders the meal without consulting her and remains seated if friends stop at the table to chat

the Movies:

Drawings by ELDON KELLEY
Suggested by B. F. WILSON

The Proposal

The Victorian era is indelibly stamped on all proposals. No shy, sweet heroine who has suffered an acute attack of unrequited love for five and a half reels would consider that justice existed in this world unless the hero proposed as follows: A shady spot. A brook, if possible, over which there is a small wooden bridge. A sunset. A rose bush (this is absolutely indispensable). A creeping of the masculine hand along the railing of the bridge. A grasping of the shy, fluttering female hand. A turned head. Downcast eyes. A twisting motion of the body. A smelling of the rose. The hero, of course, kneeling

On Being Invited to Dance

A young lady hardly ever waits for the man's invitation, but being a typical society flapper, rushes over to the elected one and grabbing him around the neck, whirls him out on the dance floor before he knows what has happened to him. It is better if a cigaret hangs from her lips and she balances the last draught of a highball in her hand

The Tea Hour

In the movies it would appear that only vamps invite heroes to tea. And it is considered *au fait* to arrive around five in a dinner-suit. The hostess must wear a seductive negligée and recline on a chaise longue. Her pet monkey always provides comedy relief by upsetting the tea cups, or breaking the china, or making the hero spill his painfully balanced plate on the floor. (The tea cups are held at an angle of forty-five degrees . . . with the little finger rigidly extended)

The Terror of Wappinger

Jack gets a joyous
Wallop out of life just
The same and so does Evelyn,
Who is Connie Talmadge's chum and
One of the most Stunning
Girls in Hollywood . . .

Even the Cats and Dogs Passed Jack on the Street With Trembling Knees or Dodged Up Some Side Alley

I've liked
Jack Mulhall and his wife
For æons and æons. . . .
One reason and a Big One is
That they were Nice to
Me long before they had the
Least Idea that I wrote
Things about the Movie Stars
For a Film Magazine. . . .
You know the Screen Celebrities
Never Dare Abuse an
Interviewer to Her
Beard. . . . They may be
Bored Stiff but they Put On
Their Best Bedside Manner when
The Fan Writers are about. . . .
Sometimes I've wished one of 'em
Instead of being Professionally
Polite would Hurl the family Pekingese
At me. . . .
I'd retaliate with a
Cloisonné Vase or a Good
Ripe Tomate and after that
Maybe we'd Get Together. . . .

However, the Mulhalls aren't
In this Class. . . . I spent the Evening
With them recently and we
Had so much Fun they
Nearly had to Burn the House to
Get us to Go Home. . . .
There were just Four of Us. . . .
Jack and Evelyn
Myself . . . and a Married Man.
It was All Right about my
Going over to the Mulhalls
With a married Man because he
Does Publicity for Jack. . . .
Publicity Men, as Everyone Knows,
Can Get Away with Anything. . . .
(Not that this one Tried to)
But we Certainly did Keep
Him Out Late. . . .
It was all Jack's fault. . . .
He started to tell us
Of his Childhood Days in
Wappinger Falls, N. Y.
And we couldn't have
Stopped him if we'd wanted to
(We didn't. . . .)
It seems that Jack
Was the Terror of All
Nice Little Boys and
Girls in the Village. . . .
Even the Cats and Dogs

Falls

A Movie Miniature

By Helen Carlisle

Passed him on the Street
With Trembling Knees or
Dodged Up Some Side Alley. . . .
Jack went back to
Wappinger Falls recently to
renew Acquaintance with his
Boyhood Friends and Enemies. . . .

The First Person he met was
The Grand Old Man of
The Village. . . .
"Well," said this Worthy,
"If it ain't that Mulhall
Young One Back Again. . . .
What Devilment are you up to
These Days, Jack?"
And when Jack said he was
Working in the Movies,
The G. O. M. shook his Head and
Said . . . "I always knew you'd
Come to No Good End!"
Everyone else was Thrilled to
See Jack because he is a
Famous Movie Star now, but
They kept a Cautious
Eye on him, remembering that he
Had Been known to Pull
Chairs out from under Prim
School Teachers and
Sock the Town Banker with
Snowballs in
Unexpected Places. . . .
Jack does not indulge in
Such Merry Pastimes now. . . .
But he gets a joyous
Wallop out of life just
The same and so does Evelyn,
Who is Connie Talmadge's chum and
One of the most Stunning
Girls in Hollywood. . . .
I dont see how she has
Escaped becoming a Movie
Star herself. . . . Perhaps
She's satisfied just to be
Jack's Wife. . . . She's perfect
In that Rôle. . . .
Jack says that some day he
Is going to Settle Down
In Wappinger Falls with
Evelyn . . . but not yet. . . .
He's too busy working in
Pictures with the
Talmadges . . . Colleen Moore . . .
And Lois Moran.

Believe me, I would
Miss the Mulhalls if
They went. . . .
There are Movie Stars and
Movie Stars in Hollywood
But not many like Jack Mulhall,
And if Wappinger Falls, N. Y.,
Can spare a few more of
His Type, we certainly
Can use 'em out here. . . .
That Wappinger Falls, N. Y.,
Must be a Great Town. . . .
If I ever make up
My Mind to Settle Down,
I think that I'll
Move There myself. . . .
That is . . . if Jack and Evelyn
Go too . . . and I can find
A Vacant House Next Door
To Them. . . .

If Wappinger Falls, N. Y., Can spare a few more of His Type we certainly Can use 'em out here . . .

Jack says that some day he Is going to Settle Down In Wappinger Falls . . . with Evelyn

Shopping Service Instructions

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on this page, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to Motion Picture Magazine, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

Stamps or cash will not be accepted.

Be sure to return any article for which you wish credit or exchange to Motion Picture Magazine and *not* to the shop from which it came.

There is no extra charge for Canada or foreign countries.

This smart little silk umbrella with its doggy handle and tips of two-toned Galalith composition comes in blue, green, purple, gray, dark red, bright red, brown or black. The price is only $2.95. (24 inches from tip to tip)

And the overnight case, also pictured above, is of very good-looking lizard-grain simulated leather, with a lining of figured fabric. It is very roomy and has a large mirror in the cover. It may be had in tan, gray, blue, green or black. Price $3.00

Betty Bronson wears this smart little set of waterproof raincoat and hat to match the two-tone changeable rubber. The collar has a strap and buckle and is lined with velvet corduroy. The colors are charming shades of green, blue or red. Sizes 14-20, 36-44. Price $5.25

The jersey frock Betty wears in this sketch is an English import, a Vivian Porter model, but we are having exact copies made for our Shopping Service. It is trimmed with bands of brilliantly colored wool embroidery. The colors are blue, green, tan and peach. Sizes 14-40. Price $19.50

AS OTHERS SEE US

By GRACE CORSON

Our Fashion Editor Works as an Extra Girl

IT'S a mad business, this "movie" game—but, how we love it! You see, having once tasted grease-paint, I've been keen for more, and so, when Gloria Swanson suggested that I help furnish "atmosphere" for a party in "Sunya," I didn't exactly say no!

But before I get into that tale, you must hear about Ramon. Yes, my dears, I've met the Novarro and am still a trifle bewildered. He's really extraordinarily different.

I had been over to see Betty Bronson and Richard Dix playing together and had made her hold still long enough to be sketched in the little rainy-day outfit and jersey frock you see here.

Meanwhile I discovered two things about her. She is one of the daintiest little creatures imaginable *and*—quite capable of being a wicked little flirt!

There now, Betty—I told you I'd get even with you for vamping Mal St. Clair away from me! This being tall and dark is the *bunk*. Baby eyes are far more effective.

Did you say *"More dignity,"* Miss Fletcher? Right!

However, Betty was merely keeping in character, I've no doubt, as her part in the picture calls for many smart costumes and more sophistication. At least the scene I watched included an enthusiastic embrace from André de Beranger, spoiled, of course, by the untimely entrance of Richard, looking like a nicely scrubbed little boy all ready for Sunday-school.

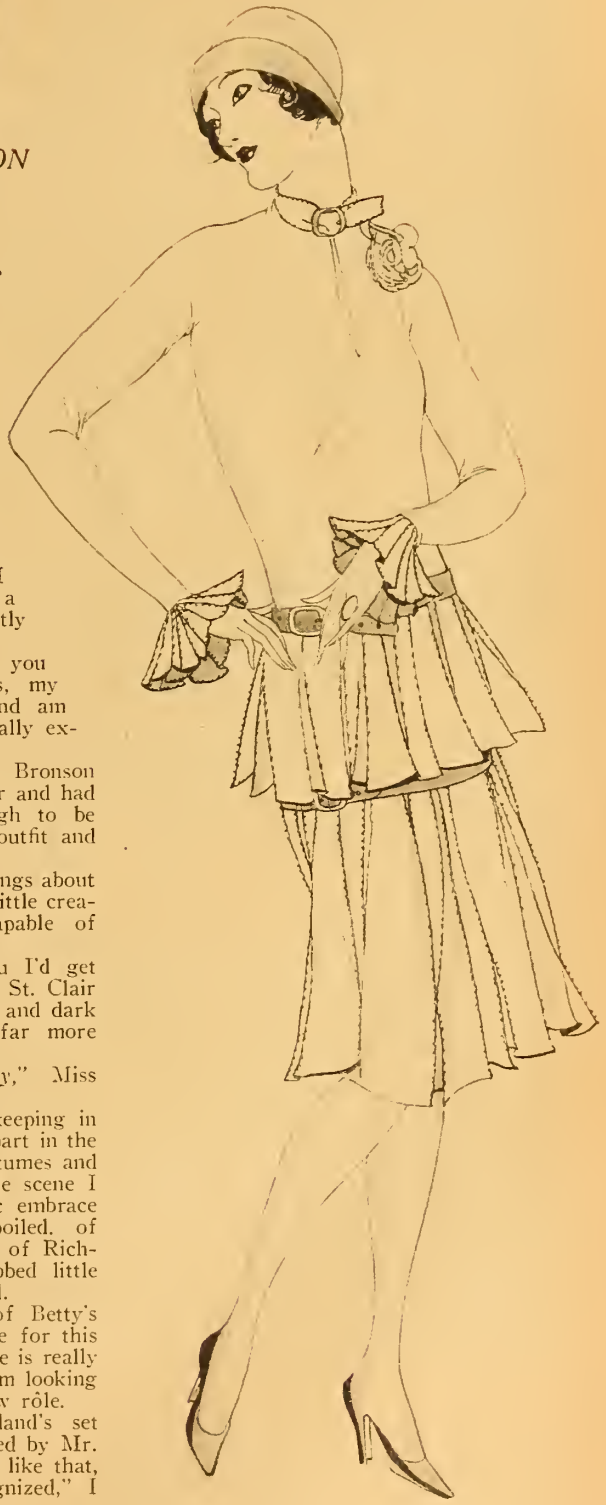
No, I cannot show you all of Betty's clothes, as they were not suitable for this issue, being winter models, but she is really a beautiful little creature and I am looking forward to seeing her in her new rôle.

Hearing music from Sutherland's set near-by, and having been informed by Mr. Dix that "if you *will* wear hats like that, you needn't expect to be recognized," I left for more friendly fields.

Eddie being sufficiently friendly, I watched him direct a Pullman scene and saw the world fly by the windows and enjoyed the two girls' scrap over tickets until pulled apart by the conductor when a sudden thought of time made me fly for the elevator.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Pauline Starke has a strikingly unusual sports frock of jersey in two contrasting colors. The very modernistic trend towards geometric design is well brought out in this frock. The cut is diagonal, and the sleeves are also in two tones of green



Another of Miss Starke's jersey frocks is of soft gray with two pleated peplums. The circular cut is an odd feature, as is also the use of two suède and silver belts. Her hat is of gray felt and the stitching on the frock is also of gray

THE CURTSEY

Lois Moran teaches Betty, her adopted sister, the French curtsey which children make to their elders

Underwood & Underwood

Gossip started again when Lita, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, and Lita's mother, Mrs. Lillian Spicer, sailed for the Hawaiian Islands. Charlie was at the wharf to see them off, but those versed in the art of dirt-digging winked knowingly

The Riddle of the Chaplin Marriage

And a Word Portrait of Lita—Wife of Charlie

By DOROTHY MANNERS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S marriage is a riddle. It withstood the years when Hollywood watched and whispered suspiciously, expecting disaster at any moment. But as soon as the gossips gave up in despair and waved the Chaplin affair into the stupid limbo of happy marriages—it collapsed instantly and pyrotechnically.

When, after the hasty ceremony in Mexico three years ago, Charlie and Lita Grey returned to Hollywood and took up their dwelling together, the film colony bridled, positively refusing to acknowledge Charlie as a happy husband, a partaker of domestic bliss. Tales traveled about the studios. Rumors of marital discord. Even separation. The doings and whereabouts of Lita were fabricated into illusional and almost mysterious yarns. Nobody really had any facts, because for the best part of two years she remained secluded, not only from the social life of the colony, but from the press as well.

Interviewers seeking stories from Mrs. Chaplin were turned from the studio, not always too politely. It was said she did not care to be interviewed.

It was said she did not care to go about.

Melbourne Spurr

A famous artist says Lita Chaplin boasts that rarest of all loveliness . . . beauty matured in youth. It is curious that so little has been said of her beauty. For in a less sophisticated way she is as vivid as Pola Negri

It was said her two infant boys consumed all her time.

Then, as inexplicably as she had entered it, Mrs. Charles Chaplin emerged from the seclusion that had kept her a figure of near mystery for so long, and took her place as one of the most charming and certainly one of the loveliest women in Hollywood. She began to be quite the talk of the town. Everywhere you heard people speak of her charm and beauty. Madame Glyn, with only Madame's flair for the superlative, proclaimed hers as one of the most flawless faces of two continents. A famous artist says she boasts that rarest of all loveliness—beauty matured in youth. Surely no photograph has ever done justice to this girl nor caught the richness of her coloring. I cannot understand why so little, until recently, has been made of her beauty. In a less sophisticated way she is as vivid as Pola Negri.

She has black hair, this very young Mrs. Chaplin, and like *Sylvia's*, it is as black as the night. Her skin is cream-white. She is of Spanish descent, and looks it. Her teeth flash brilliantly when she smiles. She is regally tall. Taller than Charlie by far. Her full name is Lelita. When you say it, it rolls Castilianly over

(*Continued on page* 88)

Arlette Marchal

Anna Q. Nilsson

Lois Wilson

What Do Women

A father for their children as the scientists novelists would have us believe? realists say? A dozen screen

By DORIS

Jobyna Ralston and Vilma Banky

Pola Negri evidently places companionship first. For she seeks a husband who would offer her a community of friendships and view-points

Then Bebe Daniels talks about choosing a man not only who would make you happy . . . but whom you could make happy. We dont know which point Bebe's sentiments prove

Greta Garbo casts her vote with the romantic novelists. She seeks a man who is "beeg and ssstrong and . . . handsome"

STRANGE how women talk about "The Man I would marry"—and then go and pick out a sawed-off, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, man of the big open spaces, after all! We never do marry what we say we will!

It remains to be seen whether some of our Screen Famous Ones live up to their remarks about "him" or not. Anyway, they all had definite ideas.

I am going to start with Pola, for you never can tell! I had Mae Murray's ideal all settled when she went and married—something else.

Pola Negri

"THE man I shall marry? Ah! He must be unselfish, considerate, immaculate in appearance, artistic in nature, have an intelligent mind and an affectionate disposition.

"He would not necessarily have to be famous *but* he would have to be gifted above the average," continued Pola, with a far-away look in her expressive black eyes. "We would have to have a community of friendships and view-points on life. I would expect the utmost courtesy in little things from the man who became my husband."

Bebe Daniels

"HE may be blond, brunette, or red head. He may be tall, short, medium, or thin, or stout. *But* he must possess a good disposition, a sense of humor, no small amount of courage and generosity and, above all, he must be genteel—a *gentleman!*

"But then, after all, Doris, dont you think we think too much about the kind of man who would make us happy? Perhaps if we reverse this order of thought a bit and contemplate the one *we* would make sublimely happy, it might be we would have more happiness and longer marriages. For after all is said and done, *all* men are spoiled children and want their own way and if you should marry the very kind of man you are suited to—dont you see they would have no cause for dissatisfaction and—well, after all, that's all there is to it?"

Bebe is always the philosopher and her sound mind

Helene Chadwick

Janet Gaynor

Madge Bellamy

Pauline Starke
and
May McAvoy

Seek in Marriage?

insist? Romance as the sentimental Or only practical protection as the favorites answer this question

DENBO

almost always hits the nail on the head! But somehow I dont think man is so spoiled as he used to be. The modern girl is changing his spots a bit.

Janet Gaynor

"THE man I marry must give me true companionship. We must be interested in each other's work, good times, clothes—everything about each other. I want to look up to him and be able to—lean just a little bit—when I need him."

Vilma Banky

"THE man I would marry?" with a characteristic, dainty little shrug of a beautiful shoulder—"I do not know! I must looove heem sooo much—oh *so* muuch!—I must be able to *loook* up to heem—like thees," and she raised her eyes in adoring admiration to—the air, but if any *man* saw Vilma do that to him—I rather think he would swoon—and I wouldn't blame him.

"I marry heem soon as I find heem!" She nodded with a smile. "I doo not like to leeve alone. It is not happiness to me!"

Greta Garbo

"AAH! I do not know what kind of man I marry! He must be beeg and ssstrong and—handsome—maybe?" Greta is the most fascinating and stunning creature I have ever looked at. She *incorporates in* her very being all of drama, tragedy, mystery and romance there is in the world—so how could Greta tell in mundane words what kind of man she would marry? She is never sure of her own thoughts from one day to the next.

Anna Q. Nilsson

"THAT is a question I have tried to answer in vain. I am still looking for my ideal. He must be tall and good-looking. I prefer a Continental man or an American who has lived a great deal of his life abroad. A Con-

(*Continued on page* 117)

Joan Crawford would judge a man as a husband by exterior things . . . his personal appearance . . . his handclasp. And we're not at all sure that these things aren't very indicative of the core of a man, after all

Patsy Ruth Miller rather substantiates the claim of the scientists that a woman actually seeks a father for her children when she reaches the age or state for matrimony

Olive Borden is finding romance in her career right now. And she seems to demand that in a husband, too. But maybe this is an indication of her glorious youth

A DOMESTIC DRAMA

Starring Jack Holt

Time: Between the scenes during the filming of any Holt picture
Place: Behind the cameras at the Famous Players-Lasky studios
Characters: Betty, Mrs. Jack Holt, Mr. Jack Holt, and Jack, Junior, or "Tim"

Sunshine and Lamplight

Be Sure You Plan Your Rooms So That They Will Be Equally Attractive in the Daytime and at Night

By

STEPHEN GOOSON

(Interior Decorator for First National Pictures)

WHEN you are decorating your home, are you decorating it for the daylight hours or for nighttime? Are you decorating it for sunshine or for lamplight? Perhaps it never occurred to you that your home alters as completely during the twenty-four hours as any stage you ever saw where two separate scenes, showing day and night, are depicted.

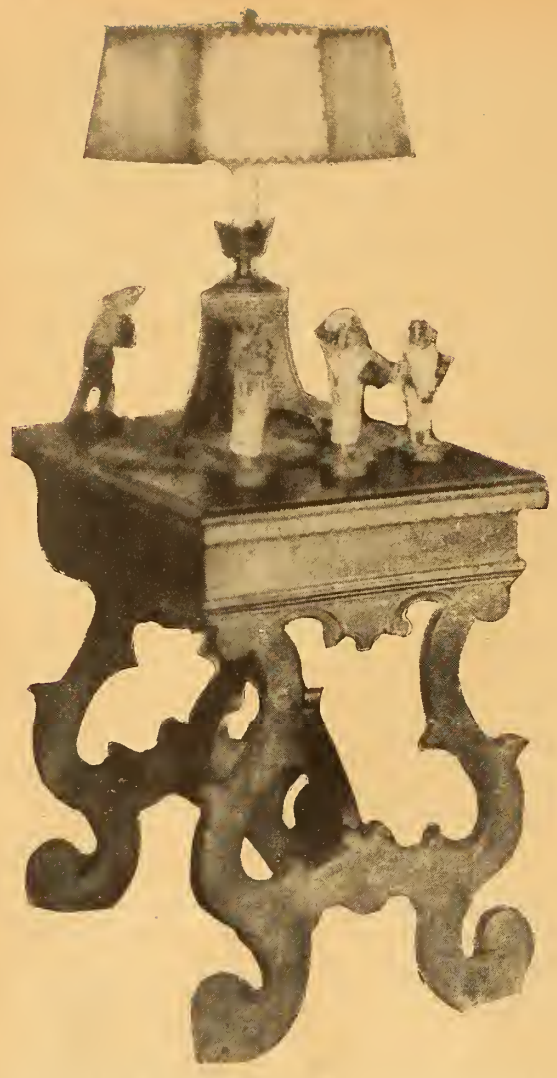
There are thousands of people who furnish their homes every day who dont even plan so definitely as daylight or night effects. They are the people whose interiors "just grow." One year they have the house painted or papered without any idea of harmonizing the rest of the furnishings with the new paper or paint. A new chair is needed —so a new chair is bought—and there is no attempt made to buy a chair that fits in with the rest of the furniture at all. The result is a hodge-podge. In a home like this where things are bought haphazard, it is only a miracle if a homelike and charming effect is achieved.

When you buy a new gown for yourself, or a new pair

For the average home, lampshades in amber color, cream, pale orchid, yellow, orange, green and some tones of rose are best. Other colors are apt to be most unbecoming

Coax the sunlight thru your windows by soft yellow curtains and bright bowls of flowers . . .

Ceiling light really isn't necessary. Wall brackets and the simpler forms of table-lamps and reading-lamps are a far more satisfactory arrangement than any other that has been devised



Be sure that incidental tables with unobtrusive lamps complement easy chairs where members of the family like to sit and read

of shoes or a new hat, I am sure, these days, that you buy them with some thought to the rest of your wardrobe. You buy a hat that will harmonize with a particular coat or dress, or, if you are lucky, one that will go with a number of things. You think of yourself as a whole. From the tip of your plain little hat to the tip of your correct heels, you want to make a pleasing picture. If you only realized it, your home must be considered in the same way. Every thing you add to the interior of a home must "fit in," must go with it as well as your hat and shoes must go with the rest of your costume.

You wouldn't think of buying a sport hat to go with an evening gown—or flat, tan walking shoes to wear with georgette. You wouldn't wear a sport dress—and throw an ermine wrap over it. Yet in many homes where the occupants should know better, just such incongruities take place. If you only realized it, your home is a stage setting—it is a stage on which you and your friends enact the drama of life. Of course, all of the drama of your life doesn't take place in your home, but a great deal of it does; so, in decorating your home you can think of it as "Act I, A Charming Interior." You must decide for yourself whether you want this charming interior to be a simple cottage or an elaborate living-room. Your circumstances will dictate whether a mansion or a farmhouse is being depicted. But your own taste can decide whether the room shall show charm and personality—or whether it be bleak and without taste.

Sunshine and lamplight! Those are the two things that you must consider when you are decorating. A home that is lovely in the daytime and ugly at night is only half a home. On the other hand, a home that is bleak until the lamps are lit is just as unfinished. So, plan on sunshine—and plan on the days when the sun doesn't come out, those dreary gray days when a home interior must make up for nature's lack of cheer. Plan, too, on pleasant evenings where, with or without guests, your home will be cozy and gay and charming.

Yellow, as you know, is the color of sunshine—and all of the warm colorings of the spectrum will help to bring sunshine into your home. These for days, but at night you must get the effect of soft, warm colors, too.

I dont mean that your house should be a riot of reds and oranges. Such violence is just as hideous as too austere a home. A house that suddenly breaks out with brilliant curtains will look close and stuffy and will add an actual unrest to the occupants. On the other hand, a house that is too colorless can never seem cheerful—and will take away cheerfulness from the people who are in it. The actual psychology of the home is almost unbelievable. So many experiments have been tried wherein we find that red gives unrest and excitement, blue and green calmness, orange and yellow cheer. We need not repeat these here, but you must know them—and repeat them in decorating your home.

First of all, you must realize that colors change at night. A fabric that is colorful and lovely in the daytime may become faded and dingy when the lamps are lit. I have in mind now a certain shade of purple that is quite charming when the sunlight is on it. It is a warm, reddish purple, of a shade that you might even call mulberry. Combined with other colors—in the daylight, remember—it is as brilliant as amethyst. What happens when the electric light strikes this same color? If you haven't seen

(*Continued on page 99*)

Be sure that your curtains harmonize with your walls. Otherwise they will suggest brilliant blots and give the largest rooms a sense of clutter. However, curtains are best when they are not the identical color of the walls. Contrast . . . but harmonious contrast is the thing

A Flapper of the House of Wu

Recognize her? It's Renée Adorée as the daughter of "Mr. Wu," the next picture in which Lon Chaney will appear, playing the titular rôle of a venerable Chinese gentleman. It would seem that the only thing that this Adorée woman needs in order to add another unusual portrait to her gallery is the opportunity presented by a worth-while rôle

Photographs by Ruth Harriet Louise

AUCTION DAY IN

A film costume, like a safety match, can only be used once. Hence an auction of the garments that have outlived their usefulness in the studio wardrobe department

SIX o'clock in the morning is an early hour, even for Hollywood.

Save only for two sizable groups of milling humans, the long stretch of pavement in front of the Paramount studio down on Marathon Street was as a wallet the night before pay-day.

The first of the milling groups was masculine. It comprised as weird a collection of assorted whiskers as has ever been gathered in one place since the Smith Brothers first set the style in over-stuffed complexions. The hirsute gentry were extra talent recruited from a local agency for a day's work in a Russian "mob" out on the Lasky Ranch.

Piling into two big busses, most of them proceeded to catch up on lost sleep, dozing off promptly in whatever position they happened to light. There was a hurried counting of noses by a fussy little assistant director. Then the busses chugged off on their seven-mile trip to the Ranch, and the yawning expanse of Marathon Street was left to the solitary watchman in his cubby-hole by the main gate, and the constantly growing group of humanity over in front of the big wardrobe building.

This group was almost entirely feminine and already numbered nearly two hundred, with new arrivals swelling its ranks every minute. The crowd was obviously not the usual one waiting to storm the office for the casting director for possible "mob" engagements for the day.

In fact, the casting department might have been located in the middle of the Mongolian Desert for all that particular crowd either knew or cared. Their gaze was centered on the second floor of the block-long wardrobe building whose doors were to open at 7:30 for an event that had been eagerly anticipated by many of them for months.

That event was the annual auction sale that has become one of the famous features of the Paramount studio, the memorable occasion when approximately $100,000 of used gowns and other wardrobe items are auctioned off for just what they will bring. Tho designed by the master designers of the fashion world, created from the most luxurious of materials, and often worn in but a few scenes of a single picture, the garments have outlived their usefulness to the studio wardrobe department. A film costume, like a safety match, can only be used once.

A buxom landlady bought the black chiffon velvet gown worn by Florence Vidor in "You Never Know Women" for thirty dollars. She said something about "letting out the seams here and there"

A rather anxious girl waited until the blue velvet period gown worn by Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Firt" was put up for sale. When the bidding passed ten dollars, she became nervous . . . but finally bought it for fifteen dollars

HOLLYWOOD

By RICHARD COYLE

This annual auction is never advertised. It doesn't have to be. A few days before the event word is sent to the studio employees to tell their relatives and friends that on such and such a date the auction is to be held. That is all the announcement that is necessary. The news spreads like magic thru Hollywood, and on to Los Angeles, Pasadena, Alhambra, Santa Monica, and Long Beach.

Now that the day of this year's auction was at hand, the opening hour found hundreds of women waiting for the doors of the wardrobe building to admit them to the promised land, where almost unbelievably low prices would purchase raiment such as few princesses have ever dared hope to wear.

The crowd was recruited from every walk of life—shop-girls, stenographers, matrons, high-school girls, spinsters. More than a few were actresses, including several former film favorites whose days of sky-rocket soaring were long since over, leaving them to patronize wardrobe auctions rather than modiste shops. Half the crowd consisted of middle-aged women whose passion for making over garments was to be more than satisfied with the chiffons of Clara Bow's negligées, the satins of Bebe Daniels' frocks, and the silver mesh of Pola Negri's evening capes. Here and there was a scattered man or two, obviously ill at ease but gamely determined to take advantage of the opportunity to buy wife or daughter a dainty bit of something gorgeous for just a little.

The doors swung open at last. The crowd surged up the flight of stairs to the big front room where the auction was to be held. Piled on long tables were the huge heaps of materials to be sold—sports sweaters, bathing-suits, pajamas, dancing frocks, evening gowns, evening coats, evening capes, evening shawls, scarfs, street costumes, blouses, negligées, hats of every size and color.

A wiry young red-haired auctioneer with the staccato voice of a machine-gun and the nervous energy of a dynamo took the first garment from the hands of an assistant, and the sale was on.

(*Continued on page* 93)

This auction does not need to be advertised. People from every stratum of society attend it . . . and arrive on the scene at six o'clock in the morning, long before the doors are opened

Curiously enough, a fretful old gentleman bought the filmy black and white chiffon pajamas which Bebe wore in "Stranded in Paris"

A girl wearing an engagement ring bought the crystal-beaded tulle frock worn as a wedding gown by Betty Bronson in "The Cat's Pajamas" for twenty-five dollars

The bidding on the gown, appliquéd with rhinestones and pearls, which Pola Negri wore in "Good and Naughty" was long and determined . . . finally reaching sixty-eight dollars

MOTION PICTURE JUNIOR

Vol. II. No. 9 March, 1927

The Junior Answer Man

All questions sent to Joe Frank Cobb in care of Movie Junior, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, will be answered by him

FRANK C.—Write to George O'Brien and Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Fred Thomson is at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

H. A. H.—Viola Dana is married to Lefty Flynn. Colleen Moore has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Sorry, but I haven't Robert Agnew's address.

BLONDY.—You were foolish not to send us your Felix drawing. That was Mr. Pat Sullivan's picture in the magazine. Marion Davies was twenty-seven years old, January 3. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is just twenty. You can write to both of them at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Ruth Roland is playing in Anna Q. Nilsson's next picture, "The Masked Woman."

CECILIA K.—June Marlowe was born November 6, 1905, and she is not married. You will see her next in "The Old Soak." Patsy Ruth Miller is twenty-four years old and is not married. She is playing with Monte Blue in "Wolf's Clothing." Spec O'Donnell has been added to the cast of "Casey at the Bat."

ELSIE R.—Write to Norma Talmadge at 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Norma Shearer and Pauline Starke are at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Belle Bennett in care of Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and Milton Sills at First National Studios, Burbank, California.

JUANITA McB. AND JANIE A.—Fred Thomson, Tom Tyler, Bob Custer and Frankie Darro are all at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, and Bob Custer is married to Anne E. Cudahy.

Rin-Tin-Tin
Haas

GERTRUDE P.—Write to Dolores Costello at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Alberta Vaughn is at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Marion Davies, Claire Windsor, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro are at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

A COMEDY FAN.—Ruth Taylor, Mary Maybery, Madeline Hurlock, Andre Bayley, Thelma Parr, Thelma Hill and Muriel Montrose all appear in Mack Sennett Comedies. Alberta Vaughn is at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and Evelyn Brent is at Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

ALLEN B.—Jackie Coogan was christened John Coogan, Jr. He is twelve years old and his next picture will be "Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut."

DORA M. B.—Mildred Davis was the girl in "Doctor Jack." That was Gertrude Astor in "Secrets."

C. L.—You can write to Ricardo Cortez at the Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Ben Lyon is at the Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Avenue, New York City, New York, and Colleen Moore at First National Studios, Burbank, California.

HELEN G. D.—Conway Tearle is at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Gloria Swanson's address is 522 Fifth

(*Continued on page* 89)

Meet Little Harry and Little Eva

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is being made as a movie, you know. And here is Lassie Lou Ahern as she will appear as *Little Harry*

Virginia Grey's mother is the librarian at Universal City. But that is not how she came to be chosen to play *Little Eva*. Harry Pollard, the director, interviewed hundreds and hundreds of little girls. Then he saw Virginia in her mother's office. And he chose her right then and there

You'll All Love This Story . . .

For it is all about "Old Ironsides," the ship you have given your pennies to save

EVERY boy, big and little, loves pirate stories . . . well, you *do*, dont you?

And every girl loves them, too, in her secret heart, tho it isn't the usual thing for little girls to admit this secret love . . . paper dolls and fairy-tales are more the Thing for little girls . . . so Grown-Ups think. But, of course, Grown-Ups dont always know . . . almost never, sometimes. . . .

Anyway, you'll love the story of that great, tall frigate, the *Constitution*, lovingly called "Old Ironsides." You'll love it if you know all about it and you should know all about it, honestly. Your teachers should have told you, probably they have, because teachers do know a Lot.

Anyway, the great tall frigate *Constitution* and her sister ships had fifty years of the Most Gorgiferous Adventures as you will seldom hear of. Adventures with *very* capital A's.

The *Constitution* had sails like the sails in lovely dreams and she had fifty-five thundering guns and Great Deeds were done on her gallant decks. Young boys, in their teens, some of them, "joined on" as the seafaring folk say, joined on for a lark, and larks they had—brave larks, when masts fell crashing down and battles raged and storms and gales swooped down on them out of foreign, ugly skies, across the Seven Seas.

The *Constitution* was built by our forefathers to make the pirates behave themselves. That is really and truly so. American men, you see, American sailors in the navy and American women and American children would go on the high seas to sell their wares or to take trips, to do Peaceful Things, and Pirates with earrings and hideous knives would spring at them in the dark of night, on an oily sea, and torture the American sailors and blow up their ships and sell the lovely American girls as slaves and torture the little children and do the Most Horrible Things.

And so, of course, we Americans, our forefathers in the time when Thomas Jefferson was our President, wouldn't stand for goings-on like that and they decided after a great deal of talking back and forth, they decided to build the frigate, *Constitution*, and her sister ships and so rid the seas of these Vile Pirates.

They called the *Constitution* "Old Ironsides" because her sides were iron and because they loved her and it was a sort of pet name. . . .

Well, "Old Ironsides" was almost never beaten . . . she usually always *won*. And she won because she was stoutly built and bravely made and had Might and Right on her side and because brave men and brave boys sailed her. Men and boys made out of the Shining Stuff of Heroes.

Now, today, "Old Ironsides" is in a watery grave. She has been sunk in deep waters. She has been almost—but never quite—forgotten. And we dont want to forget her. She is so much worth remembering and keeping. And so, it is to build "Old Ironsides" all over again that you and you and *you* are giving your pennies, and I think it's well worth a penny and more, dont you? And if by any chance you dont think it is worth a penny and more; if, supposing, you think you'd rather have your penny for a lollipop or a marble, ask your mother or your Dad to take you to see the motion picture called "Old Ironsides." Then you'll surely understand. Then you'll know it's worth while. You'll know what a splendid thing that great tall frigate was and you'll understand why They built her and all about Everything. You'll see Old Salem and the pirates of Tripoli and the Terribly Funny Wallace Beery and the Terribly Funny George Bancroft and beautiful Esther Ralston and young Charles Farrell and Everything. And you'll want to give your pennies because

"Her decks once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe . . ."

will Come Alive for you!

They called the Constitution "Old Ironsides" because her sides were iron and because they loved her. And it was a sort of pet name

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

See Prize Winning Limericks on Page 90

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before January 20. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Jackie Logan indulges
in chaff
She makes certain of getting
a laugh
By augmenting her jokes
With some ticklish pokes

Tho French phrases are
crowding her brain,
Joan will say "Oo la
la!" quite in vain
If she always bedecks
Her nose with these
specs

John T. Murray is thrifty,
you see.
He will not pay an ocu-
list's fee;
He says nothing surpasses
His iron-rimmed glasses

Clara's last name
should not have
been Bow.
Of her mouth it's de-
scriptive, I know,
But her legs!—they
belie it,
Refute and deny it,

The Love Story of a Prince

Rod La Rocque and Dolores Del Rio Share the Fade-Out in "Resurrection"

Hollywood is talking about the love scenes in Tolstoy's love story, "Resurrection." And when we consider Rod as *Prince Dimitri* and the beautiful Dolores as *Katusha Maslova,* it gives us pause. Edwin Carewe feels that in this production he has the biggest picture in his directorial career

All photos by Harold Dean Carsey

THIS IS THE HOUSE

With the Assistance of Fred Thompson, the Movie Cowboy, Who Owns Him

Everybody in the film colony talks about the Marion-Thompson place. Your car must climb miles of treacherous twining mountain roads before you even enter the gates . . . but, when you get there, and look down from the flagged courtyard, Hollywood, Los Angeles, and Catalina set as a jewel in the blue of the Pacific Ocean, lie below you

At the top of the page is the arch thru which you drive into the main courtyard. . . .

Just above is the huge living-room, beautiful with the chintzes, rugs and tapestries selected by Frances Marion. It is perfect, from the polychromed ceiling and the view from the windows to the hammered-gold outlet for the pipe-organ.

And then, last, but not least, as in any movie star's abode . . . the swimming-pool, set in pink marble and artificially heated.

THAT SILVER KING BUILT

And Suggestions from Frances Marion, the de Luxe Scenario Writer, Who Is Married to Fred

Gene Tunney was a member of the regiment of which Fred Thompson was chaplain . . . they were photographed before the main doorway to the house when Gene visited with Fred recently.

The courtyard, with the well and the old tree, is drenched with sunshine almost all day long . . . and there is about all of it the charm of old Mexico. . . .

Silver King's quarters, which are at the rear of the estate, are luxurious and spacious. There are stalls for fifteen horses in the stables . . . apartments for the grooms . . . and a run that most horses would envy.

Photographs taken for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by W. J. von Rossem

The Lew Cody Stag Supper

Lew is a genial host on all occasions, but the *pièce de résistance* of his entertainment is his justly famous stag supper which is famous on two continents

An ex-bachelor discloses a few secrets of his famous midnight suppers

Menu

Corned Beef and Cabbage
(Special Preparation)
Pickled Bermuda Onions
Limburger Cheese
Corn Bread
Near Beer
Coffee

IN spite of a wedding-ring, marriage certificate, and newspaper clippings to that effect, it is hard to think of Lew Cody as a staid and settled Benedict. It somehow doesn't fit the debonair Lew. Ex-bachelor is a much more expressive term, and there was a time, and still is, when Lew prepared the most delicious menus in Hollywood and points north and south. Lew is a genial host on all occasions, but the *pièce de résistance* of his hospitality is the justly celebrated stag supper, famous on two continents and in a couple of languages, including the Scandinavian. Not for nothing was Lew voted the most popular host in Hollywood.

Lew's favorite party is to get a bunch of the boys around a table loaded with jars of imported mustards, cheeses, pickles, spiced vegetables and rye breads, an open fireplace crackling in the next room, and just as the clock strikes twelve.

And just here, before we go on to Lew's famous recipes, is the place to mark the gay informality which prevails at all of Lew's parties; whether they be stag or whether ladies be among the guests.

The rooms of a house have an undeniable effect upon people, and the rooms of the Cody house are not the sort which bring constraint. And Lew himself presides, assisted by his very precious gift for making everyone feel at home. He is a perfect host.

The regular Cody dinner parties are served perfectly and prepared by an excellent cook. But there are times when just a small group of men gather of an evening, when the servants are dismissed and Lew himself prepares the refreshments.

Indeed it would be hard to say whether it is Lew as host and the charm of his home, or the delicious menus he offers, which have made his stag suppers so popular.

But to get to the recipes:

Corned beef and cabbage (*à la* Cody). Choice piece of corned beef is put in cold water and boiled slowly. When the meat begins to get tender, add turnips, carrots, onions, potatoes and cabbage. The cabbage must be very firm and cut in fourths. The amount of the vegetables and meat depends upon the number of guests. Cook very slowly. If the meat begins to get too tender before the vegetables are done, it should be taken out. This dish is served very hot.

Bermuda onions: Cut in slices and allow to soak with salt, vinegar and olive oil.

Other side dishes are radishes and green onions. Limburger cheese and crackers. When in season, corn on the cob is served.

There is no dessert with this dinner, only coffee and near beer.

If there are to be ladies present, Lew offers a few favorite chafing-dish specialties.

Oyster rarebit: One cup of oysters; two tablespoons butter; one-half pound cheese, cut fine; one-fourth teaspoon salt; few grains cayenne; two eggs; and toast.

Parboil the oysters and remove the tough muscle. Drain and reserve the liquor. Melt the butter, add the cheese, salt and cayenne. Beat the eggs, add the oyster liquid, and add gradually to the melted cheese. Add oysters and serve on toast.

Anchovy toast with eggs: Five eggs; one-half teaspoon salt; equal amount of pepper; one-half cup milk; one tablespoon butter; toast and anchovy paste.

Beat the eggs slightly, add salt, pepper and milk. Melt the butter, add the egg mixture and stir until creamy. Spread the toast with anchovy paste, arrange on a platter and pour over the egg.

A noble brave! Theodore Roberts as *Tabywana* in the production of "The Squawman"

The child Blanche gave promise of the beautiful woman that Blanche Sweet is today. . . . No wonder she was among the most popular stage children

Mabel Normand played in the old Biograph pictures as Muriel Fortescue. This is one of her first autographed fan pictures

Half a Dozen Memories

For Those Old Enough to Remember

Dorothy Gish as a stage child. Dorothy and Lillian often played in the same production. Then the Gish family was rich, indeed

The Jack Barrymore that theatergoers of little more than a decade ago will remember in light comedies. He was a fair hail from the dramatic figure that we know on the stage and screen today

In the old Kalem days Ruth Roland was the star supreme. Our feminine readers will know how long ago that was by the mode of Ruth's hat

White

"It," by Elinor Glyn, of course, has Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno as its featured players. Clara actually plays the title rôle. And those interested in just what Mrs. Glyn does mean by this small but portentous word have undoubtedly already marked this picture down as one they want to see

"Tillie the Toiler" brings another famous comic supplement character to the screen. And *Tillie* is fortunate to find her shadow being in the charming personality of Marion Davies

"The Song of the Dragon" finds the beautiful Dorothy Mackaill not only a charming heroine, but very active in solving the problem of the plot. Vincent Seranno is the gentleman in this scene from the society drama

This title was to be expected with all the talk about gentlemen's preference for blondes. "Blonde or Brunette?" finds the suave Adolphe Menjou with the responsibility of making a decision between such equally matched charmers as Arlette Marchal and Greta Nissen

THE MOVIES BILL OF FARE

"McFadden's Flats" is a modernized version of the popular old stage play of about twenty-five years ago. Charley Murray and Chester Conklin are in it, anyway. And that's all we need to know about a movie before buying our ticket at the box-office

Anna Q. Nilsson wears men's clothes again in "Easy Pickings." That should send the male contingent to the theater when this picture is billed. And the fact that Anna also wears some Paris gowns . . . and is threatened (see the picture on the left) is the producer's bid for feminine attendance as well

"An Affair of the Follies" is a provocative title. It spells a triangle, perhaps. And the scene with Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes below suggests a light treatment . . . and that's something our movie plots receive far too seldom

The head on the table belongs to that versatile gentleman, John Gilbert. Apparently, in "The Show" John looks for other fields to conquer. Certainly, he needs do no disappearing stunts, for his public has not yet been able to see enough of him. Renée Adorée is his side-partner in the side-shows in which this story is laid

OFFERS VARIETY: Previews of the New Pictures

Here's one actor who is pretty much what he suggests on the screen. He does not bear out the theory that actors and actresses are inverted personalities in their work . . . the opposite to that which they naturally appear. For Conrad Nagel goes in for the substantial and serene things

The Nagel home is of Colonial design. A soft cream, clapboard house with a green roof and green shutters. There are big trees. There is a rambling garden in the rear. And a prim brick walk leads across the well-kept lawn to the front door. Good American stuff. The stuff of which our country is made

Just As You Would Expect It

The big room with the southern exposure has miniature furniture and a border of cut-out figures on the wall. This is the nursery where Ruth lives—when she isn't playing in the garden

Ruth, incidentally, isn't to be trusted at the movies. The last time Mrs. Nagel took her to see her father in a movie, one scene showed him caught in a rainstorm. Ruth called out, "Oh, Mother, Daddy is getting all wet. And he'll take cold." Which amused the audience. And embarrassed Mrs. Nagel

The Black Bottom

In Ten Lessons, by Hollywood's Expert, Joan Crawford

Joan begins the dance with her hands on her hips . . . knees bent slightly starboard . . . one foot flat on the floor and the toe of the other foot just touching

Next the hands come farther down on the hips. The right knee is more bent and the left leg becomes almost straight

The third step is executed by shifting the weight of the body from the right to the left foot and extending the right leg. Now the hands come farther forward on the thighs and the right leg is stiff and the left leg is bent

For this step, another change in weight is effected. The right knee stiffens and bends, while the left leg goes straight and shoots out with the weight of the foot resting on the heel

The right foot is kept in the same position as for the step just before this one, but the left foot changes with a quick jump from the heel to the toe, working backwards

The weight is still on right foot now but the left leg leaves floor smartly. The leg is kept straight and head and body are thrown back with the right knee still bent

The weight is changed . . . from right to the left foot. The left leg is brought to the floor smartly and the right leg is brought at right angles to the body with the left leg from the knee straight. Toe is *not* pointed

The last step ended with the right knee at right angles to the body. Now the hand is put on the knee and is brought down sharply to the floor. This step is repeated by rocking from one knee to the other

With the feet far apart, the body is brought up from the floor and a catch step on the heels is executed.

In truth, the Black Bottom is putting the Charleston's foot out of joint

The grand finale takes the right knee around and ends with the left leg straight and the toe of the right foot on the floor. Then the entire dance is repeated, beginning at position number one

The Picture Parade

MANON LESCAUT—*Romantic Drama—80%*

THE turbulent adventures of *Manon* and the man she loved, but just couldn't be true to, have been most earthily depicted by UFA. Lya de Putti, as the star, proves that she is considerably more than the red-hot mamma American directors have made her. Her beauty is not enhanced by the clumsy costumes of the period, but Lya makes of *Manon* a flesh-and-blood girl, whose temptations, infidelities, and sorrows one can observe with a sympathetic eye. The production is cumbersome and not always too happily cast, and rather heavy in its humor, but there is always a reality about it that American costume pictures often fail to capture. Fritz Greiner is properly obnoxious as the villain, but Vladimir Gaidarow seems, with the exception of a few inspired moments in a coach, a very tepid hero. He suffers horribly from the well-known *mal du siècle*—or is it merely a colorless personality?

See this if it reaches your town. The sets by Paul Leni are interesting. And the changing fortunes of *Manon's* troubled life are vastly entertaining. To us, Miss de Putti is one of the most provocative personalities on the screen. And you can have a lot of fun comparing this foreign production with the American version in which the decorative and romantic John Barrymore and the ditto Dolores Costello appear.—*UFA.* E. G.

FLESH AND THE DEVIL—*Drama—90%*

HERE is one of the best pictures reflected upon the old screen in many a moon, the perfection of which is marred only by the ending which appears tacked on, as an afterthought. However, since the story is one which it must have proved rather difficult to squeeze into the conventional movie mold at the last moment, the ending can be overlooked and the remainder of the production enjoyed.

The drama finds its interest in the story of two men who have taken a solemn oath of friendship as children. This sounds trite to repeat but it is, as a matter of fact, a new and unusual version of what is basically an old theme.

Several things conspire to make this production all that it is. First, Jack Gilbert. Second, Greta Garbo. Third, Lars Hanson. And having left the mention of Clarence Brown, the director, until the last, we are not sure that he should not have been mentioned first since all the scenes take on a new color, because of the intelligent and sophisticated treatment he has given them.

Lars Hanson is an interesting figure. And if Jack Gilbert were not the splendid actor and attractive individual that he is, Mr. Hanson might have stolen the masculine honors.

Greta is a beautiful nymphomaniac (a Freudian word for a lady who pursues men, and just cant help it). You never feel the chaos she causes exaggerated. She is attractive enough to work any havoc in a man's world.

The love scenes certainly deserve individual mention. But since they show a very human emotion at its peak, the censors of some states can be depended upon to act foolishly.

Go to see this picture. We give it our enthusiastic recommendation.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A. W. F.

POTEMKIN—*Drama—90%*

THE mutiny of the sailors on board the armored cruiser *Prince Potemkin* is not a complete drama—it is an excerpt from Russian naval history which has been committed to pictures by the Russian director, Eisenstein, in a manner remarkable and new to the screen. The facts have been narrated with the utmost simplicity, in the unemotional manner of a news-reel. And the drama of the actual events is twice as powerful as if it had been refracted by any sentimental emphasis or commentary. There is no star. No time is lost on ecstatic close-ups. The narrative proceeds swiftly and relentlessly, building up terrific suspense, pathos, excitement, and all the things that directors usually have to "plant" in their pictures. Eisenstein has a feeling for grand and sweeping effects, too, and some of his photography is the most beautiful we've ever seen. The censors, whose ways no one can pretend to understand, chose to remove from this picture what is considered the real motivation of the thing—that is, close-ups of the bad meat which impelled the sailors to mutiny. But we cannot see that this has in any way detracted from the strength of the film, or made it less understandable. See this, because the theme and its handling are so unusual that they are important in the forward trend of motion pictures, and, also, because it is a very thrilling movie.—*Amkino.* E. G.

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose view-points are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

EXIT SMILING—*Comedy—80%*

BEATRICE LILLE brings a new sort of screen comedy to the onlooker in "Exit Smiling." She promises to be the feminine Chaplin of the screen. Her humor is whimsical, pathetic, and simple all in one, and the story all the way thru is seen thru roars of laughter —with a lump in the throat. She very sincerely and simply unrôles the character of a young drudge of a cheap Dramatic Road Show of troupers. She falls in love with a young chap, who has left his town because of a false shadow on his name.

She makes him one of the troupe by pure force of will-power and ingenuity. The comedy thruout the story is gained thru her melodramatic ambitions for the stage and her hopeless faith in her ability.

She finally, thru knowing word for word the main situation of their most dramatic offering, clears the boy's name and makes him free to marry the girl back home whom he loves.

Jack Pickford as the boy makes you feel like congratulating the girl at the end of the story, when he leaves her to go back "home," without having realized for a moment that the little drudge loved him! He plays the weak and wobbly young man most convincingly.

"Exit Smiling" is entertainment, plus, if you like a tear with your laughter and want to see the true possibilities of comedy artistically handled by a master technician of humor—Beatrice Lille.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

D. D.

"OLD IRONSIDES"—*95%*—*Drama*

CURTIS D. WILBUR, Secretary of the Navy, says in his foreword to the program of "Old Ironsides": "May the spirit of 'Old Ironsides' go sailing on! There is no relic in our country more symbolic of the early heroism of the Nation than the *U. S. S. Constitution* . . . 'Old Ironsides' has never known defeat. The ravaging hand of time now rests heavily upon this gallant old defender of our young Nation. She sends forth an eloquent call to all America." Well, she couldn't send forth a *more* eloquent call than "Old Ironsides," the Paramount Picture, suggested and adapted by Harry Carr, written for the screen by Laurence Stallings, directed superbly by James Cruze, acted with equal magnificence. And in one scene at the end of the first half of the picture there is such compelling, stupendous beauty as has never been seen on the screen before. Two thousand men, four tall ships, constructed harbors of Old Salem and Tripoli, casualties including the deaths of two sailors, millions of dollars' and more than that worth of arduous effort and inspired performance make "Old Ironsides." Out of the fifty years of adventure and triumph endured by the *Constitution*, James Cruze selected the tremendous adventure of Tripoli. We see the pirates at work torturing American sailors, selling American women into unspeakable bondage. We see our young nation, represented by stalwart men and tender youths defending and triumphing. The love story, played by Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell, is especially tender and lovely. Wallace Beery has outdone himself. George Bancroft as the Gunner plays him an equal hand. It is, in every detail, person, and in the epic ensemble, a stupendous thing. It has blood drama, it is minus, "movie" claptrap, it is too mighty, too imbued with realism, too fraught with danger and hardihood to be embalmed in a few words. Go to see it, men, women, children, it is your duty, your pleasure and your privilege. —*Paramount.*

G. H.

FAUST—*Drama—85%*

THIS seems to us to be as satisfactory an allegory as the movies have ever produced. It is a picture happily endowed with great imaginative power that is used with great restraint. The director's conception of *Mephisto's* arrival upon earth is magnificent. It is the old legend of *Faust*, the scholar and healer, and of his bargain with the devil to regain his lost youth, even at the cost of his soul. The earlier reels are the most effective—the aged *Faust* among a plague-stricken people, the cunning of the devil in striking his bargain, and their tour of the world on a magic cloak, which gives a remarkable impression of the infinite, timeless and placeless. Later, as the love story develops, the thing drags a good deal, held back by the heavy humor, altho Camilla Horn gives a delicate and lovely performance as *Marguerite*. Emil Jannings again demonstrates his amazing versatility. He is a robust *Mephisto*, yet his performance has almost the pantomimic grace of a dancer. A malicious, humorous, perverse *Mephisto*, changing with the many moods of the picture. The sets are reminiscent of those famous demented sets of "Dr. Caligari," sinister and oppressive.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

E. G.

"LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM"—Comedy—85%

FRANK TUTTLE had made this a very human story. Understandable. Real. *Janie* and *Mame* are sisters, who live in the hall-bedroom variety of boarding house, and work in Ginsberg's Department Store. *Janie* is the would-be night-club type, none too scrupulous about anything, including money and men. *Mame* is the opposite, the "decent," maternal type, long suffering tho not of great patience. The fact that she isn't of great patience adds a nice reality to her characterization. People frequently are martyred and enduring, but seldom does the disposition of an angel go with these virtues. Anyway, we are told that when the girls' "Ma" departed this life, she left the gay *Janie* to the ministering care and protection of *Mame*. Of course, there is a young man in the case. *Mame's* young man when the story begins, *Janie's* midway thru it. When we tell you that Evelyn Brent is *Mame;* Louise Brooks, *Janie;* and Lawrence Gray, the Young Man, you'll understand better how 'tis. They are all obvious types, and the story has fairly obvious situations, but most of life is obvious anyway. The cast includes: Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray, Osgood Perkins, etc. It was directed by Frank Tuttle. G. H.

TIN HATS—Comedy—80%

THIS consists of a little bit of photography sandwiched between smotcrecks by Ralph Spence. What will these more or less collapsible productions do when Ralph, who has recently been made a director, begins saying it with pictures? But despite the superabundance of titles, this film is remarkable in several respects. It is a pioneer in the matter of cementing friendship between Americans and their erstwhile enemies, the Germans, who are revealed in all their affectionate and kindly simplicity. It's utterly trifling, but delightful in its leisurely good temper and humor. Three bloodthirsty Sammies are all ready to bayonet a few Huns when, to their great chagrin, the Armistice is signed. Wandering into the enemy's country, they are mistaken for the Army of Occupation, and are received with true German hospitality—steins, brass bands, *et al.* They cant resist such a charming welcome, and retaliate, after various adventures, by proudly going home with a German wife apiece. Some mystery is inserted toward the last to bolster up the interest. This strikes us as an unusually pleasant bit of nonsense, and all the credit goes to Edward Sedgwick, who wrote and directed it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* E. G.

TWINKLETOES—Comedy Drama—75%

COLLEEN MOORE is still going right on from where Jackie Coogan left off. In this story of London's Limehouse district the fringe of bangs is covered by a humanizing blonde wig, but you are treated to the same old repertoire of pouts, grins, grimaces, and tender moments. It must be said that Colleen works hard in this picture. She scampers thru the dim and damp streets of Limehouse, administering justice to the derelict population by means of resounding socks and smacks. She dances energetically and kicks as high as the best of them, and her comedy is vigorous and unmistakable. In short, a typical performance. The story is of a little waif, who aspires to be a great toe-dancer, reads her glorious future in her teacup, and sets about making it come true. Devotees of Colleen will revel in this, no doubt, but those who admire Thomas Burke's poignant stories of Limehouse will be just a trifle appalled. Kenneth Harlan has an awfully good time being a rough tough guy, and Warner Oland is appropriately villainous. Gladys Brockwell, whom we see far too seldom, contributes a very good bit.—*First National.* E. G.

THE CHEERFUL FRAUD—Comedy—80%

NEED we say more than that Reginald Denny is the hero of this merry piece? The name of Denny has come to stand for comedy, confusion, love, and absurdity, and the expectant fans will not be disappointed in this case. The new Denny opus makes Reginald a Lord—or is it a Marquis—in his native England, but Reg has been among us so long that he plays the Londoner in barbarously American fashion. The mainstays of the plot are his Lordship, a pure little social secretary, an evil-looking thief and a terrific rainstorm. These are juggled about thru reels during which you wont rock with laughter, unless that is your custom at all and any Denny pictures. Triumphing most gorgeously over all this nonsense is the really admirable Gertrude Astor, who rarely suffers from miscasting and, therefore, gives some grand performances. The picture is somewhat saddened by the spectacle of Gertrude Olmstead shorn of her luxuriant locks. Hair really makes a lot of difference in a woman. In this case it makes a difference of what seems to be about ten years—in the wrong direction.—*Universal.* E. G.

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—*Romantic Comedy—75%*

THIS month Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are to be seen in a story more trifling than their last—and not quite so amusing. It celebrates, principally, the devotion of two "pals"—Jack's boy friend in this case being that brilliant brunette, Buster Collier. Buster wants to cure his woman-hating buddy, so he picks out what he considers the Right Girl, and introduces her, slyly, as his own sweetheart. Then human nature asserts itself—you know how a man will hanker after someone else's girl. Jack falls, but like any true pal, he is all ready to make the sacrifice.

All this is done with a light but none too skilful touch. There is time out for Jack to jog back to the old homestead and register filial love as only he can. And time out for Louise Brooks to display her wares, which have a distressing sameness. But in spite of its weaknesses, there is a big thrill in this picture—an airplane accident, and in particular the terrified moments just before the crash. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill make this very real and terrible. That's about the only thing that distinguishes the picture—altho Buster Collier is awfully intriguing.—*First National.* E. G.

VALENCIA—*Romantic Drama—70%*

IT seems that Mae Murray was right—during those many years when her negligible costumes and provocative ways were her stock in trade. Certainly as an alluring Spanish girl she is completely out of her element. Her charms are almost entirely eclipsed by voluminous skirts, and she wears a set smile that is second only, in durability, to the Queen of Roumania's. "Valencia" is pretty awful, anyway, and Mr. Buchowetzki should be ashamed of himself. As you might guess from the title, the story is about a Spanish dancing girl, her sailor sweetheart, and the amorous Governor of Barcelona. Roy D'Arcy as the last-named very precious gentleman gives a characterization which might be called self-portraiture at its finest. His performance is aptly described by a subtitle which designates him as "the man who is always laughing like a hyena." Lloyd Hughes as the virile seagoing lover is bound to his own A B C school of acting, in spite of valiant attempts to be a John Gilbert. Dont go to this unless you want to get in out of the rain.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* E. G.

THE POPULAR SIN—*Comedy—85%*

MAL ST. CLAIR, now basking in his title of "the American Lubitsch," has gone even farther than his master. Bothering little with plot and twists and "touches," he has shown how utterly charming it can be to watch people behave exactly as they really do—nice people in plausible situations. The first half of this picture is a smooth bit of directing, enchanting in a quiet way. Much of the credit goes to Florence Vidor, the star. It is unnecessary to reiterate that Miss Vidor is a beautiful and lovely lady. In addition to these glories she is a fine and adroit actress.

Later, the story gets away from the harmonious influence of Miss Vidor, and comes under the highly theatrical sway and swish of Greta Nissen. Presto!—the whole manner of the thing changes, and much gentlemanly acting is done with a conspicuous air—much as a conjurer self-consciously displays his hands before taking the rabbit out of the hat. The plot whirls into one of those intricate divorce tangles so dear to the Lubitschean heart. This can be taken or left—but by all means go to the first half of this picture, to see what Mr. St. Clair, Miss Vidor, and Mr. Clive Brook can do, when they put their minds on it.—*Paramount.* E. G.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"—*Drama—85%*

LON CHANEY'S first appearance *au naturel* for many years and it makes one plead for more like it. He is a great actor and lifts himself out of the make-up artist class into real drama.

As the hard-boiled army sergeant of the Marines he takes you thru the hard-boiled training of the Marines, and makes you like it. Bill Haines as the fresh and breezy young recruit takes his medicine like a man after causing Lon Chaney all sorts of trouble whipping him into shape for the young nurse whom Chaney as the Sergeant loves.

The characterizations live and move as human beings, and when you leave the two hours of concentrated interest in the unwinding of the snarls of the lives of Eleanor Boardman as the nurse, Lon as the Sergeant and Bill as the recruit, you feel as tho you have witnessed a bit of life right out of the raw. That somewhere, sometime, must have existed these characters as you saw them in that picture.

This picture will be as popular as any we have had in many a day, and will go down on record as one of Chaney's greatest.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* D. D.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman are cronies. Week-ends find them keeping bachelor quarters at Dick's beach-house. No ladies around. No need to shave or wear anything more formal than knickers or a bathing-suit. And the comfort of rare old pipes, ripened with years of tobacco smoke . . .

Certainly this picture of Powell-Barthelmess-Colman week-ends is not compatible with the things expected of matinée idols. . . . That is something in their favor. And the surest way to keep young is to continue finding life a glorious adventure

The Three Musketeers of Hollywood

Go to Sea in a Surf-Boat

Doolittle

If you watched Ray and Al Rockett carrying on their important work in their suites of private offices, you would think that they were two very presumptuous young men who were taking advantage of the Big Boss' absence and swanking a little

They Might Be Horatio Alger Heroes

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IF you did not know Al and Ray Rockett and you lunched with them in either Ray's suite of private offices or Al's suite of private offices . . . if you listened to their talk, broken with peals of laughter . . . if you heard them josh the director who came in with some production worry and watched the harassed frown disappear from between his eyes when he was reminded of a companion funny story . . . you would think that they were two very presumptuous young men who were taking advantage of the Big Boss' absence and swanking a little.

They do not seem at all impressed with their suites of offices . . . with the big mahogany desks and the sheaf of checks amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars waiting their important signatures . . . or the three telephones . . . or the vital production schedule, the very pulse of every studio, needing their approval.

The Rockett brothers produce a great many of the pictures you see at your neighborhood theater. And they certainly began humbly enough and are now successful enough to substantiate any Alger book you ever read.

When you read their story, you will agree that romance is not dead . . . but lurks under cover in the world of business.

We said something of this to them one day.

"Gosh," said Al, mixing the dressing for his salad, "I'd hate to go around like some crusty old fellows I've known, taking everything so darn serious. I think you make the people around you like that too. They get to feeling their jobs are hard."

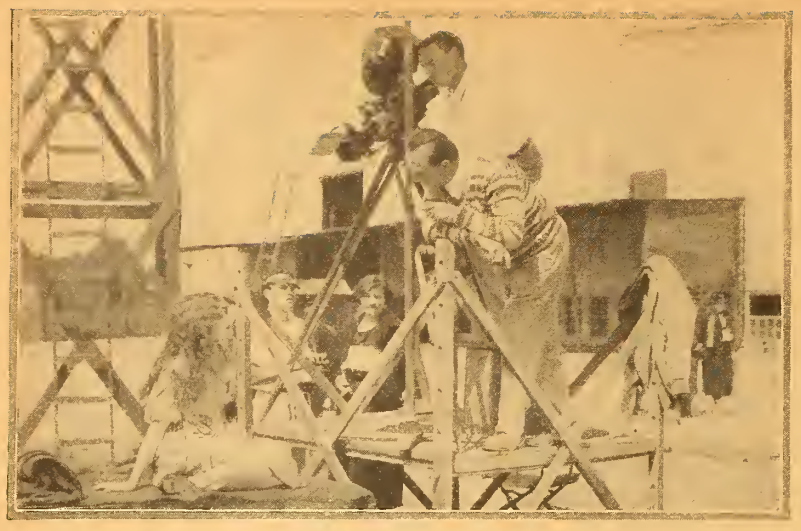
He laughed. "Most people with whom we come in contact here at the studios, such as directors and scenario writers, actually have hard jobs. No use impressing it on them."

Ray rubbed his bald head. Al says the baldness is nothing in the world but age, but Ray informs you, decorous for the moment, what a nervous disorder did for the growth and he decided to shave it all off and see what happened. Nothing has so far. That's plain to be seen.

"It is easy to be good-natured, no matter how hard you have to work, if the work interests you," according to Ray. "And this

(*Continued on page 96*)

NEWS OF THE CAMERA COASTS



Being a great and immediate success on the screen has its drawbacks. Take Dolores Costello. No vacations for her. The public fills the theaters when her pictures are shown . . . so the exhibitors demand her in a new film as often as possible. Here she is shown at work on "The Third Degree"

THE Hollywood Music Box Revue which opened a few months ago under the direction of Carter de Haven, and specialized in a smart chorus of gals clad mostly in the flesh and the blood of the land began to flop rather badly. The stockholders were losing money, so they raised a howl for more dough and less beef. The show was re-organized and Lupino Lane, the famous English comedian, who is making comedies for Educational, stepped in and saved the day.

The opening night of the new edition of the Music Box was Thanksgiving night, and after the warm reception accorded the show, I'll bet that Lewis Stone, Leatrice Joy, Lew Cody, Bill Beaudine and other heavy stockholders in the revue fell on one bended knee and gave thanks to Lupino "Nipper" Lane.

It was the first stage appearance of the nifty little English comedian who has been doing so well with his series of two-reel comedies for Educational.

P. & A.

Lois Moran, after over a year of almost constant work in the studios, felt that she had earned a holiday. She sailed for Europe last month with her mother and her adopted sister, Betty

AFTER a long delay Norma and Constance Talmadge have started work again. Norma's cameramen have been shooting the initial scenes of "Camille," while Connie frolics on a nearby set in the stellar rôle of "A Vamp of Venice."

The Talmadges appear to be very tired of making moving pictures, and we wouldn't be a bit surprised if they retired from the screen for good upon the completion of their present contracts.

ALWAYS willing to help the gals of the nation, I gallantly submit this choice bit of information. Huntly Gordon, that reserved young man of many screen wives, has purchased the Hollywood Hose Manufacturing Company. I leave it to the brainy gals to write him for an autographed pair of stockings instead of the customary picture. You might enclose the two bits, as I guarantee the hosiery to be worth all of that.

Because Huntly has dared to venture into such a business, he has been the subject of many jibs, jabs and jibes. Some have claimed that Huntly's stocking bill has been enormous in past years and he has adopted this wholesale method with the idea of saving on the overhead. Personally, I have saved considerably during the past Yuletide season by taking advantage of Huntly's friendship and hosiery mills.

OUR monthly golf items:

Doug Fairbanks came in with a ninety-five over the Lakeside course. Not so good, but one must realize that Doug is just starting to be a golfer. Joseph Schenck did the same course in one hundred and one.

Schenck, who is one of the biggest producers and Norma Talmadge's husband, has placed Leo Deigel, Chicago professional golfer, under a long term contract to give him lessons in the

Underwood & Underwood

When the vaudeville performers who used to know Charlie Chaplin in the English music halls come to America, they always visit Charlie at his studios. Alice Lloyd who once played on the same bills with Charlie was a recent visitor when she played at the Los Angeles Orpheum

Gossip and Pictures of the Players on the Set and Off

By
Elizabeth Greer
and
Milton Howe

A scene for "The Perfect Sap" was about to be filmed when this informal picture was taken . . . in which Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke will be shown dashing along a country road at a collegiate speed. Mr. Howard Higgin is the director

Scotch polo game. Deigel is to receive $15,000 per year for imparting his knowledge to Mr. Schenck.

Lupino Lane, the English comedian, who is making comedies for Educational, has had his moments with the Prince of Wales, and the following is just one of them.

Lane is a practical joker. One of his most exciting bits of fun is to wire chairs and door-knobs with a result that causes strange visitors to do back flips when they come in contact with the shocking bits of furniture.

After the final curtain of a London revue, Lane was in his dressing-room with some friends, when a gentleman entered and announced that the Prince was about to pay the comedian a visit. His Majesty the Prince of Wales entered and Lupino beckoned him to the wired chair. The body with the royal blood had no sooner reclined in the seat than "Nipper" pushed the button, and England's prospective King leaped into the air and alighted in a Charleston pose. Everyone knows of the Prince's reputation for being a regular fellow, so it is rather needless to explain that he "took it big" and promised Lane that if he came to Buckingham palace he would have the royal plush chairs well spiked.

Be Sweet . . . that's the way Blanche's dressing-room door is marked. We wonder if all those who enter here believe in signs . . . or whether now and then a visitor's natural disposition doesn't survive this admonition

When Emil Jannings was introduced to Adolphe Menjou, he shook hands and said, "I liked you very much in 'The Last Laugh.'"

"And you are immense in 'The Ace of Cads,'" replied Menjou.

The next day a story came out to the effect that Menjou and Jannings would appear in a picture together. It will never happen, but the story makes good reading. Maurice Stiller, who was slated to direct Jannings in his first picture, will not be given that pleasure. Stiller is to handle the megaphone work on Pola Negri's next production.

When Wally Beery goes on location he invariably brings home some youth with him. . . . Once it was a half-breed Indian boy . . . another time it was a carrot-topped Irisher. . . . This time it looks as if there would be a brown boy on the Beery ranch. For this picture was snapped when Wally was on location for "The Rough Riders"

Edmund Lowe's work in "What Price Glory" has created as much talk among the film gentry as the new Vitaphone discovery. Eddie plays the character of the rough, tough, hard-fried *Sergeant Quirk*, and does it so well that his film friends were staggered at the marvelous performance he gave.

This reminds me of an accident which occurred when Eddie was playing the leading rôle in "The Palace of the King," which turned out to be a good looking poor house for the producers. It didn't make a cent, but that wasn't Eddie's fault. The picture was a natural flop.

Emmett Flynn directed the picture. One night Emmett is said to have eaten some fish, which must have been about the same age as those the Puritans buried with a few kernels of corn. He was a very sick director the next day. Eddie, hearing of his director's plight, walked up to him, and with a slap

Director Donald Crisp is explaining a bit of business in "Nobody's Widow" to Leatrice Joy. We leave the expression on Leatrice's face to suggest what the business is . . . anyway, the caption on the picture did not say

Constance Talmadge visited the Barrymore set the other day. And this should be enough to start a rumor about her and Jack being engaged or something. It usually is. From left to right, Conrad Veidt as Louis XI, Constance Talmadge as herself, and Jack Barrymore as Francois Villon

on the back said, "Sorry, old man, to hear you are not feeling so well today."

"Yes, yes, yes," replied the annoyed Mr. Flynn. "But I cant talk to you today. Come around tomorrow."

CLARA BOW has broken off her engagement to Victor Fleming, the director.

Clara's ancestors must have been romantic barbers.

"NEXT!"

JACK HOLT'S contract with Paramount has expired. They offered Jack a new proposition, paying him so much per picture, but he declined.

There is no doubt that Holt will aline himself with one of the larger companies or form a company of his own.

There is a general fight on among the producers to secure the services of established Western stars. Fred Thomson has been offered as high as fifteen thousand dollars per week on a new contract as soon as his present agreement with the F. B. O. company expires.

Holt is also in line for some of the big money, having established himself in the class of better Western pictures with the Zane Grey series which he has been making for Paramount.

Nope! There isn't a new child actress on the screen at all. This young lady is Norma Shearer as *Criquette* in "The Demi Bride"

ONCE in a while one strikes a fresh personality among the beautiful girls of the Hollywood film company. Every day one hears the somewhat truthful remark that most of the youthful maidens aspiring to stardom look very much alike. Starry-eyed, even-toothed, bowed lips and empty-headed.

Margaret Morris offers something different. She is not so beautiful that she looks sweet. She has a delightful personality, which will establish her as one of the greatest if she is able to put it on the screen. She is being co-featured with Conway Tearle in "Hello Bill."

GLORIA LLOYD, daughter of the well-known Harold Lloyds, of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and "Grandma's Boy," is developing rapidly into a comédienne of no mean ability.

Her mother tells me that Gloria is born with the true Hollywood spirit, for when bedtime comes, and she is told that she must go to bed, Gloria stamps a couple of small feet and screams, "I wont, I wont, I wont!"

While her mother was shopping with her daughter in one of the large down-town department stores, Miss Gloria sniffed a bit and demanded a handkerchief. When her mother took one from her purse and handed it to her daughter, the child let out a yelp, saying that it wasn't the one in the purse that her nose needed, but one of the pretty new handkerchiefs in the show-case.

Young Gloria is just old enough to toddle, but she has already given demonstrations to prove that she long ago passed the beautiful but dumb strata of Hollywood society.

HOLLYWOOD has been quite excited over the question as to whether Lew Cody and Mabel Normand will live in Lew's house in Beverly Hills or Mabel's house.

At first it was announced that Mabel would move over to Lew's home, and now 'tis said Lew will move over to Mabel's. The very latest is that they will both sell out and build a new home.

This is the nearest anyone has ever come to "playing house" in Hollywood.

THREE years ago the biggest female names on the big circuits included Helene Chadwick, Priscilla Dean, Betty Compson and Mae Busch.

At the present time they are all working with smaller

Both Jim Tully, the writer, and Edwin Carewe, the director, used to be good hoboes. Now they travel in de luxe Pullmans. But they haven't forgotten how to adjust their bodies to their previous mode of travel, the rails

Lillian Gish has finished with the plaid dresses and Scotch hats she wore as *Annie Laurie*. Now she is studying her rôle in "The Wind." Lillian is like a builder. She knows just what she is going to do with every scene before she starts acting. With her here is Clarence Brown, her director

independent companies for much less money. Mae is appearing in a comedy for Hal Roach.

Most of the stars hold their positions for a few flashing years and then sink from sight. Can anyone blame them for wanting to get big salaries while their names mean the most?

THE wires and cablegrams grew hot for a month between Antonio Moreno and British National pictures, with the result that Tony will go to London to play the leading rôle opposite Dorothy Gish in "Madame Pompadour."

Tony demanded a great deal, and the British concern has agreed to pay him a great deal for his services. It is said the popular Tony is to receive more money than has ever been paid an American star by a foreign concern.

This appears to be one of the first moves on the part of the European producers in retaliation for the American showmen's pilfering Europe of all its best talent. It is said that England realizes the tremendous commercial importance of motion pictures and is willing to spend vast sums to establish the business on an equal footing with the American product.

The greatest star England will ever be able to produce is the Prince of Wales. He's a great rider and would be popular in Westerns. The British tried using His Royal Highness Will Rogers, Prince of Oklahoma, but the only complaint against Will was that he couldn't wear clothes.

When there is an anti-fat clause in your contract, you get up in the morning and go in for strenuous exercise, as Alberta Vaughn and her sister, Ada Mae, are doing here

BEVERLY HILLS and Hollywood welcomed the return of Will Rogers to the old home town after many, many months' absence, during which time he wrote volumes of very sensible comment on the economic conditions of the various countries.

Will has been elected mayor of Beverly Hills, and now we shall be able to observe at first hand whether he believes in the political policies he has been advocating.

Mayor Rogers must start cleaning up the town immediately. Most of the stars, including Edmund Lowe and Lillyan Tashman, have been going without their morning milk for some time due to the activities of some fiend in human form, who has been snatching milk bottles from back porches. I have been bootlegging milk to my aged mother and father in the town of Beverly for the past two weeks. If the condition grows worse, we will all have to quit thinking of the Armenians and donate our pennies to the Beverly Hills Milk Fund.

THE tourist season is at its height with many Easterners planning to come to Hollywood and view the stars, just as they will want to go to Santa Rosa and view the 1000-year old grape-vine. It is no more than right that we should give the visitors the low down on where and when one may get a first hand view of the picture stars.

The Hollywood Legion fights every Friday night draw the following members of the profession to the ringside seats:

Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, Hoot Gibson, Clara Bow, Viola Dana, Ned Sparks, Antonio Moreno, Lon Chaney and others too numerous to mention.

The Wednesday luncheon hour at the Montmartre is given a sparkle by the presence of: Claire Windsor, Colleen Moore, Viola Dana, Esther Ralston, Raymond Griffith, Edward Earle, Lillyan Tashman and others too numerous to mention.

The Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel is patronized by: Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Connie Talmadge, Laura La Plante, Alice Terry, Norma Shearer and others too numerous to mention.

(*Continued on page* 121)

Mrs. Antonio Moreno Becomes Our Etiquette Editor

An informal picture of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno taken in the breakfast room of their home in Moreno Highlands

The Thing to Do

By
Mrs. Antonio Moreno

UPON being asked to write this series of articles for Motion Picture Magazine, I, at first, hesitated because of the vastness of such a subject. But after deliberating upon the true meaning of etiquette, I came to the conclusion that it was, after all, nothing more nor less than the study and practise of ordinary, every-day courtesy . . . the oil that lubricates the friction of human contacts.

Social blunders, like death and taxes, are inevitable. Sometime, during the course of our lives, we must all suffer that agonizing moment wherein we reproach ourselves with "if only we hadn't said that," or "if only we hadn't done this." Such moments are painfully acute, and our chagrin is not lessened when we realize that these moments are caused by our own ignorance, and, in a great many cases, by our own carelessness, as regards the small conventionalities of our social life.

Let us take, for instance, that small formality we call the introduction. The actual time spent in making an introduction between two strangers takes, at the very most, a fraction of a second, and yet, in that second, unless we are extremely careful, the chance of committing an unfortunate blunder is imminent.

There is no hard or fast rule governing the introduction, but, I regret to say, there are a great many "donts." Dont, for example, introduce a lady to a gentleman in this manner, "Mr. Robinson, I want you to meet Mrs. Douglas." In the first place, a lady is never introduced to a gentleman, but rather the gentleman is *presented* to the lady, "Mrs. Douglas, may I present Mr. Robinson?" This is the correct method of procedure, and anyone adopting this form of introduction for all formal occasions need never fear the stigma of social criticism.

(*Continued on page* 102)

A Word About Mrs. Moreno

Mrs. Antonio Moreno is a leader in California society. But if she moved in far humbler circles, no one could have any doubt about her being a lady, in the fullest measure of all that word implies.

She has the poise and charm of manner born of a social confidence.

And we have the pleasure to announce that Mrs. Moreno has become a member of our editorial staff and that each month she will write of the common blunders made in etiquette . . . and answer any questions asked by our readers.

All letters must be signed with your full name and address, but when it is requested, initials only will be used with the answer. Address all communications to Mrs. Antonio Moreno, care MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A. W. F.

MRS. VANDERBILT'S *spacious English living room, where deep divans, old Chinese chests, Ispahan rugs, books and rare prints, rest the eye with blended beauty while three windows frame the changeful pageant of East River. In a gown of silver gray crepe Mrs. Vanderbilt is informally receiving friends with characteristic graciousness and charm*

In her little Georgian morning room, with its panelled walls of deal and gay chintzes, MRS. VANDERBILT *relaxes after her duties in her many charities. Especially to the Neurological Institute of New York, the only hospital in the United States devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means*

In her Enchanting House in Sutton Place

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

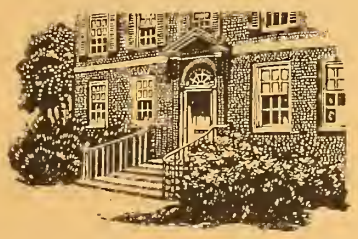
receives with gracious informality

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Oliver Harriman, has few peers. Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a beauty-lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything that contributes to womanly charm she considers highly important, prizing all the subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

Steichen

Mrs. Vanderbilt loves unusual flowers



No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style

She advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams *will* give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

This is how they should be used:—

Before retiring at night, and often during the day, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your skin. In a few moments its fine oils lift from the pores all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, a little Cream left on until morning keeps your tissues supple.

After every cleansing except the bedtime one, apply lightly just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes a marvelous powder base, gives a lovely even finish and guards the smooth white texture of your hands. It protects your face admirably, too, when you fare forth into weather, soot and dust.

Care for your skin with these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's. They will, as Mrs. Vanderbilt suggests, give you the assurance of being your best self.

On Mrs. Vanderbilt's little old Eighteenth Century poudreuse, are painted powder boxes and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon and receive free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
113 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Marion Meyer Drew Will Tell You Just What the Stars Forecast for You In the Movies

Sarah L., April 1:

Listen, Sarah: Life does not disclose its full meaning in the first fifteen years. Dont be discouraged if things have not all been just as you would plan them if you had the making of the world's ways. You really have a chance in stage work, but there, as in other walks of life, education does count. Isn't it possible for you to go to night school or take a correspondence course that will help out in the a b c's? Keep in mind the main thing; dont get sidetracked into too early a marriage or the petty round of small-town frivolity. Save your money and when you are twenty or twenty-one years old, make a break for a larger opportunity. You are lucky in knowing so early in life what you want to do and realizing that you have to work a little to get it.

André S., April 3:

Your problem is one which necessitates a good bit of study on my part. After some arguing with myself, I have come to the conclusion that your best bet is the vocal work, in spite of the fact that you have not a strong constitution. You will be in better condition after this year, however, and while dancing is fairly good for you, it seems worth while for you to put the time and money into the musical work. Your best place for study and appreciation is Germany. You will be very successful in life and make enough of a fortune to satisfy your dreams, but not much before the age of forty?

G. B., November 14:

Your hard luck of the past two years certainly can be traced to the stars, for if you will look about you and count up the other people you know whose birthdays fall within a week or so of your own you will find that they, too, have been having hard luck at about the same time as yourself. There are other passengers in the boat. We call your particular cause of difficulty the "transit of Saturn." Everyone gets it from time to time and you are past it now. Your best work in life is in connection with transportation or communication, such as railroading, telegraphy or similar pursuits. You are not fitted by Nature to be a salesman, but are a good executive or desk man. Dont try to get into the movies, for your tastes are more along the lines suggested.

M. G. P., April 6:

You have quite an unusual horoscope. The strong occupancy of that headlong sign Aries suggests great initiative and self-reliance, but with the kind of strength that breaks in the storm instead of bending to the breezes. Your artistic sense is highly developed, and any connection with the movies would be in the capacity of designer

(Continued on page 84)

Mary Brian
February 17

Ramon Novarro
February 6, 1899

John Barrymore
February 15, 1882

Ronald Colman
February 9, 1891

Anita Stewart
February 17

EDITOR'S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

"My Wardrobe *used to worry me*" says BEBE DANIELS

Often lovely clothes faded, lost their fresh, attractive look—now they are kept like new this way

THEY must always be fresh, immaculate—ready on a moment's notice," said Bebe Daniels as she graciously showed me one beautiful thing after another from her justly famous wardrobe.

Lovely lace and chiffon evening frocks. Smart French models just received from Paris. Trim sports clothes, both flannel and silk, that she adores to wear when off location. Exquisite lingerie, too. Adorable costume slips and knickers of soft crepe de chine, myriad-tinted. Sheer, gossamer-like stockings, so frail in texture, so delicate in coloring!

"My wardrobe used to worry me," said Miss Daniels. "I sent many things to the cleaner's but this was not satisfactory, and oh! such bills. Then my maid tried laundering them, using various different kinds of soaps, but almost every time they lost their fresh, attractive look—even faded. Someone suggested Lux and the maid tried it out on this adorable chiffon. It came out like new! Now she launders practically all of my clothes herself and I no longer worry for Lux keeps everything in order." Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

IN her picture success, "The Campus Flirt," Bebe Daniels, petite, vivacious, daring, is winning admirers by the hundreds of thousands. Her maid announced that the lovely frock Miss Daniels is wearing had already been laundered three times in Lux!

THIS dashing beach costume which Miss Daniels designed herself, is creating a sensation among her friends. She wears it when she seeks refuge from the ardors of picture making in her new beach home at Santa Monica, California.

DOGS and horses are Bebe Daniels' favorites. She adores nothing more than a brisk morning canter along the beach. Just as she does everything else, she rides well.

If it's safe in water . . it's safe in Lux

Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

Too True

DEAR EDITOR:

I read, I do not know where, that to take an illusion away from somebody (I hope you will forgive my English) is a crime . . . It's true.

Why do motion picture magazines tell the screen fans how it really looks in a studio?

Why do they say that the hero, while kissing his leading lady (not on the mouth as we see it) is thinking of his prized bulldog and she of the new curtains she will buy?

Why say that the heroine's tears that make us weep so much, are made of pure water, or passing an onion before her nose?

Why do they show us pictures of film scenes, behind and in front?

And this marvelous land view . . . oh, that's all miniature . . . And so on. . . .

While seeing "The Merry Widow," when John Gilbert is at a window thinking Mae Murray went away, I saw a tear in his eyes, but I immediately thought why become sad, it's glycerine!

You know it hurts when we think something to be good and beautiful, to be told it's fake and common.

Tell us what you want about Gloria Swanson's dresses, Tony Moreno's dinners; Bebe Daniels' fiancés, but do not tell us . . . please . . . the truth about the movies. . . .

Gratefully yours,

ISABEL DO PRADO,

"La Chanmiere," Rua Rio da des, 35 antigo Fonseca Nictheroy, Est. do Rio de Janeiro, Brasil, S. A.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Skeptics, Take Note

THE following is written in the hope that it will prove a boon for the operators employed in the smaller exhibitors' houses. Time after time, the operator is blamed for cutting or skipping parts of a production. When a production is run on Broadway, the time allowed is usually from two to two and a half hours. Considering the prices charged, the exhibitor can well afford to run slow. As a consequence, when the smaller exhibitors run the same productions, the public is led to believe that they are not seeing the whole picture. Invariably, the operator is blamed for cutting or skipping, when in reality it is not so. The average "kicker" on this score is the one who waits for a production to reach the smaller houses so that they may see it for about one-fifth the price charged on Broadway, and then they walk out with the idea in mind that they have missed parts. Isn't there some way to enlighten these skeptics?

M. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Equal for Ronald

THE whole public realizes that Ronald Colman knows how to make love; so why not have him play opposite an actress who has love-making powers that can equal his?

In former pictures his love scenes have been ruined because his leading lady could not equal his ability to love. For instance, when he played opposite Constance Talmadge in "Her Night of Romance" and "Her Sister from Paris," and with May McAvoy in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

If only Norma Shearer could play opposite Colman in a picture, Ronald could give the public the love scenes it is impatiently longing for him to give; because Norma can love like a Colman.

LOVER OF LOVE.

Personal

FOUND—Clever light comedian in "Lovers in Quarantine" and "Up in Mabel's Room" called Harrison Ford.

Lost—Brilliant emotional actor. Answers to name of Richard Dix. Believed in vicinity of comedies.

John Bowers—Reward for discovery of same will be given to any intelligent director.

Found—Eleanor Boardman in "Bardelys the Magnificent." Ideal costume-play heroine. Rex Ingram please apply.

Lost—Unique specimen. . . . Richard Barthelmess. Last seen in right senses on Shore Leave. Finder please convey at once to John S. Robertson. Likely to injure self if left at large.

Found—By King Vidor. Clever actress known as Renée Adorée. Finder retaining same. (I hope.)

Lost—Quite recently. Once-glorious clothes-horse. Finder, if any, please lose again. On no account return to SCREEN.

H. B. Warner—We accept your "Silent" apology for long absence. Continue same good work, please.

Warning!—Dorothy Devore and Louise Fazenda! Kindly refrain from further drama. Shall not be responsible for trouble incurred thru persistence. Should prefer total retirement.

B. G. E.,
London, England.

Exploring

MY great grievance is this importation of foreign stars. With one difference: I'm voting "Yes" particularly. What would our screen be without foreigners? We would have lost Pola, Reginald Denny, Percy Marmont; I couldn't begin to name them all.

To those who object so strenuously to the strangers I would suggest that they study the films, pick out a number of lesser-known or absolutely unknown players who have small parts in a picture, trying, of course, to notice those especially talented, and boost them in every way possible. If they did that instead of flocking to the theaters where the new foreigners are being shown to see what they are like and criticize afterwards, they might do a little to stop the invasion.

I have made some interesting discoveries on my own hook. I saw Rudolph Valentino, Reginald Denny, William Collier, Jr., and even John Gilbert before their present success, so I know what I'm talking about. And anyone can do what I did, for I just happened to notice them as they played some minor rôle and make a note of their names. It is a pleasure to think that you are among those who watched them then, too.

I think that Hayden Stevenson, Carroll Nye, Anita Garvin, probably Myrna Loy, and perhaps John Davidson have a chance to succeed. I have noticed their work in small parts and they are very good. Miss Garvin I have not seen in her comedies but she is rather striking in appearance. Carroll Nye is like Neil Hamilton and Gardner James. Stevenson was perfect as the manager in "The Leather Pushers"; he is a clever comedian and can put his personality across.

This exploring is really interesting and the dissatisfied fans might find in this better employment than their present knocking.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Youthful Beauty *can be* Yours

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

NOW you can have more beauty—beauty that is young-looking and natural-looking—and you can have it instantly.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly.*

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.

Tear off now! You may forget

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Beauty Powder *and* Bloom

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories
2900 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

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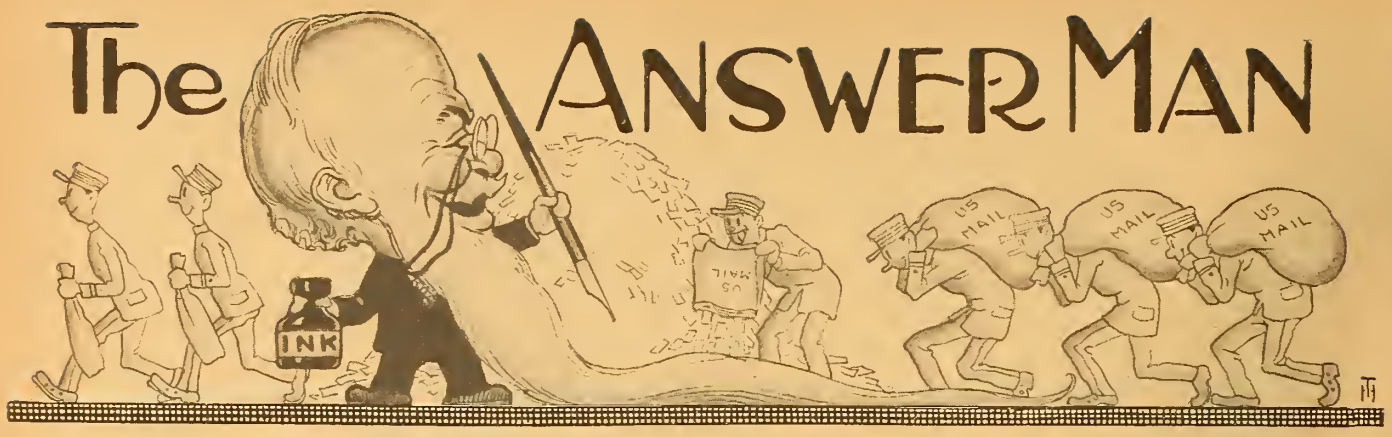
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____
Powder shade _____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

The Answer Man



ANITA A. F.—Are you still adhering to your resolutions? Mary Pickford's next picture will probably be "The Magpie," in which she is to play a seventeen-year-old thief. Ben Lyon and Mary Brian are playing in "The Big Parade of the Navy."

RUSTY AND BLONDIE.—So you are two modern misses. They do say that the modern girl doesn't wear enough clothing to hang jewelry on. And, as a result, the women of today are taking to wearing expensive jewelry out of sight of the male glance, such as jeweled garters and lingerie sets. John Bowers was *Laddie*. Monte Blue and John Bowers played with Mary Miles Minter in "The Cucumber Romance."

CLEO.—No, Rod La Rocque's biography was never published. The real name of Gabriel d'Annunzio is Gaetano Rapagnetta; Sarah Bernhardt's real name was Rosine Bernard; Ouida was Louise de la Ramée and George Eliot's real name was Mary Ann Evans.

POLA NEGRI'S FAN.—Pola Negri did receive the medal and was given a cover on Motion Picture Magazine. She is playing in "Barbed Wire" with Clive Brook. Write me again some time.

MAXINE J.—*Crede quod habes, et habes* means "Believe well, and have well." You refer to Mildred Davis in "Doctor Jack." Jacqueline Logan and Bessie Love in "Dynamite Smith." You refer to "The Air Mail" with Warner Baxter and Billie Dove. Belle Bennett is playing the lead in Kathleen Norris' "Mother."

THE HIGHWAYMAN.—I am surprised you could not get the copy of "The Highwayman" at the larger bookstores in New York. Did you try Brentano's, Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, New York? Until he was nearly thirty Arthur Schnitzler was a Jewish physician of Vienna. He wrote "Casanova's Homecoming."

JUNE R.—I liked your stationery with the two dogs, June. Alberta Vaughn was born in 1906; is five feet three and weighs 98 pounds. Jack Holt is leaving the Famous Players lot for Metro-Goldwyn. Grace Cunard in "Exclusive Rights."

JUST ME.—So I am the first strange man you have ever written to. You flatter me. Heap much thanks for them kind woids. "All Night" was released in December, 1918. Carmel Myers played with Rudolph Valentino in it. Frances Ring is Mrs. Thomas Meighan. The "Q" stands for Querentia in Anna Nilsson's name.

BABY.—Do I enjoy eating? I should say I do. The table is the only place where I dont get weary during the first hour. Jewel Carmen was the girl in "The Bat." William Farnum was *Jean Valjean* and Sonia Markova was *Fantine* in "Les Misérables." Richard Dix in "Knockout Riley," formerly "The Hunch."

BLACK-EYED VIVIENNE.—So you want to know "Why Women Love." Ask Robert Frazer, he played the lead in that. Blanche Mehaffey in "His People." Adamae Vaughn in "The Arizona Streak." Madge Bellamy's next is "Ankles Preferred." John Gilbert is now playing in "Twelve Miles Out," from the stage-play. Write me again, some time.

E. H. T., LONDON.—He that loses hope may part with anything, so be patient and you will get that interview with Joseph Schildkraut. He is married to Elise Bartlett and was born in Vienna, 1895. Your letter was forwarded.

MARCEL.—No, Henry Ward Beecher did not write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His only novel was "Norwood," which was written to prove he did not write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." See above for Ben Lyon.

T. M. R., CAMDEN.—Cullen Landis was born July 29, 1895. Write to the Publicity Department at the Fox Studio, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, and enclose fifteen cents for a "still" from "The Soul of the Beast." Gilda Gray in "Cabaret." Estelle Taylor with Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg."

EVELYN W.—Sorry, but space forbids that I give you all those addresses here.

BLANCHE H.—So you think I am a man of understanding. Well, that attribute is the first great need in all human relations. William Collier, Jr., was born February 22, 1902; he is five feet ten; weight 150 pounds and is not married.

JEANNE.—So you would walk a mile to see what I look like. Dont you like the picture of me at the top of the page? Constance Bennett is twenty-two and can be reached at 300 Park Avenue, New York. Mae Murray, the late Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, and Norma Talmadge were all born in May.

KATHERINE S.—William Haines was born January 1, 1901; Ben Lyon, February 6, 1900, and Milton Sills, January 10, 1882. Marc MacDermott in "Resurrection" and Louise Fazenda in "The Gay Old Bird." Betty Bronson in "Ritzy," a new Elinor Glyn story.

BILLIE M.—What the orators want in depth they give you in length. The average person speaks about 12,000 words a day. George Hackathorne born February 13, 1898, at Pendleton, Oregon. So you think I'm a machine rather than a human being.

BOBBY.—It never rains but it pours. Shirley Mason is playing with Douglas MacLean in "Let It Rain." Willard Louis died July 22, 1926. Colleen Moore is to do "Miss George Washington" before she plays in "Bennie."

EVER THINE.—You are quite an artist. No, I dont approve of a very long art education, as it destroys individuality and that, after all, is the secret of any success. Leatrice Joy was born November 7, 1899, in New Orleans, Louisiana.

VIOLET D.—There is no list such as you speak of. I am sorry I cannot help you.

JAMES C., BARCELONA.—All the way from Barcelona? It was very nice of you to write such a consoling letter. Write me again some time.

A SPRINGFIELD STENOG.—So you think Ben Lyon has changed and looks older and stouter in "The Prince of Tempters." Watch the calories, Ben! You are quite inconsistent, but then, women have a right to be, especially when they are pretty.

NANETTE.—Dont be shy, Nanette. I'm always glad to hear from you. Write Richard Dix, Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island, New York, for his photo. Larry Semon has signed with Famous Players to direct five-reelers. Constance Talmadge's, "Carlotta," will be released as "The Vamp of Venice." See you later.

HANNAH.—Guess June Caprice is too busy taking care of Jimmy and June Millard, her twins, to play in pictures. Mildred Davis is returning to the screen in "The Old-Fashioned Girl" and her husband, Harold Lloyd, is playing in "The Kid Brother."

H. S. A.—No, Charles de Roche is not married. Yes, but dont forget that beauty may have fair leaves but bitter fruit. Dorothy Phillips once played opposite Francis X. Bushman in an old Essanay picture and it was her first leading rôle on the screen.

RED GRANGE FAN.—No, I haven't any mother-in-law or anything such. Someone said once that relations were a tedious pack of people who haven't got the remotest

(*Continued on page* 78)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of Motion Picture Magazine, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Number three of the Princess Pat informative Series giving women really valuable and scientific facts about complexion care. Here we tell something about skin cleansing which will be news to 99 women out of 100.

How CLEANSING *with the* RIGHT CREAM *performs a new marvel of Beauty Science.*

CAN THE RIGHT CREAM do more than cleanse? Indeed yes, infinitely more! It can have exactly the same wonderful effect upon the complexion that a warm bath has upon a tired body—and for the same *little known* reasons.

Everyone has experienced the sensation of stepping dead tired into the warm bath, and emerging fresh as a daisy. Not many know *why*. Physicians call it the "reflex arc." Simply stated there is stimulation to the nerves and blood vessels which *does not stop at the surface*. It is carried along underlying nerves to deeper centers. (Clear down through the tissues may go this impulse *started at the skin surface*). Opening and cleansing the pores, stimulating the skin—that has been the sole cause of revived life.

But You Cannot Possibly Scrub Your Face As You Do Your Body

No. But Princess Pat Cleansing Cream does for your *complexion* precisely what a vigorous bath does for your *body*—and with the necessary gentleness. It does this in a wholly different, *scientific* way. For Princess Pat Cleansing Cream removes *pore film*, which resists ordinary creams.

Leading skin specialists will tell you what pore film is—an invisible film which forms on *every* skin *every* day. Your face is covered night and morning. Pore film is acid and irritating. You cannot see it, but it is present, causing blackheads, oily skin, coarse pores, eruptions, etc. Perspiration and oil from the skin cause pore film. And sooner or later the skin suffers its effects.

Very well. When you use Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (scientifically formulated for the purpose) you *remove* pore film, as well as the customary dust and dirt which ordinary creams remove. Then, for the first time in your life perhaps, the pores of your skin will be *completely* cleansed, completely freed of invisible, choking pore film.

And what happens? Thousands upon thousands of tiny nerves within the skin telegraph to the deeper nerves, "we're free, we're free." Countless little blood vessels sleepily relaxed respond to the message, awaken and contract. They expel their sluggish, poisoned contents and rush fresh, pure blood to the skin, making it tingle and glow with new health and life. Through the "reflex arc," all of nature's magic forces are concentrated to benefit the skin.

You Do Nothing New, But Your Cream Does

You apply Princess Pat Cleansing Cream just as you would any other cold cream. No new habits to form. But how different the results! A few days free from *pore film*, a few days with the pores really cleansed and awakened, and you *could not be persuaded* to go back to creams which do not remove the injurious acid film. Too, Princess Pat Cleansing Cream is delightful to *use*—entirely free from objectionable "stickiness." It is utterly free of any ingredient that could promote hair growth. You cannot help but delight in its use.

You cannot reasonably deny yourself the advantages of pore film removal. One jar of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser will convince—or your dealer will refund its cost.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is NOW offered you for this coupon and 25c [coin]. Set beautifully boxed, contains easily a month's supply of powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Please act promptly.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

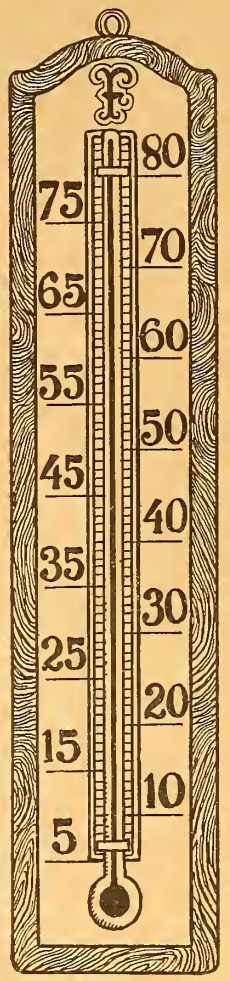
knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die. Red Grange is five feet ten inches.

S. O. S.—Sorry, but I cannot give you the information about Frank Lyons. George Walsh is the player who once boxed with Jack Dempsey and who made a record kick of a football at Georgetown University. He is now playing opposite Beryl Roberts in "Striving for Fortune."

M. F., BROOKLYN.—Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor in "Tin Hats." Kathlyn Williams made her first appearance in pictures for the old Biograph under Griffith in "All is not Gold," February, 1910. Bobby Vernon will be twenty-nine on March 9 and is only five feet two.

OLD SOL.—I'm great these nice cold days—how are you? Surely I go skating—you should see me on skates. So you think I am only twenty-eight. Ha, ha! And that my dogs are a faithful lot. Yes, faithfulness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the life of the intellect—simply a confession of failure. George Bancroft is added to the cast of "Special Delivery" for Famous Players.

Watch Them Rise!



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ADA M.—So you like Vilma Banky—she was born January 9, 1902. Here is a list of the films Marion Davies has played in:

1918
"Cecilia of the Pink Roses."
"Runaway Romany."

1919
"Belle of New York."
"Burden of Proof."
"Getting Mary Married."
"The Dark Star."

1920
"The Cinema Murder."
"April Folly."

1921
"Buried Treasure."
"The Restless Sex."

1922
"Beauty's Worth."
"The Bride's Play."
"Enchantment."
"The Young Diana."
"When Knighthood was in Flower."

1923
"Adam and Eva."
"Little Old New York."

1924
"Janice Meredith."
"Yolanda."

1925
"Zander the Great."
"Lights of Old Broadway."

1926
"Beverly of Graustark."
"The Red Mill."

FANNIE.—So this is your first letter to me. I hope to hear from you often now, Fannie. Hedda Hopper is playing with Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermines." Harry Kent in "The Runaway Enchantress." Edna Murphy in "All Aboard" with Johnny Hines for First National.

ANITA T.—Well, Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891. Clara K. Young has been playing in England. She is thirty-four years old, and I am sorry to say has taken on a few pounds. Henrik Ibsen was born in Skien, Norway, on March 20, 1828.

HARRY R.—So you think Allene Ray is beautiful—she was born in 1903. Billie Dove born May 14, 1903. No children for Allene Ray.

ARMAND G.—I can easily see you are rooting for Alberta Vaughn. You want to know what President served only four months—James Abram Garfield, who was inaugurated on March 4, 1881, and was shot by Charles Guiteau on July 2. He died on September 19, 1881. Harold Lloyd's new picture is to be called "The Kid Brother."

RAMON NOVARRO ADMIRER.—At this writing the cast for "The Garden of Allah" has not been selected. There is a mistake somewhere. Ramon Novarro was born September 20, 1899. They do say that De Mille's "The King of Kings" is to cost upwards of $2,000,000. Yes, it is true that Walter Miller is the proud daddy of a baby boy.

HELEN W.—You can write to James Hall at Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island. Yes, there is a Beryl Roberts Fan Club, care of Regina Carewe, Room 1016, 220 W. Forty-second Street, New York City.

KIM, BAY CITY.—Perhaps I was wrong about that birthday, but you know I cant go to each town and look up the birth certificate. I sometimes have to rely on what the players themselves give out. Yes, Tim McCoy is the new Westerner who is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Tom Forman died November 7, 1926.

MOLLIE M.—Mabel Normand is playing in two-reel Hal Roach comedies. Dorothy Gish in "Madame Pompadour," for British National Pictures.

RUTH E. R.—You are quite right, but I am happy after all. Is not happiness the goal of all philosophy? And what is happiness but to be in harmony with oneself? Does the eagle long for feathers of gold?

(*Continued on page 119*)

Resinol Soap wins the praise of business women

In its Resinol properties they find the elements which every skin needs

ALERT, clear-skinned, dainty, with the ever present necessity for appearing well groomed—who could be a keener judge of toilet requisites, than the feminine business executive? And these women—thousands of them—are endorsing Resinol Soap. Why? Because they have discovered what its Resinol ingredients mean to the skin.

They write enthusiastically about their use of this distinctive soap, and in the hundreds of letters received are such expressions as:

"My skin feels so fresh after using."
"Soothing as well as excellent cleanser."
"First soap I've found that leaves my skin feeling soft."
"Like its healing properties and it does not waste like other soaps."
"Leaves my face clean, and the skin pliable."

The experience of these women can be yours. Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist or toilet goods dealer and give it a week's trial. You will find its fragrance refreshing and the particular Resinol ingredients in its rich lather will keep your skin soft, velvety and clear. You need not be afraid to use soap and water on your face—when the soap you use is Resinol.

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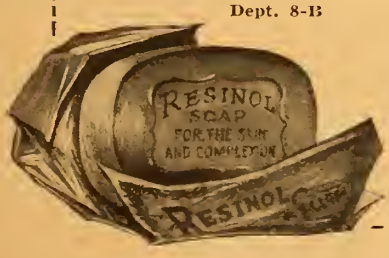

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Mail
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The Princess' Press-Agent

(*Continued from page 23*)

had roomed together and pooled their resources, for a national enmity had vanished before a mutual need. In the boarding-house the East-Side gentleman had made their acquaintance; "The Russian Trio" had sprung full-fledged into being, but they had only been able to get four engagements and at inferior houses.

When she had finished speaking, she looked at Jimmy and Abrahams in turn and smiled, rather wistfully, but with a lovely gallantry that both men recognized.

"I am very grateful," she said to Abrahams.

Abrahams, always courteous, found himself deferentially inclined toward this pretty bit of flotsam—this young person with an unpronounceable surname dressed in the shabby black suit.

He leaned over and patted the hands folded on her lap, without offense. Indeed, she turned one slim palm to his and clung for a moment to the big warm hand.

"You are Jimmy's discovery, not mine," he said. "Well, Jimmy, what about it, cant we make a story of her? Have you any friends here?" he asked, turning again to the girl.

She shook her head. "Only my landlady and the two who danced with me—and they are not really friends," she added accurately.

"Does anyone know your business—your history, I mean?"

She shook her head again and remained still. She was the most silent woman Abrahams had ever encountered.

Jimmy had a note-book in his hand and his eyes were glued on that white heart-shaped face.

"A princess!" said Jimmy with conviction.

She started slightly and looked at him with wide eyes. Jimmy's guileless gaze met hers and he nodded.

"A refugee Princess—that's what you are!"

She opened the red mouth to protest, but Abrahams cut in with his great sonorous laugh.

"Jimmy means that we will spread stories of your royal birth in the papers and we will have packed houses every night. How about it?"

As she looked at him in amazement, he turned to his pet press-agent.

"But it's been done so often, Indian, Russian, all sorts and kinds. It is a laughing-stock-in-trade of the press and the press-agent, my boy."

"It will go this time," said Jimmy doggedly. "Royalties are pretty scattered nowadays. But this story will have to be backed up. No one must know the truth, even the members of the 'Pilgrim' company must be fed with it. She must have a maid," said Jimmy waxing excited, "clothes galore. She must never give interviews. We'll have a red carpet spread before her when she walks abroad and she must have her own dressing-room."

Suddenly the girl clapped her hands.

"I shall like that," she said. "But——" and she looked uneasily toward Abrahams, "suppose they find out?"

"The public? They wont *believe* it anyway, but it will pique them enough to draw them. Besides, in these days it is not an impossibility, as it once was."

Paula nodded, "That is so," she said.

Across her bowed head the glances of the two men met in perfect comprehension. Then Jimmy took out a pencil.

"How about a name and a family?"

As he puzzled, Paula suggested one. She knew her own land's history better than Jimmy did. The three daughters of the unfortunate High Born were discussed and then said Paula with firm determination:

"I will be Sonia, the Princess Sonia."

She rose and made the two men a little mocking courtesy and they both came to their feet in a deep obeisance, not wholly mockery.

"Sonia it is," said Jimmy gaily when the three had laughed and subsided into their respective chairs.

"How about credentials?" Abrahams reminded him keenly.

Jimmy thought and Sonia frowned. Presently she said with conviction.

"They were in a trunk—with—with the Crown jewels. I lost them! I was robbed! On a train!"

She looked, thought Jimmy, about fourteen when she said it, the dearest little rose flush in the pale cheeks—he pulled himself up.

"You should be a novelist," said he. "Very well, in a trunk and somewhere between here and your native soil."

And with Abrahams looking on, linking his fingers together, and with Sonia's head, relieved of the shabby toque close to his, smoke to his fire, Jimmy hatched the great plot.

It was all over the press of the country in no time. Sonia was pursued from apartment—a lovely little one near the Park that was procured for her—to rehearsals. She lunched every day alone at the Ritz. She always wore black; she would not be interviewed, but that did not daunt the Sunday supplement. She kept three cats, a French maid and had, so they said, an interpreter. She was lovely, aloof, and royal, and the public panted with curiosity.

"Pilgrims of Passion," as every one knows, was not a great picture. It was not even a particularly good picture. Letty Lawrence lent to it the fragile charm of her Dresden china beauty and Rex Masters his six-foot-one of intelligent pulchritude. The hit was Sonia, billed merely as Sonia, with no labeling handle. Her part was rewritten and enlarged until Letty became somewhat hysterical but was finally soothed by Jimmy and Abrahams with the information that Sonia set off her blonde type as a frame. Sonia had two dances and a death scene, as well as a love episode, with the impressionable Rex that literally brought the house down with fan applause. Of course, Rex went back to the blonde angel of the play in the end and the little Russian dancer, virtuous but indiscreet, killed herself neatly and cleared the way for a happy ending. The papers came out the morning after the New York opening with columns on "the rare beauty and restrained acting of the newcomer, 'Sonia,' who is said to be," etc., etc., etc.

She was swamped with invitations, with, and without ulterior motives. She engaged a secretary and refused them all. During the run she continued to lunch at her corner table at the Ritz. The Oak Room and afterwards the Japanese Gardens were thronged at one-thirty with the crowd of newspaper readers who desired to watch the incognito royal animal being fed by Theodore himself.

Sonia was a success. The company was instructed to address her as "Your Highness," which, with varying degrees of distaste, they did. The lovely Rex, temporarily a bachelor, resting as it were between matrimonial bouts, proposed honorable marriage and was refused. Letty broke her contract after that, or was ready to, but on being assured that blondes were not hard to find and that other jobs were, she reconsidered and spent her time in glowering upon the usurper of her own particular gilt and papier-mâché throne, "with her airs and all." But Sonia was serene and went her way serenely as became a Highness.

She made no friends, that was forbidden; but Jimmy, who was her press-agent, had privilcges. He was not seen with her in public but he spent much of his time in the small, prettily appointed apartment, "getting up new dope," and likewise falling deeper, fathoms deeper, in love.

In the spring she accepted a vaudeville contract on the road, and the ubiquitous press preceded her.

It was in a mid-Western city that Jimmy conceived the brilliant idea of threats to the person of the Princess. The threats were disseminated thru the papers cleverly enough, and the Princess went to and from her hotel with a guard of four real, slightly amused detectives. Public excitement rose to fever heat and Abrahams in New York read the notices with a frown and a smile and thought deeply of raising Jimmy's salary.

Two days later he picked up a paper, canceled all engagements for a week, looked at his watch, and made a train.

When he reached the city where the "Sonia" was playing, he went, without previous announcement to Jimmy, to the hotel. The hotel was in a ferment. With the greatest difficulty Abrahams made himself known. The Princess was not to be seen. The police were at their wits' end. Yes, the man was under arrest. Yes, Mr. Jones was somewhere in the house.

Jimmy arrived finally, breathless and wide-eyed. At the sight of the Old Man he withered.

Abrahams wasted few words in greeting but led the reluctant James to the suite he had engaged by telegraph.

"Now, Jimmy, what's this nonsense?"

Jimmy, walking the floor, explained.

"The threat idea was mine, of course, just a *canard*. Sonia fell in with it after I explained to her that we would have to put new life into the old story. I circulated the news that her life and royal person were threatened with—well," said Jimmy with a short unmirthful laugh, "socialistic bombs. The house was packed. I had the four plain-clothes men at hand, they had been with her all week, just to give the thing color. It was one of them who saw the man"—Jimmy choked slightly—"sneaking in the dressing-room past the maid who was in the wings with a wrap for Sonia just before she came off after the second act. They got him. It was a bomb all right and a timed one. If the detective hadn't seen him—and she had come into dress—after that act there is a long wait before she goes on, you know—it—she——"

Jimmy stopped and flung himself into a chair.

"My God!" said Abrahams, reverently——

There was a silence. Jimmy raised a

(*Continued on page 82*)

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue No laundry.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(2) True protection — 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

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Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

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Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

The Princess' Press-Agent

(*Continued from page* 80)

drawn face from the arms on which he had laid it.

"I'll never get over it," he said. "It was all my silly story in the papers, all my fault. Some cracked-brained Red got it in his head that she is really what we pretended her to be. He got a job as stage carpenter at the beginning of the week—the rest was easy——"

Abrahams put his hand on his shoulder, rising and standing beside the boy.

"It wasn't your fault," he said soothingly, "who could have foreseen this? What does Sonia say?"

"I haven't seen her. Not since we got her home after the play. I went to the police station. The man wont talk. Just sits and sullenly says that it is his mission to clear the earth of royalty wherever he finds it. He cant be persuaded that he is wrong and that the whole thing is a fake. I dont know what they will do to him. I hope they hang the brute——"

"Has she sent you any word?"

"She says she forgives me—I wrote her—that was the answer."

Abrahams smiled. He had a very good, fine smile.

"You love her, Jimmy?"

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, started to deny it, met the keen, little eyes, eyes so kind and so understanding, and nodded.

"And she——"

Jimmy laughed outright, not with amusement.

"I haven't spoken—somehow—well, this royal stuff is getting on my nerves. I dont dare speak—and that's flat."

Abrahams said nothing. After a minute, during which he saw Jimmy trying to smoke the lighted end of a cigaret, he went to his phone and asked to be connected with Sonia's apartment. After some argument he was put thru and Jimmy heard him speaking to the maid. Later:

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Very well, tell her I will be there at once."

As he left the room, he stopped.

"The royal stuff has got me, too," he said, with a slight smile, "I am making much money with our Fairy-Tale princess but I confess I would rather see her in a different element. There is one throne, Jimmy, that a man is able to offer a woman. One only, one throne that will not fall. And it is in his heart."

At the end of an hour, during which Jimmy wildly speculated whether or not the Old Man meant that he was going to offer Sonia the honor of becoming Mrs. Abrahams, the telephone rang.

"Jimmy," said Abrahams' voice, "Sonia wants to see you."

The receiver fell from Jimmy's hand. He managed an assent and hung up, and after ten blank minutes he rushed down the stairs without waiting for an elevator.

Sonia opened the door and drew him in. Jimmy, clinging to her slim hand, looked about the sitting-room. The maid was not in evidence, Abrahams had disappeared.

They faced each other in the sunny apartment.

"Oh, Sonia, if anything had happened to *you*——!"

"Oh, Jimmy, if thru me *you* had come to harm!"

The sentences were simultaneous and the recognition following was mutual. Between laughter and tears, Jimmy took his Princess into his arms.

Half an hour later, sedately seated on the divan——

"And you wont mind being Mrs. Jones?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

She repeated the name as if it were music, and, indeed, she made it so. "I shall love it, Jimmy," and she kissed him.

They were married in New York at the close of the season and Abrahams gave the bride away. There was no publicity about the wedding. Sonia, Princess of Make Believe, had done with publicity.

They went to housekeeping 'way uptown. Sonia did her own work until such time as they could afford to move into the suburbs and have a "general." Jimmy had made much money in his time, and spent it all. He was saving it now and Abrahams had raised him and given Sonia a nest egg for a wedding present.

"But I dont want to be in this game always," Jimmy confided to her one night while they were washing the dishes. "Business for me—regular business. If I had the capital, there is another fellow I know who wants me to go in with him. Bonds, you know." Jimmy grinned, and waved a plate, a Delft blue apron tied around his slender waist and his hair on end. Sonia shrieked and rescued her china. "Sorry, dearest. Well, if I had the capital," said Jimmy, "we could go in together. Being a press-agent is good training for a bond salesman——"

"I like it as we are," said his royal wife, firmly.

It was six months later that they moved to the bungalow on Long Island where they had an acre and some lawn and a real house and were ten minutes—sprinters' minutes—from the station. There was to be an Heir to the Throne, that is why they moved.

The "general" was engaged and Jimmy commuted, leaving Sonia to play with her little house all thru those lovely Spring days and dream——

And to receive visitors.

One Friday night Jimmy came home. Sonia was not at the station and, half-alarmed, he hurried home, striking out across the fields and arriving tired and muddy. When he let himself in, he heard voices, in a language strange to him, Sonia's and a man's. Oddly enough his heart stood still.

He went thru the small square hall and into the living-room, and stopped at the door. Sonia was sitting in the great easy chair he had bought for her, very pale, rather stern. A man bending over beside her was arguing with her, that much Jimmy knew from his tone and from hers, low as they were. When they saw Jimmy, Sonia straightened in her chair and the man, an elderly man with sharp black eyes, faced him.

"Please," said Sonia to her husband, "this is a fellow countryman of mine. He has looked for me for a long time. He does not speak English, Jimmy——"

She spoke to the man briefly and he bowed to Jimmy, a low bow, very courteous and with a deference not of this country. When he was standing erect again, a man of splendid soldierly bearing, Sonia dismissed him with a nod, and he left, backing away from her and Jimmy and they heard the door close softly behind him.

"Well?" said Jimmy.

She beckoned to him and he went to her, lifting her from the chair into his arms. Presently she slid from them to the floor at his feet and rested her black hair on his knees——

"Oh, Jimmy, do not be angry," she sighed.

"Never with you," said her husband stoutly—"who was that fellow, Sonia?"

She reached to a low, occasional table near by and took from it a fat brief case.

"What's this?"

But she had opened the case. There were letters in it in a foreign hand and a strange language and there were also jewel cases, stamped with a crown. She opened them and laid the things in his astonished hands, diamonds like water set in old wonderful settings, emeralds like springtime, and rubies like wine.

"Sonia?"

"Do not be angry," she said again——

"But what?"—his mind was in a turmoil.

She sat with downcast eyes.

"When you said 'Princess' that day in the office, I thought you *knew*. Then, as I realized that you were only making a joke, I thought I could make a joke, too. These are—the credentials, Jimmy. I was not robbed of them as I suggested, and they were not in a trunk. But when I fled, an old soldier-servant of *my* family was with me, and he carried the precious brief-case. We were separated. I thought he had been killed and went on alone. But he was not killed. Later he was able to come here. And he traced me, Jimmy, thru the newspapers, the blessed newspapers and thru—my press-agent."

But Jimmy was still bewildered.

"Then it was true?" he muttered without joy.

Sonia laid the jewels back in the cases. As she closed the shabby leather boxes, she said, irrelevantly.

"Your business—the bonds—it is all here—in these little cases. The capital——"

Then she knelt with her arms around his neck.

"It was true," she said, "and I had but to select my own name. But—Jimmy, do not look so. What was there for me in the old land, in the old ways and customs? Am I not American, Jimmy, wife of an American—and mother to be of an American? True," she said half-laughing, "he will have a discredited Princess for a mother. But he may be President, nevertheless."

Jimmy's arms closed around his Royal wife. Thrones may totter, royalty may flee, standards may turn upside down, a Princess may expose her sacred person to the glare of the footlights and marry her low-born press-agent and one King remains, one Throne is secure, one Royal Crown is eternal. Love, like Death, may level, and must raise.

"Mr. Abrahams knows," said Sonia. "That time—when the man had the bomb—oh, he knew me, Jimmy, he had seen me often—that time, you remember, I told him. But he promised to keep it a secret. And he *believed* me!"

Jimmy, his face in her hair, was still dazed.

The story was real. But she was real, and realer still, and so was he. He kissed her, laughing a little. Had not his heart always known her for a Princess?

Truly, Truth is often stranger than the Press-agent.

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One shade for all complexions

The instant Pum-Kin Rouge touches the skin it changes from its original pumpkin color to a perfect blush.

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The Lure of the Ancient Trail

THERE are trails that are older than history waiting for you today. Out through the purple hills they lead to that land of dreams-come-true. Go follow these trails—these water trails at the helm of a sturdy "Old Town Canoe."

For "Old Town Canoes" are durable and strong. They are light in weight and surprisingly easy to handle. Their lines are graceful and trim—patterned after actual Indian models. Remarkably low in price too. $58.00 up. From dealer or factory.

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"Old Town Canoes"

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 72*)

rather than as actress. I dont think I would advise you to change your present occupation, however, or even your location. You have bettered your horoscope by going to Europe and while England wont be a very comfortable place after 1927, according to the rulings of Astrology, nevertheless it's better for you than Hollywood.

Helene C., February 2:

You have a splendid chance for success in motion picture work due in about two and one half years. At that time the ruling planet of the screen, the elusive Neptune, will pass over your Moon, taking about two years in the process, and if you retain your ambition to enter the shadow world at that time, it will be comparatively easy for you to do so. The good aspect between your Moon and Neptune at birth makes this future influence doubly important. Since you have asked me a technical question about your chart, I will say that there is no aspect between your Sun and Moon or your Moon and Saturn, so dont worry about them any longer, while the unpleasant aspects for the present years are more apt to affect your pocketbook than your health.

Betty I. S., October 13:

The most noticeable thing about your horoscope is its indication of difficulty in placing yourself in new positions whenever you have cause to leave an old one. This would make it hard for you in the movies, for the chief difficulty in this work is its uncertainty and the many changes necessitated until a player is established beyond question of doubt. I would not advise you to make the break with your present employment. I would consider the best field for you—this in case you cannot stand commercial work any longer—to be some form of costume designing, advertising or salesmanship. You would do particularly well as a buyer of high class merchandise, such as imported millinery or *objets d'art.*

D. A. J., January 17:

Well, I wouldn't be at all surprised to look out the window and see you and the six girls and the four boys in costume down on Hollywood Boulevard most any day. They make movies right on the street here, you know, and down the side street right across from my window is a favorite place for shooting comedy scenes needing a fire escape. When a woman has your spirit and self-reliance, years dont amount to a row of milestones to Nurmi. You wont make much money, that is, you wont accumulate much, but what difference does that make? The more I see of people with millions the more I realize the stultifying power of too many dollars and the saving grace of having to scratch for a living. By the way, when you storm the studios, be as eccentric as you can. This is a showman's town, remember.

E. B. W., November 17:

It would be pretty hard for you to break into anything new for the coming year or so, because you are under an influence just now which is dead set against innovations, that wretched transit of Saturn which has been hovering over all November-ites for the past year or so. I advise you to retrench wherever possible, live quietly and conserve your health, and risk no money until the latter part of 1927 rolls around. After that, things will pick up. Your best work would seem to be the organization of musical societies or the training of groups of singers, while a partnership in teaching regular musical work might also be congenial. You will always do better when you share responsibility with someone else.

Muriel A., December 29:

Motion pictures hardly seem to be the right medium for your expression of talent. I believe you have some unsuspected, or at least undeveloped, interest in professional work such as law or politics. There are certainly some splendid positions in your horoscope for public interests, organization, government and so on. I would suggest that you make a serious investigation of your chances of passing the bar examinations. Fortunately you are living in a city where night schools make possible the acquisition of advanced training even when one is earning a living during the day. Even in such highly intellectual work as pleading a case, one is never handicapped by an attractive appearance, you know. But quite aside from your own ambitions along this line, you seem due to marry a professional man, and while you might meet him in the commercial photographer's shops, of course, still you stand a better chance of picking and choosing between lawyers if you go gunning in the native haunts of such game.

E. M., March 23:

You wont stay where you are much longer, the next three years bringing you many entirely unsuspected changes in your entire surroundings and interests. The year 1927 and most of 1928 should be highly favorable for you. When these changes come along, it would be well for you to go with the tide and not struggle against things which will seem to be unwelcome readjustments at first. These changes will all work out beautifully if you will make no effort to manage events yourself. I believe you will end on the stage rather than in the movies, but take whatever is offered you on about the middle of May, 1927.

E. O. D., July 16:

You have reached a time when it would be a good plan to sit down and take stock of your situation. You are ambitious, a bit tempery and headstrong, and really rather talented. Now, what can you do about it? You have taken on the responsibilities of marriage, and you must know that only the very exceptional husband looks kindly upon his wife's running off to enter the iniquitous movies. It would be silly for you to hide your head in the sand and refuse to admit that you had no problem on your doorstep. Dont make decisions this year, for it's a difficult time for you, but use reason and commonsense, and come to some solution.

Thomas H., May 7:

Stick to the stage; you have the chief aspect in your chart which means ultimate fame and much money in the bank. You are too young to have fulfilled all your possibilities as yet. You are not a writer, so dont waste time there. Just keep on playing one part after another, for sooner or later a "Lightnin'" will come your way, too. I believe you will make a hit in a romantic lead, and give the year as about 1932.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"It Is Not Life That Matters, but the Courage One Brings to It"

Hugh Walpole said that. And Helen Carlisle concludes her story

"The Negri Legend"

with Mr. Walpole's words. For Pola Negri has been misunderstood ever since she came to America. It is about time someone told the truth about Pola . . . it is about time we heard of her experiences when she was a nurse in the war.

If you like brave stories about brave people . . . and if you are curious to know how the general impression of Pola Negri had its birth, do not fail to read this story.

Why Do Beauty Winners Go Home from Hollywood as Failures?

Some beauty contest winners have made good in the movies. True enough. But most of them fail miserably in spite of the fact that all handicaps are removed from their paths. There are two excellent reasons for this curious state of affairs.

John Gilbert Talks About Love

And John evidently has done some thinking . . . and some feeling . . . on this subject. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher have done one of their double interview playlets with him. He is as indiscreet as can be. And most of the things he says are well worth saying.

We think people are going to talk about this interview.

Are Actors People?

Ronald Colman doubts it. And he backs up his statement with an array of interesting and radical and amusing facts that will intrigue you.

There are other features, equally as interesting and original. But no space to mention them. Take our word for it, the April Motion Picture Magazine is going to be worth many, many times the twenty-five cents you will pay for it and—

Order Your Copy from Your Neighborhood News-stand NOW!

NARCISSUS

MOON-MAGIC OF THE DUSK!

(Letters from Lovers: VII)

"—and as we sat together in the dusk, I felt the subtle madness of the moon weaving a spell around us. Every breath was tremulous with the faint, poignant fragrance of Narcissus blossoms. My throat throbbed with an unquenchable yearning, as I saw you—the most mysteriously lovely woman in the world."

FROM HER DIARY:

"He was silent for a long while last night. But when he spoke his voice was very tender. I had burned the new Narcissus temple incense. Was it that?"

No matter how charming the woman, she adds to her charm all the strange mystery with which men have surrounded women for centuries, when she bewitches the room about her with the intoxicating spirit-fragrance of so exquisite a blossom as rhe Narcissus. That this witchery may be possible, Vantine's has created a new Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, whose fragrance, liberated as it burns, works a subtle and insidious spell. It awaits you, with eight other fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

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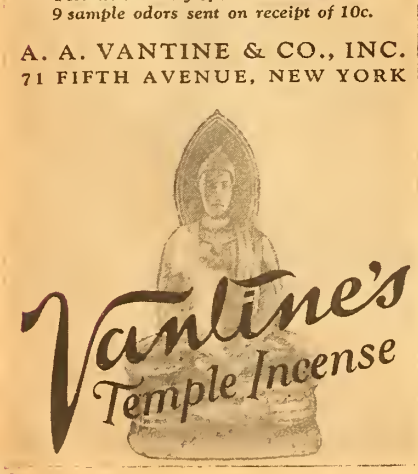

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(Continued from page 84)

Wm. B. H., November 24:

Now, William; here you ask me how I do this and do I use numerology when goodness knows I mention horoscopes in every answer I give, to say nothing of having that word printed all over the department. Get out your dictionary and look up that word if you really dont know what it means. Your own horoscope shows a good bit of success in public work, either in politics or in large public corporations. You are entirely too literal and practical to be fittcd for work of an artistic nature where the main ingredients are sympathy and inspiration. Dont think I am taking a glorified view of the screen in saying this either; if you ever saw an emotional and impractical lot of people, it's a lot of actors and actresses. Lovely and charming, you know, but lacking in your best qualities, whereas your best qualities would be wasted here. Join some local lodges and political organizations and let nature take its course.

B. MacD F., October 25:

You have much natural taste for artistic things, probably a sufficient degree to make it possible for you to attain an enviable measure of success in designing or illustrating. The last two years have been difficult for you, but after the first of 1927 you can get a foothold on the crowded ladder of accomplishment. I advise a serious investigation of schools of design in your own city.

Nancy G., January 8:

Life is going to be a very interesting, if not always serene, experience for you, but you will hardly be able to develop your best qualities nor your best opportunities before the age of thirty. Your mind is one of much seriousness, not in tune with superficiality nor even with the advanced thought characteristic of your generation when it is advanced. I always hesitate about advising the study of occult subjects to anyone, for they entail a good deal of misunderstanding on the part of friends and family, all of whom usually believe that the occultist has taken leave of her senses, and also some nervous strain, which in certain cases is most inadvisable. So I do not counsel you to take up psychic or occult work now. Try secretarial work for some years yet. Then turn your attention to something like this when you are old enough to keep a perspective on other things.

Olive Faye, May 12:

There have been a deluge of letters from girls and boys of the stage and screen this month, but what's the department for if not to encourage those who need it and discourage those who need that kind of treatment. You belong in public life and should not give up your stage work just yet. If I were you I would wait two more years before attempting to go into screen work. You have plenty of time and aspects in your horoscope will be better for changes at that time. Newcomers to the motion picture studios find the welcome printed in larger letters on the door-mat if they have achieved a reputation elsewhere, you know.

John Rudolph, February 16:

So you're of the male sex, and "proud of it," are you? Not being a member of that fraternity I dont know exactly how you feel, but a whole lot of people are equally proud of not being just the mill-run type of man, you know, and when the girls settle down to wearing trousers for keeps and not just for fun, all you chaps will have to rise above thc ranks or find something else to boast about. By the way, why not try being a salesman of mechanical or scientific goods—anything from automobiles to microscopes? That is where your best talents lie.

W. K. A., July 2:

Of course, there are scads and droves, not to mention bevies and flocks, of photographers in this town already, altho good cameramen are no more plentiful than first-class men of any other line. But the point is that the average of camera work here is high and unless you have something distinctive to offer you might better stay in New York. Your horoscope shows a talent for acting, and if you want to try your luck on the stage, go to it. I really think you might have a chance to change your occupation thus during the early fall if you so desire. Be careful of accident all next year, however.

Albert R. H., June 9:

Seems to me you might have a voice worth cultivating, either in singing or in speaking, altho not necessarily for the stage. I do not come to the conclusion that you are exactly fitted for the screen from even a close study of your horoscope, altho I do believe that some connection with the fine arts will be vouchsafcd you in life. You have the ability to make many friends, to get along well with employers, to profit thru investments or speculations, and altogether a life of many diverse experiences. Just now I believe you should complete your studies, and then get into the insurance or investment work if possible. Your ambition to enter the movies appears to be temporary.

S. L. J., July 20:

Well, you know as well as I do that your date of birth places you under a handicap that cannot be ignored when it comes to stage or screen work. Even the splendid success of Louise Dresser and Belle Bennett in mature parts comes as the reward of experience, not as a first attempt of women who have passed the flapper years and are trying something new for the first time. You seem to be a woman with great emotion and generosity in your make-up. Why not raise dogs or fancy stock of some kind, or take up work with children? These would be ideal for you and, as thcre are unexpected and rather drastic changes in your immediate future, I strongly advise serious consideration of these careers.

Betty J., April 11:

Isn't it a dispensation of Providence that we do not have to abide by the conditions of life of our forbears any longer? The old days when unfortunate conditions in our early lives could blight us forever have passed into the discard, so forget that grief and look forward to making your own place in the world, my dear. Now about the movies; dont waste time trying to make an actress of yourself. You can make a comfortable living and do work that will interest you if you will take up some form of demonstrating household appliances using electricity, such as washing machines, electrical refrigerators,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

vacuum cleaners, or so on. You are naturally mechanical and inventive, and while this is a limited field for women, nevertheless there are places to be found in it.

E. A. B., September 21:

WHILE at first thought the professions of architect and cameraman might seem to be in no way related, nevertheless the artistic appreciation and the scientific ability that are needed in both lines of work are somewhat allied and it is not strange that a man might hesitate between the two. I really think that aside from personal considerations or tastes, you would do better in employ than in individual work, and in an office or inside position than out mixing with the public. I wonder if you have considered newspaper reporting with an eye to foreign representation. You might combine this with news-reel work—oh, yes, I forgot all about the architecture, and you had better, too.

Mildred M., March 31:

YES, I agree with you, you *can* act, but whether or not you will ever get the chance to prove it to other people is a question. You see, you are what we call a "Mars type," and other people either violently admire or dislike the Mars individuals, with the result that if they appear before the public they have a divided audience and may work for years before achieving favorable recognition. Your successful actress—she who is quickly acclaimed—is the Venus type, such as Lillian Russell, Maxine Elliot, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford—practically all universal favorites, in fact. Let me suggest to you either physical-culture work or nursing, in either of which you would be successful and happy

Betty B., November 10:

I PICKED out your letter to answer because of your distinctive writing, and lo and behold, here you have a splendid chart for screen success and many kinds of artistic possibilities! But your wonderful country is only a spot on the map to me, and I cannot offer constructive suggestions as to how you might enter the lists of screen contestants. It would be the height of folly you know for you to leave home and come all that distance to California merely on a chance that you might make good. That's one of the drawbacks about the screen—it's concentrated in so few localities. Your second choice of a career should be something connected with travel. If I were you, I would write up some of your scenic wonders, aboriginal customers, and other distinctive phases of antipodean life, and send them to a travel magazine. Then go on from there.

Charles C., April 30:

I GOT a good laugh from your letter. The only actor I know who looks like a villain plays romantic heroes most of the time, whereas the double-dyed villains of the screen nearly all have three children apiece and the same wives they brought to Hollywood originally. You really have some wonderful aspects in your horoscope. You are one of those people who naturally fall into "good luck" no matter where they land. I would say that the first thing for you to do is to complete your education by hook or crook, altho I know you do not care for books, and also to train your musical talents. You could be a second Paul Whiteman with his training—he is an *Educated* musician, you know. Luck will do a whole lot for you, but if you help it with a little concentra-

(*Continued on page* 122)

Gives Your Hair Extreme Loveliness

Makes Modern Styles of Hair Dress Most Attractive

Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

Just wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

It keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 27-M-12
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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Address.....

City or Town.....*State*.....

Canadian address, 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Electrically Recorded
[Many with vocal choruses]

$2.98 FOR ALL 16

Mary Lou
Lay Me Down to Sleep in Caroline
Hello Bluebird
I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You
Because I Love You
Just a Bird's-Eye View of Kentucky
There's a Little White House on a Little Green Hill
For My Sweetheart
Blame it on the Waltz
Falling in Love With You
I'm On My Way Home
How I Love You
Half a Moon
Me Too (Ho Ho! Ha Ha!)
I've Got the Girl
Thinking of You

Here they are! The 16 song and dance successes of the hour! All New York is humming, whistling and dancing to these pieces. We offer you—*all 16 of them*—for only $2.98 on *eight 10-inch, double-faced electrically recorded records*. Play them on *any* phonograph. Each record beautifully rendered by famous orchestras.

Send No Money! Just send coupon or post card. Play these records for 10 days in your own home. See how wonderful they are. Note clearness, beauty and volume of tone. Only give postman $2.98 plus a few cents delivery charges. If not entirely pleased, return records and we'll refund money and pay postage BOTH WAYS without question. Low price is possible by manufacturing *in sets* and selling direct to thousands of users. Don't wait. Mail coupon below or postal.

Co-operative Record Co., *Dept. 524*
PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.

Send me on 10 days trial, your 16 Fox Trots, Songs, Charlestons and Waltzes on 8 double-face, 10-inch, electrically recorded records, guaranteed equal or better than any records made. I will pay postman only $2.98, plus delivery charges on arrival. However, this is not a purchase. If records don't entirely please me, I will return them within 10 days and you will refund my money without question. **Outside of U. S. send $3.50 with order.**

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ (71)

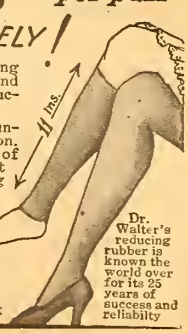
PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands, will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to
DR. JEANNE M.P. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York



The Riddle of the Chaplin Marriage

(*Continued from page* 39)

the tongue. It is a perfect caption for the picture she presents.

Not long ago she was just a little schoolgirl in Hollywood. She was ambitious and managed to get a bit in a picture of Charlie's—"The Kid," I believe. She did the bit so nicely that Charlie did not forget her and later, when she was a few years older, gave her the lead in "The Gold Rush." Lita never finished the rôle because of her marriage to the comedian. But the story of their wedding and Lita's motherhood is not a new one.

The babies grew older, and the timid Lita grew bolder. Tho she was still unavailable to the press, and had apparently no inclination to continue her screen career, she was much before the public. No social event was complete without her. She became an inveterate first-nighter. She arrived at premières a vivid study in black and white in her ermine wrap and sleek black hair. Sometimes she was in a party with Marion Davies, Madame Glyn, Harry Crocker and other of Charlie's friends. Sometimes she was accompanied by her mother and that inseparable girl friend—Merna Kennedy. Sometimes she and Charlie were alone. The sidelines buzzed with her name—

"Mrs. Chaplin—Mrs. Chaplin."

If their interest was purely curious at first, it always, and quite audibly, developed into admiration. "Isn't she pretty?"

Sometimes Lita smiled shyly in acknowledgment, but usually she maintained a rather timid dignity. Crowds of people seemed to awe her. Even crowds of her celebrated friends.

Not long ago a famous star entertained at her beach home. Jack Pickford was there in a vivid striped sweater—King Vidor and his sleight-of-hand tricks—Marion Davies exuberant at a game of horseshoes—Beatrice Lillie in a corner, quietly watching—Eleanor Boardman slinging darts at a target on the wall—Blanche Sweet sitting on the floor with a society girl—Bebe Daniels, Eddie Sutherland, Jim Kirkwood at bridge—Ward Crane arriving late—Marshall Neilan arriving even later. It was a party! Charlie and Lita came in. Everyone knows Charlie. They hailed him with gusto. Somebody pulled him away to some sort of a game. Maybe Lita doesn't like games. She didn't play. Dressed simply in white sport clothes, she sat on the arm of my chair and watched the famous people at play with as much retiring interest as tho she had never seen them before.

"Hasn't Blanche Sweet a wonderful tan?" she said admiringly, after watching a little while. "It's so even. I've just come back from Catalina—it's glorious over there—and I'm tanned, too—but in spots," she laughed.

A young man who is very popular offered her a tall glass tinkling with ice.

She shook her head "Thanks, just the same."

"Cigaret?"

"I dont smoke either."

The popular young man drifted away and Beatrice Lillie came over to say hello. Lita asked the charming English comédienne if she didn't find pictures much more tiring than the stage. Miss Lillie inquired about the Chaplin children. Lita said, "Oh, fine." It seemed incongruous that this fresh-faced girl was the mother of two children. It would have seemed more appropriate had Beatrice asked her if she had passed her mid-year examinations.

Hollywood was completely disarmed. The skeptics had to give in at last. Charlie was proud of his beautiful wife. Charlie adored his infant sons. Charlie was, undeniably, a happy husband. If there had ever been any strife between him and Lita, it had settled itself into a delightful companionship.

A few, more versed in the pleasant art of dirt-digging, hinted and winked in the face of this Utopia. Had no one noticed that Charlie was none too cordial to Lita when they met by chance on the boulevard and in cafés? And didn't you hear that Charlie was going to settle with her for $500,000—the children were what he really wanted.

But even while these confidences were being whispered, Lita and Charlie were belying them—dancing together at Montmartre, gayer than anyone in the room. It was baffling.

Came the dawn—a dawn which defied all movie traditions in its dire consequences. A dawn when Charlie's slumbers were disturbed by sounds of revelry below. Lita was giving a party—the girl who neither smokes, drinks, nor plays games. Well, a party is as good an excuse as any when two people want to quarrel. Charlie ordered Lita's friends from the house—or so the reporters say.

The next morning Lita departed, with their two sons, and took refuge with her grandfather. Charlie published the customary "My wife, having left my bed and board" in the newspapers—and the battle was on!

Lita accuses Charlie of having treated her harshly and without the consideration which she, as a wife and mother, was entitled to. Charlie accuses Lita of that party, as well as of undue extravagance and a few other unfortunate traits. The Chaplins agree on one thing. They wouldn't live together again for the world. But a bitter war will be waged for possession of the children. Charlie has closed his studio, a move which will cost him some $15,000 a day, and is flinging all his energy and resources into the fight for the Chaplin heirs.

Meanwhile, you are all asked to step forward and inspect the history of their life together. Weigh the evidence and choose your sides. "The public shall decide!" says Lita.

And thus endeth another happy marriage.

John Gilbert Knows What He's Talking About

. . . when he talks about love. And this subject dominated his conversation with Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher when they interviewed him for one of their one-act playlets.

We Interview Jack Gilbert

in itself is well worth the price of the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. You'll agree with us when you have read it. It is the sort of thing you hand on to your friends. For John Gilbert is that strange creature, a matinée idol who thinks.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Junior Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 48)

Avenue, New York City, New York, and Richard Dix is at the Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

WESTY B.—Both Lois Wilson and Jack Holt are at the Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. I'm sure they will send you their photographs, if you write to them.

RUTH OF COLORADO.—Try writing to the Publicity Department of United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, New York, for a picture of Rudolph Valentino. Tom Tyler is at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Say It With Letters

(*Continued from page* 74)

Here's hoping that others have as much luck as I have had in picking out newcomers and have as much fun trying.

EVA M. GAUNT,
Benton, Arkansas.

Old Wheezes

DO photoplay producers make any attempt to keep in touch with contemporary literature and with contemporary motion picture productions other than their own? One would think not, to view some of the appallingly hackneyed plots, situations and subtitles that daily find their way—goodness knows how—to the silver sheet.

We read a joke in literature of at least fair quality and we think it good; later we read it in syndicated newspaper fillers, and perhaps it still makes us snigger, we are even able to tolerate it when it finds its way into the comic cartoons, and later is quoted indiscriminately in the streets; but who is able to refrain from groaning disgustedly when, six months or a year later, he sees the same joke flashed on the screen in the form of a subtitle?

I have known many otherwise good productions to be spoiled by use of redundant or hackneyed subtitles, and I have known other productions of mediocre quality to be made tolerable by a tasteful use of subtitles. When will producers realize that sub-titles are not material that can be written by cub reporters.

R. M. P.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Critics, Come Down to Earth

IT makes me tired the way the critics all pan "Mannequin." I have never read a good word for it and yet I certainly enjoyed the picture very much and on all sides of me heard praise and admiration for it. I even had letters from friends from distant cities saying "be sure to see 'Mannequin,' it is perfectly wonderful."

Please, critics, dont be so highbrow. After all, we are just ordinary people and like to see things dressed up with whipped cream and cherries. Such superspecials and artistic creations that the critics laud to the skies we sometimes find extremely dull to our tired nerves after a hard day's work.

Consider the great masses and not the very few who have nothing to do but further their artistic senses.

MARJORIE GORDON,
Marietta, Ohio.

Irene Rich
uses

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'MAYBELLINE' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best."
Sincerely,
Irene Rich

"MAYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadowy pools of enchanting loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectly harmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid—Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

The Irresistible Touch For Evening Use

Blends the appearance of the arms, neck, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing, soft, pearly beauty. Blemishes are concealed and feature irregularities forgotten under the spell of an enticing charm. You possess "the dominating" appearance at any social affair if you use

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

Quickly applied. Does not show the effects of perspiration or moisture. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

sc11 *Send 10c for Trial Size*

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

Liquid Silmerine Makes Hair Beautiful

Eliminates dandruff, dirt, oiliness. Invigorates scalp, helps circulation. This means strong, healthy hair; soft, silky, glossy. Keeps hair wavy for days. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, neat, orderly; never unruly. Men, women, children use it. Any drug store. Parker-Belmont Co., Chicago, Ill.

WRITERS!

"Frederick Palmer has been of inestimable help to me in improving my technique."

Alex. McLaren

"THE Palmer method of teaching the technique of writing is better than any I know of," writes Alex McLaren, author of "Scrambled Brains" and other popular adventure stories. "If I had taken the Short-Story Course when I was first trying to write, I would have saved years of struggle."

The Palmer Institute can take the guess out of your writing—enrich your talent—help you write stories that sell. Many professional writers have been helped by Palmer training.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal. 9-Q
CLAYTON HAMILTON - - *President*
FREDERICK PALMER - *Vice-president*

Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression ☐ Photoplay Writing

Name_____

Address_____

All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call upon you

Prize Winning Limericks

A surprise in your stocking—how jolly!
Alberta is your Christmas dolly.
She has cute dimpled knees,
Says "Papa" when you squeeze,
She's the berries—so use her for holly.

I. S. WAY,
Brookline, Mass.

Disguised in a hat with a brim
Is Leatrice, keeping in trim.
With hair cut like a boy
She is simply a Joy,
She's a wow as a "her" or a "him."

MISS HELEN WALSH,
Chicago, Ill.

New Year's is a failure for Syd,
For its old-fashioned joys are forbid,
And the glass in his hand
Contains nothing but sand,
For (h)our glasses dont cheer as they did.

GENE BUTLER,
San Diego, Calif.

Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye
Are practising for the ballet.
Perhaps they have fears
For their movie careers,
So they'll prove theirs are not "feet of clay."

MRS. C. H. HOLDERMAN,
Cocoa, Florida.

Prize Winner in the Booty Contest

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It was contributed by Mrs. Helen J. McCarthy, Quincy, Massachusetts.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page 37*)

Down-stairs, I stopped long enough to meet W. C. Fields and look on for a minute, but there was no excitement there, so I left for town, running into Ed Wynn on the way out, who is about to do a picture for Famous soon.

With more time than I'd thought I'd have, I dropped in at Russell Ball's studio, as he's always photographing some star or other, and, sure enough, there was Ramon Novarro, with Herb Howe and Gladys Hall. The latter two were deep in the latest Hollywood gossip, while R. B. strove to get pictures of the handsome Ramon.

And here is why I say he's different. In the first place, he talked not at all, seemed almost shy—is undoubtedly even better-looking off screen—but, after all, why go on? I cannot tell you as our brilliant Mr. Howe can, of this young star's fascinating personality, and besides, I had a tea date at the Ritz with Miss Fletcher, and was late for it already, so couldn't stay to talk with him.

At mention of the Ritz, I saw Gladys Hall throw a greedy eye my way, and seeing therein a yen for cinnamon toast and *petits fours*, I politely—no, I *wont* lie—she invited herself.

Anyway, Miss Fletcher was late, giving Miss Hall, who is not a timid soul like myself, the opportunity, true to the famous double-interview style of saying sharply "*Miss Fletcher*, dont ever again have the courage to talk to me about being late"—but got no further upon being informed that she wasn't expected to wait or even *come*.

While the battle raged, I glanced professionally around for ideas and saw a vivacious creature in a costume of beautiful dark red. Her low, round neck was heavy with pearls and with long, tight sleeves, a short cape only a trifle below the waist and her tight helmet of dark-red velvet entirely devoid of ornament, she was a striking figure in the flock of severe little frocks and plain coats.

I sometimes wonder, these days, why *is* a fashion editor! There is so very little to write about. Parisian designers are in despair at their inability to wean women away from the same boyish silhouette, small hat, brief skirt and general informality of present-day fashions. Only by keeping close watch on each subtle change in line, color, skirt length, etc., may one vary the monotony, tho I must admit that the mode of today is the sanest in almost the whole history of fashion.

One very new idea which is taking well in Paris at this writing is that of wearing a hat exactly fitting the shape of the head, *but cut in back to follow the line of the hair*. If your bob is pointed, your hat has a point and is rounded behind the ear.

Another idea quite likely to carry its winter success thru spring is—matching or blending several shades of one basic color in a felt hat.

Bags and purses are smaller in size, shoes in all shades of brown with hose to match are smarter than any other footwear, plain suède slip-ons still lead in gloves, and pearls are more and more frequently combined with crystal, in necklaces, earrings, etc.

If you feel that you cannot last the season without one more evening frock, get one of fringe; they are quite as popular as ever. I saw a beautiful girl at the Cosmopolitan studio recently wearing a white one, the fringe cut in points front and back, on skirt and bodice.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention my two days there as an extra. What *is* it about pictures and studios that fascinates one so? I distinctly remember my positive and harsh statements while the time lasted, but I'm as keen as ever to do it again!

There was, for instance, the business of getting out of bed in the pitch-dark of a winter morning twice in succession in order to breakfast, dress, reach the studio, make up, and be in costume by 9 A. M. Then the long wait until 2 P. M. before the call to the set, meanwhile lunching at a near-by restaurant in full evening dress and grease-paint at noon!

That was the first day, but on the second, because of heavy rain, the famous box lunches were served in the studio, consisting of the inevitable two sandwiches, piece of cake and an apple or banana. However, the really delicious hot coffee made up for that.

On that first day we finally were called and arrived at a most impressive set. Polished black floors, deep divans, tapestries, marbles, *et al.*, then the whisper that slips about as the star arrives, the director's voice explaining the action, assigning

(*Continued on page 95*)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

NEW · · the toilet soap "*as delicious as French soap*" that has captured America

Yesterday, 50c for a French toilet soap · · Today the same luxury for 10c · ·

From France comes the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN · ·

MAGIC, fragrant lather! So satiny and firm — this new, different soap you asked us to make.

"We just can't pay extravagant prices for imported soaps," you told us, "but the French do know what makes one lovely. Please make a soap just as wonderful—but not nearly so costly! One that will make our skin feel the same way, smooth, delicious!"

"It is just what we longed for"

So we made Lux Toilet Soap.

Made it quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

Made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. The whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For centuries ago she knew that her marvellous powders and perfumes lose their magic unless the skin itself is exquisite. And how grateful you were for the soaps she made—expensive though they were—your skin felt so satin smooth, so exquisite.

Now the same famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap beneficent to your skin. Makes it firm, fine-textured like the lovely skin it tends. Bubbling, caressing lather—hard water on the Continent taught the French the secret of Lux Toilet Soap's instant, ample lather.

FOR
FACE, HANDS & BATH · 10¢

LUX
TOILET SOAP

France with her passion for loveliness —America with her genius for achievement! You have Lux Toilet Soap for just ten cents.

Ten cents—yet your experienced fingers recognize instantly the things you loved in fine French soaps. Lux Toilet Soap breathes France even in the delicate, delicious fragrance. But it is generous, American in value! You can get this *savon de toilette* wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Instant abundant lather—always

H A V E A C A M E L

The happiest words in the world

A SAYING becomes universally popular if its expression recalls an experience of pleasure. "Have a Camel!" are the three happiest smoke words ever uttered because no other cigarette ever gave the world so much enjoyment. To millions of experienced smokers, Camels are contentment realized.

Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they will never tire the taste, never leave a cigaretty after-taste.

We invite you now to introduce yourself to the finest made.

Millions of friendly voices are calling you to the mildest, mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Once you know what they mean, no words can compare with

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

Two Hollywood flappers had a hot contest in bidding for the gold satin gown Arlette Marchal wore in "The Cat's Pajamas." It brought twenty dollars

Auction Day in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 47)

"An Elizabeth crêpe street frock, worn by Mary Brian in 'The Little French Girl'," he announced. "Size 32, blue-grey, suêded belt. What am I offered?"

"One dollar."

"One and a quarter."

"Two."

"Two and a half."

"Two and a half I'm bid—two and a half bid, asking for three—three, do I hear?—three, I have—three bid, who'll make it three and a half?—going at three, going—three and a quarter I have—who'll make it a half?——" the auctioneer's voice crackled on.

The bidding ended at $4, and one of the middle-aged matrons was already planning how she would revamp the little frock for her eldest daughter.

With never a perceptible pause the sale raced on. Bids came almost with the speed of thought. Not a second was lost. Time is money in a studio.

The next garment was a black chiffon velvet evening gown with exotic designs of pearls and rhinestones with a three-foot train, worn by Florence Vidor in "You Never Know Women." This gown finally went for $30 to the buxom landlady of a popular Hollywood boarding-house who was heard to mutter hopefully something about "letting out the seams here and there."

A crystal-beaded tulle frock worn as a wedding-gown by Betty Bronson in "The Cat's Pajamas" was sold for $25 to a shy little blonde girl. A tell-tale solitaire on the fourth finger of the blushing purchaser's left hand gave more than a hint that the gown might soon go down the aisle to the strains of "Lohengrin" in an honest-to-goodness wedding.

A pair of filmy black and white chiffon pajamas worn by Bebe Daniels in "Stranded in Paris" found their way into the hands of a fretful old gentleman, who nervously requested the advice of a neighbor on the advisability of offering such a fluffy bit of nonsense to a 185-pound wife.

Another gown used in "The Cat's Pajamas," this one worn by the sirenlike Arlette Marchal, brought $20 after a hot contest between two excited Hollywood flappers. The blonde flapper won out, altho her brunette rival was heard to declare in a very audible stage-whisper that that gold-colored satin and fringe would simply kill bleached hair.

A rather anxious girl waited patiently on the edge of the crowd until the blue velvet period gown worn by Bebe Daniels in the sorority scene of "The Campus Flirt" was put up for sale. As the bidding passed the $10 mark, she became obviously nervous, but still stayed with it. Her sigh of relief was a heartfelt one when she finally won the gown for $15.

An audible gasp came from the throng when a dazzling mass of material was

(*Continued on page* 101)

Your age revealed

in one of these 3 places

No. 1—Double Chin

No. 2—Relaxed Muscles Crêpy Throat

No. 3—Lines and Wrinkles

BY discovering treatments and preparations which regain or retain facial youthfulness, Dorothy Gray has won international fame. Her Fifth Avenue Studio is the mecca of stage and society beauties.

Now her treatments are available for home application with careful instructions. These treatments will erase years from one's face, restoring it to youthful charm.

Dorothy Gray's three basic treatments, as well as her individual preparations, are for sale at fine department stores and quality drug stores, throughout the country. If such a store is not conveniently near you, you may order direct.

If you seek further information before buying, please check the coupon below for Miss Gray's personal advice.

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Please tell me how:

☐ to treat a double chin.

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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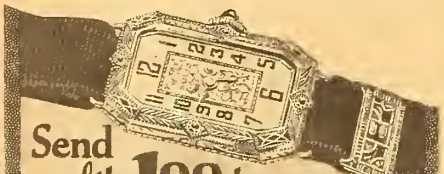

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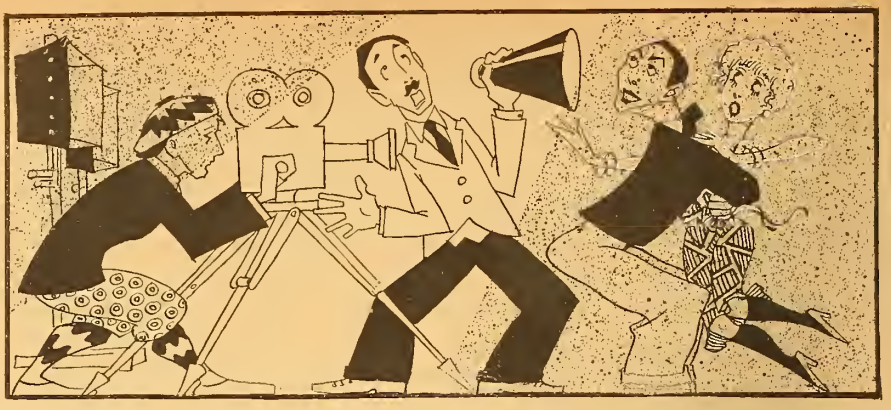

The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Sidney Franklin

By

SCOOP CONLON

BECAUSE he is responsible for some of the greatest successes of Norma and Constance Talmadge, including "Smilin' Through," "East is West," and "Her Sister From Paris."

Because, despite his success, he admits he turned out many earlier productions that were mediocre or downright bad.

Because he is the only director under long-term contract to that outstanding producer and picker of winners — Joseph M. Schenck.

Because he wants others besides the star and director to have a share of the credit for a successful picture.

Because he insists that no director can make a good picture out of a poor story—and that no producer should expect him to.

Because he champions the cause of original screen writers. Franklin declares the field for those who can write in terms of the silversheet is practically limitless. He recommends a course of schooling for all ambitious screen authors, including weeks spent on the set with the director while a picture is being made. He says scenarists should forget all about literature—from the standpoint of style—and turn their talents to making pictures appear in their minds.

Sidney Franklin

Franklin, like many other topnotchers in the industry, started at the bottom of the ladder. He didn't have any false illusions about the infant "movies" when he secured his first job. The atmosphere of the studios appealed to him, and his parents had taught him to take up something in life that he really liked. After tackling any task around the studio that came his way, the young novice graduated into a title—assistant cameraman. And when he lost his camera job, he became an assistant director, His salary was $12 a week. In addition to assistant directing, Franklin was a jack of all jobs around the sets of the Hobart Bosworth Productions. One day he was given a part in a picture starring Fritzi Scheff. At the end of the week Franklin found $50 in his pay envelope instead of the usual $12. Feeling a mistake had been made, he visited the cashier's office to help the auditor keep his books straight. A surprise awaited him. He discovered the $50 was right, and that his acting had earned him the phenominal raise. Franklin felt like a millionaire on the $50 a week salary but he received it only twice; then the company ceased producing. The picture that Franklin acted in was the last one the Bosworth concern ever made.

Sidney Franklin gives his brother, Chester, credit for his first real foothold in pictures. Chester was working for Ford Sterling as assistant director of comedies featuring children, and while Sidney was writing finis on his career with Bosworth, Chester was singing his swan song with the Sterling outfit. When both Franklin brothers found themselves out of jobs, they conceived the idea of making a juvenile picture with borrowed capital. Chester recruited $500, appointed himself director and named Sidney as assistant. The picture was to be made entirely with exteriors. A bear disrupted the schedule on the first day by climbing a tree and staying there until night. Salaries went on, but they couldn't work without bruin. Another day it rained, so the shoe-string producers had to complete the picture in two more days. They did it, and then made the rounds trying to sell the effort. Nobody seemed to want the epic. Frank Woods, then with David Wark Griffith, liked the picture, but said they couldn't buy it. Woods, however, put the proposition up to his chief, with the result that the Franklins were offered

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Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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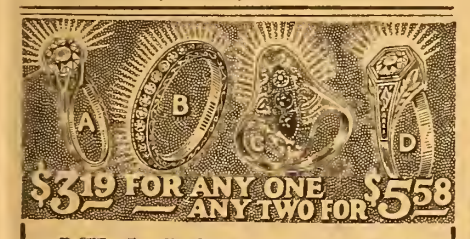

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a place on the Griffith lot as co-directors.

The Franklin brothers' first picture as co-directors was "Let Katy Do It," with Jane Gray and Tully Marshall. Griffith wrote the story. Then came "Going Straight," with Norma Talmadge. They directed several pictures featuring Norma before they separated, Sidney becoming a permanent addition to the Joseph M. Schenck organization.

He has been with Schenck ever since, with the exception of the time he left to direct Mary Pickford in two pictures—"The Hoodlum" and "The Heart of the Hills."

If you readers have seen Constance Talmadge in "The Dutchess of Buffalo," you will be delighted to have "met" the man behind the gun—Sidney Franklin.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 90)

places to each group and the eventual call for "Lights, music, please, something lively . . . all right, Joe, let's have another spot here, no—*here*. . . . Come on, folks; let's try it once. . . . All set? Let's go!"

"Black Bottom" . . . a sudden babel of voices—forced laughter . . . a smashed glass tinkles . . . footmen tender welcome glasses of cool cider in wine-glasses . . . "Black Bottom." Gloria passes swiftly, an anguished look in her great eyes, I laugh at a joke I haven't caught . . . why *must* my knees tremble so? . . . "O. K.!"

"That was good but I want more action. . . . We'll take it. . . . Places, please, everybody. . . . Ready? *Camera!*"

This we do four times—then a wait while the lights are shifted to an adjoining room. Meanwhile some read, some converse quietly, others Charleston to the softened music. Then places are given us again, another scene is rehearsed and finally—"camera" and the same cider, now sickly warm, the glasses rimmed with lip rouge—a dozen have had it before you—but no matter. "Black Bottom" . . . heavens, why dont they change the music! "There's John Boles, the leading man; isn't he handsome?" . . . "Cut!"

Miss Swanson stops to speak, her eyelids vermilioned, her teeth and eyes in striking contrast to her dark make-up. I tell her I've finished the drawings of her and she asks eagerly to see them, but they've gone to press. She is called away and leaves with a quick smile and apology.

Immediately a buzz of comment arises—"Isn't she lovely?" . . . "What a sweet manner" . . . "Not at all upstage, is she?" . . . "Oh, I've heard everyone likes her up here," etc.

We turn to watch a close-up. This takes more time—then another scene and—finally, "That's all; tomorrow at the same time, please—good night." "Good night." Lights are dimmed, the studio is swiftly deserted except for a group in conference over the script—a few carpenters, prop boys, etc.

Home—blessed word, rest—but, no—there's a drawing I promised to finish somehow—was it only yesterday—perhaps, but in another world, surely. I finish it at two and rise again at five.

"Everybody on the set, please; Mr. Parker's waiting."

"Oh, there's Pauline Garon—hasn't she a darling figure? And, there's Lowell Sherman. Oh, yes, he's working on the next set." And Mr. Sherman, looking every inch the actor, strides importantly by in magnificent full dress.

(*Continued on page* 119)

New safe way to end Gray Hair

Now it takes only a few minutes to bring back natural shade to faded and graying hair. You watch it creep back after using this clear water-like liquid—accept amazing free test

A—You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

B—Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. *Clean . . . Safe.* Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

C—Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that natural shade is conveyed. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends.

This new scientific way defies detection. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

We send you free a sample of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. You snip off a single lock of your hair and try it first on that. You see exactly what results will be. Thus take no chances. Which is the safe thing to do.

Or go to the nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red) .....light brown .....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

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For stiffness.. lameness... sore muscles

Rub in Absorbine, Jr.—*at once!*

IT will promptly relieve the soreness and pain. Absorbine, Jr. stimulates circulation and breaks up congestion. It is a concentrated, powerful liniment, and a dependable antiseptic.

Absorbine, Jr. will give quick relief in rheumatic pain. Equally effective in the treatment of strains, bruises, chapped hands and sore throat. Read "Timely Suggestions", packed with each bottle.

Keep Absorbine, Jr. handy. You will like it. Use it freely.

At all druggists $1.25

Send for free trial bottle

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Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

They Might Be Horatio Alger Heroes

(*Continued from page 65*)

motion picture game is stimulating. If we had jobs we hated, we would go around with perpetual grouches, likely as not."

"What profit is there in having a job you hate?" asked Al. "What I mean is a fellow would be dumb to give his life to a job he didn't like. You cannot help being a clock watcher if you dont like the work you do."

"Righto," agreed Ray. "And you cant be a success and a clock watcher. All of us like our pay envelope. No use denying that. But your job has got to mean more than that to you if you want to get anywhere with it."

* * *

Thus the two Rockett brothers, who had the dream of making "Abraham Lincoln" and the courage (foolhardiness some called it once) to put their own money into it. So few professional people are willing to buy the realization of their dreams with their own gold.

And, amazing as it is at first to think of these two young men as the heads of two big producing units, each responsible for the original story, scenario writer, cast, director and the cost of his productions, it is upon second thought altogether fitting and proper that they should stand where they do.

Motion pictures usually tell of youth. And those who have left their own youth too far behind would not be able to produce the stories based on the very things they have so sadly forgotten.

It is no fluke that gave the Rockett boys their opportunity. They have given years to learning the ins and outs of their profession. So when Dick Rowland, general manager of First National Pictures, saw their "Abraham Lincoln" and became interested in having them associated with his company, they were ready for the responsibilities he wished to invest in them. They were well versed in the practicalities of every phase of production. They had learned their jobs as thoroly as a banker's son is expected to learn his job when he is started as a bank messenger.

There are less successful people in motion picture circles who will tell you that the Rocketts got a lucky break and that is all there is to it, really. Those Wise Ones. . . .

Lucky breaks come to everyone at some time or another. But what then? Those who get ahead are those who have the stuff to deliver when the lucky break does come. It is one thing to get a big job, a comparatively simple thing in relation to keeping a big job.

We'll bet that Al and Ray Rockett today are adult versions of those two Rockett kids, who started out to support themselves and their mother not so very many years ago in Sedalia, Missouri. For there is a wealth of truth in that old saying that the boy is the father of the man. Children give pretty good promise of what they will be as adults. It is, come to think about it, a curious thing how true people run to form. Years and experience temper some qualities and exaggerate others, but there is remaining to the very end, a fundamental similarity.

Al and Ray were resourceful as far back as their biographies take us. They always appear to have been possessed of broad vision, ambition, courage and foresight. They were always willing to stand by their convictions. And the only thing that makes that remarkable is that so few people are.

When their father died and it was up to them to pay the rent and buy the food and clothes and meet the other household bills, they might have been expected to turn to the iron-foundry, which offered the main employment in Sedalia. But they both hated the inflexible rules which governed the foundry employees . . . the blast of the big furnaces . . . and the heat that gushed out when furnace doors opened to admit new moulds.

Other boys in Sedalia who had to earn their livings had turned immediately to the foundry. Sedalia had come into being because of the foundry. To go into it was the obvious thing to do. But neither of the Rockett brothers would serve this snorting monster unless there was absolutely no other way out. They felt with a true instinct that it would crush them, wear them down into dull, stooped men who would live frugally from one pay-day to another pay-day. They could see that the sons of the present owners of the foundry would inherit the executive jobs, even if they had been interested in these jobs as ultimate goals.

Products of small, Mid-Western towns without any personal knowledge of the cities, their young and believing eyes had searched the broad horizon and they knew that elsewhere life must offer other things and a more varied, brilliant pattern.

It is not unlikely that the neighbors talked over back fences about the poor Widow Rockett whose sons would not go into the foundry as their fine sons had . . . but who turned to odd jobs such as running paper and magazine routes after school.

The pack is always at the heels of those who do not conform.

Once a frightful time came along. Ray had to go into the foundry. But he did it merely to bridge a financial emergency and never accepted it as anything more than a temporary thing.

Al, more fortunate than Ray for the time being, turned his musical sense to profit and spent his afternoons and evenings, after a day at high school, playing the piano in the only nickelodeon in town. He wanted to get as much out of books as he possibly could. They fed his belief that the outside world had miracles to offer.

Then, finishing his schooling, he took over the entire management of this little theater. It sounds grand, but Al explains that it meant, for the most part, selling the tickets and sweeping out the place and shutting it up for the night when the last "flicker" had flicked from the screen.

All this time he saved. Nothing was too small. Coppers most frequently dropped into the bank. And nickels and dimes. Sometimes half dollars and dollars. And then one day Al decided to leave Sedalia and the nickelodeon for the place where the flickers were made. So he departed for Hollywood and fame as a movie actor.

He did act for a little while.

"Then I saw myself on the screen and decided I was an awful Ham," laughs Al.

Just what induced the change in his ambitions it would be hard to say, but it was shortly after Ray joined him in Los Angeles that Al turned his back to the camera and, with Ray, gave his youthful enthusiasm to the many things that had to be done behind the camera before any film could be shown on any screen.

Both, Al and Ray, did well in this field and had worked themselves up to good jobs

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when the Balboa company, with which they were associated, went out of business.

"That was almost the worst time of all," Ray thinks.

"We had saved some money, of course," Al said, "but even so we did not want to live on that and we knew there was nothing for it but to go to another studio and start all over again. Things were different then. Things were not standardized. Your good job in one studio didn't necessarily assure you of an equally good job in another studio."

"It was tough taking inconsequential jobs at beggarly salaries after we had tasted success," Ray supplemented. "But it was so obviously the thing to do. As a matter of fact, it would have been good business sense for us to have paid that other studio for the experience we got there if it had been necessary to do so. For we found out that we didn't know nearly so much about things as we had thought we did."

* * *

That's about all there is to the story of the Rocketts. A few years later, after they had worked their way up to good jobs again and saved thousands of dollars they quit their safe, well-paid berths and set out to make "Abraham Lincoln."

If you've seen it, you know what a beautiful realization they brought to their dream.

"What?" we asked, thinking of all the ambitious young people who might have been interested in reading this far in their story "what do you think is the essential factor in success?"

"Liking your job," said Al, attacking apple pie *à la mode*.

Ray shook his head affirmatively. "Maybe you can do some things without being interested in them," he said doubtfully, "but I'll bet a hat they're not worth the doing. I'd risk everything in the world to get in the work nearest my heart."

"That's the first thing to do without a doubt," conceded Al, "for it is the work you like best that you will do best. Then, having found the work you like best, do it with all your might and main and all your heart and soul.

"And thus endeth our first lesson in 'The Way to Success.'

"The company is waiting for me on stage number three. Come on down and watch them shoot a few scenes."

Are You Ever Embarrassed?

Almost everyone has doubts about the correct thing to do socially at one time or another. And such doubts destroy your poise.

Every month Mrs. Antonio Moreno, a leader in California society, will write a short article on the *faux pas* that are most commonly made. And she will answer any questions you care to ask her.

The first etiquette article appears on Page 70 of this issue. Do not fail to read it.

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IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

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John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for single show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200 while taking course." Don't delay. Send today for complete information, samples and guarantee.
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And you can be sure this lovely color is *really* waterproof, and that it will stay on all day without fading or rubbing off.

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Your choice of a Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. You will be proud to own any one of these instruments and we will give you one without cost. A few cents a day for lessons is your only expense. Our system of teaching is so easy that you can play several pieces by note with the first four lessons. We guarantee success or no charge. Instrument and lessons sent on one week's free trial. Write for booklet today, no obligation. Over 200,000 satisfied pupils.

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EVERYWHERE women are earning money this easy, new way. You, too, may earn a splendid income, in your spare hours at home. We need new members for our national organization to do Marcel Waving, Hair Cutting and Hairdressing at home. You may quickly become an expert. Complete instructions furnished.

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We give you a real professional outfit — free with your instructions. You can start your "beauty parlor" at once; a corner of a room will do.

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BEAUTY ARTS SOCIETY
Ninth & Spruce Sts., Dept. 103, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Is Alice Joyce?

(*Continued from page 25*)

IN the small town she came up against all of the petty hypocrisy, the petty meanness, the back-fence intrigue, the shallow prides and prejudices common to the small town and made familiar to us by way of "realistic" fiction.

"Nice people." "Nice girls." "Nice girls dont do so-and-so."

Cliques. Tabus. The sense of inferiority that comes to you more potently in a small town than anywhere else in the world.

The grim necessity of battling this inferiority.

"Nice girls" dont go on the stage. "Nice girls" dont wear short skirts. "Nice girls" never make up, never are artists' models. Things like that. Innumerable things like that.

But Alice was the daughter of the Untrained Generation of women. She had one marketable value, one exploitation asset—her growing and astounding beauty. She had that and back of that she had the richly colored growth of drama born of down-to-the-quick experiences, born of farm land and small town, born of fear and of necessity.

What pictures, what living pictures, of the living of life Alice Joyce could give, who has lived it!

They moved to New York.

* * *

IT was unhappy, in a sense, but it wasn't painfully difficult for Alice to "get started" in New York.

After all, a telephone operator has only to go to the Central Office and file out an application for that enviable position. Then one has a week or two of instruction in the school for operators—and there you are—all ready to give wrong numbers!

That's what happened to Alice, tho the squib about the wrong numbers may be grossly maligning her.

It is also relatively easy for a Central exchange operator to find a position in an office or in a hotel. No doubt Alice's rare beauty and dignity had something to do with this, slight step tho it be. At any rate, she elected to go to a hotel. Unfortunately, or perhaps it was fortunately, she chose to make this move during the summer months which was not so good. The result being that she was idle during the summer, and being idle in New York for a season is one of these times when every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Or words to that effect.

A bit of luck fell when Alice met an artist at a dance at the National Academy of Design. The artist, a true one evidently, asked her to pose for him. She did—and soon found that her time was substantially enough taken up by magazine artists, fashion photographers and others of a like ilk. The famous Joyce face was beginning to find its own.

One of the photographers Alice had posed for became, conveniently, a cameraman with the Kalem company and one day called Alice on the phone. Mr. Buell, the director, had had bad luck. It's an ill wind . . . Anyway, he had tried out three or four girls for a picture called "The Engineer's Sweetheart." One girl didn't photograph well. One couldn't ride horseback. There was some other drawback to the others. Things were looking down when Luther Taylor, the erstwhile photographer, remembered Alice, remembered that she could ride, doubtless remembered very poignantly how she could photograph and—sent for her.

Mr. Buell gave her ten dollars a day for her work. Alice had figured on five. That was better than posing and she decided to remain in pictures.

George Melford played the lead in that picture. Jane Wolfe was in it, too, and Alice frequently says that she will never forget how nice they were to her, how they helped her and how generously they gave her advice and encouragement. It made the picture game a lovable one to her at the outset.

Almost every fan knows the rest of Alice's career in a general sense. She played in Western pictures and a few Indian ones. She played in pictures of Colonial times; in "The Celebrated Case," "The School for Scandal." She played crooks and neglected wives and a few naughty ladies and many good ladies.

She says that whatever work she has done it has never seemed hard, she has always loved it, all of it, and hopes to be a success some day.

This last assertion may seem curious to the casual Joyceian fan. But it isn't curious, because Alice knows, she *must* know, there are vast reserves within her that have never been tapped, fields of experience, jets of color, flares of emotion, barely touched upon. She has lived and suffered and rejoiced and experienced from East to West, from North to South, on the farm and in the city, among the poor and among the rich. She has lived and she has life to give.

* * *

AND so, finally, Alice emerged to her place in the sun. By dint of hard work here only hinted at, by the fruit of persistent effort.

You may see her today, as has been said, perfectly poised and exquisitely gowned. The mistress of a charming home. Her name on Broadway in electrics. The Lovely Lady in "The Ace of Cads"; the woman influence in "Beau Geste"; the slender dominant note in "Stella Dallas."

And still we feel that Alice Joyce has not been fully evoked. She has things to give that have not been given. Things that go deeper and cost more and last longer than the beauty so readily obvious. She has more vivid colors. She has more glamour, more fire, more pain. She is still awaiting the informing touch, the fully awakening voice. The great fund of experience back of her has not been drawn upon. In the kaleidoscope of her life only two or three of the colors have been ground into view. There remain all of the others, all of the other waves and facets of emotion and passion and delight.

That is why we ask the question, "What is Alice Joyce?"

Let someone step forward with a megaphone and script and call these hidden values into being.

ARE ACTORS PEOPLE?

That isn't the foolish question it appears at first glance. Read the radical things Ronald Colman has to say on this subject next month.

And reserve your copy of the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *at your news-dealer's now!*

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Sunshine and Lamplight

(*Continued from page 44*)

for yourself, you would be amazed. The brilliant amethyst colors are gone, the lovely warmth has disappeared and the purple becomes a reddish-brown fabric that no one would want around. You must be careful of all purples.

Blue is almost as difficult a color as purple. I have seen brilliant light blue fade into dull blue-green when night comes and artificial lights are turned on. Blue is apt to become less brilliant, and if it is at all mixed with yellow—toward a blue-green—this yellow will do all sorts of curious things when the lights are played on it.

Red, too, is an uncertain color and may show unsuspected purple tones or unsuspected oranges under artificial light.

While yellow is one of the truest colors, changing perhaps a bit less than its brothers, even this good old reliable color cant be trusted and must be tried out under all light conditions. Green, too, is apt to vary, its chief characteristic being that it will look darker as daylight fades and other lights shine on it.

In decorating your house, then, why not try out all of your colors in both sunshine and lamplight? It is not only that the colors themselves change, but that, as they change, their relations with other colors alter as well. By a color chart it is simple enough to see which colors "go together." But you can see how easy it is for colors to "go together" in the daylight and then be completely at variance when they have changed—in opposite directions—when the lights are turned on. Before buying colorful fabric I would get samples and see how they "live together" in the daylight and then at night-time as well. It is the only way that you can be sure of them.

When you decorate a room, try to bring sunshine into it. You may even bring a semblance of sunshine at night if you try. After all, at heart we are all sunworshippers—there is no getting around that—so why not admit it and worship our God, the Sun, openly and unashamed? Coax the sunshine into the room when sunshine is there, and simulate sunshine when the sun is behind the clouds, or we have turned away from it. It is easy enough if you will try.

Because yellow is the color of the sun, you must use yellow or some of its close relatives if you wish to approximate the effect of sunshine. Why not? Yellow, when properly used, is always an attractive color, and if, thru its use, you can bring sunshine into a room, it is well worth using. Dont think because I am asking you to use yellow that I mean you should fill your home up with brilliant spots of yellow or orange. In fact, if you dont like them, these colors in their brilliant state may be left out altogether.

In tinting your walls, remember your desire for sunlight and use, instead of a cold gray, one of the warmer tones. You may use ivory, cream or a warm putty color. These will all bring sunlight into your room. At my windows, if I wanted to get the effect of sunlight, I would use, in summer, thin curtains in which yellow was the predominant tone. These could be yellow organdie, yellow swiss, cream or écru net, or even green, if it were warm in tone. In winter, I would use glass curtains that brought in every bit of sunlight —and gave the appearance of sunlight when there was no sun. A curtain of gold silk gauze does this beautifully, but there are many other materials that will achieve

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

To Make Smiles Really Count

Keep the Teeth Free of Film

Send coupon for 10-day tube

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

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includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. No one artist is competent to give instructions in all these branches. That's why the Federal School has established its "Master Course," in which every subject is written by a specialist. No other school can offer a course nearly comparable. No other institution in the country has such an array of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

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include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Norman Rockwell and over fifty others. Exclusive lessons and drawings especially prepared by them are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

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Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this *free* book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just mail in the coupon below and we will send you the book *free*.

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When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

the same result. Tans, creams, golds and yellows are all good for curtains.

You needn't put yellow into your over-drapes if you dont want to. If the light filters thru a yellow curtain, you will get the effect of sunlight, no matter what color your over-drapes are, unless they are of an exceedingly dingy tone.

Bits of brilliant orange can often be used to good effect. So can bits of gilt or gold. A bright bowl for flowers, a brilliant tray, a cigaret box—all of these can reflect and hold light.

If you have studied your colors carefully, they will not change when the lights are turned on, or if they do change, they will change so that they are still harmonious and still colorful. Then you can further the effect of sun at night by the use of the right kind of shades over your lights.

A few years ago there came a fad for dark lamp shades. Before that there were glass atrocities of small bits of colored glass leaded together, making a patchwork of nondescript color. I am happy to report that both of these ugly things have gone out. No longer does the housewife pride herself on her glass-shaded lamp. No longer does she spend years making a shade of dark red, covered with black georgette crepe. The modern housewife is learning sense in color. She is using lamps thru which the lights may filter charmingly—lamps that are becoming to her and that add a lovely glow to the home, too.

For the average home, I should say that lamp shades in amber color, cream, pale orchid, yellow, orange, green and some tones of rose are best. I would avoid red lamp shades altogether if I were a modern housewife, wanted to look well under lamplight and wanted my home to look cheerful. I know that there is a theory that red is a cheerful color—and indeed it is. But red lights are not becoming lights. They distort the actual colors of a room and they distort the colorings of a woman's face. Why have lights that are going to distort things? Blue lights take away color. They drain the color out of a woman's face and eyes until she looks frightened and a bit ill, and I am sure you dont want to look that way. Purple robs light of all of its brilliancy, of all of its warmth and color. Black-shaded lights seem to me absolutely without reason, for they are taking away the very thing that light is supposed to bring.

If your lamp shades are the right color, they may be plain or figured, according to your own individual taste. Some very charming results may be obtained by using absolutely plain lamp shades—lamp shades of cream or tan parchment or silk. The parchment shades may be without ornament of any kind, simply bound at the top and bottom with wire—sometimes the paper being gilded or painted to cover the place where the wire has been applied. The silk lamp shades may be plain, shirred or pleated, and finished with some sort of galloon or braid, or perhaps a ruching or bit of fringe. Lamp shades dont have to be any more ornate than this to be beautiful. Your lamp shades, however, dont have to be this plain. I have seen some amusing shades in which gay knights were painted. Others that have been both good looking and in good taste have had quaint maps pasted on them, or tiny Japanese prints, or perhaps were made of figured paper. However, in all these cases, there was enough of a light background so that the light could filter thru charmingly, showing up the gay design and adding interest to the room.

Personally, I prefer parchment shades, for so many charming effects may be achieved with them. They may be plain or striped, painted or printed, or may contain quaint maps or pictures. Parchment shades in cream, dull orange or mauve are my favorites, and a close second to these are shades of shirred silk that are not too ornate.

You wouldn't think of going out in the brilliant sun without a head-dress, if you wanted to look well. Then why have a brilliant ceiling light when your head is unprotected? There are too many homes where a cluster of lights is used in the ceiling and no attempt is made to shade the lights, nor the occupants of the room. There may be rooms where ceiling lights are a necessity, but I believe that even so, these ceiling lights could be shaded with soft shades of a neutral color. When this is absolutely impossible, frosted globes can be used. However, personally, I dont like ceiling lights and advise their use as little as possible. Even when they are necessary, they need not be used in profusion.

Wall brackets and floor lamps are both far more becoming than ceiling lights, and help throw a glow of mystery and charm not only over the room itself, but over the occupants. These days, where floor plugs are frequent—and where it is so easy to have wires drawn down from the ceiling light—it really isn't necessary to use a ceiling light a great deal, and I advise against it most strongly. Personally, I think that a few wall brackets and the simpler forms of table lamps and reading lamps are a far more satisfactory arrangement than any other that has been devised.

For table lamps, I like the simpler vase bases. These may be in a brilliant shining black, they may be a soft green pottery. They may be of glass, to be filled with tinted water. However, I believe that the pottery bowls are best of all—for they are always good form and always attractive looking.

For floor lamps, the heavy wooden lamps of a few years ago are going out, and well they might. They are always out of proportion to the rest of the furnishings. It is curious enough, but the most inexpensive light fixture you can get is a wrought-iron bridge lamp, and yet it is among the best looking. A pair of these, adjusted back of your favorite chairs, and a pair of parchment shaded lights will add immeasurably to the average living-room.

You see, it is not hard to have your home charming, both by sunshine and lamplight, but you can get these results only by considering each room as a complete whole, by adding furnishings carefully and by seeing that one thing harmonizes with another. And in the end, the best results can be obtained if you will remember that your home must have a dual charm—that it must be good looking when there is sunshine out of doors, and when there is lamplight inside—and that your scene, "A Charming Home," must be equally successful whether the next line says "A Sunny Afternoon" or "A Pleasant Evening." Whether the sun is shining out of doors, on a gray day, or when the lamps are lit, your home will prove a fitting background for your personality if you will add to it the things that it needs, so that it will reflect beauty both in the sunshine and in the lamplight.

Are you reading the Novarro life-story "On the Road With Ramon"? If not, you're missing a rare treat! Turn to Page 26

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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SHE is dressed beautifully, her complexion is exquisite—but her *hair!*

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Auction Day in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 93*)

carefully unfolded from its wrappings. It was a Pola Negri gown, created solely for her by Howard Greer, one of Paramount's fashion creators, for Miss Negri's rôle in "Good and Naughty." The snug-fitting basque blazed with rhinestones and pearls, and the bouffant skirt which trailed the floor foamed with layer upon layer of tulle, sparkling here and there with a tiny rhinestone. Three women had apparently made up their minds to own the creation at all costs, and the bidding was long and determined. At $68 the bidding finally ceased, and the prize went to a work-worn woman in a home-made hat.

The sale continued. Lunch time came and went without bringing so much as a pause in the proceedings. Such a trifling thing as food mattered a little less than nothing.

Esther Ralston's number three-A shoes were purchased for souvenir purposes only by a woman who boasted number sevens. Step-ins of net, made for Clara Bow, went to an optimistic lady with 45-inch hips. Startling beach robes and unusual bathing suits went to a group of Hollywood high-school girls, who planned a beach party even while their purchases were being wrapped.

Late comers arrived and enviously heard of the rich hauls of others, but stayed to bid and win. With his staccato voice growing husky as the afternoon waned, the red-haired youth on the auctioneer's stand continued to offer bargain after bargain to the eager throng.

A white satin gown worn by Pola Negri in a late picture, a special creation that originally cost $750, was sold for $35. It was bought by a woman from Des Moines, who gleefully hinted at the sensation she expected to create "back home."

The original price of a rainbow cape once worn by Gloria Swanson was $150. Yet a $5 bill brought it into the eager hands of a vivid little brunette shop-girl from Woolworth's.

A lavender velvet negligée worn by Florence Vidor in a recent picture brought $6.50. The garment cost the film-makers $100. A jade-green street dress valued at $150, once worn by Alice Joyce, brought $8.50 from a demure stenographer.

As the sun sank low in the sky over the haze-veiled Santa Monica Mountains to the west, the few remaining heaps of finery on the long tables swiftly dwindled until only a few scattered pieces were left.

There was a momentary spurt in the bidding among the handful of buyers who still lingered. Then, after a furious exchange of bids and counterbids, the last remaining article, a modish little black hat once worn by Esther Ralston, sold to a piquant and happy young matron for $6.25.

The red-headed auctioneer heaved a great sigh of relief, and clambered stiffly down from his perch. With a final regretful glance at the empty tables, now shorn of their fascinating cargoes, the last stragglers of the buying throng sauntered down the stairs.

The doors of the wardrobe building clanged shut. The big auction sale was all over for another year.

Are You Sure of Yourself

. . . when you are at a party . . . when someone asks you to dance? Or are you often doubtful about the correct thing to do? On page 70 of this issue Mrs. Antonio Moreno, a social leader in California, gives practical advice on etiquette.

And this department is to be a regular feature of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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"I'd TELEPHONED Ruth that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had called me in and given me a $25 increase in salary.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

The Thing to Do

(*Continued from page* 70)

However, there are some situations where the strict conventionalities of such a presentation borders precariously near the ridiculous, as would most certainly be the case were you to introduce your sister in this manner to one of your own personal friends. I shall never forget the difficulties I once encountered with just this problem. During my débutante days I formed an inseparable friendship with another "deb" by the name of Mary. Both of us had been well schooled and trained in the fine art of this introduction, which we were told to use on all occasions. Unfortunately, no matter how excellent my intentions were as we set forth for the various dances and receptions, I was never able properly to introduce Mary. After having successfully accomplished one or two presentations, my good intentions seemed to evaporate, and I would invariably say, "Mary, may I present Mr. Roberts?" The result, of course, was little less than chaotic as each gentleman thus presented was forced to waste considerable time in a frantic endeavor to learn poor Mary's maiden name. Habit is strong in all of us, and especially so when we are compelled to do our thinking within the course of a split second, and so, rather than commit the unfortunate blunder I so long practised upon Mary, I would strongly advise the adoption of a more simple form for the less conventional occasions. This form is merely the repetition of the names of the two people about to be introduced. For example, "Mrs. Douglas . . . Mr. Robinson."

This introduction is universally used when presenting two ladies of the same age. Simple as it may sound, however, danger lurks just around the corner. Unless you are fairly adept with this formula, the possibility that you will involuntarily interject a few hopelessly wrong words is certain, such as, "Mrs. Douglas . . . I want you to meet . . . Mr. Robinson," or, "Mrs. Douglas . . . meet my friend . . . Mr. Robinson."

The word "meet," and the term "my friend" should be entirely eliminated from all introductions. The phrase "I want you to meet" should also be conspicuous by its absence. In this case, what you want is of no importance, and besides, your wish serves to rob the lady in question of her traditional right of being first in consideration. Therefore, it is readily seen why the term, "may I present?" has been so unanimously accepted as a correct standard of introduction.

If anything could possibly be worse than "meet my friend," then that is "*this* is Mrs. Douglas." I once had the misfortune to be introduced to a gentleman in this manner, so I ought to know how distinctly uncomfortable it is. The lady who made the introduction even went so far as to accentuate the "this." After I had become sufficiently acquainted with the gentleman, I confessed that I had felt at the time of the introduction as if I were some rare and almost obsolete species in a zoo, while he quite frankly admitted his amazement at finding me an ordinary lady with no particular distinction to fame.

Fortunately for us, we are seldom if ever deliberately made aware of our thoughtless mistakes, and are thus saved innumerable moments of misery. And yet, can anything be more wretched than wondering, when we come to relive the evening over in our thoughts, if, after all, we did not make some careless blunder? I truly doubt if there is any more incisive form of self-torture than this, and as regards the verbal introduction, at least, such thoughts can be eradicated from our conscience when we realize the simplicity of a correct presentation. Boiled down to the essential points, the answer to our difficulties is a little study of elimination. That is, the elimination of our bad habits for the substitution of the two forms given above. "Mrs. Douglas, may I present Mr. Robinson?" for mere acquaintances and formal occasions, and "Mrs. Douglas—Mr. Robinson" for less conventional introductions.

When acknowledging an introduction, a lady should smile and bow her head slightly. No comment is necessary other than to repeat the gentleman's name or say a bright "How-do-you-do?" This last should be said as sincerely as possible, and not, as so many seem to believe, in a bored, matter-of-fact tone. Never say "charmed," or "*so* pleased to meet you." In nine cases out of ten you are neither charmed or pleased, and such phrases are merely hypocritical affectations which should be carefully avoided. Remember, you cant high-hat the high-hats.

A lady seldom extends her hand at an introduction, altho it is her prerogative to do so if she chooses. However, if she has no intention of shaking hands with the stranger, while he, apparently, has every intention of shaking hands with her, to ignore the proffered hand would be little less than boorishness. Here is a situation wherein a real lady must think and act quickly. Not only should she anticipate the stranger's movement in order to have her hand ready to grasp his, but she must also endeavor to conceal from him the fact that he has committed a *faux-pas*. Gentlemen invariably shake hands upon meeting, while ladies do so very rarely unless they are aware of some mutual bond, such as a friendship with the other's sister.

If an introduction takes place while a lady is seated, it is not necessary for her to rise. In fact, as regards her contemporaries and a younger generation, such a move on her part is distinctly bad form. To rise or not to rise is a question entirely dependent upon the ages of the people being introduced. A young girl should automatically rise when an older lady or gentleman is being introduced, whereas a matron is only called upon to rise whenever a more ancient stranger joins her group. This is the homage we can all pay the venerable white heads of a passing generation, and only the rudest of the rude would remain seated during such an occasion.

Unfortunately for the gentlemen, there is no sliding rule governing their rise and fall. They who hesitate are indeed lost, for not to spring immediately to their feet whenever a lady approaches is to commit social suicide.

THE NEGRI LEGEND

No one was ever so misunderstood as Pola Negri has been misunderstood ever since she came to this country.

Helen Carlisle, who knows Pola as few people ever come to know her, tells how the curious legend about her started . . . and tells the truth about some other things. And it is the first time these truths have been told.

Reserve your copy of the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at your news-stand now!

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Side-Tracked by Cupid

(*Continued from page* 21)

murmured a nice "Thank you" in his direction, for, after all, one doesn't talk back to a monarch, even a movie monarch, and she hated to tell him she was on a diet.

One afternoon, coming back from location, Wally was severely hurt in an automobile accident. He was in the hospital for several weeks. I dont know just what it was—maybe he was lonesome for studio gossip, or maybe it was love at first sight, but he asked someone to ask Rita to come and see him.

At the command of the King the lovely blonde subject got in the habit of dropping over by the hospital every afternoon after work. The doctors said there was no accounting for the King's improvement.

Rita used to tell us, at the studio, that Wally was the "finest" man she had ever met. You know what that usually leads to. It is a dangerous thing for a woman to get it into her head that a man, especially a world-renowned villain, is "fine." The upshot of it was that they got married. Now she presides over one of the most charming homes in Hollywood and like the wife of that other bad man, Mrs. von Stroheim, she has no time for a career. "Anyway," explains Wally, "I lost one wife in pictures."

There was another girl who used to work around the studios. She was, and is, what is commonly known as—stunning. She had a figure like Irene Castle's and smart bobbed hair. Her skin was olive and her lips scarletly curved. Her name was Evelyn Winans.

There were few stars around the studios as smart-looking as Evelyn. The wardrobe women who gowned the extra girls swore by her. She always got the pick of the selection not only because she showed everything off so well but because she was so nice about the little things they did for her.

All in due time she got a call to work in a picture of Bebe Daniels' called "You Never Can Tell."

Now it so happened that a young man named Jack Mulhall supported Bebe in that picture and you want to bear that in mind because he figures in the plot later on.

Evelyn went on the set looking, as usual, like a million dollars. Everybody turned to stare at her, including Bebe, who is a generous little thing and too lovely herself to be jealous of pretty extra girls —and this Mr. Mulhall. I mean, he turned to stare, too. A little later on in the day he told the fellow who played the "heavy" in the picture that "That dark girl ought to get ahead. She stood out from the rest like a search-light in a storm." Before the day was out he was chatting casually with Evelyn and he offered several helpful suggestions. He thought her make-up was a little dark, if she didn't mind his telling her? No, she didn't. She was glad to know it. He asked her name so that when she was a star he could remember he had told her her make-up was too dark. They laughed over that one, and so the long movie day wore away and Evelyn went home and Jack promptly forgot her.

It's funny how you can live in a little town like Hollywood and not run into someone you know for a couple of years at a time. Friendships that might have blossomed thru proximity wither and die away to less than casual acquaintanceships.

For a year or so Evelyn went on working in pictures and Jack went on being the framed hero of a thousand dressing-tables. They never crossed paths in that time, but whenever anyone mentioned his name

The Meeting Place

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IT IS not so long ago since people met in town hall, store or at the village post-office, to talk over matters of importance to the community. Then came the telephone to enable men to discuss matters with one another without leaving their homes.

With the growing use of the telephone, new difficulties arose and improvements had to be sought. Many of the improvements concerned the physical telephone plant. Many of them had to do with the means of using the apparatus to speed the connection and enable people to talk more easily.

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Evelyn always said "Oh he is so nice, isn't he? He helped me a lot with my make-up."

And that night have been all there was, there might not have been any more, if one of the Fate sisters—the one who weaves the fabric, her name slips me—hadn't got busy with her spinning. She took the vivid thread of Evelyn and the Irish green of Jack and wove them into a location trip to San Francisco. Neither knew the other was there until they met in an elevator.

"Well, if it isn't the little girl who used too much make-up?" greeted Jack. You see, he had forgotten her name. But the face lingered. Evelyn accepted his invitation to lunch.

When they came back to Hollywood Evelyn went on with her extra work and Jack once again forgot her. That is, he seemed to have forgotten her. In San Francisco he had promised to call her up when he got back—but he didn't. Evelyn thought to herself that that was the way with those movie men.

One day she was walking down the street and she saw him coming. To save her soul she couldn't keep her heart from beating a little faster as he approached. But there is such a thing as pride. She held her head a little higher than usual and nodded slightly—oh, very slightly—in his direction.

"Hey," yelled Jack. "Wait a minute. I've been looking all over the place for you. I lost that number you gave me."

That was different. Before they parted she had accepted his invitation to dinner. "I'd be glad to, thank you," she said.

They had a marvelous evening. First, dinner, then the theater and then a supper club. She told herself she ought to enjoy it while she could because he'd probably forget all about her the minute she was out of sight.

"Evelyn," said Jack as they drove home, "will you marry me?"

"Why, yes," said Evelyn, who was sort of in the habit of accepting his invitations by now, "thank you."

And that really isn't a story at all—but every girl's dream come true.

"Just like my romance with George Melford," confided the beautiful auburn-haired Diana Miller, who is Mrs. George Melford in what the papers call "private life." "I was an extra when I first met George and, gracious, I was afraid of him! —He had selected me for the part of a slave girl in 'The Sheik,' and I guess I didn't play the rôle any too well, because he didn't hesitate to tell me what he thought of my talents as an actress. I trembled and shook in my boots. But now," she laughed, "I am not so afraid of him."

And from what a casual observer can pick up from the proud glances he throws in her direction, evidently "Uncle" George has a much higher opinion of her talents in a domestic rôle.

Offhand, I cant think of cuter little romances, can you? Unless it would be wandering onto Richard Dix's or Jack Gilbert's or Ronald Colman's sets and sauntering off with a proposal.

Some pretty extra girl may get those elusive bachelors yet. It has been done before, as Jack and Wally and Rex could tell them.

It's a Comfort to Know the Proper Thing to Do . . .

It doesn't make much difference what the circumstances are . . . whether you are introducing your husband to a friend . . . or declining a dinner invitation . . . or planning your wedding. . . . There is only one right way to do it.

And every month Mrs. Antonio Moreno will write of "The Thing to Do," in our new etiquette department.

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"C. B."

(*Continued from page 31*)

loathes a "fake" of any kind. No one, in any of his pictures, has ever seen a supposedly wealthy woman in imitation gems or smelling imitation flowers. On one of his sets there were four detectives guarding the jewelry being worn by various women of the cast. If the script calls for a painting, he has it executed by an artist of standing. So on down to the least "prop." He does this, not for its luxurious effect upon himself—but to create a genuine atmosphere which he thinks reacts on the actor playing the part.

At the completion of the picture, when the cutting and titling is done, he goes away from the studio for a few days' play. Not to rest. There is too much vitality and energy there for idling. He plays as he has worked with an intense desire to crowd every moment to the fullest.

One of his favorite recreations is to set sail on his beautiful yacht, the "Seaward." Here, in an old suit of clothes, this "luxury lover" will sit for hours to bring in a tenacious fish. The only one of his achievements I have ever known him to brag about was a button he won at Catalina for the biggest yellow-tail of the season, brought in on "3-6" tackle. With the patience of Job, he posed for picture after picture with that fish, much to the amazement of a press-agent who usually has to snap him on the run.

His love of sports for the sport of the thing is deeply rooted in his character and he admires, more than anything else, "gameness" in fish or man. He is immensely proud of his little daughter, Katherine, who swims like a streak, and of his elder daughter, Cecilia, who is a blue-ribbon horsewoman. One of his greatest vanities was that he was the first to put Cecilia on a mount. He told me:

"When I first put that little girl on a horse, Jeanie, I didn't know what I was letting myself in for. Now she goes around the country winning prizes that dont half cover what it costs me to ship those horses. If one of them gets sick, he has to have a padded box-car, four or five specialists, and a couple of nurses!"

But I notice that every time Cecilia exhibits, her father is in the front box. He watches her, fairly bursting with pride. I once asked him what she did with the money she won at the shows. "She gives it to me," he answered. "Every cent of it. I want her in these things for the sport of the thing—not the money."

No matter how crowded his day, he is never too busy for those children or their problems. Because he is sympathetic and kindly and sweet about everything, from their geography to their sore fingers, they regard him as the final word on all topics of the day or any other day for that matter. "What do you think of the subterraneous troglodytes, Father?" young John will ask during dinner. I always have a sneaking hunch that Cecil knows absolutely nothing about troglodytes, but no matter how weak his answer, it is authority to that youngster. Perhaps that is the reason for his great love for them, not just because they are children and lovely in themselves, but because they are so proudly dependent on him. He is like that to all things not so strong as himself. It's only when you're up in the world and rather proud that he will unlash his contempt or scorn. When you're sick, or down, or failing, he is as gentle as a woman. He may not have time for

The March Motion Picture Classic

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amusement—but I've never known him to be too busy for a hard luck story.

Every night as he steps into his car, from six to eight people are gathered around, waiting to tell him of their daily misfortunes, or to make a "touch." Once, after listening to several of their yarns, I said, "Why do you do this? They cant all be sincere!"

"Well, Jeanie," he said, "Some of them are. And I'd rather help them all than turn away the man who really needs it."

Someone has said of "C. B." that he was "a man of the most open faults and the most secret charities!" This is true of him; for he will never allow his generosity to be discussed, and refuses to be patted on the back.

In his various businesses (and they are legion) he has been the employer of four men with prison records. Each and every one of them has made good. Only once has he misjudged a man and that one came to him and told him so. He had given this fellow a great chance and thought he was getting along splendidly when one day the man called to see him:

"Listen," he said, "I came to tell you this because you're a white guy. I just wanted to let you know that I cant stand the gaff, I dont want to go straight. I like the excitement of the game. It's in my blood, see? But I wanted to set you wise before I bolted because you were swell to me."

And with that he bolted! Just between you and me, I think the man who gave him the chance is just as proud of that fellow as all the others who made so good.

He'll forgive anyone anything if they'll admit it—stand on their own feet and say, "Sir, I killed Cock Robin. With my little hatchet I killed him." But just try to tell him the other fellow did it! Just try to insinuate another department is responsible for your blunder! Once I made a fearful mistake in a story. It was going to cost his company thousands of dollars to rectify it. I went in to tell him about it, shaking in my boots. I thought, "Well, here goes my job." When I got all finished with my tale of woe, Cecil looked over his desk at me. "It's all right," he said. "We all make mistakes, Jeanie." Yet another time when I was ten minutes late on a set, the roof blew off!

He is like that, this De Mille whom so few people really know—firmer and more unbending than clean gray steel. Or as gentle as velvet.

He has been criticized for being a "Czar," whose people are all forced to "kow-tow." Nothing is farther from the truth. If his studio staff call him "Chief," they do so spontaneously with the most intense love and loyalty I have ever seen given a leader. Scintillating, dominant and magnetic. Or as shy as a boy at graduation is Cecil De Mille. A connoisseur of rare tapestries, and gems, and human beings. A holder of hunting and fishing records—and an expert on rubies! He refused to give me five minutes one time to salve my wounded pride—yet took an hour and a half the same morning to bind up the broken leg of a little dog. An understanding pity for dumb animals, and none at all for dumb humans.

It is a very terrible thing to see a strong man cry—once I saw Cecil De Mille cry. It was when I was lying very ill in a hospital. Everyone thought I was going to die, but myself. I was vaguely conscious that Cecil was sitting beside my bed, crying. I heard him say, and it seemed to come from a million miles away:

"With all my money and all my influ-

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ANITA CO., Dept. C-32, ANITA Bldg., NEWARK, N. J.

NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC

Moon-Tabs

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Positively, the most effective antiseptic ever created for Feminine Hygiene. Women who try it will use no other—they recommend it to their friends. Immaculate cleanliness insured with this odorless, soothing antiseptic. Will not burn or injure delicate membranes. Destroys all offensive odors and relieves irritation.

Introductory Offer. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for regular $1.00 package. Stamps or coin.
Moon Laboratories, 645 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
Fascinating Free Booklet, "Peace of Mind."

FOR Feminine Hygiene

ence I cant do anything to save my little pal."

That's the way he is about his "pals." Friendship means more to him than love to most men.

A long time after that when I was up and well and strong again at the studio I stopped him, as he was tearing along toward the set, minus his tie and collar, and asked him if he had cried when I was ill.

"Certainly not, Jeanie!" he blustered, "I never cry!"

One day, not long ago, I asked Mrs. De Mille, that calm and lovely lady, how her four children were. "My *five* children, you mean," she replied. "Why, who is your youngest?" I queried. "CECIL!" she answered—and her brown eyes twinkled merrily.

Why Do Beauty Winners Fail in the Movies?

It is a curious thing that, for the most part, winners of beauty contests do not make good in the movies. Yet they have all the handicaps ironed out for them before they begin.

There are definite reasons for this.

See the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

And we suggest that you reserve your April issue at your neighborhood newsstand now. Lately we have had letters from our readers complaining that when they went to get the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE their newsdealer was sold out.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

TAKES 10 MINUTES TO

End Foot and Leg Pains

Amazing new device offers fastest way known

Burning, aching feet and legs — cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel — dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet, sagging arches — all can now be quickly ended.

SLIP a new and amazing band on the most painful feet. Within 10 minutes every trace of pain has vanished. This band acts to strengthen and support the vital muscles whose weakened condition causes 94% of all foot troubles, medical authorities say. Wear stylish shoes again, walk and dance without a twinge.

No stiff props to further weaken the foot. This is a strong, superelastic yet amazingly thin, light band. It's called the Jung Arch Brace and acts through correct tension and scientific design to strengthen muscles naturally. Soon you do without it—feet are well.

Test it 10 days. If not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.

JUNG'S *The "Original"* ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co.,
703 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, $1 and postage. ☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), $1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.

Shoe size.....Last.....
Name.....
Address.....
P. O.....State.....

Canada: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto.
Can. prices: Wonder, $1.25; Miracle, $1.75. Cash. No C. O. D.

I POSITIVELY GUARANTEE that you can produce wonderful, sweet music in three days and quickly play popular and classical selections.

Complete Outfit Sent on Trial

PLAY A SAW

No notes to read. No dreary practice. Just three short, simple lessons revealing every secret of my 12 years' success as a professional saw musician. Amaze your friends with this sensation of radio, vaudeville, orchestra and lodge entertainment. Send 10c for phonograph record of two beautiful Musical Saw solos which also entitles you to complete information about my special introductory offer of Saw, Bow, Hammer, and Resin, FREE with Course of Instruction.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
463 West Water St. Fort Atkinson, Wis.

To be LOVELY in WINTER

Use these delightful, new BEAUTY AIDES that carry the same unconditional guarantee as my now-famous

PARISIAN FLESHFOOD

Here's a marvelous *home treatment* for regaining the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion—the *wonder way* of restoring youthful freshness and beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. Wrinkles, crowsfeet, frown lines removed.

CORRECTS ALMOST OVERNIGHT

Restores girlish elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. AMAZING RESULTS!

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE USE COUPON
Mme. Fuolaire, 801 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O.
Send Free samples (10c *each* for packing, etc.) with Free "Beauty Secrets." Check articles:
( ) Parisian Flesh Food ( ) Bust Developer
( ) Astringent—tightens Droopy Muscles
( ) Cleanser ( ) Hand Massage ( ) Vanishing Cream ( ) Almond Cream for Dry Skin

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LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

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We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct by mail—a great saving to you. Our Diamonds are "quality" gems, blue white, perfect-cut, personally inspected by our expert buyers.

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No. 824—The "Elite" 18-K white gold, $7.50. Set with
Three Diamonds, $22.50;
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LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858 THE NATIONAL JEWELERS DEPT. L61S 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores In Leading Cities

BROWNIE NAME CARDS

Latest Handy Size. 50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 50c.

Size 1¼x2¼, engravotyped in dull black, gloss black, silver, or gold. Choice of Old English, Script or plain types. With novelty case, Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

Brownie Name Card Co., 108 Main St., Coventry, R. I.

It is Women's Duty to look their Best

Women no longer must fear ridicule in making use of every modern aid to look their best, as Beauty Culture has become a necessity in an era of youth and vitality. Not alone for the lady of leisure, but also for the business girl and mothers of growing daughters.

A healthy, clean skin is to the advantage of every young girl, while pimples, blackheads, muddy complexion are no recommendation in business and social life.

Lines, wrinkles, double chin, sagging contours must disappear if mothers expect to be the pal of their growing children.

$3.00 A Month

will teach you in the privacy of your home, without inconvenience or loss of time. How beauty and youthful charm may be retained indefinitely. The care of a beautiful skin and how to prevent impurities and skin blemishes by the foremost Method of Beauty and Body Culture.

Madame Louise Hermance, famed on two continents through her ORTOSAN METHOD, has made it her aim to bring this MASTER METHOD within the reach of every woman at a small cost. The ORTOSAN METHOD, (complete at $25.00) is endorsed by, and advertised in the most prominent magazines throughout the country, and is known to countless women as the Golden Key to Beauty and Happiness. $3 a month

Will Make You Your Own Beauty Expert

by subscribing for the Instruction Course of the famous ORTOSAN METHOD. Identically the same method used by Madame Louise Hermance in her individual Course at $500.00, taken by the most distinguished women of society and the stage, at her Institute.

Subscriptions are limited and will be discontinued when a certain figure is reached. DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY. This is the only Home Training Beauty Culture Course in existence (Copyrighted) that teaches you for your own personal use as well as for a well-paying profession. Simply send $3 with your name and address and we will send you the first part of the ORTOSAN Instruction Course with a generous supply of the famous ORTOSAN Skinfood.

ORTOSAN COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 23
267 West 81st Street, New York, N.Y.
(Copyright 1926)

Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal

Try our new Shaving Stick.

On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page 28*)

which he had purchased for three dollars. It was a highly exotic creation from Mexico City. The cousin being much smaller than Ramon, the coat buttoned with difficulty but flew open with gay spontaneity, Ramon constantly bursting into full view.

When the casting director engaged him for a bit, Ramon thought, "I'll bet it's the clothes that impressed him."

"And I was right," says Ramon. "They had to pass me, I was such a rare treat."

A Go-Getter

His first histrionic triumph was in attracting the attention of Cecil B. De Mille while playing a German soldier in "The Little American."

The Germans were hotly attacking a castle one morning when Mr. De Mille came on the set and inquired, "What are you supposed to do?" Ramon, bounding forward, declaimed in Mexican accents, "I'm a German soldier!" Mr. De Mille laughed, and Ramon glowed achievement.

"I had been reading the American books on How to Make Good," he laughs, "and my motto was, Anything to Attract the Attention of Your Boss."

D. W. Griffith Capitulates

"Pardon me, Mr. Griffith, I would like a chance with you," said a youth breathlessly, as Mr. Griffith stepped into his car after the Los Angeles première of "Broken Blossoms."

"Call at the studio next week," was the formal answer.

"Next week? . . . Why not tomorrow?"—eagerly.

"Very well"—a smile—"tomorrow."

Ramon visited the studio every day for fifteen days and every day sat for five hours on the waiting bench, his hat on the back of his head, his eyes shining expectant—"as expectant as the Victor dog."

On the fifteenth day Mr. Griffith capitulated and Ramon swung in with a suitcase containing his costume and the manuscript of a sketch composed by himself. With a brief bow to Mr. Griffith, he flung on a Spanish cape and commenced the drama. . . .

A Murderer, Age 20

He is on the way to his cell. He will be hung in the morning before the multitudes. Nothing can save him. (Here Mr. Griffith winced.) He is nervous. The ghost of his victim appears and starts choking him. This makes him more nervous. . . .

Ramon proceeded to show how nervous a murderer, age twenty, would be with a ghost throttling him.

"But who is the victim?" asked Mr. Griffith.

"That," said Ramon shortly, "is left to the imagination."

Mr. Griffith's imagination was apparently weak but his curiosity strong, for he called Mr. Bitzer to make a camera test of the neurotic homicide.

A report was promised for the following day. When it was not forthcoming,

You've read how frightfully hard the stars work when they're on location. . . . Well, here's Adolphe Menjou and his director, Dick Rosson, on the great sea wall at Santa Barbara, California. The picture upon which they were engaged, so to speak, was "Blonde or Brunette?"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Ramon dashed to the Alexandria Hotel with a plea he had prepared in the form of a letter. Bribing a bell-hop, he located Mr. Griffith's room and rung the bell. No answer. A discreet knock . . . louder! . . . still louder!! A man in pajamas with disheveled hair appeared, yawning. Ramon thrust the letter into his hand.

"Will you be so kind as to give that letter to Mr.——" Ramon stopped short with a gasp of recognition. "Mr. Griffith."

Mr. Griffith took the letter and withdrew. Ramon waited. In a few minutes the door opened again. Mr. Griffith reappeared, smiling. "I'll have my secretary communicate with you when I have anything," he said. . . . The communication arrived five years later. Mr. Griffith had something: it was the leading rôle in one of his greatest productions. Mr. Novarro declined; he was under a starring contract with Rex Ingram.

Americano Mexicano!

"WERE you ever dashed in approaching big people?" I asked.

"Dashed?" queried Ramon. "What means dashed?"

"Timid—conscious of your inferiority."

"No!" he laughed. "You see, ever since coming to the United States I had been reading the success literature. I knew that *You* may be a Bigger Man than the One you're talking to. . . ."

"And you weren't dejected when they turned you down?"

"I was sorry for *them!*" roared Ramon. "I tell you you should have known me then. I walked about with the feeling that a spotlight from heaven was focused on me. No wonder they listened to me; my nerve knocked them out!"

. . . The Mexicano from the Garden of Eden had become a red-blooded go-getting Americano, the kind Doug Fairbanks used to play And Ramon still has the dynamic radiance, the never-say-die initiative that we like to call American.

His $10,000 Touch

WHILE starving for art's sake in New York, his overcoat wintering in the pawnshop, Ramon reluctantly decided to mortgage his voice to the Edison Phonograph Company.

He called at the offices and demanded to see the manager.

"Have you an appointment?" asked a clerk, dubiously regarding the youth who appeared all of fifteen.

"No, but it's very important."

"You will have to state the nature of your business," insisted the clerk.

"Well," said Ramon impatiently, "I am willing to accept a loan of ten thousand dollars in return for an option on my voice."

Five clerks swooned dead away. When one of them came to, he was so awed he made an appointment for Ramon to see the manager the following day.

"But that night when I thought the matter over," says Ramon, "I decided I wouldn't keep the appointment. I felt that no matter how well I sang I couldn't live up to the impression I already had made."

. . . Incidentally, when I was in New York with Ramon not long ago, a phonograph company solicited *him* for an interview "on business." His reply is illustrative of the change ten years have wrought. It was, briefly, "I'm sorry; I'm not ready yet."

The Paris Opera

As Jacques served us the chartreuse *verte*, strengthened by thirty years' rest in the cellars, Ramon suggested the

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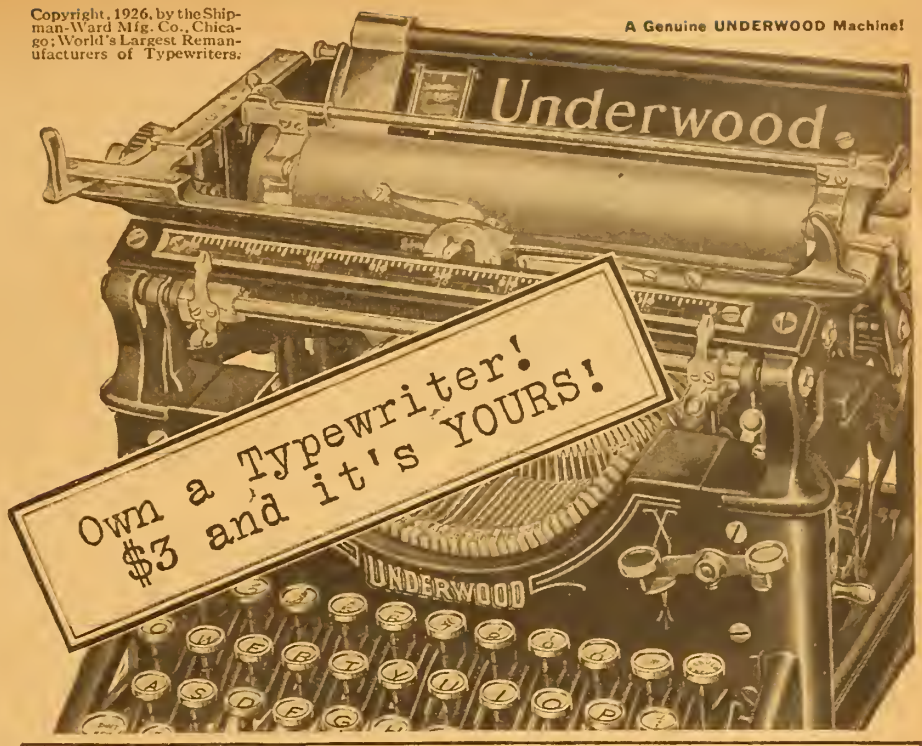
A Genuine UNDERWOOD Machine!



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A Standard Typewriter Is a Joy to Every Member of a Family!

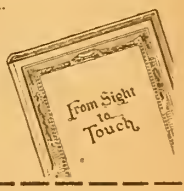
GET YOUR typewriter *now*. A genuine, Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood—"the machine you will eventually buy." Don't send a cent, but do get our special offer—valuable book on typewriting—*free*. You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard Underwood in a day. In a week, you'll feel lost without it! The free trial will *prove* it. Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and a *big* saving.

Act NOW If Ever!

Speak up, if you want one! This Underwood is so popular this lot we're completing now won't be long in selling! Rebuilt from top to bottom—*every single worn part replaced*. New typewriters are guaranteed for a year; we guarantee this one *five* years! That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee. And we guarantee a big saving!

We don't want a penny now. Nor any money at all, unless this proves the typewriter bargain of your life. The trial is *free*. If you buy, our easy terms make it a pleasure to pay. There's no excuse now, for not owning a typewriter—and the finest make! We include all tools, cover, etc., all complete, all ready to write. Write us now. Deal direct; we are the largest factory of the kind.

FREE! Get our catalog free; lowest prices and terms. A manual free, too; valuable instruction for learning rapid typing, useful pointers for all who use a typewriter, business forms, social correspondence, work for others, etc. Clip coupon *now!*



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Please send FREE, full offer, catalog, typing manual, and outline your free course in Touch Typewriting, without obligation!

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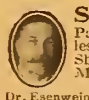

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Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfits $8.85, Job press $11, $29, Rotary $149. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. THE KELSEY CO., P-44, Meriden, Conn.

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. **PLAYS** ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 45, Chicago

LEARN CARTOONING
At Home--In Your Spare Time
from the school that has trained hundreds of successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more a week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send 6c in stamps for full information and chart to test your ability. *Also state age.*
THE LANDON SCHOOL
1402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford.
"BEAUTIBUST"
for *real* bust and neck development. No pumps, vacuums, extreme exercising. No foolish or dangerous systems, but a *real* tried and very successful *natural* method that WILL be extremely pleasing and beneficial. *You can't fail* if you follow the simple instructions. Everything mailed (sealed) for *only* $1.00. Do not miss this opportunity. It may not be repeated.
BEAUTIBUST CO., 857-G, N. EUTAW ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

YOU ARE WANTED
Girls—Women, 15 up
BECOME GOWN DESIGNERS
Learn easily at home in spare moments
Designers—Creators earn
$35.00 to $75.00 a week
Design and create your own gowns at big money saving.
Mail Coupon Today Sure
Franklin Institute
Dept. F-626
Rochester, N. Y.
Rush to me AT ONCE 32 page "Gown Book" with free sample lessons.
Name.....
Address.....

These wives of ours!

WE TOOK them from the shelter of their families, gave them two or three rooms and a share of our salary—then left them sitting there among the wedding presents, a bit bewildered.

BUT they knew how—these wives of ours. They knew how to make rooms into homes, and how to get more merchandise out of a dollar bill than we ever could. We're lucky to have wives. How do they do it?

LOOK through this magazine. You will find advertisements covering almost every human need. They are filled with hints for the household, hints for health, hints for clothing, hints for keeping young. They are virtually little essays on life. No wonder these wives of ours follow them so carefully. As one wise wife said: "It isn't so much that I know housekeeping so well. I know where to learn it!"

Most advertising is prepared especially for women. Read it. It forms an authoritative textbook on good housekeeping

Learn Shorthand by Mail
Graphic Shorthand Easily Learned in 15 Lessons
Cost of entire course about one-half that of other long drawn out methods. Write for enrollment blank and easy-payment plan.
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The original and only school teaching Graphic Shorthand.
PAUL A. FRANKE, Principal
4722 Avenue M Brooklyn, N. Y.

DETECTIVES!
We train you to be a real detective. The CONNORS system of Lectures on THE SCIENCE OF CRIME DETECTION trains you to be a secret service operative and enables you to expertly handle criminal and civil investigations in five to ten weeks. Write for full information to **Training Dept. 20A, CONNORS DETECTIVE AGENCY, New Haven, Conn.** *Firms in need of detectives, write us.*

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Free Trial Treatment
sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense.
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Develop Your Bust!
Our scientific method highly recommended for quick easy development
LA BEAUTE CREME
for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs
Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.
LA BEAUTE STUDIOS
857-F Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, Md.

This Beautiful 1927 Model
BUICK Sedan GIVEN or $1195.00 in CASH

I am going to give this beautiful new Buick Sedan—also a 1927 Chevrolet Coach and a large list of additional costly prizes. I have already given over 50 new automobiles to advertise our business and now YOU can get this new Buick Sedan or $1195.00 cash.

Can You Put a Star Around the Buick?
By drawing six straight lines with four dots on each line you can make a six pointed star—can you do this? Draw the lines—cut out the ad.—send your name and address. Get 5,000 points toward a Buick Sedan. You can have $1195.00 in cash instead of the Buick if you win first prize and prefer it.

$250.00 Cash Extra for Promptness!
Think of that! I will pay $250.00 cash extra for promptness. A word to the wise is sufficient—be prompt. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. 30 big prizes will be awarded March 28th. You don't risk a cent of your money now, later, or ever. Solve the puzzle—act promptly—reply now.

F. G. REYNOLDS, 500 North Dearborn Street Dept. 138 Chicago, Ill.

Cut Out This Ad.

Send No Money
Reply Today

opera. Mellowed by the wine and his impromptu comedy, I acquiesced.

The Paris Opera, whose grand staircase once bloomed with bustled ladies and beavered gents, is today a frayed aristocrat. Its mirrors are fogged and its gilding tarnished. You feel it should be sent to the dry cleaners.

It was my misfortune to see "Romeo and Juliet." I didn't hear it, I saw it. Ramon, being more auditive than visualist, did not mind a *Juliet*, weighing two hundred pounds dismantled, who retched around the stage with hands clutched strainedly o'er her equator as tho some one had slipped her some home-made gin. So long as she made her high notes correctly, she was, for him, a lissome witch in the moonlight; whereas, for me, she remained a lady in distress, shrieking not for *Romeo* but for a stomach pump.

The next day we sailed aboard the *General Grévy* for Tunis, and I, with a touch of *mal de mer*, felt a marked resemblance to *Juliet*.

Tunis

WE arrived at dawn in the bay of Tunis. Rex Ingram came aboard to give us the Arab salute. It consists of shaking the other fellow's hand and kissing your own. The Arabs have their own ideas on sanitation.

Rex had assembled a typical Ingram cast beside which Ringlings' is Epworth League:

There was a hunchback whose previous vocation had been to visit the Paris hotels at tea hour, permitting the ladies to touch his hump for luck—and ten francs. There was Shorty the dwarf, who had been court jester to the Sultan of Tunis, until getting canned for having asthma. A Hungarian actor, who, according to his own confession, was constantly dogged by women who wanted either to kill him or keep him. A Roumanian actress with a face that looked like a sample card from a paint concern—black hemispheres around her eyes, her mouth painted a huge red and her face a tombstone white, the general effect, when appareled with choking collars and clanking earrings, being that of a Chinese dragon on New Year's. A Bedouin dancing-girl named Rheba, who bounded up-stairs three steps at a time, goat fashion, to fascinate herself before the mirror doing a stomach dance. An American girl who was traveling to improve her mind, and who did so by sitting down every afternoon with a bottle of beer beside her victrola to memorize the joke records. And an English actor of the Booth period who, inhabiting a room next to mine, would break forth in the night with eruptions of Shakespeare, shouting, "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!" whereupon I would rap on the wall to say that either Mr. Macbeth would kindly cut it out or get another room. . . .

I took the best room in the hotel, as is my custom when the company pays, and there before the fire of an evening, Alice, Rex and Ramon would foregather, supplemented occasionally by an Arab orchestra squatting on the floor, or Shorty doing his stuff that had made the Sultan laugh, or Rheba performing her Bedouin dance with savage, flashing eyes and the fervor of a virgin's prayer.

The Souks

TUNIS is Frenchified save for the *Souks*, the Arab shopping quarter. A *souk* is a shop about the size of a shower bath, in which the goods appear to have sprayed down.

In this section of tangled streets, which

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

obviously were laid out by a reeling goat under the influence of hashish, you have the feeling of shopping in the subway. Damp odors drench the twilight, the streets being roofed with decayed palms, pieces of board and the Sultan's cast-off pants.

The crowds flowing thru these unsewered paths, or stagnating there, are scrapped from Arabs, Greeks, Jews and negroes. There are blind men tapping with staffs and beggars exposing their sores for alms. And there are the romantic veiled ladies of whom you've read, their faces bound tightly with black stuff and their forms so bundled in sheets that they appear to be airing the family bedding.

God and Allah Meet

IN the *Souks* Ramon and I met a rare soul in El Beji, a young Arab of apostolic face, who conducted one of the large shops devoted to rugs, foutahs, gonduras, burnouses and embroideries *anciennes*.

We spent many afternoons cross-legged on the floor, drinking Arab coffee and tiny cups of vervain, a tea melted from verbena, while El Beji unfurled his *tapis* or flung out old embroideries in rapturous colors whose secrets have been lost in the mysteries of the harem.

One afternoon we lingered talking thru the twilight until the other *souks* had closed with banging bars, and the *derbouka* of a distant café came throbbing thru the night. We talked of God and Allah. El Beji and Ramon grew fervent in finding a likeness in the two, and when El Beji informed us that Allah recognized Christ as a prophet second only to Mahomet, we all but trouped off to the nearest mosque where a large sign in seven languages warns Christian dogs that they are *Defendu! Verboten!* Forbidden!

. . . Pungent with amber and attar of flowers, that Tunisian night hovers around me still like the liquid rose in the inlaid box El Beji gave me then. In the shadows of the *souk*, sealed from the world and timeless, the Christian and the Moslem soul glowed in a mystic light—Ramon of the rosary, El Beji of the amber beads, speaking in a hush of God and Allah.

The Mystical Ramon

RAMON has been termed elusive, enigmatic and aloof. Inexact words. Rather, there is about him an Olympian apartness. You may come to know the ostensible Ramon, but there is another Ramon you'll never know.

Ramon is a mystic in the sense of viewing facts thru the vapors of imagination. He lives more actually in his own world than in the visible world. Everything he sees or hears is touched by his imagination and instantly transmuted into symbols. . . . The world is recreated in his own image.

The mystic is often tempted into paths of superstition, particularly when young, and so, Ramon, contrary to the counsel of Mother Church, has known the lure of seers and palmists.

While traveling with Marion Morgan's act, he happened one day to view a picture in which appeared a close-up of John Barrymore's palm. Rushing to the projection booth with a half dollar, the lone symbol of dinner that evening, he persuaded the operator to give him a film clipping of that close-up.

The next day, with another earned half dollar, he rushed to a palmist. Placing the celluloid palm beside that of his own, he cried, "Do you see the resemblance?"

Men's Eyes See

these little faults that must be guarded against

NOW, more than ever before, is woman's beauty exposed to discerning eyes. Knee length dresses, sheer silk hose, revealing evening frocks, all demand that skin be free from blemish—free from disfiguring hair.

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"Not the least," said the old hag, gobbling the fifty cents.

Ramon downcast? No, indeed — Poor Barrymore!

Change of Name

AT that period of his youth he was deep in the science of numbers. He had added an *s* to the family name that it might vibrate genius. This did not help toward its pronunciation, as Wally Reid observed.

While playing extra in "The Woman God Forgot," Ramon asked Wally to pose for a kodak picture.

"Sure," said Wally, ambling genially into the sunlight.

Ramon was an amateur photographer and Wally was his first subject. Accordingly, he forgot to insert a film in the kodak and had to ask Wally to pose a second time.

Again Wally obliged with a grin. "What's your name?" he asked the unknown extra.

"Ramon Samaniegos," replied Ramon, adding the mystic *s*.

"Ramon Sam-what?" gasped Wally.

"Samaniegos."

"That's a helluva name!" ejaculated Wally. "I'll call you Ramon." And he always did. On the set or in the street he'd shout, "Hello, Ramon, how's everything?"

Several years later, when Rex Ingram gave Ramon his opportunity in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Wally's sentiments were echoed by a Metro executive. "Samaniegos?" he choked. "That's a helluva name."

"Ya," said another, "so was Apocalypse, but look at the money it made us."

Ingram, not wishing to encourage profanity—thru a purely selfish desire of using it all himself—decided that Ramon's provocative name must be replaced. After perusing a map of Spain, together with a list of Ramon's ancestors, he finally decided for *Navarro*.

Instantly Ramon was busy with pad and pencil. *Navarro* would not do! It must be *Novarro*. Only by changing the *a* to an *o* could a propitious vibration be had.

To this day Ramon is firm in exacting the proper spelling of that name. Yet the mispronunciation of his given name leaves him unperturbed. If I had the right to the romance-sounding name of Rah-mon —the accent on the second syllable—I'd be wishing poison in the rum of those who called me Raymon, as tho I were merely Raymond with the *d* shot away. But the gods dont care about that, so why should Ramon? Only the opinions of his neighbors on Olympus count with him.

His Previous Incarnation

AMONG the little blue books of Haldeman-Julius which he carried to Tunis, I found two that I always keep on the night-table. They are "Of the Imitation of Christ" and "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."

"We have mutual friends," I observed, regarding the little blue books.

Upon our return to New York in the spring Ramon gave me a rare copy of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. He inscribed it: "This is the book that I wrote in one of my past incarnations. . . . I dare you to make me out a liar."

I recalled with guilt my superior air toward his childish philosophy recurrently expressed in "All's for the best"; to which Alice would retort with the cockney story, "'E'd been sayin' 'ow sorely 'e'd been

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tried, but that everything was for the best—and then the car 'it 'im."

"All's for the best," may excite Voltairean wit, but as phrased by Ramon in a previous incarnation, it is a staff for life:

"When the sovereign power within is true to nature, it stands to adjust itself to every possibility and every chance that may befall . . . 'All that happens, happens aright.' Watch closely, you will find it so. Not merely in the order of events, but by scale of right, as tho some power apportions all according to worth. . . ."

True to the god within, not caring what others may say, Ramon Novarro today is the living line of the Emperor Antoninus.

Christmas with Mahomet

OUR Mohammedan friends, after a diligent scouring of the country, returned on Christmas Eve with a fir-tree which we trimmed and lighted in honor of our patron deity, Alice.

Dinner was served in my room and gifts exchanged. Ramon previously had requested that he be omitted from the gift lists. This at first seemed strange to me, for in his Mexican home Christmas is celebrated with the beautiful ritual of *posadas*.

The *posada* commences with the novena—the nine days' prayer preceding Christmas day. Friends and relatives were invited to the house. After a short prayer in the oratorio, a procession formed and to the chant of litany moved slowly thru the *corredores* around the patio. First came the miniature plateau, borne by two children, on which were the images of Joseph and Mary as pilgrims to Jerusalem; then children, two by two, with lighted tapers in their hands and garlands of flowers swaying gently between them; finally the older people with long tapers, all chanting the glorious litany.

At each door of the *corredor* they would pause to intone a plea—*lodging for the night for Joseph and Mary, the Virgin.* And from behind each door other voices would deny admittance. Slowly in weariness the sad little images moved around the patio, rejected at every portal, until finally they reached the chapel. There in mighty volume rose the chant of welcome. Doors were flung open, the music swelled and the little procession in gratitude would enter to pray before the brilliant altar. Then would come servants bearing great baskets of gifts, and everyone would rush to the patio to kneel with hands outstretched as the gifts were flung with joyous shouts.

. . . And to this same patio in the dawn of January sixth would come the Wise Men. Ramon and the other children would leave trays of food among the flowers that the Patriarchs might breakfast as they worshiped. And in return the Wise Men would leave their offerings of fruit and candies. Occasionally, thru someone's oversight, a tray would be found untouched, and a child would cry tearfully, "But, mother, the Wise Men did not eat any breakfast from my tray!" Then mother would have to console with the thought that perhaps the good men in their gratitude to God had denied themselves that particular tray . . . and so was it not particularly beloved by them?

. . . So I wondered a little when Ramon urgently asked that no gifts be given him. Later he told me that he was embarrassed by direct demonstrations. The *Posadas* were different, impersonal. In his home there was little demonstration. Compliments were never paid. Whatever came, came as a gift of God and to Him only thanks was rendered. In a family of

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Advertising is the key to modernity

fourteen Ramon lived alone. And to this day I sometimes hear about him the whisper of that jade-faced monk of Buddha: *I am the temple on the hill, I am the lone pine-tree.*

Spartan ancestry combined with Aztec stoicism, I thought in reference to his family life. It was an atmosphere to nurture self-reliance. There is too much pampering in American homes. And yet, to one of Gaelic sentiment and emotionalism, this lone-tree way of growing had all the appearance of selfishness. Ramon was not selfish. He was selfed. His growth of soul, it seemed to me, had been at the expense of heart. His vital, urgent need, both as man and artist, was for expansiveness.

Ramon: All-Star Attraction

Tho he withheld from the affection of gift-giving, he contributed heartily to the gaiety of the dinner. Alice thrummed her ukulele and Ramon gave impersonations of any star we would name: the perspiring Patricola, the elegant John Barrymore, Ed Wynn, Mrs. Fiske, Will Rogers, Fannie Brice. . . . All Broadway was with us that night.

"You do them better than they do themselves," I exclaimed, forgetting that in his home compliments are never paid.

This Spartan upbringing may have had something to do with his salvation from the effect of flattery so killing to the movie gods. At any rate, Ramon Novarro has less of vanity than any human being I know.

Handsome as a god, he cares nothing at all for his appearance. In Tunis he wore an overcoat that might have been carved by a hiccupy Eskimo, and a pair of brogues that even in the army would have received a pension. He still wears that overcoat, but the shoes, I believe, have been confiscated by a museum.

His carelessness at times was exasperating to Rex Ingram. And the alibi Ramon would offer was still more exasperating. Luella Gear used to sing a song the title of which Alice and I bestowed upon Ramon—"Alibi Baby."

Silent Music

Ramon's indifference to detail was construed by Rex as lack of interest. This he laid to Ramon's absorption in music. One day in an Irish brainstorm, he forbade Ramon ever to touch his piano again or to sing another note.

The next afternoon at his regular practice hour of five I listened for a note from Ramon's room below. Not a sound. Rex listened, too, muttering a sheepish satisfaction.

Knowing Ramon's indomitable will and his passionate love of music, I couldn't believe he had yielded. I went down-stairs and, without knocking, quietly opened his door. There he stood by his piano, his fingers softly caressing the keys, over his mouth a handkerchief tied. He was silently singing!

. . . I don't think I've felt any scene quite so much, for I understood instinctively: His devout respect for Rex, to whom he felt he owed everything, at war with his sacred love for music, which is his very life.

I've forgotten what I said, but the handkerchief came off. Alice was summoned with her ukulele. And the walls reverberated that evening to greater volume than the Metropolitan could withstand.

"For gossakes," grinned Rex as he ambled in to serve as audience.

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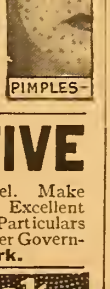

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Ramon's Greatest Fans

It is significant that we who know Novarro best, are his most devoted fans.

Once in another tempest, which was not without its justification, Rex announced that he was going to give Ramon a good bawling out. He invited Alice and me to hear it. We both refused. "Dont be foolish, Rex," said Alice. "You know you'll regret it and get indigestion afterward."

But Rex adjourned to his room with wrath in his eye and summoned Ramon. Alice went to her room, which adjoined Rex's, and shamelessly listened at the door. A few minutes later she returned.

"I knew it," she cried, with that calm philosophical air of hers. "Rex started out bravely enough . . . but now he's drawing pictures for Ramon and telling him how great he will be if he will only apply himself."

A Bedouin Fantasia

At the Oases of Gabes, whose mighty palms fan the clouds from heaven as they did in the day that Pliny sang of them, we joined a caravan of five Bedouin tribes, headed by a *caid,* a couple of *kaliphas* and five sheiks—*cheikhs,* to be Arabically correct, who had come out of the Sahara to play in the picture.

Their low black tents, squatting along the little stream, appeared from a distance a swarm of beetles. Women of dark faces tattooed with little blue dots crouched about with black shawls enveloping them in replica of the tents. Goats, burros and chickens made up an agitated landscape, with here and there a clump of camels sniffing haughtily into the air or blowing out bladders the size of toy balloons.

As our automobile sped into view, a thrilling spectacle whirled before our eyes. Five hundred Bedouins on horseback, their white burnouses flying from them like banners, rode madly, skimmingly over the sands, firing rifles into the air, leaping from their horses and back again, standing loftily in their saddles as with their hands they touched their breasts and turbans in proud Arabic salutes. Around and around our car they circled in their *fantasia* of welcome.

After polite addresses interpreted by an Arab speaking French, Ramon was presented with a magnificent Arab horse, which he promptly named *Mektub* (It Is Willed), to the delight of the Bedouins who saluted him.

"That boy is an Arab," said the *caid,* one day, as he watched Ramon enact a scene.

"You like his make-up?" asked Rex proudly.

"It is not his make-up," replied the old Arab. "It is his soul. He comprehends. He comprehends as the Arab comprehends—secret things."

. . . And to my mind flashed the picture of that mystic union of God and Allah as I had seen it in El Beji's *souk.*

Ramon's Genius

"He is the greatest actor that ever walked before a camera," declared Rex one evening as he took a stool beside me at the bar. "If he only could realize himself. . . . But perhaps realization would destroy the genius. He has no self-consciousness.

"I visualize something I want him to do. I try to convey the picture I have in my mind. Before I have finished he walks before the camera and—my God, he

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If you desire the utmost in face powder

By Edna Wallace Hopper

This appeal is to girls and women who seek face powders better than they know. To those who wonder how we on the stage get such exquisite effects.

We used to do it by paying any price great powder makers asked. For many years I paid $5 per box for my powders. So did many of my friends. But I am now able to supply those identical powders at very modest prices.

I have induced millions of women to employ the toiletries I use. All toilet counters now supply them in my name. And the makers have enabled me to supply them at small cost.

Now the powders I use are sold everywhere at 50c and $1. They bear my name—Edna Wallace Hopper's Face Powders. They are exactly what I use. I have never found anything else to compare, nor have you.

There are two types. One is my Youth Cream Powder, heavy and clinging. I use that exclusively. But many women prefer a light and fluffy powder, without the cold cream base. So I supply both types. Both come in three shades—white, flesh, brunette.

I want you to know these powders. They will be a revelation. Send the coupon for samples. Compare them with the powders you know. It will change your whole idea on powders. Clip coupon now.

Sample Free 42 M P M

Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. I want to try
☐ Youth Cream Powder ☐ Face Powder
White—Flesh—Brunette

.....

SENSATIONAL SALE $3

Here is a bargain—a genuine L. C. Smith (the only half-hearing typewriter made) at the Lowest Price Ever Offered and at small monthly payments. All the 1926 improvements; highest quality rebuilt; guaranteed for 5 years.

AFTER 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY

Without delay or red tape, we'll send you this typewriter for a 10 day **FREE** trial.

FREE Typewriting Course, Tools, Waterproof Cover *if you act now.* Write today for Special Offer and free typewriter manual

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp., 353-360 E. Grand Av. Chicago

Eat Candy and get SLIM

If you crave sweets—then you can get slim! SLIMS are delicious candies. Equal in quality to the most expensive brands. They contain a special herb not found in ordinary candies. This element, instead of building fat cells, dissolves them. Harmlessly! Now women everywhere discard disagreeable diet, forget heavy exercise. They feast on SLIMS. No matter how long standing their fat they awaken each morning with increased slimness, increased fascination. ELSE MONEY BACK. Send only a dollar bill for large size package of SLIMS now, and start getting slim without further delay. If your druggist does not carry SLIMS send in coupon direct.

THE SLIMS CO., Inc., Dept. M. P.-6
249 West 34th Street, New York City

I enclose one dollar for large size package of SLIMS. Check your preference on flavor. My money is returnable without question if I am not delighted with results.

Mint — Wintergreen
Licorice — Cinnamon

Name.....

Address.....

Nine Basic Rules for Beauty

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Although no two skins are exactly alike—and each complexion should be cared for individually—yet there are nine basic rules which must be obeyed to cultivate the utmost beauty of complexion and contour:

1. *Know your own skin.*
2. *Make your skin work actively.*
3. *Cleanse thoroughly twice a day.*
4. *Tone and brace tissues and muscles.*
5. *Protect against extremes of climate.*
6. *Nourish and, if necessary, bleach.*
7. *Use harmonized beauty preparations of one brand.*
8. *Use only cosmetics scientifically allied to your preparations.*
9. *Be regular in home treatments.*

Use "Three Steps to Beauty"—the basic scientific home treatment—and from the special Correctives choose those best suited to the particular needs of your skin.

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

1. *Cleanse and mold*

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—*the basis of beauty*—removes dust and grime thoroughly—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Unsurpassed for normal skins—the only cream that positively benefits oily, pimpled or acne blemished skins. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 1.00

VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM—*particularly recommended for dry sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up.* 75, 1.25

2. *Clear and bleach*

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—lightens, purifies and refines the skin, bleaching away tan, freckles and sallowness. Creates a fascinating delicacy and whiteness. 1.00

3. *Tone and brace*

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—keeps pores invisible and tissues youthfully firm—obliterates fine lines. 1.25

CORRECTIVE PREPARATIONS

Lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet

VALAZE GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (Anthosoros)—richest of nourishing creams, feeds the underlying tissues, smoothes out lines and wrinkles. 1.75

Oily Skins, Blackheads

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—a wonderful lather-forming wash, corrects oiliness, clears away blackheads. 1.00, 2.00

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—absorbs oiliness and shine, leaves mat-like smoothness. 1.50

THE FINEST OF ALL COSMETICS

VALAZE POWDERS — ROUGES — LIPSTICKS—intensely flattering touches of beauty . . . safe and protective for even the most delicate skin . . . in shades which enhance the charm of every type—1.00 to 5.50.

Dispensed by trained and competent advisers at all the better stores, or order direct from Dept. M-3

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th St., New York

PARIS LONDON CHICAGO BOSTON DETROIT PHILADELPHIA NEWARK

does it better than my imagination conceived!"

When we drove to location, Ramon would sit in the front seat with the chauffeur, Alice, Rex and I in the car. Alice would call my attention to Ramon. "Look," she would whisper. "He has gone into the silence."

At first I laughed. Then I grew curious. "What are you thinking?" I asked him suddenly. "Absolutely nothing," he replied, and laughed.

But when I questioned him closely another time, he admitted a purpose. "I try to wipe everything from my mind before I go into work for the day. Already the image of my character has been in my mind, moving, acting, living. But all this is wiped away and ready for a new coming. The true coming — unsolicited."

He *was* an Arab.

An Aztec Invocation

WHEN later in Rome I saw Novarro commence his work in "Ben-Hur," I understood better his silent mood. It was not a prayer. It was an invocation.

"He *was Ben-Hur,*" a critic wrote. "He stepped down from the past for this picture, while all around him there were actors acting."

Alice told me of Ramon's first appearance in the Ingram studio. He wanted to play the rôle of *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"My God," ejaculated Rex, characteristically. *"Rupert* is a blond German six feet two!"

"Tell me more about him," urged the dauntless Mexican youth. The next day he returned to the studio, and Rex indulgently permitted a camera test.

"Ramon was wearing a funny Mexican hat and strange clothes," said Alice. "He looked like a happy schoolboy. Then he started to act. Something happened. I dont know what he did. But we were all sitting there on the edge of our chairs. The funny Mexican hat disappeared. We forgot the ill-fitting clothes. The happy schoolboy transformed before our eyes. *'Rupert!'* " I cried, and Rex said, "My God, let's sign him up right away!"

When success came to Ramon . . . glittering, unmistakable success . . . what happened?

We do not mean to disparage either this instalment or the first of Ramon's romantic life-story when we assure you that in our opinion the third is far and away the best yet. . . .

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 63*)

FOR WIVES ONLY—*Comedy—80%*

A COMPLICATED farce of matrimony and flirtation, which proves that Marie Prevost didn't need Lubitsch in order to become that facile comédienne—or else that under his tutelage she learned her lesson so well that she can keep reciting it without prompting. It also proves that pictures of this type *do* need a Lubitsch to disentangle their situations and wring from them the maximum of malicious amusement. In spite of the very good acting of the star, there are many flaws—the situations are developed very crudely, and should not need so many titles to sustain and explain them. The story is based on the theory that your best friend wont tell you what he really thinks of your wife—you have to go away for a day or two to find out. We have the intriguing spectacle of Marie Prevost manipulating three hopelessly amorous men as cleverly as the direction will allow her to. She doesn't get very able assistance from the three gentlemen, but Victor Varconi as her trusting husband is entirely charming. Unusually good entertainment of the very frivolous type.—*Producers Distributing Corporation.*

E. G.

STRANDED IN PARIS—*Comedy—75%*

BEBE in a rather far-fetched version of the Cinderella theme. But as always, Bebe is entertaining and the story holds the interest from beginning to end. It would be a relief to see Bebe in something that gave her a real chance for a sympathetic rôle in a logical story.

However, "Stranded In Paris" is entertainment for an evening's amusement. This time Bebe is a shop-worn young girl whose spirit has been dragged thru the bargain counters until there is but a tiny spark of spunk left.

This spark bursts into flame when she is lead to believe by the power of concentration she can have whatever she wishes for. She goes to Paris on a free advertisement trip and finds herself stranded there, after falling in love and becoming engaged to a young man on board the boat.

After they stranded Bebe in Paris, it looked as tho they didn't know what to do with her, and from that time on the story catapults thru a series of welsh rarebit fancies that end in a feeling of nausea. When you go to see "Stranded in Paris," leave your gullibility at home and you may have a good time.

D. D.

If You Want Success, Look Around for a Few Handicaps

Certainly it sometimes seems that people who have all handicaps removed do not go so far as those who have to fight for a foothold.

Take the beauty contest winners, for example. Most of them fail in their movie careers even tho they get off to a flying start.

There are good reasons for this peculiar state of affairs.

See the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for one answer to this puzzle.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Do other women have more attention at parties than you... MORE FUN?

SURELY it isn't because of their clothes—yours are just as clever. It's a little dash of sophistication that captivates—a little sureness because they know they are looking their best. But how—how does one acquire that so confident a manner? Perhaps these clever women have attended to an all-important detail that you have overlooked. Your hair—have you noticed it lately? Has it a glint o' gold when the light falls on it? Is there just a gleam of bronze where the wave dips in? If not, you simply have not had a Golden Glint shampoo lately. It's NOT a dye—it's a shimmer and a gleam. Golden Glint!—At drug or toilet goods counters, or direct—25¢.
*** J. W. KOBI CO., 604-B Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint Shampoo

—that magic luster for every shade of hair

And They Thought He'd Never Marry

So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any *other* man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10 cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today. THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, 3906 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 12-C

PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.
E. S. GIVENS, 422 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!
FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS
Travel for "Uncle Sam." Mail Carriers—Postoffice Clerks. Men, 18 up. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now open to men and women 18 up.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. F-249 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What Do Women Seek in Marriage

(*Continued from page* 41)

tinental man automatically performs those little courteous attentions that every woman loves.

"The American man is too full of business to bother with the smaller attentions for a woman's comfort and pleasure. He considers his duty done when he has showered expensive gifts, dinners, and so forth upon the object of his attentions.

"This I lay at the feet of our athletic, independent, masculine-aping woman of America. The American woman is so efficient and capable and healthy that she forgets that she is ruining her men by jumping out of a car before her escort can get around to her, telling a man to remain seated in good fellowship when she enters a room, etc. I do a lot of those things myself and ruin a lot of good men, too—*but* I still claim a 'woman-broke' man of the Continent is a joy to me."

Olive Bordon

"THE most important requisite in the man I shall marry is that he will be one who will not interfere with my career in any way. An actress of stage or screen must have a man who will leave her free to devote herself to her career when necessary.

"I notice how clean and well dressed a man is first thing and then if he has a dashing and interesting personality—I am interested—beyond that I cannot say."

Madge Bellamy

"FROM the time I was a very little girl I have admired people who have accomplished things. I do not care whether it was on the football field or in business, just so he had accomplished something more notable than his fellow strugglers.

"I believe the man I marry will have had to make his own mark in the world in *some* way. It seems this quality means more to me than all the good looks, beautiful manners, etc., he might possess. Perhaps it is because I would like to sort of hero worship him somewhat!"

Lois Wilson

"FIRST the man I would marry must know how to laugh—how and when to laugh! Does that sound funny? Perhaps, but that is the one great blessing in this sordid old world of ours, to me.

"He must be ready to laugh at me when I am tired and cross, or when the dinner is spoiled, the guests tardy and the many little petty troubles of life threaten to engulf me. I want him there to laugh me out of these little things and make me see and realize how small they are after all!"

Patsy Ruth Miller

PATSY has very definite ideas of what she would like her husband to be like.

"I like a tan-faced outdoor man with a huge sense of humor, and a great big slice of wholesomeness in his soul. I would want him to play a good game of tennis, like the beach and mountains, dance and tango and be—well—more than a *wee* bit in love with me.

"I would want him to be near my own age because I want a family and I believe in the parents being of the same age. I dont care a cent how much money he has—if he is capable of making some himself. I want an all around he-man with the poise

IN A TWINKLING! *your nails will glow like tinted pearls*

Always Searching for Exquisite Perfection, Smart Women of Fashion Have Decreed This Lovely New Manicure the Latest Vogue.

What magic! In a twinkling this wonderful Glazo Liquid Polish gives dull, lifeless nails the delicate lustre of pink perfection. Dainty! Alluring!

No buffing. Just a light brush over the nails and *voila!* . . . . they gleam with fascinating loveliness. Not for an hour or a day. This lovely beauty lasts for many days.

The irresistible Glazo lustre never diminishes. It will not crack, peel or turn an ugly brown. To insure the permanence of this sheer loveliness make sure that you get Glazo. For this excellent new Glazo has qualities not found even in the highest priced liquid manicures.

To insure the most charming manicure and to conserve the polish, it is wise to use the separate Glazo Remover. Glazo, by the way, is the only polish (except the absurdly expensive, imported ones) that comes complete with separate remover.

In dainty twin bottles you will find Glazo, the Remover, and Glazo, the Polish. It is the manicure demanded by fashion for fashionable hands.

The better shops, everywhere, sell Glazo. Ask for it by name. The Glazo Company, 603 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont. Canada.

The Only Polish That Comes Complete With Remover—Fifty Cents

GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary.

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

Patricia Avery in
Metro Goldwyn Pictures

Year Round Happiness

Of course, you want to receive every big issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, to keep posted on the latest pictures, and the best ones to see, and to know what your friends in the "movies" are doing. Write to us today and send us the subscription price, and we will do the rest.

Perhaps you have a friend or relatives who would be mighty happy to have this wonderful magazine come to them each month. There's a real gift suggestion for you. A fine birthday gift!

Sparkling news, and joy thruout the year, when you subscribe to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

SEND THIS TODAY

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose $2.50 (Canada $3.00, Foreign $3.50). Please send MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Start with ..... issue.

and culture of a man of the world. I am wondering if I shall ever find him here below!" laughed Patsy.

Arlette Marchal

"Now, listen, my dear, and you shall hear——" laughed Arlette when I asked her the fatal question. "My husband would have to keep me mentally intrigued at all times.

"He must be interested in museums, art galleries as well as fishing, dancing and hiking. He must like Shakespeare as well as F. Scott Fitzgerald. He must be gay in mood and yet always thoughtful of the little things of life! Do you think I will find him?" mischievously laughed this beautiful little French girl.

Pauline Stark

"THE man I would marry?" said Pauline, "I dont think there *is* one! I think a girl goes along for just so long and then she gets too particular.

"I am too critical ever to fall despcrately in love. As for marrying—the man that marries me will have to rush right from my acceptance to the altar before I have time to think about it.

"Long engagements are fatal. They are like the first year—too full of wondering how you'd get along, why you did it—and *how* you can get out of it gracefully."

Jobyna Ralston

"I HATE handsome men. I have found the homelier a man is the better he is, more likable, more lovable. If I must have a husband, I want him lovable.

"He doesn't have to be rich and the color of his hair, his size and dancing ability do not mean a thing. A good disposition, a sense of humor and a kind and gentle manner are quite important."

May McAvoy

BEAUTIFUL, looking like a young princess of fairy-land, May's blue eyes laughed into mine as she answered with, "I want my husband to be wholesome, good humored, and to think much as I do on most subjects. That is, our interests must be mutual.

"The first thing I notice about a man are his eyes and handshake and how clean his nails and general person are. I must confess I prefer them good-looking and poised, sympathetic and sincere. Outside of that, any man I love will do." With which sage remark, May arose to answer a call for her on the set.

Helene Chadwick

"A HOME lover! A companion, a lover of good books, the substantial pleasures of life, a lover of children and animals—all of these things I shall expect of the man I marry. It is hard to find a man just like this but I shall wait until I do —perhaps it will be always."

Joan Crawford

"THE first thing I notice about a man is his cleanliness and general appearance. I want him clean, smartly dressed, courteous, a good dancer, and he must have a compelling personality.

"If I have any choice as to hair or eyes, I prefer men dark and tall. His hands and eyes are two things I notice immediately upon meeting a man, and it is from these two things I judge his character. If he looks me straight in the eye and gives me a firm handclasp and his nails and hands are well cared for—I know I am going to like him."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page 95*)

The orchestra plays "In the Middle of the Night," and will continue to play it unless forcibly restrained by some courageous soul.

There is real laughter today—we are more acquainted. A tall figure stands silently in the shadow—his face is familiar . . . why, it's Thomas Holding, of course, I go over and speak, reminding him of the days with Pauline Frederick and Petrova . . . ask what part he plays in this picture . . . and with a laugh and rueful shake of the head, he replies gently, "Just an extra."

"Just an extra" . . . after years of leads and big parts. What hours of struggle and bitter humiliation lie behind those quiet words.

We are called again, someone beckons me. "Your name, please." "Miss Corson." "Thank you, will you please enter here with this gentleman, Miss Corson? Remember, you have had too much wine (I mutter resentfully, "I know I've had too much stale cider!") . . . and cross before the camera . . . do thus . . . and so."

"Camera!"

We do this several times, then watch Pauline Garon leap into a dance . . . she falls—moans—startled cries—but it's all in the picture. Again . . . again . . . again . . . Five times—poor little Pauline is black and blue. Again—"Well, I know darn well that was good—I hurt myself!" as she's helped from the floor. A shriek, then helpless laughter. "What's the matter, Pauline?" "He tickled me when he picked me up," gasping breathlessly, and pointing to Anders Randolph.

Then, at last—"That's all, people."

We cash our checks . . . thirty dollars for two days' work . . . not bad.

Tired? What of it? You'll do it again first chance you get!

Personal Advice

Anyone constantly in the world of fashion . . . anyone who attends the smart openings at the exclusive ateliers of the modistes . . . in other words, anyone with the background of Grace Corson, is well able to give advice . . . advice that should prove invaluable.

And Miss Corson, in a special service to the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will be very glad to give her personal attention to any questions you wish to ask.

However, it is extremely necessary that you give her every detail about your appearance, enclosing a full-length snap-shot when it proves possible to do so.

Address:

Miss Grace Corson, Fashion Editor,
Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York

And be sure to give the following details:

Height	Color Hair
Weight	Color Eyes
Complexion	Name and Address

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

CARMEN.—I should say I do like cheese. I'm going to the Idaho Falls valley, where they have twenty-five cheese factories which produce 5,000,000 pounds annually. There are 3,000 cars of potatoes shipped from this country annually and they bring the highest market price the world over. So you think Ricardo Cortez resembles a tooth-paste ad.

DAN M.—Every successful man hates to be told he was lucky. I know I wouldn't like it. I feel that my $15.00 per week is due to my own merits. So long, Dan. See you later.

NANCY N.—Never mind, Nancy, some day you will run across me on the street in Honolulu. That's my greatest ambition. Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou had the male leads in "Sorrows of Satan." Carol Dempster and Lya de Putti have the leading parts and it is a Griffith Production.

MARGARET, BRISTOL.—So you would like to see the Woolworth Building. Well, it is 792 feet above the sidewalk and the Eiffel Tower is 984 feet. Oh, I haven't any favorite color; perhaps it's gold-backs. Aileen Pringle says never wear red—it puts one in a bad temper, and causes anger to be easily aroused. You know Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, in 1899, and is of Spanish descent. His name is Ramon Gil Samanyiegos. He is five feet ten and weighs 160 pounds.

SEVENTEEN.—So you dont think I am an old man. Well, if you prefer to think of me as a dashing young hero, I have no objection. No, there are only two ciphers after my salary. A cipher is a thing which, standing by itself, expresses nothing, but when placed at the right hand of something else, adds to its value tenfold; as, husband and wife. Selah!

I'M WELL.—So am I. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1906. Yes, I am sorry to say that Hoot Gibson's favorite horse, "Pride of Oregon," died of pneumonia. Not very long before his death a banker offered Hoot $12,500 for the animal, but the amount was refused. We mourn your loss, Hoot Gibson. James Kirkwood in vaudeville with his wife, Lila Lee.

HOP-A-LONG.—Shades of copper, what is the world coming to. This Black Bottom has got everything beaten. Bad times should not be taken as a signal to stand still, but to get busy. Betty Blythe was born in 1893. That was Alma Rubens with George O'Brien in "The Dancers."

JAMES S.—Of course, you get a quicker answer if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Uncle Sam has 50,000 post-offices and 500,000 miles of post routes, so come along with your questions.

RAYMOND P.—Thanks for sending me the likeness of myself and that of Louise Fazenda. I like mine better. Clara Bow and Esther Ralston in "Children of Divorce."

R. G. D.—Sorry to hear of your misfortune. Lois Moran is only eighteen. William Eugene in "White Desert," op-

You can play this wonderful instrument

JASCHA GUREWICH
Saxophone Virtuoso
Formerly with Sousa's Band
New York City

If you can whistle a tune, you can master the Saxophone. 3 free lessons give you a quick easy start. Play scales in an hour, tunes in a week. Send coupon today for literature on any instrument. Get our free trial, easy payment plan. No obligation. Nothing else could give you greater pleasure than a

BUESCHER True Tone Saxophone 303

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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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Clip the Coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: I am interested in instrument checked below:
Saxophone☐ Cornet☐ Tromhone☐ Trumpet☐
Mention any other ----------
Name ----------
Street Address ----------
Town ---------- State ----------

Why Don't YOU
Earn $50 to $200 a Week
as a Stage Dancer?
Learn at Home

Let Veronine Vestoff, former solo danseur with Pavlowa, train you in your spare time at home for a glorious career in classic Dancing. Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the stage—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Classical, Eccentric, Greek, Interpretive, Oriental and Toe Dancing. Most delightful way to gain slender, graceful lines, glowing health and vitality.

Vestoff Students Make Big Money

Leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to Vestoff's exclusive method—among them Betsy Rees, premiere danseuse of the Keith-Albee Orpheum Circuit, Dolores Gardner, motion picture star, and many others.

You too can acquire professional technique through the wonderful Vestograph that brings to your home the actual movements of the dance in motion pictures.

Send for FREE BOOKLET

Write for Vestoff's beautiful illustrated booklet on dancing. Right now a wonderful offer is open to a few new students. Rush name and address.

V. Vestoff Academie De Danse
100 West 72nd St., Dept. 43, New York, N. Y.

Earn $5000 yearly
Selling Supreme Shirts
Our plan will make you independent. No experience necessary. Get in the big money class. Others are doing it. We start you.
SUPREME SHIRT CO.
278-PM Fifth Ave., New York City

Can You Fix It?

Repair any auto fault, learn how NOW. You can do it easily in this new simple way.

These FIVE Big Books are up to the minute on automobile engineering subjects; chock full of little known facts about construction, operation and repairs. Electric wiring treated in complete detail—illustrations and diagrams make everything clear and easily understood by anybody. The most interesting and most practical set of books ever written on modern automobile engineering. Whether you want to fit yourself for garage owner, repair expert or merely wish to know more about your car, you will realize the values of these splendidly bound volumes. This is the new 1926 Edition with 70 new and up-to-date wiring diagrams.

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Automobile Division A-386, Chicago, Illinois

You may send me your new complete Automobile Engineering library (1926 Edition), 5 big volumes bound in flexo covers, for ten days' Free Examination. If satisfied, I will send you $2.00 then and $3.00 per month until the special low price of only $24.80 is paid, otherwise I will return them and owe you nothing.

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Reference.....

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posite Priscilla Bonner. William Otis, Jr., in "The Goose Hangs High." You're welcome.

AUSSIE JIM.—Thanks for your card. Glad to hear from you. Yes, indeed, everything comes out all right, in the movies. Something has happened, Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge are not playing together.

PAULINE E. P.—Well, "hokum" is slang for "old stuff," anything done for cheap effect, or anything slap-stick. Yes, Flora Le Breton played in "Lass O'Laughter" on the stage. How people do try to avoid work and how well some of them succeed!

O. H. W., CHESHIRE.—Hello, there. Betty Blythe was born in 1893.

PRESTON.—That was some letter you sent me. Hugh Allen in "What Fools Men." Thomas Santschi in "Paths to Paradise." Earl Schenk in "Hunted Women." Well, the way to leave footprints on the sands of time is to get out and dig.

ALYS SAINT LOUIS.—Tut, tut, we all crave prosperity, so that we may inherit ease. But what would happen if we all had our desires? The world would go to sleep. Pola Negri has written a book on motion pictures called "Life and Dreams in the Cinema." It is written in French and was published in Paris.

MARY.—Right again. Diana Kane is a sister to Lois Wilson. You liken me to Socrates. Heap much thanks! But why? Remembering his case, I never married. You know about the terrible Xanthippe his wife! But then her husband was a great tease. (Fearing you wont see this wonderful fun, I have to ask you to look for it.)

IRENE B.—What's this. You say you want the "low" on Alberta Vaughn. You think she is much better than some of the girls with fancy pay envelopes and clever press-agents. Well that's settled.

CARLYLE D. O.—Mildred Ryan was Johnny Hine's leading lady in "The Live Wire." Johnny was born on July 25, 1895. And now you will see Francis X. Bushman in "Invisible Government."

DORA C.—Yes, Barbara La Marr died on January 30, 1926, of a complete nervous collapse. Yes, it is true that Harold Shaw, the husband of Edna Flugrath, was killed in an automobile accident.

MYRTLE L. W.—Carlo Schipa was the musician you refer to.

MARGARET U.—I really dont know what has become of Mary Anderson of Vitagraph fame. Last I heard of her she was married. Eddie Polo is not playing now. Harold Austin was *David*, Lillian Rich was *Sally* and Walter Perry was *Uncle Andy* in "The Love Master."

GERTRUDE R.—Everything everywhere is beautiful—if it does not appear so, there is dust on your mental optics. That was a very interesting letter you sent me.

HOWARD E.—You want to know what I use to make my whiskers grow. Well, that's a long, involved story. Yes, I liked "Little Old New York." Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England.

DOROTHY B.—Why didn't you run in when you were in Brooklyn? Yes, Lois Wilson was in to see us, and she is a mighty fine girl. I liked her a great deal. She is very feminine, beautiful and lovely. So long and I will see you later.

A LOVER OF NATACHA.—Dont remark that there's nothing new under the sun. There will be fifty-seven varieties of new styles in spring bonnets. Yes, Charles Hutchison is married to Edith Thornton. Address him at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

ESTHER RALSTON FAN.—Thanks for yours. As Robert Louis Stevenson said, "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Tell that to your dad. I like it very much.

LAURA F. DE LA C.—Well, I should say your letter was written in very good English. That was Dolores Costello in "The Sea Beast." Mary Philbin and Gertrude Olmstead were both winners but not in the same beauty contest. The former won because of the elusive spirituality of her delicate beauty, the latter because of her perfectly modeled features. Mary will be twenty-two on July 16.

CLAIRE.—Yes, of course I read every letter I receive, and there certainly is a bunch of them. Richard Dix will have a birthday on July 18, and his right name is Ernest Brimmer. He has brown hair and eyes and is six feet tall. Not married.

LILY L.—You say I look like Father Time. Well, as Time is always represented as a bald-headed old gentleman, with a scythe and an hour-glass, we suppose the man who took "Time by the forelock" pulled it off. So you think I ought to cut my beard before it strangles me. You want to know if I enjoyed going to school. No, I rather enjoyed coming from it.

CONRAD NAGEL FAN.—You can get a copy of the October, 1924, *Classic* with the pictures you refer to.

CLEOPATRA.—What a pity it is that people who worry over trifles haven't something worth while to trouble them! Bebe Daniels is playing in "The Kiss in the Taxi," with Douglas Gilmore.

RICHARD DIX FAN.—I have answered all your questions up above.

TEDDY A.—Thanks for sending me the pictures. That's some room you have. Mary Holden is ninety years old, and she is playing extra parts in pictures.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Well, well, you here again. Your letters are always a treat. So you think the Answer Man ought to have more room to answer questions in. Well, that's up to our editor, Miss Adele Whitely Fletcher, who has a lot of good stories and articles to run every month.

SELMA K.—As for Blanche Sweet, she went (or, rather, was carried) on the stage at the age of eighteen months. Her first part on the screen was as one of the wives in "The Man with Three Wives." Her first big hit was in Griffith's "Judith of Bethulia" in 1912. Pauline Frederick is not married right now.

THE CATS.—Lon Chaney is married. Well, you have the qualities of a winner, if you can smile when you feel like cussing. Constance Talmadge in "The Vamp of Venice."

RALPH H.—Allan Simpson has been given the male lead with Madge Bellamy in "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl." As one of the papers said, Allan will be her stitch in time.

MELINE R.—No, I hardly think any of the stars are compelled to work any set number of hours. Some of the more

(*Continued on page* 122)

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News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

Other rendezvous of the stars include the Café Lafayette, Casa Del Mar, where Anita Stewart, Jack Holt and others too numerous to mention are to be seen.

The old Plantation Club, the Ship and the Green Mill were once popular, but are now practically deserted by the movie crowd.

I cant absolutely guarantee the personal appearances of the above stars at the above places every week, because they might be at home mending runs in their stockings or answering their fan mail.

DID you ever hear of Anthony Asquith, son of the former British Premier, who went to Hollywood, and since then hasn't been able to think of anything but movies? He's back home in England now, but the lure of the profession is so strong in him that he has allied himself with a British film company, and is writing a scenario of his own. Young Anthony found Southern California utterly captivating. The air was so delicious that nothing could induce him to wear a hat, so you couldn't fail to recognize him—ploughing thru the business section of Los Angeles with his blond locks exposed to the ultra-violet ray of the sun. A unique lad—so English that hardly anyone could understand a word he said. The film people grew quite attached to him and his enthusiasm and original ways. It was he who uttered that famous line, when young Douglas Fairbanks asked him what time they should meet for lunch the next day. "Oh," said Anthony, "at a sort of quarter to one-ish."

WITH great self-restraint, Will Hays has decided to keep out of the domestic battle of the Charlie Chaplins. "Charlie Chaplin's domestic troubles are none of our business," says the Hays representative, with rare frankness. And, furthermore, "Chaplin is not even a member of our organization," he went on. "Neither is the United Artists' releasing firm, which handles Chaplin's films."

There have been reports in Hollywood that a Chaplin divorce would result in the banning of the Chaplin comedies in many parts of the country, as did the Fatty Arbuckle scandal. We cant see that this is exactly a parallel case. If a man's pictures were banned for what Charlie Chaplin is doing, it would mean practically the end of the cinema industry.

Anyway, the Hays representative concludes, "If clubwomen see fit to ban Chaplin's films, as they did Fatty Arbuckle's pictures, they will have to do that by themselves."

IN Chicago a movement is on foot to stop theaters from selling admissions when there are no seats available. Any such action would be received by the public with wild joy, after the hours they've put in craning their necks over the top of a jostling pack of people in the lobby of some theater. It has got so that you cant even hope to get a seat at the second show until the picture is well into the third reel.

THE many faithful fans who make inquiries periodically about the status and whereabouts of Pearl White, will be fascinated to learn that she has deserted Paris for Egypt. Pearl is thru with the movies, where sheiks are synthetic, and has gone out to the desert for the real article. In fact, she already has her prey cornered and bagged. When Pearl was in Egypt last summer, she met, and loved the swarthy gentleman, and only left him long enough to dash back to Paris and pack up her things. Now Pearl will live in a tent and rule her special portion of the desert.

LOTHAR MENDES has arrived in Hollywood, and been given a definite assignment for his first picture. He will try to control the temperamental Pola as she does her stuff in "Confession," which is a made-to-order story by the prolific and enduring Ernest Vajda. The picture will be made under the supervision of Eric Pommer, with whom Mendes worked in Germany.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mendes, *née* Dorothy Mackaill, has finished work on "Song of the Dragon," and has joined her husband in Hollywood, where her next picture will be ominously entitled, "The Ball and Chain."

The German-made pictures of Mr. Mendes have not been generally exhibited in this country, but one is soon to be offered to the public. It is "SOS Isle of Dreams," in which Lya de Putti and Paul Wegener have the leading rôles. It will be interesting and revealing to see the work Mendes did in Europe.

A STRANGE conceit has seized Cecil B. De Mille, as a result of his Biblical picture, "The King of Kings." He apparently considers it a huge success, for he has signed agreements with H. B. Warner and Dorothy Cumming (who play the rôles of *Christ* and the *Virgin Mary*, respectively), that for five years they shall not play any rôles in any productions which would tend to lessen the dignity and prestige gained by them in this picture. And stranger still is the fact that Mr. Warner and Miss Cumming have signed these unique contracts, which provide that in all future work they may do for any producer, they must obtain De Mille's consent before the contract is signed. H. B. Warner's contract with De Mille will expire before the five years are over, and Miss Cumming is a free-lance. There must be more in this than meets the eye.

ALL sorts of odd uses are made of the moving picture these days, what with judges using it to help them render decisions. The latest thing is the German custom of testing applicants for automobile licenses by means of the movies. A scientific laboratory has been established to find out how a driver would act in an emergency. The driver sits at a detached control section of an automobile, provided with all the usual apparatus, and holds the steering wheel. On a screen close in front of him is thrown a moving picture of traffic in a congested street. The driver is required to manipulate his controls as he would if he had to meet the various dangers and emergencies that he sees on the screen. Every movement he makes is automatically registered, and if he doesn't react satisfactorily in the matter of skill, presence of mind, steadiness, and endurance —he's out of luck. Imagine what would happen if such rigid tests were applied in this country—it sounds to me like a good solution of the traffic problem.

THE second woman director has become a reality in Hollywood. For years Lois Weber has held the field, unchallenged, but now Famous Players-Lasky has taken a chance and promoted their former script girl and cutter to the heights of the profession. Dorothy Arzner is the lucky lady. Her latest activity was as adapter and cutter of "Old Ironsides." Her first directorial assignment will be "Fashions for Women."

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It amazed and delighted me. Then I had my office submit it to some hundreds of women. From everywhere there came demands for more.

So this shampoo has won the prize I offered. Now it is sold on all toilet counters as Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. And countless women, all the country over, are thanking me for that shampoo.

You can find it anywhere. The price is 60c per bottle. If it does not please you, your druggist will return the price. But I know you will be as delighted as I was to find a shampoo like this. Please try it. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo.

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The Magazine with the Personality

"Shall I Go Into the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 87)

tion and application it can do more.

N. Lydia, June 24:

LISTEN, just being in Hollywood isn't all there is to getting into the movies—I'm in Hollywood myself. Likewise knowing directors isn't all there is to it—I know a lot of them. What one has to have is a screen personality together with an ambition that will outlast competition, hard work, and, worst of all, indifference of outside people. I dont see much acting ability in your chart, altho you have a talent for mimicry and some natural pep or animation that probably renders you attractive. I think you would be happier married than in the movies, and would advise you to look 'em all over this year and make up your mind which one you want next year.

Edwin N., January 30:

YOU have the ability to make money, and it's a distant trait, just as an ear for music is a trait or a fondness for reading horoscopes. It has very little to do with ambition, mental agility or any other characteristic with which it is often confused. But I do not believe that you are going to make that comfortable fortune of yours in motion pictures unless it be in the production or exhibition end, for you are not an actor. Try to get into the office of a motion picture concern even if all you have to do is empty the waste-baskets. You wont stay at that job long. You can do well this year in business if you try, altho you have some terrific worries ahead. Let those take care of themselves, while you concentrate upon getting that job.

Warren C., October 3:

THANK you for your complimentary comments. There isn't much use in doing this work unless one can offer sensible suggestions, to my way of thinking. Now, for your case; you have a difficult horoscope, particularly as regards the choice of a career. After a detailed study of the various balancing forces, I would advise you to enter department-store work or the employ of some large corporation where your appreciation of artistic matters and style would be appreciated. You do not seem to be a creative artist but more the merchandiser of the efforts of others. In your own business your extravagance would ruin you. You might make some progress as an actor, but only after strenuous effort and with great opposition all along the line.

C. Z., August 8:

IT would be splendid for you to take a thoro training in architectural design and with leisure and money with which to spend plenty of time on this you should do well with it. You would also do well with stage designing—the planning of futuristic sets such as one sees occasionally in foreign motion pictures and here and there in American films. You have a strange mentality and probably do feel apart from your friends and companions. I believe you would do well in New York or in large cities where more people would be interested in the same subjects as yourself. Travel and study all you can before determining upon any kind of career. In spite of feeling old, you will not mature mentally before the age of thirty.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 120)

prominent stars choose the play they would like to play in. Your letter was mighty interesting and I hope to hear from you soon again.

MARIE L.—Well I'll be ——. You want to know whether I made up the name Havelock Ellis, and if not, is he a he or she. Well, I'll refer you to any library, and I'm sure you will become well acquainted with the gentleman. Yes, Sue O'Neil is Sally O'Neil's sister.

DONNIE JACK.—Lloyd Hughes is playing opposite Mae Murray in "Valencia." Yes, John Gilbert was born July 10, 1895.

DOROTHY.—Thanks for the photograph. I would like to send you one of mine, but that is out. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1895. See you later.

MARY T.—Your letter came special delivery, but I cannot give you the addresses of the fifty players you mention.

MARCELLA S.—Why, the Spanish Armada was a powerful fleet sent against England by Philip of Spain in 1588. Dont you fret, Gloria Swanson is not slipping—wait until her next picture, "Sunya," from "Eyes of Youth."

MONICA D.—How is everything in Sidney? I should say you have been fortunate to receive so many photos from the players. Viola Dana in "Homestruck."

AUSSIE.—Lillian Gish was born October 14, 1896; Betty Bronson, November 17, 1906; Esther Ralston in 1902; Mary Astor on May 3, 1906. Your letter was mighty interesting—right now it is freezing in the shade, and we are suffering from subway strikes. So you, with your bush fires, squatters and floods have nothing on us. Write me again.

FLAPPER MARY.—You here again? Cheer up—you can still be in love with Dick Barthelmess—there are plenty of girls who are. You know I'm not in love with him—but one of his great admirers.

IDA A.—Thanks for letting me join the Ben Lyon club. I will do my best.

DELL.—What's the big idea of boosting Anna Q. Nilsson with about a hundred letters. Dont know of any brothers or sisters of Anna Q. Yes, Lewis Stone has gray hair.

IMA SCAMP.—I'm sorry to hear that. If Lillian Gish is getting "up stage," she will soon go downhill.

BAXTER ADMIRER.—The difference between the temperate and intemperate is this: one governs his affairs and the other lets his affairs govern him. So you think I am a sheik. Alas, alack, I am discovered, as the Indian said when Columbus first saw one.

AUGUSTA, GA.—So you are anxious to come to New York. Most all of my Southern friends came to New York this summer. They just came up for air. Yes, Mary Moore is Tom Moore's daughter. Run in again.

CARMEL.—Well, it's bad enough to have bugs, but it is worse to have a bug. Marion

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Davies is twenty-eight. Been in pictures about seven years. Viola Dana and Alan Forrest in "Dont Doubt Your Husband." Oh, no, the men should never be doubted. Robert Agnew is twenty-eight, born in Dayton, Kentucky, and not married.

V. J.—Peekaboo! So you're here again. Good. And you think I am level-headed. Well, I think there are a few curves. My child, Buster Collier and William Collier, Jr., are one and the same.

BETTY.—Just write to Norman Kerry at Universal.

BROWNIE.—There was a picture of Sally Rand in the September, 1925, Magazine. She is with Cecil De Mille productions, Culver City, California.

SMARTIE.—Well, make-up is an art in itself, and I couldn't begin to explain it here. Sally O'Neil is with Metro-Goldwyn,

EVE.—You refer to the Gunpowder Plot, which was a plot to blow up the English Parliament in its House, November 4, 1605. The cellar was stored with gunpowder to be touched off during the session of Guy Fawkes, but the discovery was made in time to prevent its being carried out.

CLAIRE.—Well, at one time Lew Cody was married to Dorothy Dalton, and he is five feet eleven and three-quarter inches tall.

VAN.—So you have written several letters to me but destroyed them before mailing. Were you afraid I would bite or jump at you? Yes, David Powell died April 16, 1925, of double pneumonia. I hardly think the Bunny pictures will ever be revived. Write me again, and be sure to mail it.

ROSE.—All right, let's go. Earle Fox was *Jim Overton* in "Oh, You, Tony," John T. Murray in Christie Comedies; he also played in "Stop Flirting." Priscilla Dean was born in New York City. Jackie Coogan born October 26, 1914, and Jack Hoxie is with Universal. Is that all?

COLLEGIATE.—They do say a fool's chatter is often a wise man's meat. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1884. That is Ben Lyon's real name. Gloria Swanson born in Chicago. Mary Pickford is thirty-three, and she was born in Canada. Pola Negri was born in Poland, January 3, 1897. Run in again some time.

LEMUGUET.—How the rest of the world does hate those who have a good time. That's why there are so many prunes and prudes. Corinne Griffith is with First National. Pearl White was born in 1889.

MRS. VAN.—How are all the little Vans? Still moving? May McAvoy was born September 8, 1901.

SMILIE.—So your friends told you about me. Well, I'm glad they did. Now we all can be friends.

MRS. A. W.—Yes, I get $12 per week, and I am not able to save a cent out of that. Youth saves for old age; old age saves for its heirs; heirs save for nobody. Colleen Moore is with First National.

MEIGHAN FAN.—Guess again; I am past my eighty-second birthday. Yep!

FIZZY.—So you want me to tell you who the five greatest stars are. I can but I wont. I really do not play favorites, but I cant help recognizing merit when I see it. I dont always say what I would like to say for fear of hurting somebody's feelings. Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half and she has been married twice, you know. Now you want to see her play opposite Jack Gilbert.

KACHOO.—Sorry to hear you are in a hospital. Yo[illegible]fer to "Wages of Virtue."

Douglas Fairbanks is forty-three. So you see I dont make up my own questions, not by a long shot. Best wishes.

DEE.—No, Ben Lyon is not married, and that is his real name. *Savant* means learned man.

G. H. F.—Hold on there; I dont know why you should blame me because Ricardo Cortez claims he is a Spaniard or born in France, and there is a report out that he was born in Coney Island. Marie Prevost in "Getting Gertie's Garter."

D. E. H.—You are wrong, m' dear. I may make mistakes, but I never lie. In which respect I differ with George Washington. George couldn't tell a lie—I can but wont. Margaret Morris is with Famous Players now.

KITTIE.—Thanks for the invitation. I may run out to see you sometime.

M. C. D.—I wish I had time to write to you personally, but I wish you could see the stack of mail I have here to answer. Beth Sulley was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife.

MARJIE.—You refer to Barbara Bedford.

RUDOLPHENA.—You misjudge me. Children judge a man from what he is; women judge him from what he says; philosophers from what he thinks; society from what he wears; the world from what he makes.

ISABEL.—Thanks for the picture—very pretty. You refer to Arthur Rankin in "Broken Laws." Theda Bara was born in 1890.

BABE.—I see, your first letter to me. Come right in. Address Rod LaRocque at Cecil De Mille Productions, Culver City, California. You want a picture of Reginald Denny on the cover.

MONTINE, ST. LOUIS.—Well, after a woman gets beyond a certain age, her skin does not seem to fit. It is then they have their faces "lifted." Did you see the interview with Florence Vidor. I'll see what I can do. That was a good idea you had, about doubling my salary.

VICKY.—Thanks, you must write to me again.

HILDA.—Well, most of the actresses have an idea that the other actresses dont realize how homely they are. Edna Purviance is to star in "The Sea Gull" under the personal supervision of Charlie Chaplin.

SHORTY I.—Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1885. Norma Shearer was born in Canada.

LEW B.—You say your folks dont know the difference between Mary Pickford and Farina. Why dont you take them out? It is not so much stars that make pictures, as pictures that make stars.

GRAND CONCOURSE.—I liked your picture a lot. Address both players you mentioned at Warner Brothers. Bebe Daniels was *Diana*, Dorothy Mackaill was *Sheila* in "His Children's Children." Well, you might be right, but are there more dead living, or more living dead?

I. McF.—I can see you are all for Pauline Frederick.

PRINCESS PAT.—Francis Feeney is Donald Keith's real name, but he changed it when he entered pictures. Well, we generally turn the sunny side of our nature toward the world, the shady side toward home.

DIXIE ROSE.—Malcolm McGregor is five feet eleven and weighs 165 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. Bert Lytell is five feet ten and a half and weighs 155 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes.

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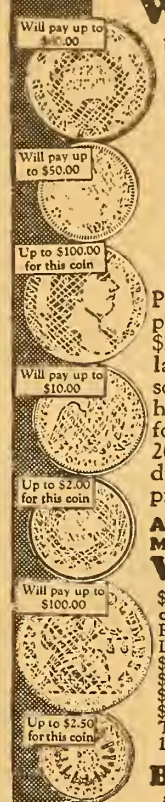
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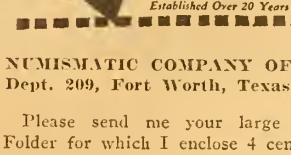

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By Developing a

Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

Read the letters on this page from men and women who have made their dreams come true by this wonderful, scientific method of voice culture. You can continue your present occupation and mode of life while you study *in your own home*—and the cost is nominal — only a very small amount each month as you study.

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We absolutely guarantee 100% improvement or your tuition will be gladly refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh bad just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

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Send Coupon!

The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of "Physical Voice Culture"—a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

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Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Stammering*
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When the vogue of gleaming tinted nails first intrigued us, everybody thought they were ever so nice. Then as everything in the whole world of fashion became more brilliant and scintillating, these gleaming nails took on a deeper and ever deeper hue.

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No need to tint the nails before polishing. Cutex Liquid Polish, Deep Rose, is itself a rich, vivid color. And it can be made still deeper by simply applying a second coat after the first has dried.

TODAY fashionable women hardly feel they have completed their toilette until their nails take on the rosy hue and sophisticated brilliance that this new Deep Rose shade, brought out by Cutex, gives.

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An Effective Choice for Evening

Particularly is the new shade effective under artificial lights—when pale tones fade into dullness and warmer more exotic colors are their most radiant.

See how its rich, vivid tones, against the sparkling background of fashionable evening affairs, give a special emphasis to shapely finger tips.

Cutex Liquid Polish in the new Deep Rose is the same price as the same polish in the natural pink you already know—35c at all drug and department stores. Other Cutex preparations also 35c each. Sets containing every essential for the home manicure are 35c to $5.00. Or see the special offer.

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hat Have
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True

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Why
Beauty
Winners
Fail

Is the World
d of Children? See Page 42

A Thrilling New Mystery Stor
By A. M. Williamson

Through the Years—

Don't let your youth slip away—start now by preserving it in this simple way that has proved to thousands that one need never be "middle-aged"—Unless she chooses

YOUTH is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE art of never growing old is the art of preserving youth in *natural* ways. Which means, correct skin care every day of one's life.

That is the prescription of Youth, according to foremost skin specialists of the day . . . and the habit of the modern woman. Youth *can* be preserved. Scores of thousands of women are doing it; scores of them your own acquaintances.

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Do this regularly and particularly at night

Wash yout face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thotoughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on ovet night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigutements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive ttee, the Aftican palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive [illegible] e clusive blend—and that is one of t [illegible] priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Retail Price 10c

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BILLY DOOLEY

---BECAUSE you'll get more than a full quota of good hearty laughs out of them;--- they're just the proper mixture of sense and nonsense.

You'll see them played by the very best people in the comedy films.

The four great series of comedies now being produced by Christie are the best short entertainment you can find anywhere.

And you'll find them in the best theatres. Just ask when the next one is on the program.

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"DUCK OUT"--a Bobby Vernon Comedy

"SAILOR BEWARE"--a Billy Dooley Comedy

"WILD AND WOOZY"--a Jimmie Adams Comedy

"SUIT YOURSELF"--a Christie Comedy featuring Neal Burns

"CHICKEN FEATHERS"--a Christie Comedy featuring Anne Cornwall.

JIMMIE ADAMS

NEAL BURNS

ANNE CORNWALL

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JACK DUFFY

Member Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.—Will H. Hays, President

MARION DAVIES in "TILLIE, THE TOILER"

YOU'VE seen Tillie in
HER inimitable, rib-bending
COMIC strip of the newspapers.
NOW she's on the screen
WITH all her jolly pals,
COME and see Mac, Simpkins
AND Bubbles and the rest!
MARION Davies, as Tillie, plays a
RHAPSODIE of blue-sky romance.
TILLIE tingles a dozen
THROBBING heart-strings in this
COMEDY—you'll scream—of complications!

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Story by
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

A Prize To Test Your Eyes!

HOW keen are your eyes? How sharp, quick, alert, receptive are they? Do you really *see* all that we strive to put into our portrayals? You ought to, it isn't enough merely to look. I, for example, strive to put more and more into my pictures for I want you to get more and more out of them. You can't realize how much it will increase your enjoyment and appreciation of all motion pictures—simply to sharpen up your observation a bit! To encourage this, I have prepared five questions for you to answer. They give you an idea of what I mean by actually seeing the performance you attend. I hope they won't prove difficult for I'd like every one of you to have a chance to win a prize; anyway I think you'll enjoy this test.

To the man who submits the best list of answers I will present the dressing gown I wore in "Slide Kelly Slide". But if the fortunate one is a lady, Sally O'Neil will give her the sports sweater she wore in the same picture.

In addition, fifty of my favorite photographs are all autographed and ready for those who send in the fifty next best sets of answers.

You can win one of these prizes, I'm sure. Here's luck!

(Signed)

William Haines

William Haines' Five Questions

1. What is the most famous hair-cut in screen history?
2. What is a "taxi dancer" and who is the M-G-M star featured in the picture of that name?
3. With what type of production is Tod Browning identified and what star appears frequently in his pictures?
4. In what M-G-M picture featuring William Haines and Claire Windsor does most of the action take place in a Pullman train?
5. What in your opinion has been John Gilbert's most powerful characterization? Tell why in not over 75 words.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by April 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Marion Davies Contest of January

MISS CLARA FOCHI
53 Villa Avenue Yonkers, N. Y.

MR. AL HUGHES
229 S. Main St., Gibsonburg, Ohio

Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

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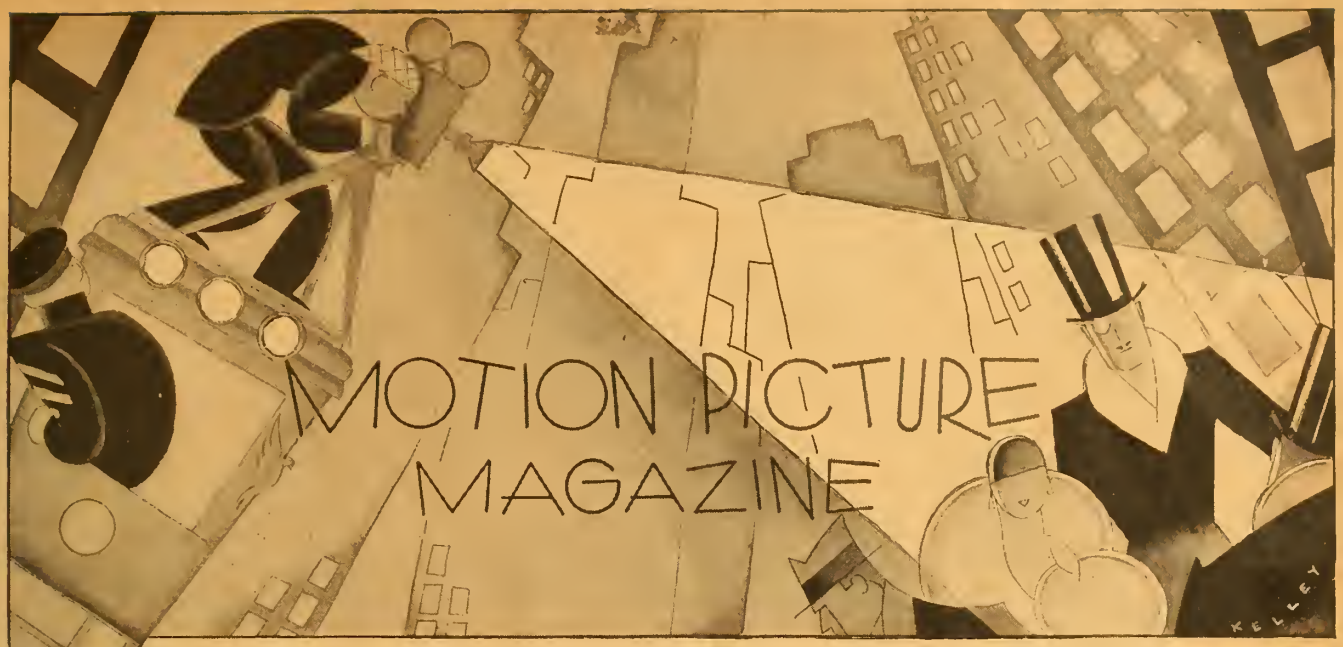

Volume XXXIII, No. 3 APRIL, 1927

From the Galleys of the May Issue

"Screen lovers are blessings to husbands as well as to wives. When a passionate love scene is shown in which a heroine is being crushed to the screen lover, the wife in the audience who thinks that she is neglected, mentally places herself in the position of the heroine.

Clarence Darrow talks fearlessly on the point that the movies are to the married man—and insists that the jazz movies do not begin to depict modern American life.

"You know that kid in your neighborhood who would go up and kick a policeman in the pants if you told him to—and as soon as he had been thrashed for that deed, go right back and kick another policeman in the pants. Well, he's the character I want to do in my next story," says Harold Lloyd in one of the best stories ever written about him—in which he is portrayed as is, with no fancy frills.

"You are a cat or bird or a lion or a deep sea fish. Human beings not only resemble animals but they partake of their qualities."

This is a new theory. Hollywood's [illegible] over it. Many of the stars [illegible].

...re Magazine is ...monthly ...ture Publications, Inc., at 1140 ..., Jamaica, New York. Executive ...field Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Entered ... class matter at Post Office at ..., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. ... Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. ..., Vice-Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Secy. ... U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines, $2.50 a year in advance. Canada, $3.00 ... countries, $3.50.

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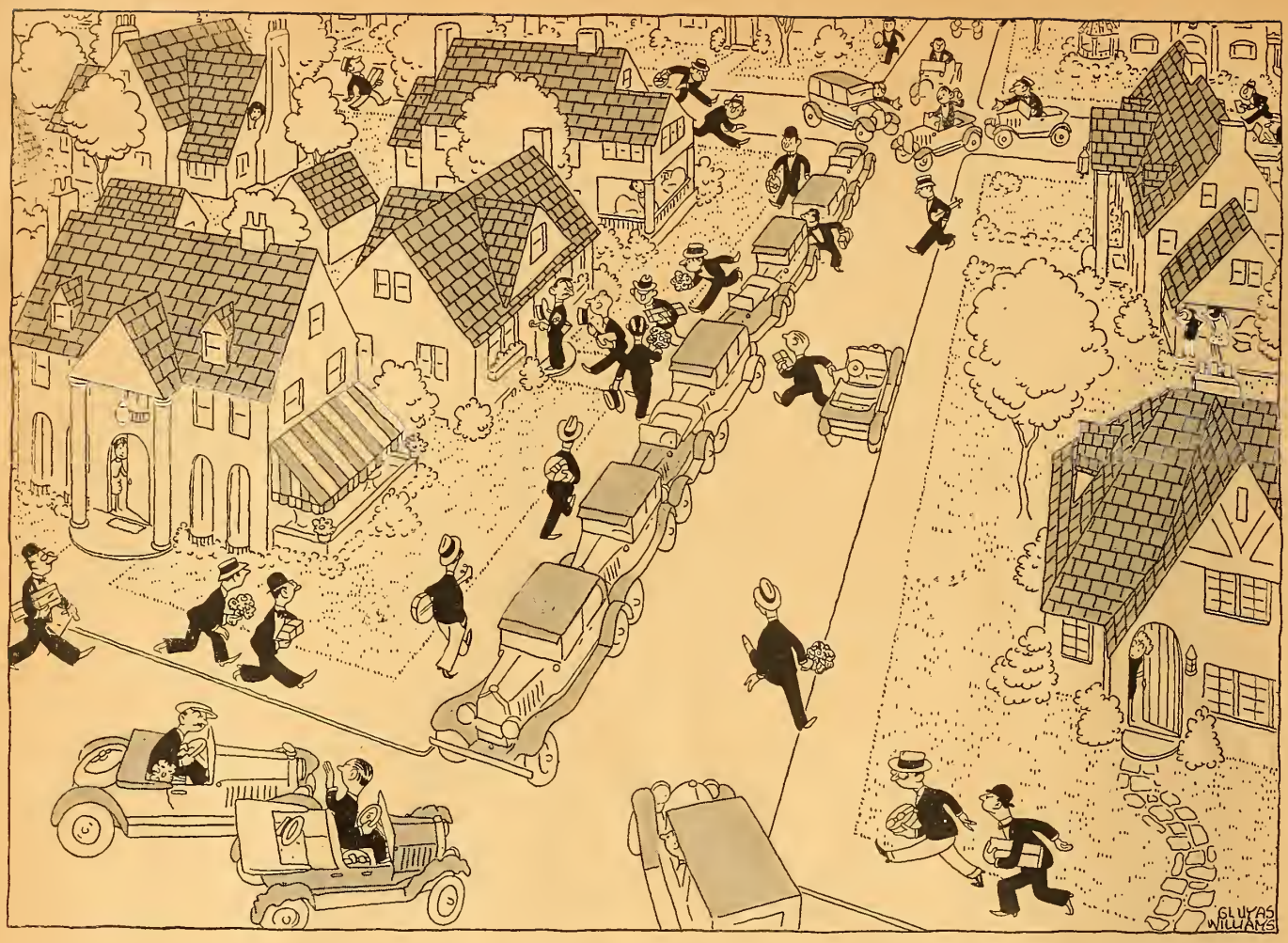

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SHE wasn't beautiful. Nor college bred. Nor wealthy. Yet everybody liked her—from the butcher boy to the bank president. She had more suitors than any other girl in town. For she knew how to smile—her laugh was as contagious as the measles!

If you want people to like *you*, smile more. Laugh more. See one of *Educational's Comedies* once or twice a week and treat yourself to a whole flock of laughs. You'll be so bubbling over with good nature that your friends will think you've discovered a diamond mine. And you *have!*

You don't have to try to laugh at *Educational's Comedies*. You can't help it. You'll find yourself laughing just as you did when you were a child, naturally and easily. You'll look younger, feel younger, act younger.

Educational's Comedies lead the field. For clean, wholesome fun they are unequalled. That's why they are featured by the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. And why they draw millions of patrons in this country alone—every day.

Educational's supremacy in the Short Subject field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. These, no less than the mirth-provoking comedies, have earned for *Educational Pictures* the right to be called "The Spice of the Program."

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Motion Picture
MAGAZINE

April, 1927

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, *Editor* COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director*

Major George K. Shuler

OUR POLICY

By

MAJOR GEORGE KENT SHULER
Publisher

WE aim to make each number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE better than the preceding one. In the columns of our publication we are going to be the medium thru which our readers will be kept informed of what is taking place in the motion picture industry. We will be up to the minute in our reviews and will reflect carefully and impartially our opinions of current films and all events pertaining to the screen. We intend to keep the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in its place as the first and foremost of its kind. The movies today reflect a cross-section of life. They are the world's most active industry; they are the world's most human industry. They employ the world's greatest actors, writers, artists and creators. They are the greatest force for the entertainment of all mankind, since they speak a universal language. As such they need our magazine to contribute toward their expression. Our policy is based on these three ideas: Squareness, Firmness and Service.

The
Hotel Bellevue

at
Beacon Street
on
Beacon Hill

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Particularly accessible, being beside the State House and Boston Common and near transportation terminals, theatres and the financial and shopping districts. A new addition of 100 rooms, each with bath, makes a total of 350 rooms.

You will enjoy the old Boston atmosphere, the luxurious appointments and particularly fine service

WHAT REMAINS UNTOUCHED

This eloquent cartoon is reproduced here thru the courtesy of the New York "World," in which it originally appeared. We publish it because it so perfectly illustrates the sentiments expressed by hundreds of our readers

In Defence of the Little Man with the Derby

SINCE the Lita Gray-Charlie Chaplin marital affairs have been aired in the newspapers frequently with very bad taste, we have received hundreds and hundreds of letters from our readers urging us to take a stand against Charlie's films being barred from the screen. And it does seem as if the man should be disassociated from the artist. It would be impossible to print excerpts from all of the letters, but below is one which pretty well reflects the others.

Dear Editor:

Why all this talk about denying to the motion picture screen the Charlie Chaplin films merely because he and his wife are having differences which are disgustingly reported upon in some newspapers? I do not mean to hold any brief for Chaplin as a man if the things said about him are true (but it may be that they are not true at all or only partly true), but it does not seem to me and the people with whom I have talked about the matter that this has anything to do with him as an artist.

There may be some adult individuals here and there who have been so revolted by some of the newspaper talk that they can no longer disassociate Charles Spencer Chaplin from the little man who flips about the screen. That is quite reasonable to suppose. And people feeling this way are not called upon to witness Chaplin upon the screen.

But it does seem to me this is a personal matter which every individual must decide for himself. And certainly, if the majority of people feel this way, exhibitors will soon find it out and stop playing Chaplin pictures. I cannot see that a few groups of women here and there have any need to make decisions for their entire neighborhoods.

He has given the world such hearty laughter. He is beloved by the children . . . not as the tired, jaded actor in the fur-lined coat, but as the wistful little man in the full trousers, derby hat, askew tie and huge shoes. I can remember the shrieks and peals of laughter that have resounded within the walls of our neighborhood movie house every time one of his pictures has been shown. I know how the kiddies have always looked forward to a Chaplin matinée which the theater owner runs every now and then. And remembering this, I cannot bear to feel that it will be no more.

I hope you will publish this letter in your magazine.

A constant reader,
M. F. R.
New York City, New York.

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Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

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Send Coupon!

The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of "Physical Voice Culture"—a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 12-64
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Stammering*
☐ *Singing* ☐ *Speaking*

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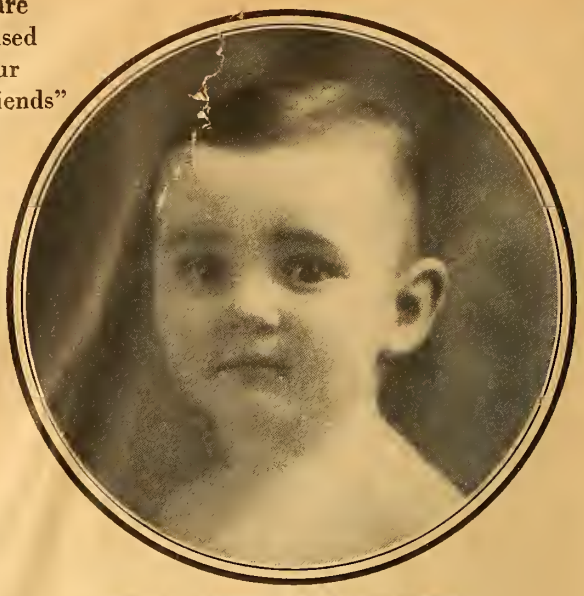

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The baby takes his food eagerly with apparent relish and retains every feeding.

The baby is comfortable and happy between feedings; his day naps are restful and his sleep at night natural in every respect.

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Such a baby is a most delightful member of the household and his splendid condition is due to good parentage, sensible care and food that is exactly adapted to his needs.

Mellin's Food and milk will furnish the food he likes as well as the food that will nourish every part of his wonderfully constructed body.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed

E. R. Richee

BEBE DANIELS

Do you remember when Bebe was the baddest, boldest siren of them all? Vamps went out with the pug-dog, but Bebe didn't let that stop her career. She changed her style to fit the times, and now wears the comédienne's crown. "A Kiss in the Taxi" is her next

George P. Hommel

BETTY BRONSON

Betty's mother chaperons all her screen kisses, and she's going to have some busy days on the set during the filming of "Ritzy." Elinor Glyn, who wrote the story, is determined to bring out the woman in Betty, and she ought to be able to do it if anyone can. This union of La Glyn and Peter Pan should result in something intriguing, even if hybrid

E. R. Richee

CLIVE BROOK

The day of the caveman is past, it seems. The growing popularity of Clive Brook proves that gentlemen are preferred. Clive is the type that can enter a drawing-room without tripping and act a whole dramatic scene with one eyebrow. He is Pola Negri's hero in "Barbed Wire"

GARDNER JAMES

In the past year Gardner has won a starring contract, a clever wife, and considerable notoriety of the better sort. It all started with his insidious performance in "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." Since that triumph, Gardner's vice has been too much acting. But we predict that he'll be great when he gets so he can take it or leave it alone. He will star in "Quality"

IRENE RICH

Her next picture is entitled "Dont Tell the Wife." Irene insists, and perhaps wisely, on playing the door-mat for endless movie families to walk upon. It takes genius to be a neglected wife and make the fans love it

Rayhuff-Richter

LEATRICE JOY

Leatrice's ambition is to lead the field of light comédiennes. But she still values her reputation as one of the screen's best-dressed women. And just so the fans wont be without a guide in choosing their Easter finery, she's made a fashion picture called "Vanity"

Melbourne Spurr

VILMA BANKY

The lovely Vilma is looking for a husband, she says. But does that seem to you like "Come hither!" in her eye? Something in this pose makes us suspect that Vilma is hard to please. Playing so much with Ronald Colman must have spoiled her. They appear together again in "King Harlequin"

Love Scenes That Have

The little blind bow boy sometimes busies himself in the studios

It wasn't any special scene that brought Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd to their "Will you marry me?" and "I will!" It was the result of all the love scenes they played together

The scene on the river bank and subsequent love scenes in "The Volga Boatman" cast the spell on Elinor Fair and William Boyd, at the top of the page

"CAMERA!" cries the director.

The leading man and the leading woman come slowly thru the glass doors to the terraced garden and pause by a fountain where more or less natural roses droop and nod.

"I love you!" he vows, while the battery of lights play on them, the little black box grinds, a corps of carpenters hammer on the next set, and a minor player entertains a quartet of friends just out of camera range.

The last setting in the world for real romance, you think, as they separate to powder a nose and brush a mustache, respectively. . . . Yet Alan Hale is authority for the statement that love scenes before the camera are Cupid's greatest aids!

Alan Hale played *Edward* to Gretchen Hartmann's *Elizabeth,* in "Cricket on the Hearth," some years ago. They had not met before the first day's shooting. There were several love scenes, culminating in his proposal to the sixteen-year-old girl.

"Won't you marry me?" he pleaded, as directed, and added in an undertone, "That goes when we get off the set, too!"

"Yes," replied Gretchen, shyly, and repeated the "yes" a little later behind one of the big Kleig lights. Today a small Allan and Karen say "Daddy" and "Mother" to the two who found love in a love scene.

After Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon played together in "Men of Steel," the bridal veil and wedding ring were inevitable

Just a year ago, Elinor Fair and William Boyd, who had not even heard of each other before they were cast in "The Volga Boatman," went on location in that

Back in the old Biograph days, Dorothy Davenport was more important than Wally Reid. But after a few pictures together, Wally found his courage and made his declaration while the cameras were grinding

Come True — *By* Alice Tildesley

Stories of those players who found their love in love scenes

The combination of desert dawns and desert moonlight, when Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell played in "Son of the Sahara," worked magic

picture. They played the scene by the river bank where the princess meets the boatman and then the sun disappeared, as the sun has a habit of doing at critical moments. The princess and the boatman, who had passed a careless week in one another's company without getting farther than the "kidding" stage, sat down on the river brink. The spell of the scene was on them. They slipped into their first serious conversation and talked about life and—ultimately—love.

It was their last day on location, but when they boarded the train for Hollywood they knew, even tho they didn't tell, that their feet were set on the path that leads to the altar.

Have no doubt about the thrilling reality of the love scenes between Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen when you see them in "Wings." They were not playing at being an engaged couple. They were an engaged couple. And the engagement ring Joby wore had been slipped upon her proper finger by Dick when there wasn't a camera or director within miles and miles of them.

In the "Old Biograph" days, Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport played many love scenes together. Dorothy was the important one then, and Wally thought himself daring when he proposed to her. It happened between the scenes they used to shoot so quickly. Wally was running down a flight of stairs with the villain pursuing him, Dorothy wringing her hands at the top. Just before he started down, Wally

(*Continued on page* 105)

P. & A.

P. & A.

"Cupid's Round-Up" was the appropriate name of the film that rounded up Victoria Forde and Tom Mix at the hymeneal altar. The picture at the top of the page was taken recently when Victoria and Tom went to San Francisco on a few days' shopping expedition

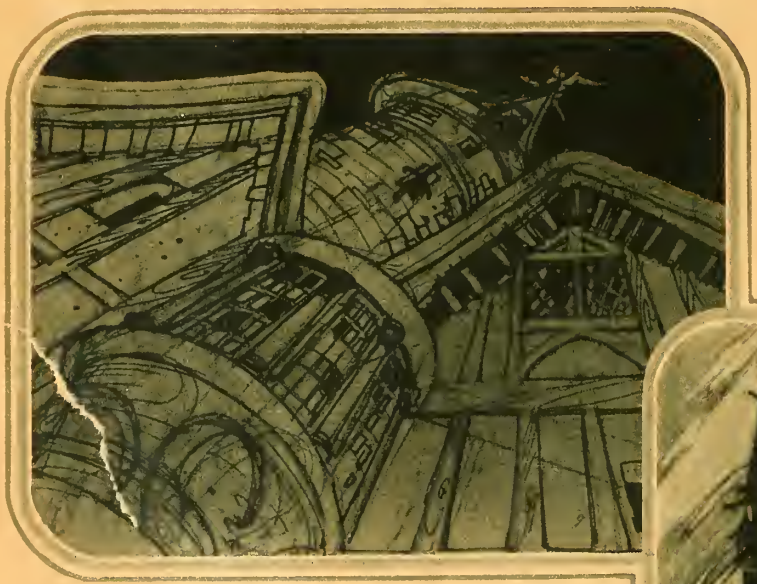
Sometimes the little blind boy hits the wrong people with his potent arrow and there is misery instead of happiness. It was during the filming of "The Gold Rush" that Lita Gray and Charlie Chaplin fell in love. Then Charlie took the scenes over again with Georgia Hale. Lita had become Mrs. Chaplin. Alas for those love scenes

When you see Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen play an engaged couple in "Wings," you can be sure of the realism of the love scenes. For Joby was really wearing an engagement ring which Dick had put upon the proper finger when there was no camera within miles of them

In "The Beloved Rogue," John Barrymore's next picture, we have the story of François Villon, that romantic figure of old Paris. . . . Villon was a little mad . . . so William Cameron Menzies designed the scenes for this production, as he thinks it likely Villon himself saw them

Paris Thru

As William Cameron Menzies, Scenic Designer



On the left is what Mr. Menzies calls a worm's eye view of the Paris houses

A Paris street scene, showing the fantastic roofs

There will be no need for the new experiments in camera angles in the filming of this picture . . . for the curious angles are supplied by the sets themselves
Above is the tavern of "The Over-ripe Grape," showing the King's provision wagon, just before it is stolen by Villon

Villon's Eyes

for "The Beloved Rogue," Presents It

On the right is the exterior of the Pine Cone Inn, where Thibauld D'Aussigny and Catherine de Vauxcelles stop

Another view of a Paris street . . . as it is believed it appeared to Villon's crazy brain

Hugh Walpole might well have been quoting her when he wrote

"It is not life that matters, but the courage one brings to it"

THE NEGRI LEGEND

A new view of Pola Negri written by one who really knows her

By
HELEN CARLISLE

In "Hotel Imperial" you see a world figure who, having suffered much, having learned much, can with her great gift of artistry, portray the soul of Woman. The impression of Pola on the left was done by Cerline Boll. And above are Pola and James Hall in "Hotel Imperial"

THE Negri Legend. It had its birth one night, before the star had even reached this country. One can point exactly to the hour. One of the first foreign films to reach Los Angeles was the German-made production, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It has been received enthusiastically by the critics of New York. The film was shipped West, and one night was to be given its local première in a Los Angeles motion picture theater. The local actors, directors and producers were to have an opportunity to view this extraordinary offering from the German studios.

That night the most disgraceful riot occurred outside and even in the theater. A mob of brawling men, extras all of them, and believe me you can find the lowest types of humanity in the extra crowds, vagrants, thieves, the scroff of the underworld, stormed the theater where "Caligari" was to be shown. Themselves knowing allegiance to no country, violating every law of common decency, they sent out the shout: "We dont want any foreign pictures here, or any foreign movie actors. Tear down the theater! Burn the film!" The police were called to disperse the mob.

Now, these men weren't actors in any sense of the word. They, many of them at least were vicious and lawless creatures, who not infrequently could elude the police on proof that they had "worked" even one day in a local studio mob.

Yet the sob-sisters on the newspapers took up their cry. The Danger of a Foreign Invasion. What might it not lead to? Foreign films. Foreign actors. *Foreign.* The word became an epithet.

The Negri Legend was born that night in Los Angeles. Pola Negri was coming to Los Angeles to work for Famous Players Lasky. *A foreigner.*

Again in "Barbed Wire," Pola Negri proves herself one of our few great screen artists. It would seem that Pola is to match the European pictures in which we first knew her, after appearing in countless poor American-made productions. With her in this scene from "Barbed Wire" are Einar Hansen and Claude Gillingwater

She wouldn't be like us. She'd do things we wouldn't do. Foreign women weren't like our women. She'd be different. Wait and see. Watch! Watch! *Foreign.*

Bristling with antagonism, Hollywood did watch, angry, sullen, resentful. The writers watched, prejudiced against Pola Negri, and soon after she came among us story after story swirled across the country, adding to the Negri Legend.

Pola didn't like cats! What right had Pola Negri not to like our nice American cats? (I speak of the animal kingdom.) Pola and Gloria hated each other. Oh, the stories of Pola and Gloria! These two women have told me, and evidently with great sincerity, that they would like to be friends. But thru the Negri Legend they have been set before the public as hating each other. As being jealous of each other. How now can either be the first to extend the hand of friendship?

Pola's pictures were released, one after another. In no way, unless we except "Forbidden Paradise," measur-

(*Continued on page 97*)

Dishabille

An interesting camera study of Olive Borden in her dressing-room at the Fox Studios in California, where she changes her personality to whatever her rôle demands

CAMERA ANGLES

Jimmie Cruze is to direct the screen version of "Louie XIV," and by a little trick camera stuff he might show how life looked to that merry monarch most of the time

In "The Circus," Charlie Chaplin might show us how the audience looks to a bareback rider as his horse gallops round the ring

Then in "The Wedding March," von Stroheim could give us a worm's impression of marching soldiers by photographing them thru a glass-topped camera pit

This would have made an interesting shot of Ricardo Cortez and Lois Wilson in one of the scenes from the film, "New York." They are the third and fourth black spots from the left

The German films have caused our directors to become excited over the odd effects to be obtained by photographing scenes from unusual angles . . . moving the camera around as if it were the actor's eye, etc. We submit some experiments that might be made along these lines. —KEN CHAMBERLAIN

"Nothing too good for you!" said Downing. "I told Ito I wanted the best of everything tonight"

The Girl With One Dress

An absorbing serial by the author of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Golden Butterfly," and other popular novels

By A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig

IT was like a set for a motion picture, waiting for director and actors to arrive and wake it up; so perfect, so utterly quiet and deserted the house was.

The surroundings were ideal; a garden planned in Spanish style, leading out from a patio that was enclosed only on three sides, leaving the fourth open, with a vista of fountains and palms. The sea was so near that the sound of the surf sang thru the open windows, and sent a salt breeze to wave the curtains.

But there was no other sound. And nothing moved but those blue folds of filmy silk that looked like illuminated water in the moonlight.

Strange, that such a house should be deserted, yet left open to any passer-by; and stranger still that in the dining-room, whose pale paneled walls the moonbeams touched with silver fingers, the round table should be laid for a dainty meal. Flowers were scattered with careful carelessness over a lacy cloth; yellow roses and blue corn-flowers. Spoons and forks, candlesticks, and a flower bowl in the center, were of gold plate. Crystal, delicate as frostwork, flashed out a gleam now and then when the blowing curtains let in a ray of light. On the sideboard was a dish of strawberries like piled rubies. A gold-plated ice pail showed the top of a champagne bottle. Everything was prepared for a feast, but there were no guests, no hosts, no servants. The little white kitchen was as empty and silent as the dining-room and the big hall-living room with its many book-cases, its gilded Spanish chairs, and tables decorated with fresh flowers. The same with the bedrooms, across the patio, and the two or three snow-white baths; all doors and windows were open; in the most luxurious of three rooms, an elaborately embroidered orchid tinted kimono lay across the turned-down, lace-covered bed, and underneath a pair of gold and silver slippers peeped out.

It was like a ghost house, or a house in a dream. And then, when movement did begin, the place became more ghostly than before. Two shadows moved thru the dusk together. Had curious eyes peeped thru a window, it would have been impossible to tell whether the shadowy pair were a man and a woman, or two men. They glided from one room to another. But in the bedroom of the kimono, and again in the dining-room, they paused for some moments. One shadow pointed to the turned-down bed, the elaborate dressing-gown and slippers fit for Cinderella, and having pointed, flung out both arms in an odd gesture, as if disclaiming responsibility. The second shadow threw back its head and seemed to laugh, tho no sound of laughter could have reached the stealthiest listener at a window.

It was after this visit to the bedroom that the shadows flitted to the dining-room, and there lingered.

They seemed to have some important business which had to be done between them, yet they were so quiet, so unhurried, that it appeared but the business of a dream.

When it was finished, they passed into the patio, from there into the garden, keeping under shadows of trees, and then somewhat more hastily at last, moved to a side gate arched into the pinkish-golden stucco of the wall. Outside, one shadow was quickly gone, and wondering whither it had vanished, a watcher would have lost sight of its companion.

A dark limousine came racing along the moon-bleached road from Hollywood, with a man and a girl in it. He stopped the car on a slight hill overlooking the sea.

"What did I tell you about this view, you little darling?" he exclaimed.

"You're not to call me that!" said the girl. "It *is* a heavenly view. But unless you promise and vow to be very, very good, I'll jump out this minute and walk home."

"You'd have *some* walk!" he chuckled. "But it's all right. Just a bit of nature, exuberance on my part. Joy at the thought of you being my guest, you baby child! After all my

A. M. Williamson

Are You Clever at Solving Mysteries?

There is nothing like a good mystery story for entertainment. No wonder our biggest men and greatest statesmen frequently admit their preference for this fiction.

Here is the best story of the kind we have read in years.

And not the least intriguing part of such reading is the challenge to the reader to solve the plot before the author lets the cat out of the bag.

THE EDITOR

The girl could not speak. Even her first gasp of surprise was stilled on its way to her lungs, for she was looking into the face of Irma Rimaldi, Oswald Downing's wife

coaxing you're going to dine under my roof. And speaking of the roof, there it is! Look, just at the top of this hill, nestling among all those trees. Now I'm going to show you a neat trick. Watch the windows that you can see over the garden wall."

As he spoke, the man "honked" the horn of his car, in a peculiar way, and almost instantly the windows lit up. A lovely radiance streamed thru the semi-transparent blue curtains, with patches of soft, blurred colors—purple and rose—that were the shades of electric lamps, faintly showing thru.

"Good little Ito, or anyhow, *faithful* little Ito! Altho he is my wife's pet servant, not mine. He's her slave!" said the man. "The fellow looks like a monkey or a devil, but he's always on the spot! Now he's had my signal to light up, and he has obeyed it, he'll trot out and open the gate for me to slip in."

The gate was already open, but the master of the house did not know that. He drove his car round the slight turn of the road, proud that his evening's entertainment promised to begin so well. As he brought up before the low-built house, the door opened. A grave-faced Japanese in the costume of his country stood on the threshold, and bowed once. Then he stepped aside, without seeming even to have glanced at his master's companion, tho she was a beautiful girl whom men did look at with an almost startled interest. She fancied, as she passed him to enter the large living-room hall, that there was something unhuman about that round, masklike brown face, and trim, stiff figure. Ito was a bronze statue come alive, the girl told herself; and not vividly alive at that!

"He might be any age between thirty-five and a hundred," she thought.

The Japanese took her cloak from her. She had been about to ask if she might go to a room and leave the wrap; but it didn't matter! They had come here from Hollywood in a limousine, and her hair wasn't much blown about. Pausing in front of a long mirror, to pat the bobbed, brown-gold waves, and to see if powder or lipstick were needed, the girl could not find much amiss with her appearance.

Her silver frock and shoes to match, were perfection. But what would Oswald Downing, millionaire, think if she told him these were the last nice things she possessed? Soon—if she stayed in the cruel old world—if she didn't just *kill* herself in sheer despair!—she would be known at her hotel as "The Girl With One Dress." And then she'd be turned out, "broke to the wide!"

What would happen after that, she couldn't prophesy. Oh, assuredly this man was her one hope! She had been right to accept this invitation of his, after refusing others on various excuses that grew stale. Other girls did these things and ran big risks for big stakes. *Had* to be done, they all told her! It was the game. She could take care of herself, she was sure; besides, she's never heard that Oswald Downing had a particularly lurid "sheik" reputation. Such flirtations as he had, he hid well.

While she stood patting the waved bronze gold of her hair, and smoothing the sheath of silver tissue over her slim young body, Downing had left her al[illegible] for a moment, following Ito for a short private c[illegible]. He strolled back in a minute, however, and stood

She was innocent of his death . . .
But who would believe that . . .
He was a man of influence . . .
She was an unknown . . .
And her very presence in that house accused her . . .

a delighted grin at Jolette Jeffreys, as if she were some charming ornament he had purchased, and had just brought home to decorate his drawing-room.

"Ito says dinner is served," he announced. "Let me take you into the dining-room."

He slid a fat arm around her waist, but she twisted free. "Dont take me in *that* way!" She tried to laugh, and not seem too prudish. But she must be careful here at night, in this man's country house where she would never have consented to come alone with him if her case hadn't been desperate. She simply *couldn't* stand being "pawed" by that stout, middle-aged man, whose red, self-indulgent face was growing jowly, and whose dark hair had receded [illegible] the forehead was almost absurdly high.

Yet, on the other hand, she couldn't afford to offend a millionaire, who had a "big say" in Perfection pictures, which he partly financed, and could easily secure at least a small part for any good-looking girl he favored.

"Not too cold, not too coy," she advised herself. But Downing—in the presence of Ito now—was behaving well. For the moment there was nothing to fear. When her host had placed her at the table, however, he sat by her side, instead of opposite, and even pushed closer to hers, the knives and forks which Ito had arranged.

Then after cocktails and caviar sandwiches, an exquisite Russian borsch was served; red, with snowy splashes of whipped cream on top. As they ate, the man's plump knee pressed against the girl's slim one.

Jolette drew away gently, and talked about the decorations of the table.

"Nothing too good for you!" said Downing. "I told Ito I wanted things perfect, the best of everything tonight."

The dinner went on, and Jolette sipped a little of the chilled champagne. She was so frightened, for she had often heard of girls coming to dinner in lonely places with men, and having too much champagne pressed upon them. She *must* keep her head, and be cool and calculating!

"Let's talk about what I *came* to talk about, please, Mr. Downing," the girl reminded him, gaily. "I musn't stay too long, you know! Already I'm not very popular at my little hotel. If I take to keeping them up late, well, it will be 'good night' for poor Jolette!"

"Pretty name, Jolette," remarked Downing, whose voice had thickened slightly. He had drunk three

(*Continued on page* 117)

A Sunday

All photographs by Russell Ball

A rambly country house atop a high, high hill . . . a gray house, unpretentious . . . a wide front porch of the old school . . . A small figure clad in knickers and high boots and sweater . . . a tiny felt hat crushed down on dark hair . . . An English sheep dog galumphing about . . . a chow with bearlike mien. The Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray at home

A RAMBLY country house atop a high, high hill . . . a view of the lordly Hudson where he widens most majestica'ly . . . a sense of being up among the clouds . . . rolling green lawns . . . long shafts of wintry sun. . . .

A gray house, comfy, unpretentious . . . a wide front porch of the old school . . . toys strewn there . . . a child's velocipede . . . a kiddie car . . . an animal or two, grotesquely askew. . . .

An English sheep dog galumphing about . . . looking for all the world like *Nanna* in "Peter Pan" . . . three chows with bearlike mien and tawny coats . . . the voices of children coming thru an opened window. . . .

A small figure at the front porch . . . clad in knickers and high boots and sweater . . . a tiny felt hat crushed down on dark curled hair, shoulder-length . . . a lounging little figure . . . at home . . . the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray. . . .

A living-room, huge and rambling . . . a room that once was many small rooms, after the fashion of a hundred years ago . . . the walls are charming in old English chintz paper . . . the[illegible]re prints on the wall . . . one or two photogra[illegible]Gloria in rôles of some years ago . . . hug[illegible]e in

Afternoon With "Mrs." Falaise

And Henry and the Children

By
FAITH SERVICE

vivid chintzes . . . smoking tables . . . dull green woodwork . . . an emerald-green silk merely framing the windows . . . emerald-green piped with tangerine . . . books . . . books *not* in sets . . . magazines . . . the Sunday papers strewn about the floor and dropping from the chairs . . . just like your Sunday papers or mine. . . .

A comfortable-looking lady, jolly and young. . . . "My mother . . ." The Marquise does not resemble her mother. She must "take after" the paternal side of the family, for she does resemble "Uncle Charlie," who, by the way, was in Alaska when Gloria was born and dreamed one night that his brother's wife had had a little girl . . . the next day he received a wire narrating the advent of Gloria . . . psychic.

Gloria says, "Henry is building a log cabin in the woods . . . he spends most of his spare time there . . . I thought we'd walk down if you can manage in high heels . . . Henry and Uncle Charlie are building it and they are inordinately proud of their handiwork . . . perhaps, first, you'd like to see the children. . . ."

"Oh, yes. . . ."

A short cut from the side door of the main house to the little cottage across a strip of green . . . a big room, full of dolls . . . a wide sleeping porch with twin beds and painted dressers and painted chairs and table . . . very simple, very sensible . . . two tiny tots rousing from their naps. . . . Brother is still in bed gravely contemplating the Wake-Up World before adventuring into it . . . the little Gloria, clad in a pink and blue striped quilted robe, greets us prettily . . . the first impression comes to you . . . her eyes . . . her eyes are exact replicas of her mother's eyes . . . what good fairy-folk must have been there . . . her hair is sunny-fair . . . two

(*Continued on page* 110)

Russell Ball

The Marquis said: "We'll have a holiday and leave all business people behind . . . everything connected with it . . . and you'll be plain 'Mrs.' Falaise." And Gloria answered: "Ah, I'd like that . . ."

Scores of interviews with Gloria Swanson . . . all of them presenting her as the actress . . . all of them taking place either at the studios or at some fashionable hotel.

This is not such a story. It is more of a word picture than an interview and it tells not of the publicized Gloria Swanson, but of the woman that her husband and her children and the other members of her household are privileged to know.

A. W. F.

Why Beauty Winners

There is waitress Angeles who was winner home

Lois Wilson, one of the few beauty winners who have made good, thinks most of the girls fail because they think beauty is all that is needed. And she is certain that there is no beauty path to screen glory

Chidnoff

Norma Talmadge brought Margaret Leahy to America when she won a beauty contest which Norma sponsored in a British newspaper. Miss Leahy played in a picture with Buster Keaton. But who has heard of her since?

Hesser

"Winning a beauty contest," according to Gertrude Olmsted, "did nothing but give me the opportunity to work hard"

Louise

STANDING out like beacon lights in practically every city, town and hamlet in these United States is a group of girls who have won renown, local or otherwise, as winners of beauty contests.

America, one may truthfully say, has gone beauty-contest mad. From Maine to Florida, from New York to San Francisco, one finds a round of such contests running almost continually, but, flourishing mostly in the season of one-piece bathing suits. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of girls are chosen as the most beautiful in their locality. The climax of the year is the big contest at Atlantic City where America's beauty queen is crowned.

Judging from a survey of the statements of these girls in the public press, the majority of them have an eagle eye on the screen, and hope to find their sphere in the world of the motion picture.

Scores of contests have been held in the past with the sole idea of making the winners screen stars. Hundreds of the winners of these various contests have wended their cheerful way to Hollywood expecting to be welcomed with open arms and placed upon the pinnacle of fame.

What has been the result?

There is many a waitress today in Los Angeles who was a beauty-contest winner in her home town. Many a girl who

Fail in the Movies

many a beauty in Los today in her town

By HAROLD HALL

Mary Astor won honorable mention in a beauty contest. But she buckled down and eventually by real sacrifice reached success

Mary Philbin won a beauty contest . . . but she also had a gift for acting. She had acted in front of her mirror hour after hour, hoping that some day her chance would come. She knew she had the ability and she wanted to be ready

Chidnoff

journeyed to the movie city of her dreams with heart a-flutter and hopes running high, has borrowed sufficient money to pay her car-fare back home where, if she is wise, she forgets it, and if not, lives with a heart filled with disillusion.

The great American public demands beauty in its screen stars. The producers, with ears close to the ground, demand it, too.

Then, why do our beauty-contest winners fail to land in pictures? Why do these girls who are exceedingly beautiful fail to make the grade?

Of the hundreds of beauty-contest winners or near winners there are only a few that can be named who have made their mark in motion pictures. Two of these were not first-prize winners in their contests.

Even among those who have won first honors at Atlantic City, none has made good. Fay Lamphier, winner in 1925, had perhaps the finest opportunity for success, but after her appearance in "The American Venus" she faded from the picture completely.

There must be a reason for this.

(*Continued on page* 114)

Even those who have won first honors at the big Atlantic City pageant have not made good. Fay Lamphier, the winner in 1925, had perhaps the finest opportunity for success. But after her appearance in "The American Venus," she faded from the picture completely

"It is a pity to get things too quickly. I hope to God I keep my enthusiasms and my appreciations. You know, ninety per cent. of life is lived in the heart—after that nothing matters"

Ruth Harriet Louise

Three varied portraits of John Gilbert, reading up and to the right, as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow"; Cock-Robin, a barker in "The Show"; and as Bardelys in "Bardelys the Magnificent"

We Interview

A Playlet in One Act

The Cast

A Movie Matinée Idol plus a Mind.....John Gilbert
We.....Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
A Press-Agent as Attractive as Any Star...Hugh Voight
The Noblest Roman of Them All....Watkins, let us say
Others: Hotel attendants, waiters, taxi drivers, *et cetera*.

SCENE I.—The main entrance and lobby of the Hotel Ambassador, New York City, hostelry in extraordinary to commuting stars.

As the curtain rises, Adele Whitely Fletcher approaches said hostelry on her number nines and Gladys Hall, simultaneously, springs agilely from a cut-rate taxi-cab.

Recognition is instantaneous—as why not?

GLADYS HALL *(who manages to have the fare* and *tip in change when she travels alone)*: What, walking, my good friend?

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER *(borrowing the martyred tone for the moment)*: I cannot afford to ride in taxi-cabs. . . .

G. H. *(with a scrutinizing look)*: Ah, a fresh marcel . . . a manicure . . . a facial . . . and so, you've just come from the rigorous regimen of the Ritz Beauty Emporium . . . I thought as much . . . how very sad! Jack Gilbert in mind, I suppose . . . *ma pauvre femme* . . . have you forgotten the Garden of Fair Women in which the darling of the gods has so lately wandered . . . Renée Adorée . . . Mae Murray . . . Eleanor Boardman . . . Lillian Gish . . . not to mention the Garbo. . . .

A. W. F. *(sarcastically)*: Another talent discovered . . . a detective, among other and greater things. . . .

G. H. *(sadly)*: No, just a philosopher . . . one who does not try to catch the stars with . . . if you'll pardon me . . . a *fish-net* . . . however, I wish that I might enumerate your talents to the doorman here and call you a good manager to top the list. But alas! You should know from our last experience that John Gilbert (then flippantly called Jack) does not mean a luncheon appointment when he sets the witching hour for twelve, midday. He breakfasts at eleven-thirty, approximately, and twelve is between meals, if you get me. . . .

A. W. F. *(striking a militant attitude so that the lobby-loungers shrink and grab their purses)*: As I have told you before, with embellished assurances and reassurances, *we are lunching with John Gilbert.* It may be that Mr. Gilbert *is* breakfasting—but what is that to you—or me? Did you expect to share his plate with him?

MR. VOIGHT *(approaching the acrimonious arrivals just in time to prevent a crowd from gathering)*: Good morning, Miss Hall. Good morning, Miss Fletcher. I've just been up-stairs with Mr. Gilbert. This is the earliest he has been up since he arrived in New York.

G. H. *(mumbling)*: Holy Cat, he'll hate us for *this!*

MR. VOIGHT *(politely disregarding the embarrassing propensity of Miss Hall for talking to herself)*: Would you rather lunch up-stairs in his suite or shall he come down?

A. W. F. *(giving G. H. a look of victory)*: It doesn't m[illegible] doesn't matter at all so long as we . . . er

"Whatever love is a fever disease there's nothing like it. Life is flat and stale without it and completely glorious with it. To live with tolerance. That is, or should be, the thing. It isn't done often"

John Gilbert

and Three Scenes

. . . so long as . . .

MR. VOIGHT *(solicitously):* What do you say, Miss Fletcher?

A. W. F. *(flashingly):* Oh, nothing, Mr. Voight, nothing . . . I was saying that it doesn't matter at all . . . not at all . . . it doesn't really *matter* where we ea . . . where we *go*. . . .

G. H. *(suavely):* Up-stairs, then, I should say. Oh, yes, up-stairs by all means. It's so much more informal. I adore informality when I'm ea . . . when I'm interviewing . . . so much more . . . well, *substantial* . . . wouldn't *you* say so, Mr. Voight?

MR. VOIGHT *(pleasantly):* Oh, much. Oh, lots. Oh, yes, I should say so!

A. W. F. *(coyly):* Is Mr. Gilbert . . . is Mr. Gilbert . . . I mean, is he *up?*

MR. VOIGHT *(divining the hesitancy of a lady):* Oh, yes, he is waiting for you. It's quite all right.

G. H. *(grimly):* Dont be so hopeful, *'Dell!*

To the left is Jack Gilbert as James Apperson in "The Big Parade." And in the upper left-hand corner of the page as Bezano in "He Who Gets Slapped"

Portrait above taken for this magazine especially by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCENE II.—The living-room of John Gilbert's suite. You know the props. Chintz curtains. Fingers of winter sun pushing them aside. Drift of sky, and sky-scrapers insulting the heavens. The customary damask chairs and glass ash trays and silver (?) services and "planted" etchings and a few books and things. Usual outlay.

WATKINS *(in the valetian tone you would expect):* Mr. Gilbert will be in directly.

G. H. *(blithely):* Well, we've achieved something in our humble way, Adele. We've managed to get a movie star—and *such* a movie star—out of bed before twelve o'clock!

A. W. F. *(disagreeably):* I dont know what you mean by "managed"? Where does the managing come in? To

(*Continued on page* 101)

On the Road With

The Author Explains His Friendship With Novarro

At first thought it would seem there could be little in common between a Mexican devoutly religious and an American devoutly pagan; one a bounding go-getter and the other a descendant of Sitting Bull, who wasn't named that way for his love of work. But Ramon and I have a common camp ground that dates back to the teepee period.

When my ancestors from Ireland followed the Pilgrims to this country, the first thing they did was to set up my ancestors on this side to a round of drinks. One of my ancestors on this side saw right away the future for fire-water in America and, exclaiming "Whoopee!" traded my Irish ancestor the two Dakotas for a bottle of Irish whiskey. When you consider what that bottle would be worth today, you can see what a shrewd, far-seeing Indian my ancestor was. Unfortunately he took down with a cold immediately and had to drink the bottle at one sitting, thus getting the name of Sitting Bull—his ensuing conversation supplying the idea for the last name.

During the general merriment of the powwow, someone suggested that everybody get married, and my Indian ancestor and my colleen ancestor, the daughter of the first bootlegger to this country, eloped to the nearest Justice of the Peace Pipe, and thus started the great American civilization that resulted in me.

Ramon on visiting the medieval monastery of Certosa was impressed by the simplicity of the monks' lives. He said he felt he would end his days in a monastery. At the top of the page Ramon is seen in the gardens of the Vatican

On the trip back Ramon eschewed all society and stayed in his cabin so he might permit his beard to grow again while he strummed a guitar

Kenneth Alexander

Ramon: *By Herbert Howe*

While my ancestors were getting acquainted in the Dakota teepee, Ramon's ancestors came yachting over from Spain and met his ancestors in Mexico, who belonged to a political party known as Aztecs. Again hands were shaken, and also cocktails. And again old shoes and rice flew thru the air with merry quips.

Still further back, before the Spaniards, Ramon has Greek relatives, while in our family, way back, there are also bootblacks. So you can see by what close ties our respective families are knit.

Personally, I hate to hear people boast of their family connections, but when you're a mixture of bootblacks and redskins, you've got something more to talk about than the bluebloods have.

It's a darned colorful background and serves to explain our roving tendencies which figure in the following chapters.

Blood will tell.—THE AUTHOR.

Ruth Harriet Louise

I have never seen him lose his temper. I saw him knock a fellow in the general direction of Heaven, but he did it with an apologetic grace that partook of courtesy. He wasn't angry, he was regretful

SABBATH in Hollywood, at the twilight hour when chimes are sounding from a thousand cocktail shakers, the door of my teepee opened and there stood Ramon.

"Say, Herb, would you like to go to Italy in the morning?"

Ramon getting in trim for his titular rôle in "The Midshipman." He was elected for this rôle by the officers of Annapolis from a long list of players, and the choice was indorsed by Washington

"Sure," I said soothingly. "But how about skipping over the Himalayas this evening for exercise?"

"I'm going to play *Ben-Hur*."

"So-O!" I blared with a prophet's pride. "They've discovered what the rest of us knew all along, that you alone can win the race for them."

With one hand I ripped the priceless tapestries from the wall, and with the other I telephoned Harry Carr to come over and help pack.

Pershing Enters Plot

FOR some mysterious motive, still a riddle to the police, our departure was ordered in secret. So, disguised as actors, we left from the Pasadena station. To complete the illusion, we both spoke English, albeit with a marked accent. All went well, with no one suspecting our real celebrity, until a telegram arrived from Irving Thalberg, addressed to Ramon Novarro. Thenceforth, we were dressed, and ready to give ourselves up to the police.

Once aboard the *Leviathan*, we felt secure—until General Pershing walked up the gang-plank.

The General Applauds

I HAD been abroad with the General in 1918, and he had caused me a great deal of trouble. He didn't recall my face, but I remembered his distinctly. However, I am not one to accuse another of being upstage. After all, the General and I had not been buddies.

Altho the General did not recognize me, he did Ramon, and gave him a hearty hand at the ship's concert, for which Ramon played some Mexican things, and the General delivered a talk. The receipts were designated for seaman and poor actors. The General said he never had heard of poor actors in the financial sense, at least not poor movie actors, and he wanted his contribution to go intact to the seamen.

NOVARRO—INCOGNITO

Ramon Novarro invariably travels *incognito*. He evades the usual publicity fanfare attending the tours of movie stars. He never appears in the spot-light of "opening nights" and rarely attends social functions.

Few people really know him, for he is by nature, shy and retiring. No one outside of his family knows him as Herbert Howe does, who is the only writer capable of writing this, the first biography of Novarro ever published.

A. W. F.

"Work for results but leave the results with God"

Clarence S. Bull

Upon our return from Italy, Ramon was elected by the officers of Annapolis from a long list of players for the leading rôle in "The Midshipman," produced under Government auspices. The choice was indorsed by Washington, and I wouldn't be surprised if the General put in a good word for Ramon, noting what a good seaman the boy was. (He never missed a meal.)

When Doubles Wont Do

In view of the General's amiability I thought of posting him for guard duty at the door of our cabin. No one under the rank of General could have stemmed the assaults of hero-worshippers. All thru the day and night notes drifted under the door. They came in every scent and shade, and I opened them all impartially. I'll rifle anyone's mail for a laugh, and, besides, I thought there might be quarters enclosed for photographs. I've found, however, that while love for a star may be great, it seldom amounts to a quarter's worth.

There were notes from mamas with dramatic daughters, who wanted to recite sonnets to Ramon. There were invitations to lunch, dinner and champagne suppers, teas and swimming parties in the ship's pool. And there were notes with such lines as "I'm the girl who smiled at you on deck 'A' this morning. . . . I'll be on the boat deck at ten tonight."

Realizing that Ramon couldn't possibly fill all the engagements, I undertook to double for him in night work. I know now the danger of doubling. . . . Especially in close-ups. . . .

The New Religion

We speak loftily of silly fans, having in mind the flappers, but no one is quite immune to the balmy touch of Hollywood's artificial sun. The new religion breeds fanatics among the aged and intellectual as readily as in the ranks of callow youth.

Living in the gray monotone of democracy, in an irreligious time, we have no objects for veneration, yet the will-to-adore remains with us. Romance is not dead, it's just away, and no amount of scoffing can ever kill it. We must have pictorial symbols for the imagination—princes, prelates or movie stars. Of the three, the movie star is capable of satisfying the

(*Continued on page* 86)

Above and to the left is Ramon when he was at work on "The Midshipman." His superb physique is a heritage rather than an acquisition. He has had little time for sports since his childhood, when he engaged in mock bull-fights and the Mexican game of "la bandera"

One time the manager of the Majestic Theater met Ramon on the street. He says he will never forget him. Ramon didn't see him. He was eating a banana and reciting Tasso!

A Dinner Menu From the Conrad Nagels

By

RILLA PAGE PALMBERG

"IF I have an extravagance, it is my home," smiled Conrad Nagel as we sat in the library of his charming Colonial house waiting for Mrs. Nagel, who had gone to look up a number of recipes.

"One of my greatest pleasures is having my friends in to dinner. After dinner we usually go to the projection room (a miniature theater cleverly built into this attractive home) where I run off a picture or two."

The dining-room, like the entire house, is furnished in the grace and refinement of the early Colonial period. It is dignified and entrancing, with walls and rug in a soft Georgian green. There are interesting built-in, open, corner cupboards with the shell design curving gracefully above the shelves, which hold rare treasures in glass and china. The draperies are of English glazed chintz in tones of brown and green. The exquisite Duncan Phyfe table, with Sheraton sideboard, side tables and chairs, is of dull mahogany.

"I am going to give you the menu I used for my last dinner, as two of Conrad's favorites were on the list," said Mrs. Nagel as she joined us. "The punch and chocolate cake," beamed Mr. Nagel. "Both are delicious," he assured me as he excused himself while Mrs. Nagel and I talked "cookery." And these are the recipes she gave me.

A varied assortment of *hors-d'œuvres* are served in the living-room just before dinner. Mr. Nagel's favorites are ripe olives wrapped in bacon and broiled. These are served hot, stuck on the end of a toothpick. Rounds of bread fried in butter and spread with caviar, served hot.

Fruit Cocktail: Mrs. Nagel uses as many as ten different fruits and berries that are in season, altho five or six different varieties will do. Tho the fruits vary, she always adds a few leaves of chopped mint and sweetens to taste.

Roast Squab: Wash squabs in cold salt water. Season well with salt and pepper. Stuff with wild rice that has been boiled until kernels are plump, but not quite done. Bake in an open pan, basting every ten minutes until done. Small ball potatoes, steamed and rolled in melted butter, with small ball apples that have been baked with a few red-cinnamon candies to give color and flavor, are used as a garnish.

Pineapple Salad: Fingers of pineapple heaped with Philadelphia cream cheese are laid upon crisp watercress or lettuce and drenched with French dressing.

Punch: Bring to a boil two cups of sugar and one cup of water. Pour over one cup of chopped mint leaves.

(*Continued on page 99*)

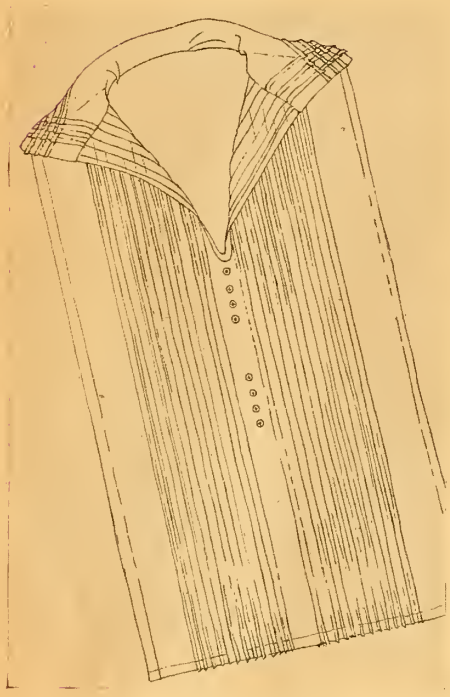
The dining-room, like the entire house, is furnished in the grace and refinement of the early Colonial period. The exquisite Duncan Phyfe table is of dull mahogany

The Nagels entertain at dinner frequently. And this menu has two of Conrad's favorites on it. The chocolate cake and the punch

DINNER MENU

Hors-d'œuvres
Fresh Fruit Cocktail
Clear Soup
Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast
Squab Stuffed with Wild Rice
Summer Squash
Punch
Pineapple Salad
Home-Made Ice-Cream
Chocolate Cake
Demi-Tasse

Shopping Service Instructions on Page 96



Fine quality Georgette vestee with convertible V-neck. In flesh, white and beige. All tucks stitched with silk. Tiny pearl buttons. $3.65

Renée Adorée wears this little French beret of flannel. For all sports, and for both girls and boys. In navy blue, light blue, beige and red, $1.90. (Send measurement of head with order)

A dainty, washable set of collar and cuffs in cream lace and net, Eton fashion, only $2.85. Excellent quality

FORECAST of SPRING FASHIONS

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

By GRACE CORSON

DEAR PATSY:

As I write, the snow is drifting gently outside my studio window, and yet our thoughts are already drifting toward spring hats, *et cetera.*

Therefore, I've been busily interviewing various of the fashion heads in Manhattan on what we shall wear when The Crocus heeds. . . .

Unfortunately, I must get this off to you just before the Paris openings, following which, of course, come our own style shows, so cannot give you very definite news, as yet.

However, certain ideas seem to be abroad, something more than mere rumors, since several of the aforementioned style experts agree on them.

* * * * *

Namely, that:

Blue, all shades of it, from light to dark, will be most popular. Red also, in all shades; honey-beige and green come next. . . .

As you know, the rose-beiges have been very much worn; the new honey shades will replace them in both costumes and hosiery.

While still on the subject of color, you will wish to know that two-and-three-tone effects will be much in evidence; that is, a costume designed of three shades of blue, red, or green, with hat, gloves, purse, shoes, and hosiery in contrasting colors, perhaps, but carefully chosen to harmonize.

* * * * *

The silhouette cannot be decided until we have seen what is being offered at the biggest houses, but undoubtedly will continue slim and straight. Lelong, one of the greatest Paris designers, has already announced that all models from this house will be on this order, the slenderness carefully emphasized by means of Kinetic designs. . . . One-piece frocks in the three-color effects will be more in use than the three-piece.

Hats—will be of felt.

Nothing seems to have been so successful as these close little hats, and we do not readily relinquish a style that affords both smartness and comfort.

Alphonsine's models have been the talk of the town all season, and I hear that this same house plans not only the *very very* closely molded crown, [illegible]f felt, but, also, oddly tucke[illegible]ts and ragged brims . . . T[illegible] be in

(*Continued* [illegible])

LEATRICE JOY wears this costume of midnight blue crêpe-back satin especially designed for her by Grace Corson

Is the World

Anyone with a passably truthful board who can answer this motion picture producers, can of a couple of fleets of

By HAL K.

Cecil De Mille doesn't believe that children have lost their appeal. He has a very young and engaging Irishman by the name of Junior Coghlan under contract. Junior is one of the very few kids to be under a long-term contract in any studio today

William Seiter, the man who directed Baby Peggy at the height of her success, believes that the day of the child star is gone, never to return

CHILDREN seem to be decidedly a drug on the market today—in Hollywood, that is.

In real life, of course, children still continue to be held in the reasonably high regard they have enjoyed for a million years or so, and they will probably continue to enjoy that regard as long as the world is peopled with sane, normal specimens of the human race.

But on the screen is a far different matter.

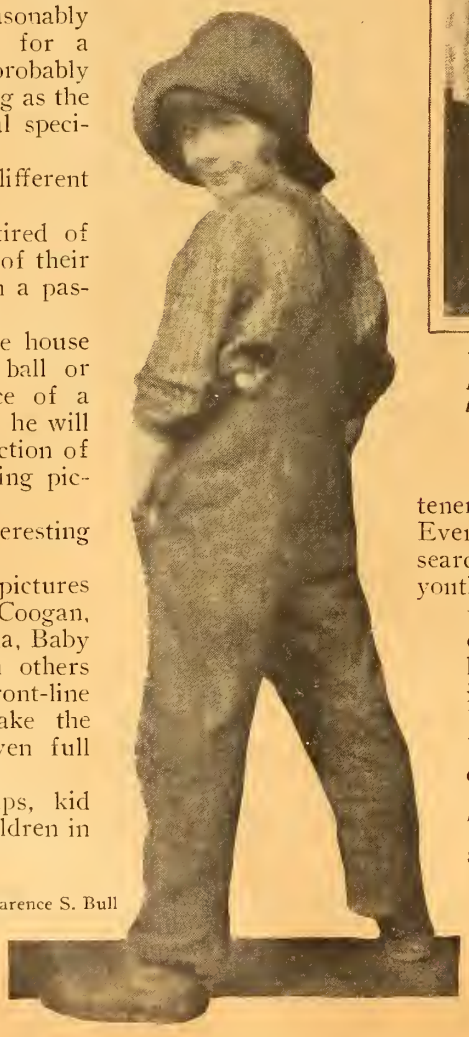
Has the world really become tired of movie child stars, so utterly weary of their pictures that it no longer has even a passive interest in them?

If there is any gentleman in the house with a passably truthful crystal ball or ouija board, he can get the price of a couple of fleets of private yachts if he will answer that question to the satisfaction of half a dozen of Hollywood's leading picture producers.

The situation has become an interesting one, to say the least.

Three or four years ago, kid pictures literally flooded the market. Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Muriel Frances Dana, Baby Peggy Montgomery, and a dozen others were parked squarely in the front-line trenches of filmdom, helping make the screen safe for infancy, with seven full reels in every dramatic salvo.

We had kid heroes, kid vamps, kid heavies—children in sea stories, children in tenement settings, children on Fifth Avenue. Even the classics were invaded in the tireless search for material in any way possible for the youthful prodigies. It almost reached the place where one expected at any day to see some child star portray a film version of "Hamlet"—with the melancholy Dane dashing into the scene on a rampant kiddie-kar, poor Yorick's skull clutched tightly in one chubby little fist, and a large pink lollipop in the other.



Clarence S. Bull

Muriel Frances Dana was one of a dozen others who were parked squarely in the front-line trenches of filmdom when children were "the thing" in the movies

Then, apparently, came the reaction. The vogue of the child star waned with the swift decline of a spent rocket, until at the present time the bottom has been reached with the well-known dull thud.

Two-reel comedies with kid casts continue to be popular, true. But "Our Gang" and other similar pictures present

Tired of Children?

crystal ball or ouija question for the get the price yachts

WELLS

Lee Graves

"Our Gang" presents what is essentially little more than a troupe of children minstrels. There is no reason why these pictures should not continue in popularity indefinitely

Spurr

Jackie Coogan was a great actor. The screen may be much older before we see anything finer than his interpretation of "The Kid." But Jackie has grown up. Only time will tell whether he will keep the essence of the great thing he had before he knew of his own importance

what is essentially little more than a troupe of child minstrels—portraying the antics, the mischief, and the humorous phases of children. There is no reason why these pictures should not continue in popularity indefinitely.

But the others—the seven-reel starring features in which mere babies ran the gamut of human emotion and portrayed the entire catalog of dramatic situations—these films are today apparently as hopelessly *passé* as the dodo, or the Charleston.

What is the real reason for this abrupt decline in the vogue of the child star? Will the child starring picture ever return to popularity, or was it merely a passing fad that, when overdone, left the inevitable reaction of boredom in its wake? Or are there other and more significant factors involved?

There is a rather wide range of opinions on the matter among the film makers of Hollywood.

The very aspect of novelty which first made the child star popular is now causing the loss of that popularity in the modern era of realism on the screen, according to B. P. Schulberg, assistant producer in executive control of Paramount's West Coast studio.

"I believe the rise and fall of children as motion picture stars," Schulberg says, "may be traced to one thing—novelty. Children were novelties four years ago when introduced as stars of feature-length productions, and because they were novelties, their subsequent disappearance was inevitable.

"Children are the only truly natural actors of the screen or stage—that is, in their first appearances. A child is entirely oblivious of camera or audience, and usually plays its part with undefiled naturalness—but in the first stages of its career only.

"All too soon does the child star realize what it is all about, the lights, the camera, the praise; and in nine cases out of ten these baby wonders become unbearably precocious, incurable posers, and ruinously camera-conscious.

"It was a great novelty in the beginning to be entertained for a full seven reels by the antics of these babies of the screen, but a child, even a talented one, has a limited capacity of

(*Continued on page* 103)

Even the country boy . . . freckled-faced, overalled, tattered hat stuff . . . passé. Remember the popularity that Wesley Barry enjoyed

By Milton Howe

News of the

Anna May Wong assures Lew Cody that "plus fours" are originally Chinese and are something like two thousand years old, the late smart affairs he considers them

It is announced that Clara is engaged to Gary Cooper, her leading man in "Children of Divorce." At least, Gary has the distinction of being the first one this month. If the boys would take a tip from Ulysses and wear ear-muffs when working with Clara, they would at least get themselves a little publicity for being different. The gal may have sex appeal, but she's got a strong sales talk too.

WALLY BEERY and Zasu Pitts were rushed to the hospital the other day after they had come in contact with some dynamite that was doing its stuff. The company was engaged in making battle scenes, and the premature explosion of the dynamite nearly caused us to lose two prominent members of the film firmament. Both players were knocked unconscious for a short time. Neither suffered serious injury.

WILL ROGERS left Beverly Hills and appointed Doug Fairbanks to take his place as mayor of the city, which has the largest non-working capital of any city on the Coast.

Many protests were filed because Doug has been playing too much golf lately to fulfil the duties of the mayor's office. Contractors who tear large holes in the streets are trying to alibi themselves by saying that the new mayor roams about the streets at night practising his niblick shots.

MAE MURRAY has definitely been hooted out of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization. We shouldn't say it that way, because it's an injustice to Mae. The producers are not always right. The individual is sometimes justified in fighting, and sometimes not.

I do not know why the vivacious Mae parted with her company, but no doubt someone has a good reason if I would take the trouble to ask. I haven't heard anything about her new husband since he

"Old Heidelberg" with Ernst Lubitsch directing Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer. That should be a celluloid treat. Here Ramon christens John Mescal's camera

DO you remember Ulysses, the Arrow Collar boy of the Trojan war? The leading men of Hollywood could learn a great deal from Ulysses' experience with the sirens of the Lorelei. According to Homer, who was press-agenting Ulysses at that time, the Greek idol found it necessary to stuff the ears of all the men of his crew with cotton so they wouldn't jump overboard when a Lorelei popped up out of the water, gave them the wink, and sang a wild come-hither song.

Clara Bow must be a reincarnation of one of these sirens. A man who has listened to Clara for a couple of days is willing to leave most any other kind of company.

No Man's Land was the caption on this picture. You'll recognize Norma Shearer in her dressing-room at the Metro studios

Camera Coasts

By Elisabeth Greer

worked in that Mack Sennett comedy. Maybe he laughed himself to death, yessing Mack Sennett.

We must give the very humorous Ted Cook credit for the following line which he used in his column in the Los Angeles *Examiner*:

"The Man Nobody No's."

Cecil B. De Mille, of course.

Antonio Moreno offers another argument for the development of commercial aviation in America. He nearly lost his job in London because he couldn't get there fast enough via train and ocean liner.

Tony worked up to within a few minutes of train time with Constance Talmadge in her latest picture, "A Vamp of Venice." When the camera clicked out his final scene, Tony grabbed his make-up bag, jumped into his car, and with siren blowing dashed to the station where Mrs. Moreno sat gnashing her teeth as wives are wont to do when husbands are late for European trips.

Tony will play the leading rôle in Dorothy Gish's next picture for British National pictures, "Madam Pompadour." The Morenos will return to Hollywood within a few months, providing Tony does not try to sneak any Irish linen by the customs officials.

"Trudy" Ederle has been in Hollywood and posed with every star you can name. It's good publicity for Trudy and good publicity for the stars. Fair enough. Tom Mix loaned her one of his sombreros for this event.

Greta Garbo didn't have an alibi for a Santa Monica speed cop, so a hard-boiled judge extracted a ten-dollar bill from the actress' wallet. That may mean that M. G. M. will have to give her another raise.

It is hard to understand speed cops. Ten thousand other boys of my nature would have given Greta ten dollars for the introduction and bid her Godspeed.

When he was making "Paradise for Two," Richard Dix discovered that he had three busy B's in his cast, namely André Béranger Betty Bronson and Edmund Breese

The Floradora Sextet again . . . in Wally Beery's "Casey at the Bat." With the sextet comprising, Iris Stuart, Ann Sheridan, Sally Blane, Doris Hill, Rosalind Byrne and Lotus Thompson

Hollywood citizens have been excited for three months over the future of Fred Thomson. Fred's contract is expiring with the F. B. O. company very soon. There is no doubt but he will make his own productions and release them thru Paramount, working in the same manner as does Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean. With this new arrangement Thomson, it is said, will receive a tremendous salary and a percentage on the profits of his pictures.

The outstanding paradox of the motion picture colony is the fact that the stars of Western pictures make more money than the stars of any other type of picture. Very few of the Western pictures are given runs in the big city theaters. They depend almost entirely upon the small towns and the foreign rights for their revenue. Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones are players who top the salary list of actors in

The Latest News and Photographs of

Hollywood. I understand that Jack Holt is about to toss his hat into the big-moneyed ring of Westerners.

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG, the director genius whom Charlie Chaplin discovered, hasn't been doing so well with the megaphone job. He is now working under a new title, which means that he is to head the photographic department of the Lasky studio.

THE Keystone cops are to be revived! Mr. Mack Sennett has decided that bathing girls no longer make a comedy. The prestige of the bathing beauty has been sadly impaired lately.

The girls were popular back in the year 1914 when the only one-piece bathing suits were seen on the Sennett beauties. Now the beaches are littered with them, and they are no longer a novelty.

I believe the greatest blow received by the bathing beauty, was when the announcement was made that the girls who were going to swim the Catalina channel would wear no bathing suits at all! I positively know that Will Hays would never let Mack go that far.

Since the bathing beauties have dropped in popularity, the best added attraction that could be found is the Keystone cops. There is not much danger of losing these boys, altho our real coppers are getting funnier and funnier all the time.

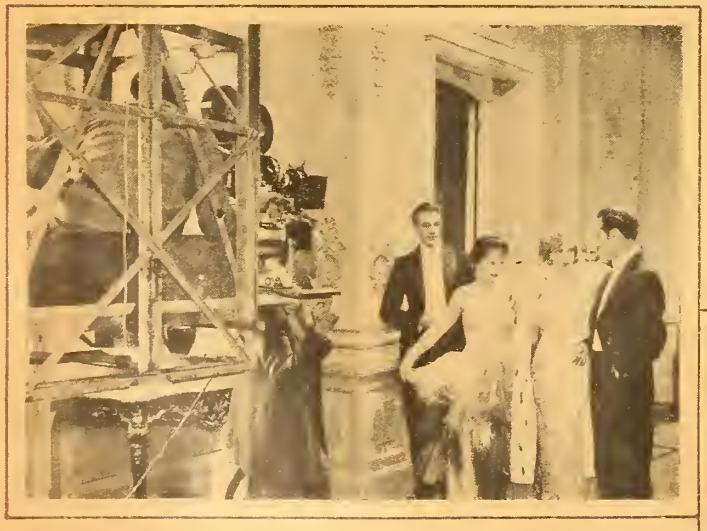
RAYMOND HATTON is to play the comedy rôle in "Fashions for Women," which will be the first part assigned him since the blow-off between himself and the company officials.

At the time of Ray's troubles with the company a letter was broadcasted which gave the impression that the company was dealing with a temperamental actor who must be curbed at all costs. You would think a lion had just escaped from the studio zoo and was bouncing around with an eye peeled for a breakfast of women and children.

Hatton has been working diligently for twelve years, most of the time with the same company. Ray is about as temperamental as silent Cal Coolidge. As soon as a player fights with a company, he is regarded as a fit subject for the pest-house by the studio crowd.

Producers are making another strenuous attempt to shove the actor down to a place where he can be treated like the rest of the office boys. Producers have been attempting this ever since the silent drama started. They have tried to educate the public to patronize pictures written by certain authors. They have tried to

Little things that pass unnoticed on the screen if they are right would mar a scene if they were wrong. Will Nigh appears to know this. He is seen here giving Gertrude Olmstead and Holmes Herbert meticulous direction in "Mr. Wu"



Everyone predicted fireworks of temperament when Clara Bow and Esther Ralston were cast together in "Children of Divorce." But they became friends. "You never can tell about women," groaned the cameraman when he took this picture of them between scenes

Cecil De Mille and David Wark Griffith had never seen each other at work until Griffith went West where he watched De Mille on the set of "The King of Kings." Jeanie Macpherson, standing at Mr. Griffith's right, was formerly a leading woman in his company. In the background you will see Montague Love, Casson Ferguson, Rudolph Schildkraut and Sam de Grasse

P. & A.
Edna Purviance sailed for Europe to make a picture and refused to talk to the ship reporters about the Chaplin marital difficulties

convince us that we should patronize certain directors. They have asked the public to accept anything in the picture but the personalities, trying in this way to put the actor in a secondary position where they can control him. About every two years the producers start an energetic drive to get the actor under their thumbs.

I should think that after all their blusterings they would begin to realize that the public is interested in the personalities they see on the screen, and are willing to pay to see their favorites.

The old Goldwyn company started an "eminent authors" series of pictures a few years ago and soon found themselves skidding down the grade. It cost them money to learn that the picture going public is not interested in authors, cutters, prop boys and officials.

But glory be! The battle is being revived with all the old venom. When the smoke has cleared the public will make the final decision.

ACCORDING to the latest announcements, Estelle Taylor is to be featured in a story especially for her by Donald McGibney. Estelle was slated to play in Mildred Davis' first picture for Paramount, "Too Many Crooks," but United Artists have changed their minds about loaning her services, and will feature her in their own production.

THE sons and daughters of some of the biggest stars in Hollywood are appearing in a series of two-reel comedies. Madelene Brandies, the only woman producer in the picture business, has assembled the children of the stars for the pictures. The first picture, "Young Hollywood," boasts of a cast which includes, Erich von Stroheim, Jr., Tim Holt, Barbara Denny, Eileen O'Malley, Billy Reid, George Bosworth, Mary Desmond and D'Arcy McCoy.

The children of other players will appear in subsequent productions. Most of them look very much like their famous parents. The only difference between the children and their fathers is that the children always arrive to work on time.

We're using some pictures of them in their rôles next month.

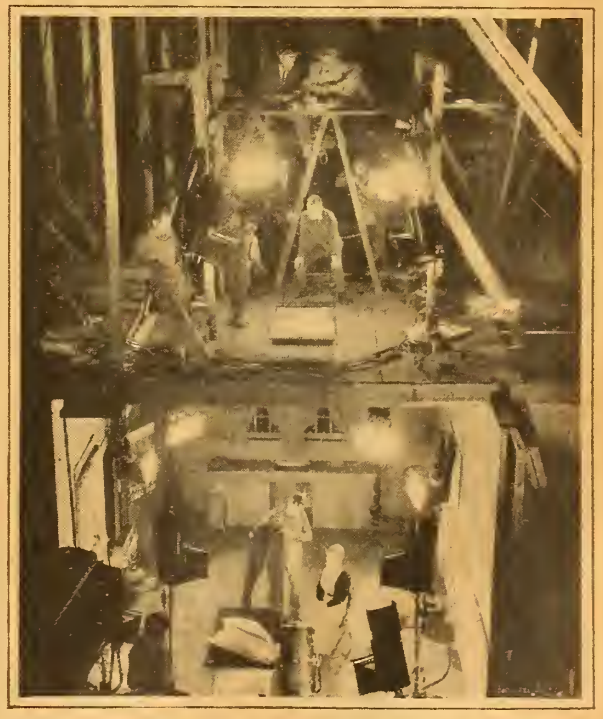
IT took three days for Murnau, the new Fox director, to get a picture of Janet Gaynor in the water. Janet was supposed to have gone on a canoe party. They were trying to get a picture of Janet in the water, after the party had ended.

The three days were consumed because the firemen couldn't get the water in the studio tank to the right temperature. The first day the water was ice-cold because the heater failed to work. The second day the heaters worked too well with the result that Janet looked like she was vacationing at a hot springs. The third day brought the liquid to the right mean temperature, making Janet look as if she really had been dumped out of a canoe and not an ice-boat.

TOM GERAGHTY, who specializes in writing screen stories, has created what he calls "the pictureless motion picture." Tom is Irish with the magnificent flair for

(*Continued on page* 95)

If you've seen "Nobody's Widow," you may remember this scene in which Donald Crisp, the director, is coaching Phyllis Haver and Charlie Ray. Mr. Crisp is one of the few directors who not only knows what he wants in a scene, but also knows how to act it



Somebody is going to break their neck before this vogue for camera angles dies out. This shot was taken during the filming of "Long Pants." On the parallel are Elgin Lessley, the cameraman, Frank Capra, the director, and Harry Langdon. While below in the set are Alan Roscoe and Gladys Brockwell

Her Kingdom for a Friend

A Strange Story About the Supposedly Gay Joan Crawford

By

DORIS

DENBO

Ruth Harriet Louise

She says it gives her the shivers to read Ella Cinders in the paper, because it is so like her experiences when she was a child

JOAN sank down at my table at the Montmartre and fairly moaned—"I'm blue! I'm low! I'm just plain *lonely!*"

"Lonely?" gasped I, "Why, Joan, amidst all this gaiety?" I motioned about me—the Montmartre at its gayest of a Saturday afternoon—jazzy tunes mingling with the gay salutations of screen friends from table to table, dancing, merrymaking—quips and sallys on all sides!

"Saturday afternoon at the Montmartre's no time to be lonely, Joan!"

"But I never have been anything else but lonely. I suppose it sounds strange for a dancing, social butterfly as I am supposed to be, to say that," answered Joan. "It's the honest truth!" and Joan looked a little bitter and unhappy.

I highsigned my luncheon partners returning from a dance to find another resting place—and prepared to listen to this startling new Joan. Joan is a favorite with the younger set. She is almost always cheerful, seeming to enjoy everything and everybody.

"Let's have it, Joan. Tell me from the very beginning as the psychoanalysts say."

Joan halfway smiled and said—"If you wont be bored, I think it would do me good!"—and so she did and with her rather unwilling permission I am going to tell the things she said.

"Would you think it possible that in the midst of plenty—friends—love—success—everything—perhaps a girl could wish for—that I *could* be lonely? I have never been anything else *but* lonely for real love and understanding.

"It's not so bad now, for when I get that way I have my car that I can jump into and drive away into the hills—and I often do. There I talk and talk and talk things out with myself—I've never been able to ask people things like most girls can, I just sort of have to work things out with myself."

Joan was not pretending—Joan meant every word she said!

"Perhaps I started being lonely as a very little girl—eleven. My father died and left my mother, brother, and I with almost nothing.

"Daddy was my understanding heart—mother was my brother's. Somehow, I felt in the way after daddy died. I felt I must do something! I made my own arrangements with a private school to work for my tuition.

"I did work, too! Now when I read *Ella Cinders* in the paper, I have the shivers, for it was so like my experience as a child in that school, only instead of only having all the hard work to do I had to take care of all the younger children. I used to cry myself to sleep nights from sheer weariness—and loneliness."

Joan had forgotten the Montmartre and me for her memories, and tho I watched her carefully there was no acting.

"I used to try and forget the ache of loneliness by

Ruth Harriet Louise

She started being lonely when she was a very little girl . . . eleven years old . . . and her father died. She had been understood by her father because she was like him . . . and her brother was like her mother. This is a new portrait of Joan and her brother, Hal

playing 'Show' whenever I got a chance. Finally, I could stand it no longer and I ran away and joined a 'tab show,' one of those little wandering shows that wandered for awhile and went broke.

"I learned a little about make-up—the stage—and dance steps, but it was not long before we went broke and it was up to me again.

"Then I obtained a position dancing in a cabaret at night. One of the girls in the 'tab show' lived in Chicago and told me to come there and I could get some good engagements and more money. I promised her I would as soon as I made the money.

"In order to be able to put any away, I took a position with a wholesale firm, modeling dresses and hats during the day, and danced every night until one! What a nightmare of weariness life was! I did not dare rest when I came home from the store for fear I would fall asleep and not be able to wake up in time to keep my engagement at the cabaret.

"There was no time nor spirit for the luxury of making friends during that period of my life, for I went to bed at night exhausted.

"Even mother never understood because she thought I was wilful and stubborn. I really couldn't stand the feeling that I was dependent on the little she had and wanted

(*Continued on page* 115)

Down on the Remodeled Farm

The movies have claimed Gilda. And she can collect farmhouses, hook rugs, four-posters and other Americana to her heart's content

It is as Mrs. Gil Boag that Gilda Gray, former exponent of the South Seas, a grass skirt and the shimmy, and now a motion picture star, resides at Oceanside, Long Island

"Cabaret" is the film now occupying her. And her husband, a former owner of two or three of New York's gayest night clubs, has contributed many personal recollections to this story

It was between one and two hundred years ago a Long Island farmer built this large house for his family. Then a short time ago Gilda Gray saw it, falling into decay. Immediately she bought the property and had the house restored, bidding the workmen keep all its simple dignity

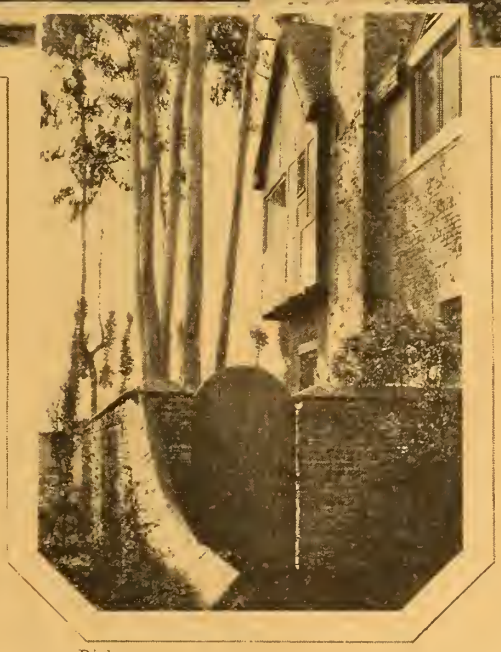
Photographs by Russell Ball

Building the New Home

Monte Blue's house is ideal for the average suburban street. And it affords an interesting variety of eaves and angles

Fryer

The house John Bowers recently built is perfect for the California mountainside. It avails itself of the different levels of the foundation, and its Spanish influence is compatible with that particular country



Richee

Ernest Torrence's home is reminiscent of his native England . . . seasoned rafters and red brick . . . with a quaint gateway in the garden wall

Be Sure Your Architecture Suits Your Surroundings

By

STEPHEN GOOSON

(First National Studios)

THERE may be lovelier things to anticipate, but I cannot think of many of them. Moving into a brand-new home which you are building yourself seems to me one of the pinnacles of ecstasy. A home that you can plan from the beginning! A home in which your dreams of years can be visualized! If you are fortunate enough to be building a new home, no wonder you are happy—and a bit worried, too. There are enough things to worry about, I can assure you.

I am not an architect, but as a decorator who has supervised hundreds of movie sets, and before, after and in between has supervised the decorating of home interiors, I know there are many things that I can tell you about building the new home that may give you permanent pleasure—and may prevent many a heartache.

First of all, be careful about the type of home you are choosing. People who have lived in apartments or in homes that seemed too small for them are apt, especially when building for the first time, to build a home that is far too large. They plan a social life that they have never attained—and that it is doubtful if they will ever attain. They think that they will have need for many rooms that they have never had before. The result is a huge house—too expensive to keep up—too expensive to furnish properly. It is never a home—it is a barnlike structure of unoccupied rooms, lacking all of the intimate charm that a smaller home would have.

Dont get a home that is too small, because of my words of warning against too large a home. It is just as bad to err in the opposite direction. A good plan in building a home is to realize that, especially in a growing family, you will probably need a room or two more than you have at present—unless you already live in a huge place. It isn't likely that your living conditions will change to any great extent. If they do change altogether—if you are left a fortune by that uncle in Arizona, or if *that invention* turns out a success—you wont be satisfied with the home anyway, but will have to move into quarters more nearly fitting a millionaire. Under ordinary circumstances, according to the laws of averages, your living conditions will probably get a little better after you are in your own home, but not much more than that. Build a home, then, of a size that seems suitable to you now,

(*Continued on page* 85)

It has not taken James Hall long to invest his name with a popular appeal. And Eddie Sutherland has another newcomer, believed to be destined for an immediate popularity in the cast of "Love's Greatest Mistake" . . . namely, Josephine Dunn. A provocative title. Everyone will have a different idea of what it must all be about

A few more pictures and Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue will be as famous, as a team, as Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien were. They are attractive together . . . and it is "Wolf's Clothing" that frames their new appearance

Lately Milton Sills has been playing very romantic rôles indeed. What more could any movie hero ask than the title rôle of "The Sea Tiger." And what more could any movie fan ask than Mary Astor as a heroine?

The company had a frightful time deciding upon a name for this story which pokes fun at motion pictures and the studios and all that sort of thing. Finally they decided upon "High Hat," which hardly tells what the picture is about. Anyway, Ben Lyon and Mary Brian and Sam Hardy are in the cast

Scenes from the Motion Pictures

Those who believe that the surest way to keep a husband's love is to be admired by other men, will find a story that will interest them in "Sunrise." And so will those who believe otherwise. Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien are the shuttles that weave the plot

"Mr. Wu," with Lon Chaney as a venerable Chinaman and Renée Adorée as his daughter. That is enough to coax an admission fee from our purse. We have come to expect splendid acting from both of these personalities

In "Convoy" Dorothy Mackaill plays the part of a society girl who is employed by the Government in the secret service. Her efforts to secure vital information are misunderstood by everyone . . . but in the end the drama gives way to a happy ending

The leading-men who look well in a sombrero and who shoot and ride are having a difficult time of it deciding which contract to sign . . . for Western stories are having a vogue again. Ken Maynard is a new "wild and wooly" personality and everybody seems to like him. His next picture is "Somewhere in Sonora"

You Will See This Spring

Ruth Harriet Louise

The Sort of Thing You Read About

James Murray has been doing extra work for over two years. It may be that he warded off discouragement by remembering that a lucky break had come to others when they least expected it. It may be that he believed so firmly in himself that even two years of extra work could not daunt his courage.

Now James Murray is a name for other extras to remember. King Vidor watched Murray on the Metro lot, and has selected him for the leading male rôle in his big picture, "The Mob," in which Eleanor Boardman is also cast.

It's the sort of thing you read about in fiction . . . the sort of thing that makes Hollywood a magical city for those still young enough to believe in the miracle of tomorrow.

Ronald Colman Gives His Opinion on the Greatest Curse of the Screen

come out or go in. Knowing nothing of the real men, fans made heroes of them.

"The war came along; heroes were so numerous and life so much more dramatic than the stage that a mere matinée idol was forgotten. The greatest favorite of the footlights could go about unmolested, where formerly his gloves were snatched or his buttons cut off by the enthusiastic admirers in his progress from stage door to the curb.

"At length the uniform was laid away, and the glamor of war replaced by the glamor of the make-believe. But this time the people behind the footlights were overexploited. We found out where they lived, how they lived, what they hate, and how they liked it, what they thought on every imaginable subject, and what they did with every minute in the twenty-four hours.

"The result was surfeit. The stage waned. The screen began to take its place."

Four executioners in menacing leather casks gathered about the fagots, and the gypsy bandit resumed his position at the stake. Natalie Kingston and I could see his dark curls and the becoming line of his side-burns but dimly thru the veil of smoke, as Montague Love waved a vengeful torch before him.

We were talking about the case of the famous star whose steadfast refusal to have her baby photographed resulted in the whisper that the child was subnormal, when Mr. Colman returned.

"There you are! Because a woman expresses a natural reluctance to take the universe into her intimate family life, something must be wrong! 'Ah, ha, she shuts her door upon strangers—we must know why!' It's a horrible condition of things, and it comes simply from too much exploitation of what does not belong to the public," he declared.

"Every normal man and woman hold some things

"If I am remembered at all," says Ronald Colman, "I hope I shall be remembered for what I may do on the screen and not for some publicized eccentricity, very likely not mine at all." Above with Vilma Banky in "The Night of Love"

When the property boys and other workers in a company agree that anyone is "a good scout" after weeks of location work on America's Sahara desert near Yuma, Arizona—well, then he's a good scout. There can be no argument about that

sacred — home, marriage, children, friendship. Aren't actors people, too?

"The screen is reaching the danger point that proved disastrous to the stage. Of course, all that people see on the screen are shadows. Unless they come to Hollywood and get into the studios, they dont know the color of the hair or eyes of their favorites, or the sound of their voices, or even their height or lack of it, since a camera plays infinite tricks.

"That makes for mystery, and immediately the world wants to know more about the men and women who make the shadows. . . . Let them know more. They have a legitimate curiosity that is an excellent thing for the films, and it should be satisfied in a measure. It is a compliment to a concert singer when his audience demands an encore, but the wise singer always gives one too few of them.

"By that, I dont mean that mystery should be a pose. I can think of nothing more objectionable than a man who deliberately calculates the result of every move, and who trades on the fact that he is mysterious.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Max Aut

Mother Machree . . .

. . . who altogether fittingly and properly comes to the screen in the person of Belle Bennett. While Philippe Delaney is the boy

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Leatrice Joy thinks the easiest way
To keep fit is by playing croquet.
It permits of repose,
Isn't hard on the clothes,

Mildred Davis has only one aim—
It's to beat Harold Lloyd at this game.
She says that would fill up
The well-known Davis Cup,

See Prize Winning Limericks on Page 84

Swimming pools are so safe, people say,
But a siren like Julia Faye
Brings more swimmers to grief
Than waves, sharks, or a reef,

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before March 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bessie Love can make strong men forget
That the country is dry and not wet.
They're content with a bar
On her uke or guitar,

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 10 April, 1927

The Junior Answer Man

All questions should be addressed to Joe Frank Cobb, in care of Movie Junior, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. No questions can be answered by mail

JOSEPHINE F.—Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891. That is his right name. Esther Ralston is Mrs. George W. Frey in private life. She is twenty-four years old.

FRANCES B.—Richard Talmadge is at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. He has dark brown hair, and brown eyes. You can write to: Monte Blue at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., Tom Mix at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Av. Hollywood, Calif., and Richard Dix at Famous Players Studios, 6th & Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

MARY G.—Gilda Gray is five feet four inches tall. Marie Prevost is five feet three, and weights 120 lbs. Glad you like our comedies. We have just finished our fifty-eighth—it is called "Seeing the World."

Junior Coghland seems to grow more popular all the time. Here he is speaking his piece at the head of the class in a scene from "Rubber Tires"

CH. JO. S.—Doug Fairbanks is forty-three years old; and is five feet ten inches tall.

VAN BEUREN DEV.—You can write to Renée Adorée at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif., Laura La Plante at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., and Patsy Ruth Miller at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

DOROTHY B.—Malcolm McGregor will send you his picture, if you write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. He is playing in "Matinée Ladies" with May McAvoy.

ROBERT B.—My favorite Western actor is Tom Mix, tho Jack Holt runs him a close second. You can write to Mr. Holt and Betty Bronson at the Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St. Hollywood, Calif. They'll send you their pictures, I'm sure. Jackie Coogan is twelve years old.

MABEL—Not any of the stars you mention are residing in New York at the present time.

WILLIAM O.—Write to Milton Sills for his picture. He is at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. You refer to Mary Ann Jackson. She has just celebrated her fourth birthday.

BILL L.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., in 1901.

JEANNETT O'B.—William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, twenty-eight years ago. He is married to Elinor Fair, the girl who played opposite him in "The Volga Boatman." They will be seen together again in "The Yankee Clipper," which has just been released.

The Mystery of the Easter Egg

If you'll compare the size of this Easter egg with the size of this Easter bunny, that seems to claim the egg as its very own, you'll understand Jane Winton's puzzled expression. How could such a tiny bunny lay such a huge egg? It couldn't. That's plain to be seen

Rin Tin Tin Talking

By HARRY LEE

We had a birthday party once
And Nannie acted quite the dunce—
The women folks are surely queer—
She wept because we "looked so dear!"

She ran and gave us all the shake
And left us staring at the cake;
And wept and wiped her eyes, and then
Came scallyhooting back again

And said, when we all asked her where
She'd been, and left us sitting there:
"You'll understand when you are grown—
With puppies of your very own!"

I knew my Nannie was well-born
A long long time before we wed—
But does that justify her way
Of telling me that I'm ill-bred?

She knows that I'm well-born as she,
And yet she ridicules my bark!
I daren't even go to hunt
A hidden bone, till after dark!

I live a dog's life with my Nan!
I daren't even kill a rat!
But on one thing we still agree—
We both do love to chase a cat!

When my Nanette was sick-a-bed
She wore a bandage round her head
And whimpered like a pup and said
She only wished that she was dead.

Then suddenly she cried, "No no!
If I should die you'd only go
And be another lady's beau—
I'd better live, that being so!"

I said, "My dear Nanette, tut tut!
D'you think that I'm the sort of mutt
To wed again if you should cut?"
"They all say that!" said Nannie, "But!"

On many a night my wife and I
Sit gazing at the starry sky——
Our fad now is astronomy,
In which I'm deeper far than she.

"Rinty, my dear," she sighed "I wish,
I were not I, but yonder Fish!"
"Say Pisces, dear!" I said, but she
Just wrinkled up her nose at me.

Said I to her, "If I'd my wish
I wouldn't be that silly Fish;
If I'd my wish, I'd be Dog Star!"
My darling Nannie yelped, "You are!"

Once again Mary Pickford has time to interest herself in someone who has ability, but lacks the entrée that would gain a reputation for her. We wonder how many stars would have paused in their personal affairs to intercede for Victoria Zagibalova if she had written them about her work?

Miss Zagibalova lives in Manchuria. She expresses herself in English with difficulty. Having sent her caricatures to the different magazines without success, she wrote to Mary Pickford enclosing a number of drawings and asking Miss Pickford's opinion about her work. Because Miss Pickford believes the girl has a rare gift for caricature, she wrote us and forwarded the drawings. We publish four of them with the belief that this is the first step in Miss Zagibalova's career

Four Caricatures from Memory

Lillian Gish

Norma Talmadge

Pola Negri

Gloria Swanson

Mary Pickford Presents Victoria Zagibalova

Mrs. Moreno, Tony and Mrs. Moreno's two children, photographed on their California estate

The Thing to Do

By MRS. ANTONIO MORENO

A Talk on Etiquette

IT has always seemed to me to be a rather indisputable fact that the greater majority of us give far too much time and thought to the big things in life, with the result that the small, and vitally necessary, conventionalities of every-day routine are wofully neglected. In rare cases, our negligence is due to absolute ignorance, but, generally speaking, it is more likely to be the direct outcome of a careless indifference to the little things that contribute so much towards a harmonious intermingling with our fellow beings.

The hours we have spent, previous to some social event, in the exact arrangement of an unruly lock of hair, or the correct adjustment of a bow tie, might better be devoted to some consideration for the "little dont's" we are bound to encounter no matter how informal the occasion. We might, for instance, merely be going to join a gathering of our friends where the necessity for any formal conventionalities is automatically eliminated, but what we cannot avoid, in a situation such as this, is the sociable hand-clasp.

It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the importance of this seemingly insignificant custom. Your entire character, whether it be weak or strong, is plainly indicated by the manner in which you shake hands. A flabby, wishy-washy clasp has been likened to a dead fish so many times that the comparison has become almost proverbial. Surely no one in their sane senses would seek an opportunity to grasp a defunct mackerel, and yet, this is exactly the sensation you are according them when you offer a limp

(*Continued on page* 112)

Why Mrs. Moreno Is Qualified to Write on Problems of Etiquette

Mrs. Antonio Moreno enjoys a position of social distinction. All her life she has moved in the most exclusive circles, and everyone who knows her is delighted by her poise and charm of manner.

Every month she will write of the blunders so many people make because of carelessness. And she has offered to answer any questions our readers may care to ask.

All letters must be signed with your full name and address, but when it is requested, initials only will be used with the published answer. Address all communications to Mrs. Antonio Moreno, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conrad Nagel
March 16, 1897

Gloria Swanson
March 27, 1898

Dorothy Mackaill
March 4, 1905

Syd Chaplin
March 17, 1885

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

What the Stars Forecast for You in the Movies

By

MARION MEYER DREW

William R., May 23:

You have a very unusual horoscope. I believe you should be encouraged to go into the movies, but you must make up your mind to peculiar experiences, bitter disappointments and many sudden reversals even when success seems assured. But dont give up! There is something in the future for you. By the way, the year 1927 will be rather difficult for you and I would not advise you to try your fortune at screen acting until about two years from the present.

Theresa, July 31:

I am unfamiliar with conditions in the motion picture profession in your part of the world and would hardly know how to suggest your entering this field of work. Your horoscope is more typical of the artist or designer than of the actress or screen star. Why do you not try costume designing or stage settings? There might be more of an opportunity for you in one of these lines than in acting. Later on in life you might regret having wasted years in an attempt to act when you are so well suited by Nature for other work.

Emmett D., December 15:

Here is another astonishing chart! I am not at all surprised that you suddenly found that you had acting ability—things will always happen in your life in this topsy-turvy way and half the time the very events that you believe unfortunate will turn out wonderfully for you and *vice versa*. You are entering a very difficult period in your life, which will last off and on for about three years. At the end of this time conditions in your life will have changed so radically that you cannot visualize at present what you will want to do or where you will be. In the meantime, go on with your acting. It may come in handy later on.

EDITOR'S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Herbert C., April 21:

What under the Sun makes you think you were cut out for an actor? You have a wonderful chart for big business organizations, affiliation with real-estate work, mining or construction companies, and, while the past two or three years have probably been poor ones for you, things will be somewhat better in 1927 and definitely improved in 1928. Stick to your own field and dont go trying to make yourself a matinée idol.

Mrs. R. R. R., July 4:

I have great sympathy for those whose ambition it is to become

(*Continued on page* 84)

These Two Creams will safeguard the loveliness of your skin

· · distinguished women have selected them · ·

DISTINGUISHED in name and position, the beautiful women of the smart world demand for themselves an equal distinction of appearance. They know that nothing adds so much to a woman's presence as a smooth skin and clear, fresh coloring. So they choose two delicate creams and maintain the traditions of feminine beauty that taste and good breeding have established.

Apply Pond's Cold Cream at night and whenever your skin feels tired, or dusty. Leave it for a few moments, so that its fine oils may penetrate the pores and lift out the dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. If your skin is dry, a little cream left on overnight will restore suppleness.

H. M. The Queen of Spain
The Duchess of Vendome
The Duquesa de Alba
The Princesse Eugène Murat
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a delicate finish. Smoothed lightly over the face and hands after every daytime cleansing, it keeps the skin soft and white, takes powder evenly and affords certain protection against the irritation of the cold and wind of winter days.

Give your skin this daily care with Pond's Two Creams and possess the clear, fresh color and smooth complexion which society demands.

FREE OFFER: *Send this coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
113 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

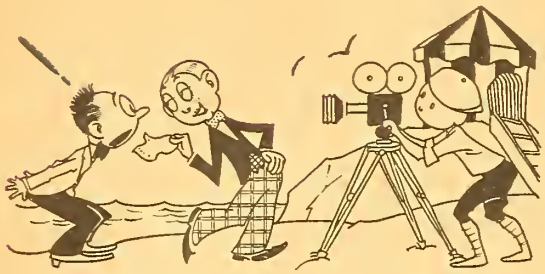
Street _____

City_____ State ____

THAT'S OUT

Paragraphs With a Punch

By Tamar Lane



A COURAGEOUS producer in Hollywood announces that he will produce a "Womanless" photoplay—a film in which no actresses of any kind take part. He claims that he will prove that it is not necessary for a picture to have either a leading woman or love scenes.

Maybe so. But then how is he going to work in some scenes showing a beautiful girl in a bathtub, a Charleston contest or a fashion show? No picture can be successful without at least one of these.

THE screen rights to "Abie's Irish Rose" are reported to have been bought by one of the big film concerns for the sum of $1,000,000.

Rather a high price to pay when Joe Miller's joke book can be bought for ten cents.

Suggestion to Gag Men

WHY not write an original bit of business about someone who picks up a skunk under the impression that it is a cat. It's never been done before on the screen.

AFTER viewing some of the films of the past season, one may be pardoned for wondering whether there are

more stars among the extra ranks or more extras among the ranks of the stars.

AMONG the players who may be counted on to do a real comeback this season is Greta Nissen.

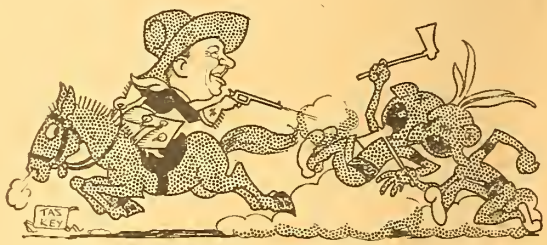
Greta did not fare very well in her first two or three screen ventures, and returned to the footlights for a brief spell. She is back on the screen again, however, and when Greta gets the right parts, she is bound to become a big film favorite.

THE movie pendulum is swinging back again, and Latin screen types are going out of popularity.

The American film public, apparently, has had its fill of swarthy-skinned and sleek-haired individuals, and is now about to bestow its favoritism once again upon the Anglo-Saxon and Nordic types.

The best bets of the future will be youngsters of the Wally Reid variety.

EMIL JANNINGS, who came to Hollywood some time ago, is reported to be getting apprehensive as to his future in America. After waiting about the studio for three months, Jannings is still listening for the call of "camera!" on his first American picture. Apparently, the Paramount Company doesn't know what to do with him, and will end up with the noted German actor riding a bronco in a Zane Grey special.



THE Wampas selection of "Baby Stars" is again meeting with disapproval. Last year's candidates were generally considered a mistake, in view of the fact that most of them were already on the way to fame and needed no aid from the Wampas.

This year's selection is probably the weakest line-up the organization has ever had. Playing company politics instead of choosing t'e logical candidates, seems to be the thing that is slowly but surely taking the luster from the Wampas Baby Stars.

(Continued on page 114)

Early morning hours find Miss Nilsson on horseback along country roads. She is an enthusiastic rider and has learned to ride four horses at one time, in the old Roman style.

"Now my frocks are fresh and new . . never *'washed and ironed'* looking"

says ANNA Q. NILSSON

THERE is rest and relaxation for Miss Nilsson in her rose garden. All the hours she can spare are spent in this fairyland setting where roses of countless variety form a fitting setting for her blonde loveliness. The little garden dress she is wearing is kept as fresh as the roses themselves—with Lux!

Her chiffons—even tailored clothes—once suffered from frequent tubbings. Now they're like new, though washed again and again.

"TAILORED clothes are really quite as sensitive to washing as sheer frocks and fine underthings," said Miss Nilsson as we strolled through her delightful rose garden.

"Riding shirts, crepe blouses for sport suits, simple little garden dresses—all must be laundered often to keep their immaculate, well-tailored look.

"Sometimes in a single laundering mine seemed to lose their soft sheen—their newness. White silks yellowed and colors often dulled.

"One day I found my maid in the midst of washing out some precious silks. *She was not using Lux!* That explained why she had such difficulty in keeping my clothes fresh looking. I instructed her to throw out the soap she had and use nothing but Lux in the future. Now my clothes are never 'washed and ironed' looking!"

Later in the day Miss Nilsson's maid showed me the beautiful wardrobe that is entrusted to Lux! Fine French underthings for bouffant evening gowns, sturdy glove silk for sports wear. White linen tennis frocks, vivid flannel coats, bright woolen stockings. Gay fringed shawls, frivolous chiffon dance frocks, stately *robes de style*. All kept ready for instant use—fresh, lovely—with Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

If it's safe in water . . it's safe in Lux

Have you noticed the exodus of the golf professionals toward Hollywood? The secret of it is out. They're working for Joe Schenck and Doug Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd and several of the other big fellows out there who discovered the secret fascination of golf on the completion of a picture and haven't started on another picture since . . . and probably wont for some time

Harold Lloyd hasn't built his new home yet, but the golf course is completed. And in celebration of this event Harold gave a tournament. Above is the Lloyd green looking down the first tee. A canoe course runs thru the entire links. Reading from right to left at the barbecue luncheon are William F. Fraser, A. E. Hanson, Warren Brown, Walsh, Diegel, Milhorn, Harold Lloyd, Armour, Kirkwood and Doug Fairbanks

Good Night Movies! They've Discovered Golf

The man concentrating hardest on the ball is Wild Bill Milhorn. Harold and Joe Kirkwood concentrating not quite so intently—but almost

The drive Doug has just made seems to amaze him as much as it amuses Harold and Warren Brown, the sporting writer

Pompeian

Beauty Powder *and* Bloom

Have Youthful Beauty *Instantly*

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly.*

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

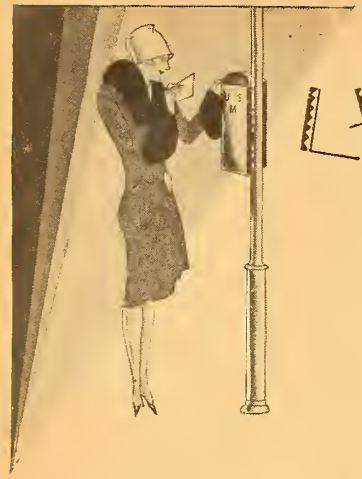
Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches, art store value easily 75c.

Tear off now! You may forget

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
The Pompeian Laboratories
2900 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name_____
Street Address_____
City _____ State____
Powder shade_____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Readers' Open Forum

Slap-stick in Disguise

DEAR EDITOR:

For some time I have nursed a grievance against the movies, but until I subscribed to this magazine, I had no vent for my emotions. Now I welcome the chance to let the world know the cause of my dissatisfaction.

I have often wondered why the public lets itself be fooled by these so-called comedy-dramas, which are plain, old-fashioned slap-stick comedies, drawn out over five reels and having in the leading rôles actors and actresses who have reputations as mirth-provokers. An actor rises to fame in comic character rôles and producers get the idea that in the future he can get by in mediocre plays, simply on his personality. I can cite instances. Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman," or in "Girl Shy," would make Bill Hart laugh. But, in "For Heaven's Sake," Lloyd performs the time-worn antics which made Chaplin famous. W. C. Fields on the stage, and in "Sally of the Sawdust," was really funny, but in "The Old Army Game" he was just a great actor acting silly.

However, one cant blame these actors. Rather, it is the fault of the producers. They are trying to slip something over on the American theatergoers, under the impression that most of them attend the movies to see the actor rather than the play. But the public is becoming educated; they see the flaws in these plays, and before long the producers will realize the mistake. Then, when slap-stick comedies are properly labeled and confined to two-reelers, the public will see good acting and reasonable plots in the comedy dramas.

Yours,
FRANK T. BERTSCHE,
Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Defense of Chaplin

WHY dont the womens' clubs wait until Charlie Chaplin has a chance to tell his side of the story before they try to put his pictures off the screen? We haven't too many good clean pictures fit for young people and children to see.

I had much rather see Chaplin eat his old shoe than those long, lingering kisses of the so-called wonderful lovers.

I often wonder why it is the film people have no private life. Their very souls are laid bare before the public, and if their actions do not come up to a certain standard they are barred from the screen. While, at the same time, people of the lowest type are admitted to our theaters in person to act in vaudeville on the stage. When we read a book, do we have to know all about the private life of the author? No, sometimes the authors are unknown.

We like to think the people we see on the screen are what they appear to be, but I dont know that it is necessary any more than the rest of the picture which is more or less made to look like something it ain't.

MRS. G. M. L.,
Keene, New Hampshire.

Amen to This

I HAVE a pet complaint and, oh! please MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, cant you do something about it? Anyway, be a dear, and publish this so some kind (?) movie-house manager may "read it and weep"!

To tell the unvarnished truth, I have just dozed thru a case of "Prologitis" which seems to have swept the country! It seemed as tho long eons passed, and I was beginning to think I had made a mistake, and that they weren't showing a picture after all, when they grudgingly threw the picture on the screen. Then the entire audience arose, I say entire—well, of course, I didn't—and there ensued a grand shuffling of humanity! Well, I managed to catch a glimpse of the finale—at least, I imagine it was the finale as there was a rapturous kiss. And I slunk out, wishing I had slept in my *bed*, it is so much *softer!*

By the way, I read that Lillian Gish, our Duse of the screen, has the same pet complaint, and I would like to shake her hand, and sing, "Me Too!"

And never must a person sit thru hours of misery before *her* pictures, 'cause there "isn't any such animal"! And more's the power to you, Miss Gish!

ADELE L. SIMONDS,
Los Angeles, California.

No Fun in Turkey

AS a regular reader of MOTION PICTURE, I feel my duty to you as well as to all the American readers of this magazine, that on the eighth page of the September issue of this magazine, Mr. Irvin Cobb is said to be gone to Hollywood to write a comedy for Cecil De Mille, entitled, "Turkish Delights," in which he will describe what happens in *Turkey* when the Harem is let loose. I really must improve this person's knowledge about this wrong idea, as there exists no harem in Turkey nowadays, and that the ladies are as independent as in any other Western nation.

In the same issue I also read that "the Turk considers *avoirdupois* essential to beauty." This is also wrong, as Turkish ladies, so as to be able to please their husbands, do all sorts of things to get their already perfect figures thinner than they are.

A TURKISH READER,
Constantinople.

Defending Mam'selle

POLA NEGRI started it, and now they're all doing it.

Mademoiselle has been depicted a vampire, flirting boldly at bars, making all sorts of impudent advances to the male gender of the species, always very beautiful, a regular gold-digger sometimes.

Nothing is further from the truth. The French girl is gentle, shy, and possesses a maternal sweetness, even to be found in the *demi-mondaine* at least in *moitié*. The French girl is reared for marriage.

A Buddy,
ANDREW COLOMBO,
San Francisco, California.

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(2) True protection — 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary" pads of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

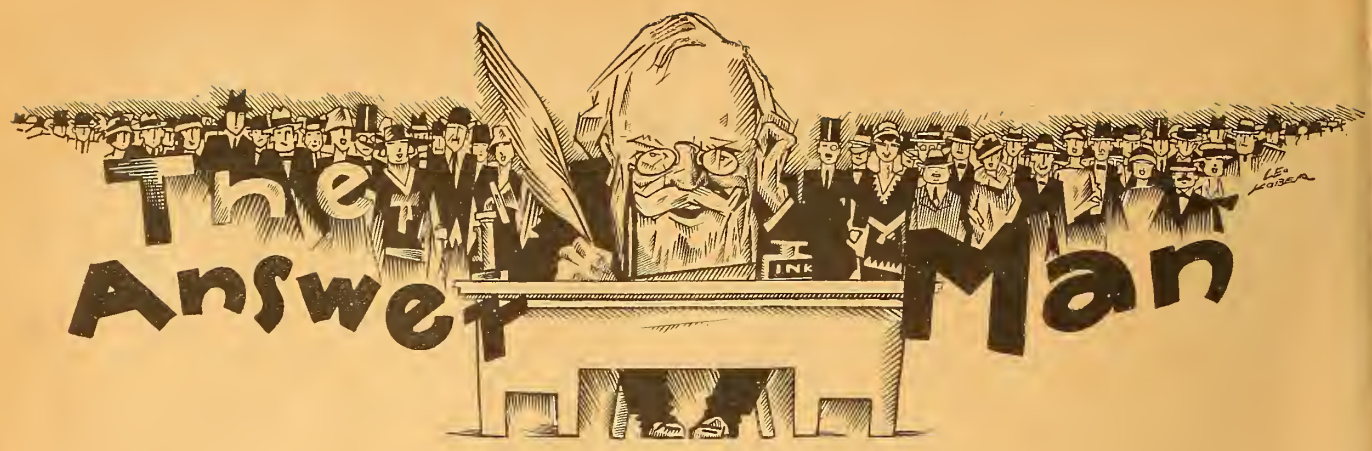
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



BETTINA B.—Thanks for your good wishes. Yes, I am still threshing out answers. Like the old brook—I go on forever! Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer are playing in "Old Heidelberg."

HELEN W.—So you are a hard worker. I'm in the same class. If you work hard enough at anything, in the end you will find yourself on top—unless you are digging a well. Jackie Coogan's next will be "The Bugle Call" and not "Buttons" as previously announced. It is to be Jackie's first "grown-up" effort.

ANG SHUCKS.—Well that's not so bad. May McAvoy's first under her new Warner contract will be "Matinée Ladies" with Malcolm MacGregor and Hedda Hopper. Jack Mulhall was married to Bunty Manly and is now married to Evelyn Winans. Run in again some time.

A GIRL OF NIAGARA.—That's right, always lay something aside for a rainy day if only a pair of rubbers. Norman Trevor is to play the rôle of the father in "Soundings" for Famous Players. Well I can see that you are all for John Bowers. No, I have nothing to say about Mae Murray's nose—as I understand it, there was an operation performed on Mae Murray's nose. And Mat knows, too!

REBECCA J.—Thanks, but I wouldn't like to be a widow's second husband, altho I'd rather be that than her first. Claire Windsor was born April 14, 1897, and she was married to William Bowes and is now married to Bert Lytell.

INQUISITIVE.—Well that's what I'm here for. You refer to John Millet in "A Woman of Paris." Charlie Chaplin in "The Circus." Yes. I think it is too bad that the private life of the players must be made public.

PATSY.—So you have a very fluent pen. It certainly is no secret. You refer to Jean Hersholt in "Stella Dallas." Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1903. Lois Moran on March 1, 1907. No, I dont wear a wrist watch, but I have clocks on my socks.

OSLO, NORWAY.—Thanks for your kind remembrance.

A FAN.—You want Warner Baxter on the cover. I dont blame you. Well they do say that the $10,000 bill is the largest bill printed by the United States Government. I never even saw one. If I had $10,000 I wouldn't put it in one bill—they say dont put all your eggs in one basket. So Uncle Sam can discontinue making them so far as I am concerned. Hoot Gibson is playing in "Hey! Hey! Cowboy!"

BETTY M.—So you liked "Old Ironsides." It is a great picture. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891 and Richard Dix, whose real name is Ernest Brimmer, was born July 18, 1894. And you think we bachelors dont know much about women. You're wrong—that's why we are bachelors.

STEPHEN.—Thanks, old man! Marion Nixon is married to Joe Benjamin and Mary Astor was born May 3rd, 1906. Right now Evelyn Brent is playing the rôle of Feathers in Ben Hecht's story, "Underworld," with Ricardo Cortez as the star, and George Bancroft as part of the cast.

ROSEMARY E.—That's some drawing of me. I wish I could print all the pictures my readers send in to me and the verses written to me. Some of them would make a mule laugh. Ha, Ha! I am glad you like to read. Wish I had more time for reading. Crauford Kent and Mabel Julienne Scott have been added to the cast of "Mother" starring Belle Bennett.

JANET R.—Yes, buttermilk is still my standby. I dont care for tea—I like the next letter better. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, 1888. John Barrymore's "Manon Lescaut" has been changed to "When a Man Loves." And John's the boy who can too!

DOLLY.—You're on the right track, Dolly. Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does. Maybe you will be famous some day. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in "Lovers."

JUST WAYNE.—Welcome—shake! So it's Madge Bellamy. She was born June 30th, 1903, at Hillsboro, Texas. She is five feet four inches and weighs 110. Has brown eyes and golden hair, and was on the stage at five years old. She is now playing in "Ankles Preferred."

GREG BLACKTON FAN.—Well, all I can say about Greg Blackton is that he is twenty-five years old, American born but lived in the Argentine Republic for six years. He also lived in Cuba for two years. He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, gray eyes and brown hair. Yes, Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin are both very much alive, but Peter the Great died.

DOROTHY H., BEN F., LUCILLE M. AND NOVARRO FAN.—See above for yours.

KATHERINE, S. PAULO.—So you dont believe in my whiskers and age. All right, Katherine. Yes, I was the first and only Answer Man and the others are just imitators. I only answer questions for the *Classic* and this magazine, owned by the Motion Picture Publications, Inc. No. Pola Negi was never married to Valentino. Your letter was mighty interesting. Come again.

ELOISE C.—Well times have changed. Nowadays if husbands and wives dont occasionally go to the same parties they have hardly an opportunity of meeting at all. And then you say "get married." Harrison Ford was born March 16, 1894. You might write to S. Bram Studios, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, for a picture of Valentino, but they charge fifty cents each.

BETTY H., TRINIDAD.—Thanks for sending me the card. It was very thoughtful of you.

HAZEL S.—You are right, Mary Louise Miller was the Martin Baby in "The Night Cry." So you have heard some of my jokes on the vaudeville stage. Sure, that's where they get them from.

ANIMAL LOVER.—Dont you know you must sign your name. I will forgive you this time. There were stories about Rex, the Devil Horse in the October, 1924, issue, and the July, 1926, *Classic*. Rex is a real killer. He was born on a large ranch in Eastern Colorado, being registered under the name of "Casey Jones." At the age of five he was captured, after a costly battle. One man was killed and another badly hurt.

A TRUE READER.—Received your picture, and I am afraid there is nothing I can do for you. Sorry.

STEVE S.—Certainly I dont believe in divorce—I believe in a fight to the finish. Now I know you know that I am not a woman, or you wouldn't ask that. That is Lya de Putti's real name so far as I know. Betty Compson has been signed by Universal for the lead in "Cheating Cheaters."

JEANICE J.—Well the term "Gob" came from the Chinese word for sailor. The expression came into use when the fleet was in the Far East. No, the women of France do not vote. It is rumored Alberta Vaughn and Margaret Livingston have both been signed by Famous Players.

TOO CURIOUS.—What a very distinct hand you write. Ramon Novarro has black hair and brown eyes. That was Harriet Hammond in "The Midshipman." Well, really, I dont know what Mr. Novarro's attitude is of the present Mexican situation. He has every reason to be happy, and as for being in love—well I haven't heard anything about a romance. Norma Shearer is playing opposite him in "Old Heidelberg." You must write to me again.

MARY V.—No. Owen Moore isn't related to Colleen Moore, altho Colleen has a brother Cleve, who sometimes plays in his sister's pictures.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Readers desirous of an answer by mail will please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters must contain a full name and address. But when a reader so requests it the Answer Man will use another name or intials with the published answer.

If you *really* knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS. READ CAREFULLY—AND SEND FOR SAMPLE.

IN the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*.

This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base.

So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat Powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat Face Powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat Powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the pow your skin loves to feel." It is a most description; for the soft, velvety texture Princess Pat *is* delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat, and still do not send for a sample! But why go on?

It is much more likely that you will want to go at once to your favorite toilette goods counter and secure a *box* of Princess Pat Almond Base Powder. If you *do*, and then are not *more than delighted*, your dealer is fully authorized by us to return the full purchase price.

Get This Week End Set!

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice-Astringent is a splendid powder base cream. It vanishes instantly, cools and refreshes the skin and keeps the pores of normal size. You can try this cream on the same plan as Powder. It must delight you, or your money will be returned.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

LITTLE T. ENGLAND.—Yes indeed, you certainly may and should answer our advertisements, even tho you live in England. What difference does that make? You can enclose an English draft equivalent to the American money. As for enclosing stamps, it would be better to send International Coupons. Yes, the United States produces ninety-five per cent. of the world's automobiles; eighty per cent. of the world's sulphur; and sixty-six per cent. of the world's steel.

BROWNIE.—Thanks for the life-saver. When I get thru answering some of these questions I need more than a life-saver. You like Ronald Colman and would like to shake his hand and congratulate him on his fine work. And then you say you would like to have Greta Garbo as a girl friend. She is beautiful.

BETTY S.—Certainly I've kissed girls under the mistletoe, but I prefer to kiss them under the nose. James Hall was Dennis in "The Campus Flirt."

was first used in A. D. 496, until 1789 when the tricolor was substituted for it. No, I do not know Pola Negri personally. She was born January 3, 1897. Her real name is Apollonia Chalupez.

J. R. C. CANADA.—You ought not to complain. When a woman is pretty she's charming; when clever, fascinating; but when she is sympathetic, she is adorable. You can get in touch with Esther Ralston at Famous Players Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Los Angeles, California, where she is playing in "Fashions for Women."

DRUSILLA B.—So you love the movies, and go to the theater five nights a week. You say your theater is nine miles away. That's loving the pictures all right. Greta Garbo was born in Sweden, 1905, and Vilma Banky was born January 9, 1902, in Budapest. Write me again.

RICHARD'S LEADER.—Well, the word "ova" means egg. Hence, when a bad actor has eggs thrown at him, he

KATHERINE K.—Yes, there was a poem in memoriam to Valentino which appeared in the November, 1926, MAGAZINE. I certainly do think Olive Borden is beautiful. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and is twenty-one years old. She has black hair and brown eyes, is five feet tall, and is playing in "The Secret Studio."

ENZEDDER.—It was very thoughtful of you to send me a copy of your New Zealand magazine. I enjoyed having it. Thanks.

SUNNY & OMAR.—I see the old Scrollogram is still in existence. Thanks.

VERA L. LONDON.—Hello there! This is New York speaking. Ring me up some evening. I'm always in after six. So you think my bewhiskered reproduction at the top of the page is somewhat terrifying, in spite of the benevolent forehead. And you would like a double interview with Richard Dix. Yes, John Gilbert and Ernest Torrence in "Twelve Miles Out."

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EDNA H. NEW ZEALAND.—Yes, pretty cold around hereabouts, yet many are cold but few are frozen. Ronald Colman's wife is Thelma Ray. Doris Kenyon is Mrs. Milton Sills. Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie. Warner Baxter and Madge Bellamy are playing with May Allison and Laurence Gray in "The Woman."

TED.—No trouble at all Ted. Write me any time you get lonely. The surest way to get under a woman's thumb is to place a ring on her third finger. Renée [illegible] are playing in "The

gets an ovation. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford in "The Notorious Lady." Ben Lyon and Billie Dove in "Beauty in Chains."

V. HUNTER.—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe are playing in the screen version of "Is Zat So." Eleanor Boardman and James Murray in "The Mob." No trouble at all.

TENNESSEE BLUE JACKET.—Sure enough; you cant hold a good man down. Look at Jonah! You can get a picture of Wallace Beery if you write to him at the Famous Players Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Los Angeles, California. Be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps for mailing, etc. Did you see him in "We're in the Navy Now?" You should!

ROSEMUND H.—Yes, Lillian Gish is [illegible]ying in "The Enemy" with Lars Han[illegible]. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky "King Harlequin." Just write to Mar[illegible] Meyer Drew at this address. See you [illegible].

JACK THE JUMPER.—No, I dont like to receive postal cards because it makes me think you dont care two cents for me. Charles Ray is playing in J. Stuart Blackton's natural vision picture "The American" with Bessie Love. I should say I do like buttermilk. It's my favorite drink.

MINNESOTA SHORTY.—Yes, that is one thing no one can take away from us—memories. Our memories are the everlasting flowers we are permitted to gather from the garden of Experience. Mildred Davis and Lloyd Hughes in "Too Many Crooks." Speaking of contracts, Aileen Pringle, Renée Adorée, Sally O'Neil and Joan Crawford all have been re-signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

JUST BETTY.—Well that's good enough. Mary Brian was born February 17, 1908. D. W. Griffith is with Cecil De Mille. Norma Talmadge is playing in "Camille" and Priscilla Dean in "Birds of Prey."

Grow—Yes grow—Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00. The introductory price is for a *full size tube.*

Send No Money With Order

Send no money...simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearanee tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lueille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
126 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me, postage paid, your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95. If not delighted within 30 days, I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name _____

St. Address _____

City _____

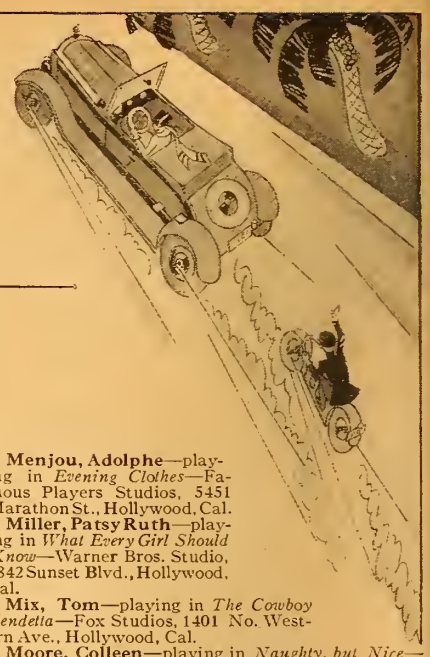
State _____

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

Chicago, Illinois

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING



And Where To Write Them

By GERTRUDE DRISCOLL

Adorée, Renée—playing in *Mister Wu*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *The Beloved Rogue*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Patent Leather Kid*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Telephone Girl*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Looie the 14th*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Belle—playing in *Mother Machree*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *Bitter Apples*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Mob*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Children of Divorce*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *The King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Underworld*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bronson, Betty—playing in *Ritzy*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Afraid to Love*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brooks, Louise—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Special Delivery*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaney, Lon—playing in *Mister Wu*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The New Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *The Gray Hat*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—recently completed *A Night of Love*—Samuel Goldwyn Prod.-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Confessions*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *A Million Bid*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Taxi Dancer*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Mlle. Jockey*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Tillie the Toiler*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Resurrection*—Edwin Carewe Prod., 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *All at Sea*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
de Putti, Lya—playing in *The Highwayman*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Knockout Riley*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release, *The Black Pirate*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *The Cradle Snatchers*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Fields, W. C.—playing in *The Potters*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Karenina*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Hey, Hey, Cowboy!*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *12 Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Enemy*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gray, Gilda—playing in *Cabaret*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Griffith, Raymond—playing in *Beautiful Women*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Slide, Kelly, Slide*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hanson, Lars—playing in *The Enemy*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hines, Johnny—playing in *All Aboard*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *The Mysterious Rider*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Too Many Crooks*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Charles (Buck)—playing in *The Whispering Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Nobody's Widow*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *The General*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—latest release, *A Lady at Play*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerry, Norman—playing in *The Claw*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *Long Pants*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Beware of Widows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
La Rocque, Rod—playing in *Resurrection*—Edwin Carewe Prod., 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in *The Kid Brother*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in the *King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in *The American*—Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—recently completed *Convoy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacLean, Douglas—playing in *Let It Rain*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mason, Shirley—playing in *Let It Rain*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
McAvoy, May—playing in *Matinée Ladies*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
McGregor, Malcolm—playing in *Matinée Ladies*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Blind Alleys*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *What Every Girl Should Know*—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Mix, Tom—playing in *The Cowboy Vendetta*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in *Naughty, but Nice*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Moore, Tom—playing in *Cabaret*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Moran, Lois—playing in *Soundings*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *Mme. Pompadour*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Poor Nut*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Naldi, Nita—playing in *The Pratermizzi*—for a Viennese Co.
Negri, Pola—playing in *Confessions*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *Blind Alleys*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—playing in *Slide, Kelly, Slide*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

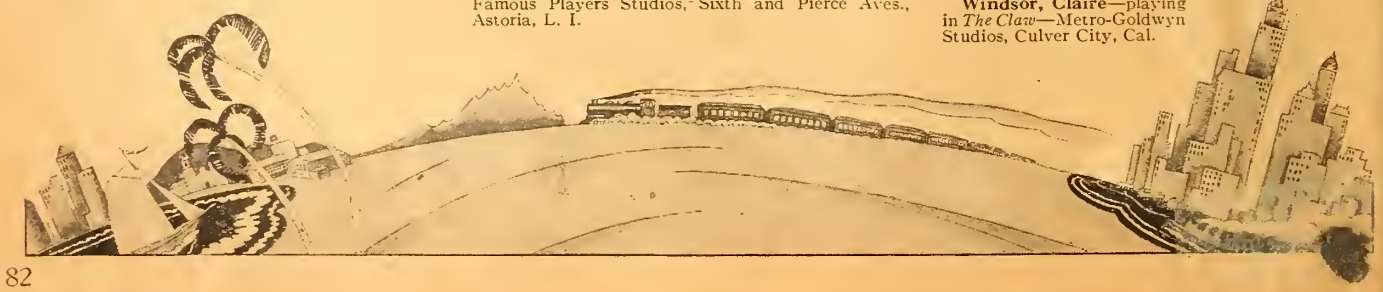
Philbin, Mary—playing in *The Bargain Bride*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Looie the 14th*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Night Bride*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—playing in *The Branding Iron*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Fashions for Women*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ray, Charles—playing in *The American*—Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *The Climbers*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—Playing in *The Sea Tiger*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *The Notorious Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *Venus of Venice*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Camille*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Tearle, Conway—playing in *Helio Bill*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Thomson, Fred—playing in *Don Mike*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *The Claw*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.



Monty Banks in "PLAY SAFE!"

A Feature Comedy

Waves of Laughter—
High Tide in Thrills and Gasps —
An Ocean of Perfect Entertainment—

See Today the Biggest Comedy Star of Tomorrow!

Ask at your Local Theatre When

Pathépicture
TRADE MARK

Face Powders are passé!

They only improve your complexion for a few fleeting moments. You must constantly resort to "touching up" to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty —the "24 hour complexion," rendered by

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It gives to your skin a subtile, fascinating, pearly beauty that lasts. Moisture and perspiration have absolutely no effect upon it. Dance, play and enjoy any activity, fully confident that your complexion is as entrancing and seductive as when you first applied it.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is antiseptic and astringent. Its use helps correct many blemishes and skin troubles. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

M-29-7

Send 10c for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York
N.Y.

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in February Motion Picture Magazine

In spite of their costumes, you know
These aren't girls of the sweet long ago,
Only Moderns have knees
As apparent as these
A long "train" they "hold up" for the "show."

ISABELLE T. BELL,
Stonehurst Hills, Pa.

As it's well for the public to see
That their Idol's a golf devotee,
She takes care to play nigh
To the camera's eye
When she's with her "supporters" at tee.

GENE BUTLER,
San Diego, Calif.

Mr. Fields is a man who's annoyed
Such comics as Chaplin and Lloyd.
His invincible charm
Gives them cause for alarm
They must conquer fields (Fields) they can't avoid.

GRANT HUBBELL,
San Francisco, Calif.

Tom Mix is indifferent, very,
To what's chic in a girl's millinery,
And he makes his fair guest
Wear the styles of the West
So her "high hat" is involuntary!

CHARLES M. STEVENSON,
Menlo Park, Calif.

The Swedish Nightie-Gal

is the prize winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the February MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It was contributed by Marad Serriov, Palo Alto, California.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 70)

successful writers of fiction. They are picking out a career in comparison with which ditch-digging or stoking is vacation frivolity. But maybe you know best. You have some ability, but I fear you are not applying yourself. Never mind; someone in your family is going to be wealthy. I dont think it is you—that is, thru your own labor—but you will share in the benefits.

Cynthia C. W., June 9:

I dont believe you will be so anxious to enter the movies after your next birthday, for I am sure that you will have a very good chance to marry and will do so unless you have already contracted some similar alliance. I hope not, for the 1927 venture is the big romance of your life and will come about quite unexpectedly and strangely. Your path of life will take you to foreign countries or very distant places.

May D'A., January 14:

Please be very careful all next spring and summer about accidents or illnesses, May—that's the first thing noticeable in your horoscope at the present time. After that, let's see about your chances of success as a stage or screen star . . . No, I wouldn't advise it. It looks to me as tho you are one of those fated to make up part of the audience. We cant all be up in front, you know.

L. E. H., July 20:

You are a very emotional, intuitive person and it may seem that with these characteristics the career I am going to suggest for you is almost ludicrous, but you should train for pugilistic work. My reasons for saying this are highly technical; suffice to say that you have one of the essential positions for success in the prize-ring, the same, in fact, that put Tunney where he is. I wish I had space to devote to a detailed analysis of your horoscope, for it presents many very interesting problems. In later life be very careful of injuries to your stomach, and always be careful of what you eat. So far as a screen career is concerned, it might be possible, but I certainly would not have chosen it as that best suited to your talents.

Alice W., July 29:

Very often people comment on the fact that they are born on the same day as some famous movie star, but not all people born on the same day can do the same work. The time of birth is what distinguishes one from another, not only in regard to temperament, but also in regard to occupation, marriage and many other elements of the life. Then too, the stars do not always give out their correct year of birth —and we cannot blame them, for people have a way of criticizing when they think a girl or man is getting too old for his or her parts, even if they still look young. In regard to your own career, try work in a bank or in some government position. The coming year should be a favorable one for you.

D. G., August 19:

Writing is not the field for you. You should develop your sense of the dramatic and your faculty of expression without a doubt, but there are aspects in your horoscope which would always bring you editorial criticism and much opposition from the public whenever you attempted to popularize your writings. If you can get into the motion picture business in the West, try for the directorial field or the business management.

Ethel E., April 21:

I am indeed sorry you were kept waiting so long for a reply. There are many letters to be answered in this department and some of them just *do* have to wait! Writing for the screen is a complex task. I have had first-hand knowledge of the ins and outs of this particular part of the movie world and it's largely a matter of being on the ground when there is a picture to be made. Many scripts are written by the director, scenarist and novelist or playwright almost as they go along. Very rarely in these days is an original motion picture play written out in detail and sold to a company. I would advise the aspirant for scenarist's glory to get into a studio and worm himself into the post of assistant to the director.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Building the New Home

(*Continued from page* 51)

with perhaps one or two rooms to spare.

Size of rooms. That is important! Unlike some builders, I believe in concentrating on the living quarters. If I were building a home today—and I am constantly advising my friends to do this and with good success—I would have a living-room seemingly out of all proportion to the rest of the house. A big room of generous size. I would avoid a square room and I would avoid a room that is too long and narrow, or it will never look like anything but a glorified hall. If necessary, in order to get a large living-room in my floor plans, I would sacrifice my dining-room altogether, having instead of a dining-room, a breakfast alcove or breakfast porch. Or, if necessary, I would even eat, using a refectory or a gate-leg table, in one corner of my living-room, but large living-room space I would have! I would see to that!

You dont need a large kitchen. A well-known writer said to me the other day that in the older generation they called large kitchens "wife killers," and I think this is still a good name for them. A small kitchen can be far more efficient, far more comfortable and adequate than a huge kitchen can be, and besides, you are saving your space for your living quarters.

Your bedrooms need not be large. If I were building a home, I would see to it that nearly every bedroom had cross ventilation. Architects are almost always able to put bedrooms in the corners of the house. Four bedrooms in the four corners of your upstairs quarters will give you rooms with cross ventilation, for each bedroom can have two windows on opposite walls. This is almost an ideal arrangement.

What style of architecture are you planning on? Please give a thought to this. Dont choose a style just because you have seen pretty pictures of it in the magazines, because someone you know has chosen this style or because it looked so well one day when you were passing in an automobile. Choose your style to suit your location! A Spanish house set in the midst of a row of Colonial houses is usually ugly and in bad taste. A New England farmhouse in the midst of Southern Colonial houses is just as bad.

In choosing a house to suit your location, you must take into consideration the topography of the land as well as the architecture of the surrounding houses. I dont mean to say that you must follow blindly what your neighbor has done. This is never the case. However, if you are at all wise, you will pick out a neighborhood in which the neighboring houses are pleasing to you. You know that a house is judged not only by itself but by its neighbors. Besides—tho you may not think of this before you build—it is your neighbors' houses and not your own that you must look at. When you are in your own house and look out of the windows, you wont see your own house at all—but your neighbor's house instead!

Choose, then, a house that fits in well with its surroundings. If there are big trees on the lot, if I were building, I would go out of my way to save them, even tho I had to change my house plans. A big tree is almost invaluable and anything possible should be done to save it.

In placing my house I would pay special attention to the direction of the sun. Too often home builders choose a plan and plop it down on their lot without regard to East and West—when with a little

(*Continued on page* 116)

Already America has bought tens of millions of cakes

From France

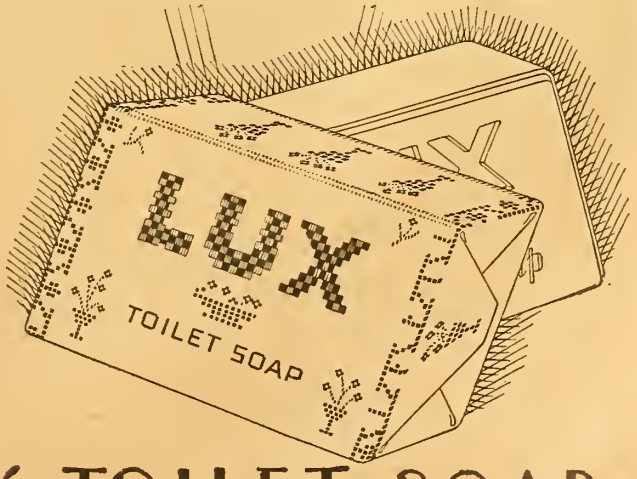
The gift of a Smooth Skin

BEAUTY-WISE France! Loveliness for women! For hundreds of years all the world has looked to France for petal-smooth skin, for the magic of her fine toilet soaps.

Costly, extravagant — French soaps! But today, *by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps,* Lux Toilet Soap is made!

That creamy smoothness you loved in French soap —that firm, fine textured cake! The instant, luxurious lather of Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. It even lasts like French soap!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! For Lux Toilet Soap is but 10c. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LUX TOILET SOAP·10¢

The hair you admire *can* be yours!

Good-bye—

UNRULY HAIR!

Now you can keep it in place all day . . . Try this modern dressing—FREE

Stubborn embarrassing cow-licks—that now lie meekly in place! Hair once perverse, unruly—submissive now to your slightest whim! . . .

Yes, you *can* say Good-bye to the problem of unruly hair. A mere touch of Stacomb and your hair will stay in place—*all day long!*

Let us send you, free, a generous sample of this delightful modern dressing.

Stacomb never leaves your hair sticky looking. Nor dry and dull, as wetting with water makes it.

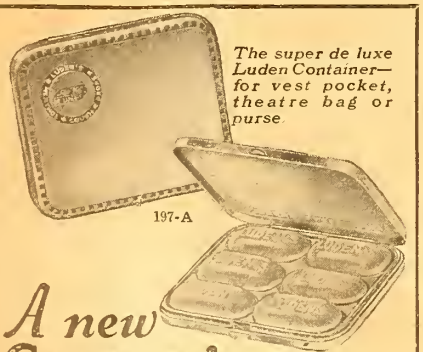
Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Buy it today. It now comes in two forms—as a delicate cream in jars and tubes, and in the popular new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. O-38, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name .....

Address .....



The super de luxe Luden Container—for vest pocket, theatre bag or purse

197-A

A new **Convenience for LUDEN users**

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Only a stoic could have played out unrebelliously the rôle of Ben Hur. There was tyranny and chaos. The retakes alone, with scenes re-enacted twenty and thirty times, were sufficient to make an ordinary Christian forget his God

On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page* 38)

greatest number. The power of his influence as a world personality is as yet unrealized. We only catch a hint of it when a great favorite dies.

Ramon's Transition

RAMON with his freedom from vanity went unsuspecting to the fray, acceding with graceful courtesy to as many requests as he could fulfil. He posed tirelessly for amateur kodaks, until halted by the corporation lawyer with dour council as to blackmailers. Fat rougish ladies bubbling with mother instincts and sly innuendoes received the same polite attention accorded flappers, who, being younger and slimmer-ankeled, were less coquettish. (Edison is right—the flappers have more sense than their elders.)

Ramon took the sudden onslaught standing up, but it bewildered him a little. The *Ben-Hur* period marked for him a definite transition. He was fortunate at this time in being isolated in Italy where a man, be he anything of an artist, may gain a balancing perspective.

Goethe said he never would have been Goethe had he not visited Italy. Ramon certainly would not have been the man and artist he is had he not visited Italy at this propitious time.

Ben-Hur in Training

ROME was depressed in heat, the company in chaos and everyone's disposition out of tune.

Venice beckoned and I departed for the Lido surf.

On my return I found Ramon in training. He arose at six in the morning, and after thirty minutes in the gym went for roadwork with a trainer. As variation he would row and swim in the Tiber.

Ramon is an Olympian, his powerful body in surprising contrast to the classic refinement of his face. "Young Hercules with the face of Apollo," is Harry Carr's phrasing of him. "Michelangelo's David with the face of an El Greco don," says the captious Rex Ingram.

His superb physique is a heritage rather than an acquisition. There are none of the bulging muscles of the overtrained athlete but that symmetry of strength in harmony with beauty which is the Greek ideal. He has had little time for sports since his childhood, when he engaged in mock bullfights, football, swimming and the Mexican

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game of *la bandera*. Aside from a vacation spent at Dempsey's training camp, where he topped off some boxing lessons, he has had only an ordinary round of exercise.

Suppleness combined with mental alacrity fits him for any game he enters. He is particularly adroit as a fencer. A swordsman by nature, like every Spaniard, he has the swift flexibility of a Toledo blade. In his hand a rapier is alive, and in dueling he displays that grace of savagery which marks the Spanish character.

"The Soul of Spain"

FOR all his religious training Ramon has about him a pagan ecstasy He conjures the figure of a shepherd boy herding flocks on a Thracian hill, a lyric primitive, detached from the world and time.

Havelock Ellis defines him perfectly in "The Soul of Spain." "The Spaniard is, and remains today, in the best sense of the word a savage. His childlike simplicity and intensity of feeling, his hardness and austerity combined with disdain for the superfluous, his love of idleness tempered by the aptitude for violent action, his indifference to persons and interests outside the circle of his own life—these characteristics and the like, which have always marked the Spaniard, mark also the savage."

And word for word, they mark Ramon.

A Loyola Romantic

HAVELOCK ELLIS likewise defines the romantic spirit of the Spaniard which Ramon exemplifies. He is not in the common sense of the word "romantic"—the expression of a superficial sentimentality. The chivalry peculiarly identified with Spain—the chivalry embodied in the conception of the Cid, which finally drove the Moor out of Spain—however fantastic and extravagant it sometimes became, was stern in its ideals and very practical in its achievements.

> ——When Loyola, the knight of a new chivalry, watched over the weapons of his spiritual armor in his long vigil at Montserrat, he was not artificially aping the knight of old-world chivalry, but actually satisfying the spiritual instinct of the true Spaniard. . . .

Loyola, like Francis of Assisi, was soldier as well as saint, a practical idealist and a gleaming figure of romance.

Chivalry

I HAVE never seen Ramon lose his temper. Self-possession with him is a trait rather than an achieved virtue. I saw him knock a fellow in the general direction of Heaven but he did it with an apologetic grace that partook of courtesy. He wasn't angry, he was regretful. Afterward he lifted the fellow to a couch and bathed his head. The man had made unpleasant remarks concerning a lady whom Ramon admires, and was obdurate in refusing to retract them. "But he had been drinking," said Ramon. "I should not have struck him. I am ashamed."

The Savage at Verdi's Mass

I SAW the savage when we went to the Eliseo for a rendition of Verdi's Requiem Mass. We arrived late—thru no fault of Ramon's—and were told to wait until the second part. At the same time the ushers were admitting a uniformed personage who wore insignia enough to gain entrée to every lodge in the world. As the door opened, emitting the strains of divine music, Ramon bounded forward with the ferocity of a young tiger smelling blood. Knocking aside the world's champion club member, who later was identified, despite his bruises, as a big league prince, Ramon

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Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you).
Use sweets sparingly.
You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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50c the jar—$1. size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

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"It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural," says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Homestruck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist now and use it regularly as directed, but note the softness, radiance and general improvement in your skin which follows the *first* treatment.

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder, apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

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vaulted into seats which I believe had been reserved for members of the royal family. But Mussolini himself couldn't have unseated my friend, the savage.

Again Marcus Aurelius

"STOICISM, the instinctive philosophy of savage everywhere, is the fundamental philosophy and almost the religion of Spain. . . . Marcus Aurelius bears the imprint of his native country."

Only a stoic, a veritable reincarnation of the Emperor who reigned there in Rome, could have played out unrebelliously the rôle of *Ben-Hur*. There was tyranny and chaos. The retakes alone, with scenes re-enacted twenty and thirty times, were sufficient to make an ordinary Christian forget his God.

Ramon's day started at six in the morning and ended at an indefinite hour at night.

In the galley scenes his entire body was bronzed and for the desert sequence he covered himself with collodion which crystallized and cracked, giving the appearance of parched and peeling skin. He spent an hour putting on his make-up and more than an hour in the evening taking it off with kerosene, soap and water. In the summer months it melted and in the fall it froze!

Sun-Worshiper

"HOW do you escape the flu, running around naked in all sorts of weather?" he was asked.

"That's the way to escape it," replied the Aztec-Spaniard.

In reality a pantheist, Ramon's worship includes the sun. He ranks sun-baths above physical exercise in the maintenance of health, and on the roof of his home in Los Angeles there is an enclosure open to the sky, where he toughens in the elements.

(Fans as yet have not acquired planes.)

Ramon's Bucephalus

For recreation after work in Rome he attended the theaters and opera, always searching for new ideas in music and stagecraft. During his stay in Italy he spent a thousand dollars in old operatic scores and songs. Those comprise but a small part of his music library in Los Angeles.

We usually dined at the Castello dei Cæsari because of the view it commands of Rome. Ramon's favorite *vettura* was drawn by a horse with the impressive name of General Diaz. The driver charged a few lire more than the meter registered. "But that's to be expected with a general leading us," said Ramon.

Imagine our embarrassment for the high-ranking beast when one evening he fell down and had to be assisted up a hill with the combined aid of Ramon, the driver and me. I dont think he ever quite regained his old military bearing; nevertheless, we stuck to him.

A Star and a Proverb

THE road to the Castello led past the Forum, over which there peered each night an invariable star. We came to know it conversationally. I felt it was the eye of some gigantic Cæsar whose punishment for vanity was to gaze down on the ruins of his own achievements. In this theory Ramon was reluctant to concur.

His romantic spirit, as I have noted, is practical toward achievements. The sense of futility that currently oppresses the world has for him a taint of morbidity. He is creative, but as the true artist is, his joy is in the achieving rather than in the rewards. "Work for results but leave the results with God" is a Hindu proverb of his adoption.

Thanksgiving at Frascati

THANKSGIVING day in Rome—with nothing to be thankful for, since the chef didn't know how to make turkey stuffing, and couldn't or wouldn't follow the recipe which Carmel Myers' mother had written for me.

Ramon was sunk in a "cholo" mood, a polite expression I have for the soul-flown state into which he passes when the stage is devoid of action.

Frascati in the Alban Hills is admirably situated for the lotus-eater, and I chose it as suiting the mood of the day. We settled at a table of a little *caffe* under the trees of a stone-paved *piazza*. Near by sat a huge *signora*, with feet well apart to sustain her upper edifice. A market stretched before us, vegetables, peaches, watermelons and green almonds lolling juicily under wide umbrellas in the sun, with here and there a bottle of wine sparkling out vivaciously like the eye of a gay cocotte. A donkey kicked up its heels flirtatiously, as tho it had partaken of the bottles, and a wine cart painted with scenes from the life of a saint, which I mistook for the Pavlowa ballet, creaked piously by with liturgic snores from its driver.

A Ghost Laughs

RAMON came out of his somnolence with: "Just nine years ago this Thanksgiving I arrived in Los Angeles. What dreams I had!"

He spoke in the thwarted tones of a mother who has seen her babes slowly strangled in their cribs.

"And I recall the Thanksgiving when I worked all day thonging leather for costumes. It was at the home of a theatrical manager. There was a turkey dinner. Its fragrance was ravishing. I was living on bread and milk. I worked on the costumes while the family ate. They didn't offer me any. I had bread and milk with my brother at five o'clock."

"Not so today!" I shouted with bursting heart as I ordered the *cameriere* to bring my dolorous friend a bottle of the best vintage.

Sad memories vanished and we drove blithely off to Tusculum, Cicero's home town, which was founded by a son of Circe. Back in the silent hills we found the remains of a Roman theater whose only patrons today are the ghosts of the early A. D.'s and the only performers the birds in the olive-trees.

But it was a theater. I knew that from the way Ramon bounded into life. Springing into the arena, he regaled the shades with an impromptu burlesque of movie scenes . . . an actor registering passion (with subtlety) at the scent of a red rose (symbolic) . . . an actress portraying grief (with restraint) over the death of her child-without-a-name . . . and, triumphantly, a roaring likeness of Ramon Novarro himself in the act of mounting his first wild Arab steed in Tunis.

Suddenly I heard a laugh from the stone bench behind me. Was it my own echo? I turned and stared into air. Evidently an echo. My attention returned to Ramon . . . another laugh, and this time I distinctly felt a jocular slap on the back.

When Ramon caught up with me a mile down the road, I was trying to shake off the Empress Faustina.

(Baedeker note: Persons contemplating a visit to ruins filled with the ghosts of bygone days should refrain from wine at lunch.)

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Tasso and a Banana

MOTORING lazily around the seven hills of Rome one Sunday afternoon, we came upon the Janiculum. Before the monastery of Sant' Onofrio, Ramon ordered the car to an abrupt stop and reverently got out.

"Here Tasso died," he said.

After a silent visit to the poet's apartments, we sat for an hour in the porch while Ramon spoke glowingly of Torquato, who had illumined him as a child.

He recalled the self-oblivious period of his own youth when he was acting at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, before entering pictures. Between performances he would recite heroic rôles for practice. While waiting for a street-car one day he burst into Richard III's soliloquy and so frightened three old ladies that they scurried away to the next car stop.

"I met the manager of the Majestic not long ago," Ramon laughed. "He said, 'I'll never forget, Ramon, the day I met you on the street. I almost ran into you, but you didn't see me. You were eating a banana and reciting Tasso!' "

Evidence for Lombroso

"BY the way," I said confidentially, "was your sanity ever questioned in those days?"

"Oh, yes," replied Ramon airily. "When I was working in the prolog at the California Theater and playing extra in pictures at the same time, Marion Morgan telephoned the theater and asked for me. She wanted me for a bit in a dance scene of a Holubar picture.

" 'I would like to speak to Mr. Samaniegos,' she said.

" 'We have no one by that name,' they told her. They were right. I had taken the stage name of Zerreco for some eccentric reason. Miss Morgan did not know this, but she did know I was in the prolog.

" 'I'm sure you have him,' she insisted. 'He's very young. Never does anything twice alike. He's kind of crazy.'

" 'Oh, yes, we have him,' they said and promptly called me."

Just another evidence of the coincidence of genius and insanity, Lombroso would probably say.

Further Evidence

CERTAINLY I never saw madness so realistically portrayed as by Ramon Novarro in a scene of the galleys. Three years *Ben-Hur* had been chained to an oar. "Three years as the world marks time—three centuries as we know it here." With glazed eyes staring, he rowed to the agony beat of the hortator's gavel, and beat by beat it pitched his frenzy toward a maniacal rage. Perspiration clotted his face and his eyes bulged out of their sockets. Suddenly he strained up from his chains—a piercing scream, nerve-snapping—and he collapsed, limp flesh across a paralyzed oar.

Death-house stillness—then a spontaneous cheer from the three hundred Italian extras, "Bravo, Novarro! Bravo!"

That scene never reached the screen. "But remember, too, all my bad ones that didn't," says Ramon philosophically.

The Vision in Venice

COMPLETING work in the galley sequence, Ramon chose Venice as a vacational point. We rode all night in a day coach, and when finally we settled in a gondola we promptly went to sleep. A horrific bellow brought us to. The gondolier was outraged. His gondola was not a *camera* —no hotel . If we poor clods could nc glories of Venice, we could ge k—or, rather, wade. Ig-

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

You will not find her on the stage—her face may never grace the screen—yet it is such loveliness as her's that makes this land the home of Charm.

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Four perfect shades. 50c

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Silken smooth, with blending quality amazing. - 50c

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"Twin" Compact $1

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noring our pathetic protests, he dumped us at the Riva degli Schiavoni in front of our hotel.

Refreshed by a siesta, we strolled the Piazzo di San Marco. Venetian lace in a window reminded Ramon of gifts from home. We entered and were greeted by Olga Asta, the proprietress.

Signed photographs of Doug and Mary adorned the walls, and the *signora* assured us that they were fine patrons. Suddenly she stopped and fixed Ramon with a querying eye. "You—you, too, look like someone famous," she exclaimed.

Ramon's face was shrubbed with beard, grown for the galley scenes, and his hair flowered in lengthy locks.

"Yes, you remind me of some one famous. Let me think! Not a cinema actor. No! An artist, perhaps . . . but no." The *signora* stood transfixed. Suddenly she let forth a piercing shriek. "I know . . . Jesus Christ!"

Shopgirls and lacemakers scurried from all corners, startled by the *signora's* outburst. Ramon flushed and smiled.

"Jesus Christ!" cried the *signora* in a second convulsion, pointing a trembling finger at Ramon.

The shopgirls emitted little stricken cries. I was afraid they would fall to their knees and demand miracles. Coming out of her trance, the *signora* glanced at me, whereupon I quicky shuffled off. I didn't want to be mistaken for John the Baptist by some local Salome.

I decided, on quitting Olga's place, that to prevent further confusion, Ramon should have a shave and hair-cut. We visited a *barbiere* and as I submitted my own locks to the shears I heard the man ask Ramon in an awed whisper, "Are you playing Jesus Christ, *signore?*"

"I'm sure I dont know," replied Ramon.

A Protean Slot-Machine

A FEW days later in the Hotel Danieli a waiter took on a sudden recognizing air.

"You look like someone, *signore,*" he said to Ramon.

I hastily crossed myself.

"A saint?" asked Ramon modestly.

"No," said the waiter, "Oberdamm, the man who assassinated the Emperor of Austria in——"

God or assassin, Ramon has the divine magic of reminding everyone of someone. Marion Morgan once said, "Ramon is like a slot-machine: put a nickel in and any character you want will come out."

She was paying tribute to his art for characterization, but discounting this, he is by his very appearance a symbol to the imagination.

Eluding the Police

AFTER driving a chariot for two months in the chill of winter, Ramon decided either to have the flu or a vacation. Hurling this ultimatum at the production manager, he achieved a week's leave of absence, and we mounted a train for the French Riviera.

Shortly before our arrival at San Remo he announced that he had forgotten his passport. Forgetting your passport while touring Europe is like forgetting your bed sheet on the way to a Ku Klux Klan parade—you might just as well turn around and go home. My disgust was on the point of expression when a surreptitious peep at my own passport informed me that it was out of date.

"Never mind," I said valiantly. "Maybe we can get by on Mrs. Myers' recipe for turkey dressing; it's written on Carmel's engraved stationery and looks official."

The guards at the border refused to accept either Mrs. Myers' recipe or the hundred-lira notes that we fingered temptingly. There was an *albergo* on the Italian side, and we registered there for the night, thinking that when the guards went to sleep we could easily shove them over the cliff into the ocean. But the *albergo* proprietor said that the guards did not sleep. He believed, however, that parties had crossed from his hotel by descending the cliff to the beach.

The next morning we made our way along the sands to the French line. There we were halted by an Italian guard with an interrogation as to passports. We replied in the Indian sign language with dumb signs toward the hotel, indicating we were merely out for a stroll. The guard smiled, as one invariably does at the dumb, and we walked tenderly into France. We walked until we rounded the first corner, then we soared.

Ramon's Winning Way

THE Riviera sequence was the gayest of our trip abroad. Each day we chartered a car and drove over the Corniche road to Nice or Cannes. Ramon usually went to sleep on these excursions. Scenery doesn't interest him particularly save in terms of a back-drop. He likes the Casino at Monte Carlo, where there was action—the movement of roulette-wheels and the swifter movement of francs from your pocket to that of the *croupier*. It only required a half-hour for Ramon to discover a secret method of winning. By following this carefully we were able to lose fifty dollars in fifteen minutes each evening—thus saving a great deal of time. Time is more valuable than money, of course, but I felt that to win more than fifty dollars' worth of it per evening was a sin, inasmuch as there were poor bartenders and waiters who needed the money—right there in Monte Carlo.

The Monastic Life

FLORENCE is Ramon's favorite city of Italy. There we visited the medieval monastery of Certosa, crowning a hill of vines and olives. Fortified and serene, it has remained thru centuries a beacon to the spirit of man. At its gates all worldly ambitions fall away, to be replaced within by the white garments of saintly aspiration. The monks arise at dawn to work in the vineyards and to pursue in silence a devoted, self-mortifying, contemplative life. Only twice a week, when they dine together in the refectory, is there any communication between them.

"How simply they live," mused Ramon, "and how successfully!"

A white-robed monk, with clear, fine eyes in which twinkled a genuine joy, escorted us thru the corridors and showed us the bare, clean cells, whose windows gaze on to a tranquil valley of contentment.

"I feel I will end my days in a monastery," said Ramon firmly.

"Not in this one," I said. "There's no music."

Ramon regarded me sadly. I had a very false conception of him. "By the way, Herb, I found the score of a wonderful opera today in Florence and some fine old Tuscan songs. Would you like to hear them this evening?"

Troubadour and Ariel . . . "Shelley with a face that reminds you of those frescoed saints you see in Florence."

Worldly Joys

LOUIS B. MAYER, arriving to inspect the Italian situation, had revived the drooping morale of the company by announcing that *Ben-Hur* would return to Hollywood and the rescuing hands of Irving T[illegible]erg.

(*Continued on*

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With CHARLES RAY. *Adapted by* F. McGrew Willis *from the stage play by* Willson Collison *and* Avery Hopwood
Supervised by F. McGREW WILLIS
Directed by E. MASON HOPPER
Produced by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

JOHN C. FLINN, Vice-President and General Manager

On the Road with Ramon

(*Continued from page 90*)

Fifteen minutes after Ramon had completed his final scene in the Roman studio we were on a train bound for Paris and the Restaurant Foyot.

Jacques received us at the door with a recognizing smile, and took us to our usual table.

"*Fraises de bois,*" I read on the menu. "M'God—wooden strawberries!"

"Strawberries from the woods," corrected Ramon sniffily, "and, from the price, I gather that the woods go with them."

We indulged ourselves beyond the dreams of Lucullus. As the check was presented I asked Ramon if he loved Foyot as much as before.

"Love it?" he said, paying the luncheon check for twenty-five dollars. "Cant you see I'm buying it?"

A Knight Returns

THE return trip on *La France* was in contrast to the trip over, which we had made aboard the *Leviathan*. Eschewing all society, Ramon stayed in his cabin, permitting his beard to grow while he strummed a guitar. The guitar had been purchased at my behest. On previous trips Ramon had carried a set of practice chimes. You can smash a guitar, but you cant smash a set of steel chimes. I can pay no higher tribute to Ramon's charm as a musician than to say that the guitar arrived intact in New York.

Ramon singing Mexican songs is the lyric, the gay and insinuating Ramon whose charm is irresistible. Moved by my delight in the songs and Mexican legends which he recounted, Ramon one night recited the names of all the streets in Mexico City! Such was his intention, at least, until I broke in with, "Now I'll name the streets of my home town." But all I could recall were Main Street and Phillips Avenue.

As we were repacking our trunks on the eve of landing, Ramon showed me a notebook containing a line which he had written before sailing for Rome. It was: "If my *Ben-Hur* is remembered, I have not lived in vain."

He threw back his head and laughed.

He had grown up.

Ramon Novarro when a child of twelve conducted a marionette theater in his Mexican home and gave public performances——

Today in his Los Angeles home he has a beautiful little theater, seating just sixty people, equipped with every device of modern stagecraft. "It is the laboratory," writes Herbert Howe, "of a man to the theater born. Here he conducts his experiments in stagecraft, and occasionally presents, to an invited audience of friends, vivid glimpses of old Spanish drama and folk-songs plucked from the fields of Italy, France, Spain and Mexico——"

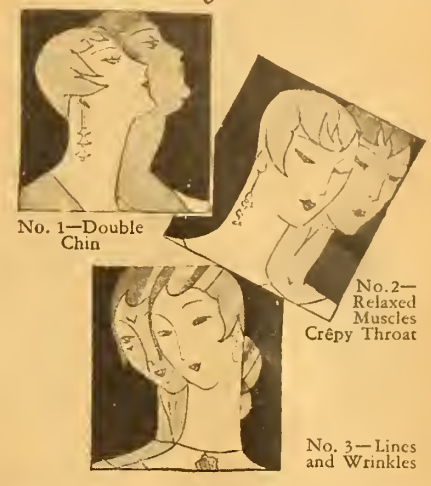
You will be one of the "invited audience of friends" next month thru the pages of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Another Perfectly Good Villain Goes Comedian

Noah Beery is out for laughs now too. In "The Rough Riders" he plays a Texas sheriff, gruff on the surface, funny in his actions with a wide streak of kindness in his make-up. Everybody on the screen seems to be changing their stuff these days. We're sort of anxious to see good old Noah as a comedian, but we hate to lose him as a villain

How to look years younger

note these rejuvenations



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Plaza 4524

Girls in one-piece bathing suits wont sell a comedy any more. They are an old story to audiences who live near the beaches. So Mack Sennett has revived the Keystone Kops for his 1927 comedies. Here they make their first arrest in the person of Johnny Burke, Sennett's new vaudeville find

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 67*)

as to act on the screen. If we were to manage any stars, we would create an interesting and colorful personality and see to it that they lived up to this brilliant pattern every waking minute of their life.

Lois finds it difficult to get the things she wants now because she never troubled to play a part offscreen.

When she first went into the movies, she was a school-teacher. A novelist would have had her marry the wealthy widower whose small son was in her class and live happily forever after in the small, conservative Alabama town. But life, aided and abetted by Lois Weber and the judges of a local beauty contest, applied a far more romantic plot. Let us hope it will ultimately offer an equal measure of happiness. We doubt that it has this far.

When she entered the movies Lois did not change one little bit. She wore sensible serge dresses with self-covered buttons. She spent most of her free time at home with her mother and sisters enjoying simple pursuits . . . a Little Womenish sort of life. She made her own clothes. Sometimes girl friends came in the afternoon for chocolate and cake. Sometimes she went out in the evening to a neighborhood party.

She was ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent. the Sweet Young Thing that she appeared upon the screen.

Then gradually there came a change. The company sent her to New York to make a few pictures. Her salary was raised and she could afford to indulge in a Frances gown or a Collins hat or a Hoyt wrap every once in a while. She entered the professional social life. New York theaters. The Ritz-Carlton for luncheon. The last word in beauty specialists. More money and more exclusively designed gowns and hats and wraps. Lois began to talk the gay, sparkling and sophisticated talk that you can hear at any luncheon or tea time at the Ritz and the Colony . . . at Pierre's and Sherry's. She had, in the meantime, appeared in more pictures and her name became invested with glamour. Both wealthy and famous men began to court her. Lois had become a far, far hail from the little Southern school-teacher who had worn sensible serge dresses and looked forward for weeks to a dinner-party of six with no wine.

But on the screen she was still being cast as very innocent and palely colored heroines. They wouldn't let her shrug her lovely white shoulders or wink or wear daring gowns ever.

Lois rebelled. It did not the slightest amount of good.

Lois rebelled again and again and again.

And that brings us to where we started some paragraphs back. We rather think Lois Wilson knows what she is about. It is very important to impress the Press with your glamour and your sophistication if you want the public to think you possess it. And too the Press itself is sophisticated. They find the girl who goes in for the snappy modern sort of thing far more interesting than the girl who sits demurely in a corner and acts shocked at anything more daring than Queen Victoria herself would have condoned.

The Press used to say of Lois "She's a nice girl" and proceed to forget her for some new and more arresting personality. And every interview ever published about her stressed the same things—the same unimaginative if entirely worthy points.

Lois has taken to giving teas. And her teas are quite the most popular afternoons you can imagine. Everyone accepts when Lois issues casual telephone invitations. And what is more everyone remains and talks until it is long past the tea hour and late for most dinners.

She is getting her new stuff across. The other afternoon we edged our way into her crowded suite. Waiters were engaged in passing huge silver platters of sand-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

wiches and *petits fours* and dishes of bonbons. One waiter was stationed behind the steaming silver teapot. Other waiters engaged themselves in serving other refreshment.

Everyone who is anyone in the press was there. So was Allan Dwan and his beautiful new wife. And Mrs. Albert Parker. And Gloria Swanson and the Marquis. And Diana Kane, Lois' ravishingly beautiful sister. And Mal St. Clair, still leaning on his cane. And several very representative-looking men whom we have never seen at any other teas or dinners, so we judge they are Lois' personal friends.

She was very gay and lovely in a black velvet frock with a silver net yoke . . . and a corsage of creamy gardenias nodding on her shoulder.

Everyone told her that she had done right not to continue playing pale heroines. She seemed encouraged by this consensus of opinion and declared that she felt she had and anyway "I just cant play them the way I used to." We think she is quite right about that. She isn't the same girl. She has developed. She has grown. And what could be more natural than that she should want to be this glamorous new person on as well as off the screen?

Speaking of Lois' tea-parties, the most difficult part of them is keeping out people she has never heard of and who were, of course, not invited. The other afternoon two men insisted upon entering the suite and things nearly reached a place where they would have been forcibly ejected. Then a girl telephoned and said she was on one of the New York newspapers, naming a special one, and might she come. She had heard there was to be a tea. Lois said certainly for her to come. But inquiries at the newspaper revealed the fact that no such person had ever been on their staff.

Certainly motion picture stars have come to be looked upon as public property.

Sometimes the uninvited guests are fans who are willing to resort to any ruse to see their favorite and any motion picture guests who happen to be present. But since several robberies have been perpetrated under such circumstances, the motion picture people are growing very careful and, like Lois, station someone at the door in order to keep the uninvited out.

A. H. D.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 47)

humor that is coupled with the people of that nationality.

Tom's picture was given its première before the members of the Wampas, and contained nothing but subtitles. There wasn't a picture in the whole film, which made it rather interesting, and more so in view of the fact that the orchestra's accompaniment was arranged to synchronize with the series of titles. The picture was a rather motley mess, consisting of a series of melodramas which never quite terminated. If given a release, Tom's picture should be very popular with the public. The only competition he has is "Topics of the Day."

Douglas Fairbanks' next feature will probably be a story of the early days in California, when the Spaniards first subdivided the territory and sold a lot fifty miles square for a quart of hootch.

(*Continued on page* 122)

Two Marvelous New Preparations for your cuticle

Cutex Cuticle Remover *is the first step in caring for the cuticle. Every trace of the dead cuticle must be removed to show the beauty of the nail base.*

The new Cutex Cuticle Cream *created to supply the missing oils to the cuticle. Used regularly after removing all dead cuticle, it is a simple matter to have perfect ovals.*

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Forecast of Spring Fashions

(*Continued from page* 40)

front, and of many designs; the brims of medium sizes, and, unlike the merely rippling brim we all know, will be cut in jagged, ragged edges.

Sounds rather vagabondish and interesting, doesn't it?

* * * * *

Reboux plans many rakish sports models with cut strips of felt for trimming, or two-tone bands of ribbon, I hear. . . . The *tortoise-shell pins*, which are so often seen on smart hats, will be continued. . . . These are long and slender, like spears, or are in quill shape; some in plain shell, others in filigree.

* * * * *

It is hard to say, just yet, what *furs* will do, but I think flat furs, in most odd designs and shades, will trim the sport coats. "Lapin" is sure to be used for jackets with sport costumes.

* * * * *

The lapel flower has been so long in use that there seems nothing new to do with it. I doubt if we shall see them on really smart costumes this spring.

* * * * *

In *jewelry* the crystal-and-pearl combination is going well. Initial pins are still seen, but not on the best-dressed women.

* * * * *

Gloves remain plain, tho occasionally one sees a return to the longer glove of soft suède, worn deeply crushed at the wrist and buttoned, not merely pulled on. . . . These are, of course, for town wear. For sports there are the heavily stitched calf or suède pull-ons in the bright tones.

* * * * *

Purses are seen in all the reptile skins and often match the shoes. They are smartest in natural color.

Shoes will be of lizard, alligator, and snake-skin. The latter is well-suited to summer wear in light, delicate shades.

Hosiery will be a little darker, but the *honey-beige* is thought to be the coming shade.

* * * * *

That is all I can tell you, my dear, until the "grand openings."

* * * * *

I've scarcely a bit of gossip for you this month. Everybody in the world seems to have been sailing for somewhere this month and I've been too jealous to see them off or send even a note.

Mrs. Daisy Moreno and the handsome Tony sailed one midnight bearing with them a friend I shall miss. . . . John McCormack, the singer, was aboard.

Some people have all the luck—oh, well! . . . Princess Divani, or Mae Murray, as you choose, swept into the Colony a few nights ago, still New York's smartest restaurant, with the Prince trailing after looking like a sulky child.

Perhaps billowing pink tulle and a determined blondeness are beautiful . . . perhaps.

Anyway, I dont like people who change their tables every five minutes and disturb the otherwise peaceful consumption of an artichoke.

* * * * *

Tom Moore, in snifty blue overcoat, derby, spats, stick and all, stood beside me sharing my delight in a pair of lovely silver birds on display in a Fifth Avenue window, and I didn't know it until he'd swung off down the block with that seven-league gait of his. Isn't *that* luck?

* * * * *

Had a card from Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor at Christmas. But Bebe and Anna Q. forgot me.

Eleanor, are you *ever* coming East? I've called the Metro office until I can almost remember the number now, it's been ten weeks since I've just expected you.

Au 'voi, ma cousine, until next month.—G.

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 33, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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The Negri Legend

(Continued from page 23)

ing up to her European pictures. For this the critics, and rightly, assailed the producers, directors and scenarists responsible for the vehicles in which Negri appeared. But the motion picture fans, not knowing nor caring about the inner workings of a studio, were disappointed. And rightly, also, I may add. If I had paid out fifty cents to see such a hodge-podge as Negri's "The Crown of Lies," I'd have set up a howl, too.

Re-enforced by the discontent of the public over the Negri films, greater and greater grew the Negri Legend, spawned that night in 1921 by a miserable mob. Other foreign actors and directors came to this country, were welcomed, are permitted to work in peace. But Negri was the first. *And for all of them* she has borne the brunt.

How different her position was from those that followed, can be illustrated in a few brief sentences. When she arrived, she could speak no English. Confused and troubled, she could not answer questions put her by the press. To this day, as part of the Legend, lives the story, therefore, that Pola Negri is "upstage." Nowadays, the mere fact that a foreign player, arriving here, speaks little or no English is sufficient for a score or more of delightfully entertaining stories. It's considered quaintly endearing now. It was harshly unforgivable in the Negri.

But the Legend went too far—it reached a terrible, a shocking climax last summer when her bitter, tearing grief was ballyhoed as "an effort to get publicity for herself."

I think the Negri Legend must die now. Indeed, I think it is dying quickly. Responsible, intelligent writers cannot reconcile the cruel stories they read about her last fall, with the pitiful, half-unconscious little figure who, as the funeral service was being read over her lover, reached out one wavering hand to touch the gentle roses covering his bier, and bowed her head in humility before God.

I have known Pola Negri for three years. One is impressed first, not so much by her beauty, great tho it is, as by the extraordinary, the half-mystic magnetism of the woman. It surrounds her like an aura. Probably Bernhardt and Duse, Booth and Mansfield, had this same strange power. It has been said of Mansfield that dialogue between minor characters in his plays was entirely wasted on an audience; that tho he stood far down-stage, every eye was upon him.

Certain actors on the screen have, in more or less measure, this magnetism. Pola Negri is the only one I've ever met who has it off-screen. I cannot say it is a fortunate gift. The lives of Bernhardt and Duse were most tragic. Pola's, surely, has not been happy. She said to me the other day, "I am grateful for every little moment of happiness that has come to me in my life. These moments have been rare, but why should I assume that I have the right to happiness? Why should any of us? Is it not more wise, perhaps, to believe that we are put here to learn courage?"

I spoke of "Hotel Imperial," by far the greatest picture she has made in America. In this picture, Pola the artist stands triumphant. During the five years she has been in America, she has never underrated the intelligence of the American public. The miserable, puerile stories given her, which disappointed you so, were stepping-stones of agony to the Negri.

Well, then, here is a piece of sheer ar-

"How can I make myself more beautiful?"

HOW often have you asked yourself that question?

And what has been the answer?

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CLASSIC stays young because it has youthful, refreshing ideas. It is the first in the field because it scores one interesting scoop after another, because it is original in contents and make-up, because its pages are free from bunk, because its purpose is to strike out truthfully for itself—its pages enlivened with intelligent articles away from the beaten path.

CLASSIC is not in the rut. It has its own distinct personality and believes in asserting it. And everything is being done in continuing to make it the De Luxe Magazine of the Screen.

The April CLASSIC will feature an array of as bright and entertaining pages as it is possible to gather together.

Would you like to know how a big producing company fishes for stars?

Are you interested in how dreams of financial independence make the actors go into the movies?

Are you intrigued in the fact that actors also make good business men?

Would you like to take a sightseeing trip around New York and find where the stars gathered atmosphere for scenes in their pictures?

Then read the April CLASSIC.

And

Look for several intimate personality stories as well as a group of fine pictorial pages.

The serial, "The Star's Wife," by Laura Kent Mason, climbs to new heights of interest with the second instalment.

Order your April number now.

You cant afford to be without the CLASSIC!

tistry for you. It is being followed by another war-picture, or rather a picture of all women who must stay at home and watch their loved ones go forth to war. The title is "Barbed Wire."

"Ah, war!" she exclaimed. "I hate it so! I am a pacifist, as I believe all women are. Why should kings and a few capitalists force war upon the nations of earth. Tear sons from their mothers, husbands from their wives? Kill, kill, kill.

"It is the women who suffer most. The mother with the fine young son she sends forth to be butchered. The young wife, with the little children, who must let her husband go. The girl who loses her sweetheart.

"Ah, do I not know these things? Do I not know how the woman suffers most of all. Was not my own father taken from us when I was seven years old. He was one of the revolutionary leaders of Poland, my father. In 1905 he was captured and sent to Siberia—and he died there. My mother and I, we did not see him, ever again.

"Then the soldiers come and burn down our house. Every stick. We look back thru the night as we run for safety to a neighbor's one mile away, and see our home in flames."

(I wish you might hear Negri's voice as she speaks. Resignation, tranquillity are in it, with an overtone of quiet sadness, when she speaks of her own past experiences. Only when her vision embraces the entire world, only when she voices her denunciation of all war, does the bitterness and protest come.)

"Then, I am playing at the Imperial Theater, in Warsaw, when the world war broke out. We turned the theater into a hospital, and everyone volunteered his services. I could not endure the operating room, so I worked in the room where the soldiers were brought when they came out of the anæsthetic.

"Four months I worked there. Then one day something happened I shall never forget. A Russian soldier, who had just had his right arm cut off, was coming out of the anæsthetic. He asked me for a glass of water. When I gave it to him, he reached for it *with his right arm.* Never shall I forget the look on that poor boy's face. He looked up at me so puzzled, as tho a nightmare had come true. Then he just lay back and the tears rolled down his face.

"I had a terrible breakdown then and could stand the hospital no more. I went to Berlin, went on with my stage work, and there again I saw what war means. Ah, many, many times I see the men go forth to war while the women wait, at home.

"Also, in Berlin, I see the greatest of all irony. One day, I see Kaiser Wilhelm address his troops and tell them they must fight for *him,* and for God. Later, from that same balcony the leader of the revolution (Pola spoke his name but I do not remember it) tells them they must fight for *his* cause, and for God.

"It is great irony," said Pola, adding presently, "and the women stay at home."

Then she added in that quiet throbbing voice of hers: "I am in my heart the friend of every woman in the world who has known sorrow, thru war."

I have seen Pola Negri many times, in many moods. The gay, laughing Pola, as capable of fun as any high-school girl. Pola, the cosmopolitan, most perfect of hostesses, moving among her guests in her Beverly Hills home. Pola, sitting patiently on the set, hour after hour, while between scenes. Pola, before the camera. On the set the other day, when a scene called for her to protest her bitterness against war, the hard-boiled electricians and stage-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

hands rubbed away, with husky masculine embarrassment, the tears forced to their eyes, under the spell of her voice.

I saw her in the hours of her greatest sorrow, and I've seen her twice recently, when that high, gallant courage of hers is carrying her forward—forward.

In this, the first interview given a film publication since Valentino's death, you will no doubt wish to know whether time has lessened the grief of the Negri. I cannot say that it has, tho the months are speeding by. But she is rising above that grief, frail physically tho she now is.

"One must know all sorrow, my friend, to appreciate what happiness one has. One must know death, to appreciate life," she told me.

In "Hotel Imperial" and "Barbed Wire" you will see not only Pola Negri, who, if you will permit my personal opinion, which may well be yours, is one of our few great screen artists. You will see also a world figure, who, having suffered much, having learned much, can, with her great gift of artistry, portray the soul of Woman. The tragedy and the lightening lift of laughter.

Hugh Walpole might well have been quoting her when he wrote: "It is not life that matters, but the courage one brings to it."

A Dinner Menu from the Conrad Nagels

(*Continued from page 39*)

Cover and let cool. To this add the juice of eight lemons. When ready to serve, pour two ounces of this liquid over cracked ice in goblet and fill with ginger ale.

Ice-cream: Mrs. Nagel varies the flavor by choosing different fruit juice such as strawberry, pineapple or peach. For this particular dinner she used strawberry, adding enough of the juice to a heavy cream to sweeten. Freeze and let stand well packed in ice two hours before serving.

Chocolate Cake: (Which Mrs. Nagel, herself, makes.) Cream one and one-half cups of sugar with one-half cup of butter. Add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Beat in one-half cup of milk. Sift two cups of Swansdowne flour and one heaping teaspoon of baking powder six times. Beat into the above mixture. Add two squares of grated Baker's bitter chocolate to five tablespoons of boiling water and stir over fire until thick and creamy. Add to the batter. Fold in the well-beaten whites of three eggs and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a large square tin and bake about half hour in moderate oven. When cool, cover with chocolate frosting. Cut in small squares to serve.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red) .....light brown .....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

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HOHNER Harmonicas

He thinks that it is both tawdry and cheap to use love as a means to publicity that love shouldn't be degraded ever by having a spotlight turned upon it. An unusual camera study of Mr. Colman in "The Night of Love"

Are Actors People?

(Continued from page 61)

"At the same time, I think it is no more than reasonable that the public should not follow a man into his home. Why should the citizens of every state in the Union know whether you take a cold shower or a hot tub every morning?—what sort of shirt you put on and whether you shave yourself or go to a barber?"

He laughed—the real Colman laugh that makes him look years younger than when he is serious, and sets little shining stars dancing in his dark eyes.

"No man with a sense of humor could possibly send out this sort of stuff to the world: 'I eat liver and bacon for breakfast!' etc. Think of the pompous picture that creates. Who cares? . . . And yet you read it. Perhaps you even read it about me."

"Mr. Colman!" megaphoned the assistant director, and the gypsy bandit was again seized by the fearsome executioners.

We had discussed things that get into print before, on the Black Rock Desert of Nevada, where the afternoon mirage made tantalizing blue lakes on the expanse of broiling wasteland. One day, when the mercury had climbed to the top of the thermometer and seemed to be considering whether or not it could burst thru the glass, the co-stars of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" sat gasping in front of their tents.

The chief outdoor and indoor sport of the location—teaching the exquisite Vilma Banky to speak English—turned the conversation into what should and should not appear in print.

One of the greatest shocks in Ronald Colman's career, it developed, had occurred when he had opened a magazine to read:

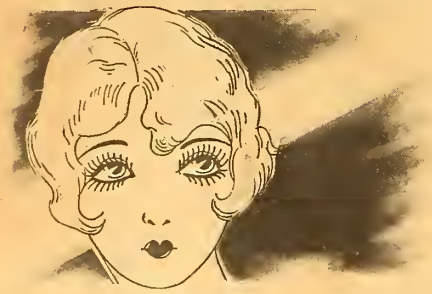
"RONALD COLMAN SHOWS SIX WAYS OF MAKING LOVE."

"It seems to me that using love as a means to get publicity is a cheap and tawdry thing to do. Love shouldn't be degraded by having a spotlight turned on it," he observed.

"Friendship, too, is a spiritual bond. If you have a David-and-Jonathan relationship with a man, you have something beyond price. Why should you lower it by advertising its possession? That shows as poor taste as posing for pictures about a death-bed. . . . Oh, you cant use beautiful and sacred things to advance yourself and hope to keep them either lovely or spotless!"

I remember another day, in camp in America's Sahara near Yuma, Arizona, during the making of "Beau Geste." The sand was so soft and so deep that walking was practically impossible and riding anything but a joy. Yet on his one morn-

(Continued on page 114)



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WINX *Waterproof*

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We Interview John Gilbert

(*Continued from page 35*)

the best of my knowledge, Mr. Gilbert got out of bed by himself. . . .

(This exceedingly interesting topic is broken by the swift entrance of the arisen star himself.)

JOHN GILBERT (*entering with a sort of charged vitality . . . eagerness . . . enthusiasm . . . ardor-of-living*): Hello . . . hello, both of you! Gods, this city! It will be the death of me . . . all day and all night. . . .

MR. VOIGHT (*gathering up his coat and hat in preparation to escape*): I'm not remaining. A luncheon engagement. Goodbye.

(*Watkins opens the door and Mr. Voight* disappears—whence, whither, why, no one knows.)

A. W. F. (*arranging herself in a Grecian posture*): We understand that this early appearance is a bit unusual for you.

JOHN GILBERT (*laughing with the well-known flash of white teeth . . . glint of dark eyes*): It is. But I cant boast about it. No character, that's it. I just cannot get to bed when I'm in this town. No matter how many night clubs I run away from, I'm sure to find five or six imperative messages awaiting me here. A party is over at the Club Dover waiting for me. *Must* join them. There are some fellows over at Dick Barthelmess'. He's waiting for me. Or it is something else. Something similar. I think to myself that I'll be darned if I go—and then I find myself on the elevator, en route.

G. H. (*with sweet optimism and a maternal gesture*): Well, you go back tomorrow—then you can rest.

JOHN: I know. I *know*. And when I do get back to those California mountains, I'm going to walk over a couple of hundred of them and get in shape for work. I'm going to bed at twilight and arise at dawn and begin to feel like a human being again. This place puts the map of Europe on your face.

(Menu cards appear via waiter . . . orders are given . . . substantial on the parts of the interviewers . . . a bottle of milk on the part of John Gilbert . . . talk is desultory until the laden table is borne into the room . . . into place . . . and John, having gallantly seated the interviewers, settles down to milk and confabulation.)

A. W. F. (*casting a glance at G. H. such as Byron might have cast when he said that women should never eat*): "Twelve Miles Out" is your next picture, isn't it, Mr. Gilbert?

JOHN: Yep. Understand it was a popular stage-play. So they could sell it to the exhibitors in advance—and they sold me in it. I have to do it. I argue with them about it, shout that I want bigger stories . . . fewer and bigger . . . things that matter, that mean something . . . and they look regretful and tell me how interesting it is and how well it will go and how it's sold to the exhibitors anyway—and that, of course, is that. There is nothing that one can do about it—nothing. Oh, of course, I could act temperamental . . . show up late at the studios . . . cut didoes . . . but what for? All that sort of thing gets you is the name of being "hard to handle," and who wants that?

A. W. F. (*with a hope to encourage . . . which always comes to her, if one may be inelegant, on a full stomach*): But you really cant complain, you know. Look, just *look*, at the run of great rôles you have had. You've managed to achieve the almost impossible . . . being different in

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The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it entrances her senses, but because it adds so greatly to her loveliness thruout the day.

Just a sprinkle of it in her tub, and she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pores as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin delightfully comfortable, radiantly healthy and smooth as velvet to the touch. Then for the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her, keeping her always sweet and fresh and lovable. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at drug and department stores everywhere.

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By DAVID V. BUSH

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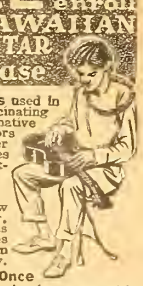

Only 4 Motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

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Did you know that Cecil B. De Mille was a licensed pilot?

every one of your pictures and quite equally interesting in each.

JOHN: I know. God, it's been marvelous—and I'm selfish. I want to keep on doing great pictures. I'm not interested in them unless I feel that they are great. I'm not happy. I dont care. I dont want to make just movies. I feel that I've finished drawing cats and have got into portraits. I want to do portraits . . . things that matter. . . .

I'm never so happy as when I'm working. Working on something I believe in. You've got to believe in the thing you're doing. You've got to believe that it does matter, matter enormously.

It's the in-between whiles that are bad. An actor's life is too idle, too lazy . . . home early in the afternoon . . . weeks and weeks in between productions . . . nothing to work your brain on, your abilities . . . no research to speak of required . . . just laziness . . . it's just laziness for me when I'm working in pictures that do not particularly interest me . . . if I am interested I can work with the author . . . do extra things toward my performance . . . keep alive at it. . . . Gosh, I dont wonder that Mary and Doug and Charlie and Harold Lloyd and others produce their own pictures.

A. W. F. (*seriously*): Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you. I wouldn't want to do that—for anything. Imagine the terrific responsibility . . . the strain. . . .

JOHN: I know. It is all that. And that's not what I really want to do . . . what I do want to do is free-lance at the expiration of my contract, providing, of course, I am sitting as pretty then as I am right now. Who can tell? But . . . if I'm still in the demand I am today . . . if the directors are after me then as they are after me now, day and night, I'll be in the position to accept only the rôles that interest me in the pictures that interest me under the directors that interest me.

A. W. F.: Yes, that would be marvelous.

JOHN: Oh, Lord, *ideal!* Of course, Fame is a jade . . . fickle . . . it may not be possible. But I think it will be. I'll have plenty of money. I wont be rich as riches go, but I'll have enough so that I can concentrate on the things I want to do and let the other things go by . . . if I only make one or two pictures a year they will be great pictures . . . it may solve my problem.

G. H. (*incredulously*): Odd, *you* with a problem . . . one might suppose that all problems have been solved for you . . . or that you have solved them all. You have, you know, everything.

JOHN (*rather darkly*): *That* is my problem—that I have everything. Just that is, I think, the essential tragedy . . . more than a problem, tragedy . . . of most of the screen people. They have everything. We have everything. *I've* had everything and I've had it too soon . . . too young. I am twenty-nine. I've traveled. I have money. I have fame, of a kind. I've had affairs. I have the kind of a home I want fixed in the way I want it. What can life offer me when I'm, say, forty-nine? What then? What will there be left for me to do, to desire, to need? *Nothing.* And at forty-nine a man is still young, still has many years of life ahead of him, everything being equal. What will I do with those years? What, and this is the point, *what will I want to do?*

G. H. (*ve-ry sweet-ly*): The simplicities . . . the . . .

JOHN (*in his eager, quick way*): I'll

(*Continued on page* 108)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Is the World Tired of Children?

(*Continued from page 43*)

emotions, intelligence, understanding, and physical action which dooms it to obscurity even at the peak of success.

"Another interesting reason," Schulberg continues, "for the sudden exit of child pictures may be laid to the fact that recently the quest of realism in motion picture plays has become the dominant object of all producers. Audiences have demanded it. Absurd situations, impossible situations, and the inevitable happy ending have all been questioned. The child dramas fell into the classification of the unrealistic, and were condemned for that reason.

"A child is not and never will be the guiding power of a family, a community, or a nation, as they must be pictured on the screen for story purposes. We are all interested in children—that goes without saying—but we realize that their influence in adult affairs is secondary. For that reason, dramatizing them into adult situations will always be unrealistic.

"We will always need children in pictures, but only to play the rôles they play in ordinary life, the secondary rôles. The unprecocious, the unself-conscious child with appeal and intelligence will always have a place in this type of rôle on the screen."

An overproduction that jaded the public taste, and a present dearth of promising children, are the main factors stressed by Jack L. Warner, production chief of Warner Brothers studio.

"During the vogue for child star films," Warner explains, "there was a generation of very talented children, who were exploited by the producers. These children have now grown to the awkward ages where they are no longer infant artists, and not yet adult actors. No others have come to take their places. There are many children in short-reel pictures but no individual cases have been discovered recently that warrant stardom.

"There must have been a real demand for child pictures a few years ago or there would never have been so many of them. The psychology of production is this: Give the public what it wants until it doesn't want it any more. The first child pictures were successful, so we gave them more. Then came a certain degree of satiation, and today child pictures are at a standstill."

William Seiter, the man who directed Baby Peggy Montgomery at the height of her success, believes that the day of the child star is gone, never to return.

"Child stars such as Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and others are definitely a thing of the past," Seiter asserts. "The reason is both simple and obvious. Baby Peggy was, and is, a great little actress. If she had in some manner kept from growing up, her pictures would still be in demand. That, however, is something no one could help—at least I could not.

"Many people, some of them big producers, have asked me time and again why I do not get hold of some other child actress and direct her to the same heights I was fortunate enough to reach with Peggy. I have refused, for the simple reason that it is foolish to think of replacing the child star of yesterday. It just cant be done!"

Fred Datig, casting director for Paramount, is another who sees little chance for a return of the child star vogue.

"The world is tired of children—on the screen," Datig claims. "In a picture suited to adult intelligence, which is the kind all

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7. The Executive Council reserve the right to reject any or all manuscript submitted.
8. No manuscripts mailed after September 1st, 1927, will be taken into consideration.

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of the larger companies are now striving to make, the child star simply does not fit. These pictures must depict life, as it might have happened to the spectator. A child star can never give even a faithful depiction of a child. And, when it comes to a child registering emotions it cannot feel, the intelligent spectator is apt to rebel a bit.

"It is not the lack of clever children that has caused the decline. I would say that there are more brilliantly clever children available in Hollywood now than there ever were.

"The whole thing may be summed up in the fact that the child star pictures appeal to entirely too limited an audience. Producers can not afford to make pictures for this limited audience, and as a result those pictures are no longer being made."

There are plenty of places still open on the screen for talented children, according to Harry Rapf, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, but not as stars.

"Children can not adequately portray life," Rapf asserts, "because they are themselves just at the threshold of life. A child does not experience the great emotions, the great tragedies of life. Its mind is not mature enough to encompass them. Therefore to put a child in an emotional role makes an unconvincing and unnatural picture.

"A child can portray only the antics of childhood, or the innocent and cute tricks of a child. These tend to grow tiresome if an audience has to sit thru a picture of them. For two-reel comedies children will always be in demand. People will always laugh at their antics.

"And the child actor will always be in demand for bits in a play where some action hinges on the child, but with the main drama played by grown-ups. The chances of a child for work in pictures are good, but the chances for the child to attain stardom are practically nil.

"The screen has plenty of good work and interesting work for children, and success in store for many. But stardom? No—not until they grow up."

Hollywood has one very prominent film producer, however, who believes that the public liking for child stars is far from being a thing of the past. That producer is Cecil B. De Mille. De Mille has faith enough in his own views to have under contract a very young and engaging Irishman by the name of Junior Coghlan—one of the very few kids of his age to be under long-term contract to any major studio today.

"The child star most certainly is not thru," De Mille asserts emphatically. "It so happens that just at the moment no new stars have appeared to replace those who have grown up.

"In my own group, little Junior Coghlan is destined to splendid things. He proved himself to me in 'The Road to Yesterday' and in 'The Last Frontier.' In 'The Yankee Clipper' he definitely builds his hold on the public with his freckles and tousled hair. And little Mickey Moore has found new laurels for himself by his work for me in 'The King of Kings.'

"The appeal of a clever child player will always be one of the strongest in the field of entertainment. But such juvenile players are rare, because unfortunately self-consciousness kills talent in a great majority of otherwise clever children. Likewise, children who might succeed are spoiled and smothered by ill-judgment on the part of their parents.

"Dont ever think the public has lost its pleasure in the child star! The vogue is not dead. It is merely sleeping until another child so 'builds' his or her technique that a firm grasp can be had on the public's affections."

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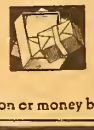

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Love Scenes That Have Come True

(*Continued from page* 19)

whispered: "Got something to tell you!" When he came panting up again, he continued: "I love you!" The third time he must have asked the fatal question, for Dorothy was wearing a ring when they left the studio.

Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell had met and had played together in a picture called "Born Rich," but the combination of desert dawns and desert moonlight in "Son of the Sahara" worked magic. There was a scene that Claire remembers. Bert, in his sheik garb, had to ride by at a wild pace, lean down, seize Claire and swing her to his saddle. If he missed her, or did not hold her firmly, she might be injured under the galloping hoofs.

"But I hadn't the slightest fear," confessed Claire. "I knew it was Bert who was going to risk my life and his, and somehow I was sure everything would be all right."

It wasn't one special scene that brought Harold Lloyd and the blonde Mildred Davis to the point of saying "I do" and "I will" in answer to solemn queries, it was the result of all the love scenes in the pictures they played together. It must have been these scenes, for Mildred says that when Harold first asked the privilege of calling, she replied: "Oh no, I see enough of you all day!"

Larry Semon saw Dorothy Dwan's picture in a magazine as he journeyed to New York City. He hurriedly signed her for his next picture, "Her Boy Friend," and they had not been three days on the set before the god of love was marking up one more match on his score card.

It was in "Satan in Sables" that little Pauline Garon met Lowell Sherman. Before the eyes of the cameras, Pauline repulsed him when he tried to make love, but when the cameras were not grinding, there was another tale to tell. Pauline, adored by actors and electricians alike, melted the man who was supposed to be colder than ice and harder than steel, and after a "correspondence courtship," her last name was duly changed to "Sherman."

Bill Russell was trying to find a leading lady for "Shot with Fire." Helen Ferguson called on him in her schoolgirl frock and he bowed her out with a frigid: "Sorry, you wont do." But a few days later, when Helen, disguised in grown-up clothes, sought the director on the set, Bill saw her and mistook her for a certain popular young actress.

"Sign that girl up!" he ordered,—and the love scenes in the script did the rest.

When five-reel pictures were a novelty, Dustin Farnum came from the East to play the title rôle in "The Squaw Man." Winifred Kingston supported him, and the first love scene lit the flame that burned steadily in their hearts thru a ten years' martyrdom, since Dustin was then unhappily married. Now that the courts have given him his freedom and bound the two in the blessed tie, they "live happily ever after."

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon had known one another in New York, but "Men of Steel," in which picture they worked together in the steel-mills of the South, brought them into the precarious position of playing love scenes before the loaded black box, after which bridal veil and wedding ring were inevitable.

"The Chicken in the Case" was the intriguing title of the picture that saw Kathryn Perry and Owen Moore on the same cast sheet. Kathryn says the very first love scene did the mischief, altho

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H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than $700 "on the side" before he had completed his course and also won $125 in prizes. Harry William Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying this I. C. S. course in spare time. William Whitman, a former wagon builder, now has a sign painting business of his own and is earning *nearly three times* as much as he did before enrolling with the International Correspondence Schools.

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she was then at the stage when she said: "Heavens, marry *him?* Last man in the world, my dear—dont make me laugh!"

Owen was to do a series of four more pictures and he persuaded Katherine to continue as his leading lady. When the series was completed, he urged that she accept the rôle in real life—and she did—laugh or not!

"Cupid's Round-Up" was the appropriate name of the film that rounded up Victoria Ford and Tom Mix at the hymeneal altar. Tom had borrowed Victoria from the Christie Comedies, and they say it wasn't so much love scenes that made them see one another with rose-colored specs, but the opportunity Tom had to teach the young girl to ride and rope and do falls.

"I fell hardest," Tom insists, "I fell in love."

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan thought they were in love before they began to make "Bobbed Hair," but their close association thru the weeks of that production convinced them that it was *real* as well as *reel* love, and they paused in the middle of the picture making to get the marriage license.

John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte played in so many love scenes before they were married that they find it difficult to pick out just the scene in which they discovered that the arrow had found its mark. Marguerite is inclined to believe it came some years ago in a picture wherein John had to carry her from a burning building, but John thinks it must have happened the first time he saw her on a set.

Sometimes the little blind boy shoots when he shouldn't, hits the wrong people and causes a lot of misery instead of happiness. He was responsible for Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne's drama, and the Chaplin marriage now so tragically shattered. Lita Gray made the first snow scenes in "The Gold Rush" with the comedian, these being taken with Georgia Hale when the Mexico marriage changed Lita's status from leading lady to wife.

Leatrice Joy, fresh from San Diego stock, had wrested the part of a sophisticated secretary from George Loane Tucker in *"Ladies Must Live."* The first man she met when she arrived for her initiation into a studio was—Jack Gilbert. They played no love scenes together, but when she was working, Jack was always close at hand. The seed of their romance was planted then, altho it did not bloom for some time. Too bad such a flower should wither!

Directing love scenes is as risky as acting in them, when you view the casualties.

Eleanor Boardman came out to Hollywood to play the girl in "Three Wise Fools," five years ago. King Vidor directed the picture. He was the man with the megaphone again in "Bardelys, the Magnificent," wherein Eleanor played the beloved lady. At the end of the latter picture, Eleanor became Mrs. King Vidor.

Robert Leonard was still suffering from the shock of Mae Murray's sudden decision to acquire a Paris divorce when he was called upon to direct demure little Gertrude Olmstead in "Time, the Comedian." The magic potion that Puck brewed for Lysander and the others must have been blown into Bob's eyes during that picture, for before they were half thru, the gossip of the studio had it that wedding bells would soon be ringing.

There are Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks, who wound up "A Social Celebrity" by announcing their engagement, and Irvin Willat and Billie Dove, who first experienced the miracle in "All the

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Mickey was a property-man when Blanche was working with Griffith at the Fine Arts. They barely noticed one another then. Later he became an actor and they frequently worked on adjoining sets. A chilly nod was the best they could do for each other, until——

"Mickey Neilan is to direct you in 'Tides of Barnegat'," announced the Famous Players studio, one day.

"Good night!" deplored Blanche.

But once behind the megaphone and the damage was done!

James Cruze directed Betty Compson in ten or twelve pictures before she made him wear that atrocious wedding suit. Strangely enough, it was in "The Garden of Weeds" that the flower of love began to blossom.

Oh these love scenes! What strange virus do they put in the blood? Sometimes it is too slight to take its victims as far as a marriage-license bureau, as was the case recently with Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "The Flesh and the Devil," the flame of love—if it were love—being blown out before the picture was cut. And sometimes it affects only one, apparently, as seems probable from Bobby Agnew's constant attendance upon May McAvoy.

Love scenes are as potent on the stage as on the screen, for half a dozen players now in pictures owe their present partners to a footlight romance.

Warner Baxter joined the Morosco Stock Company when Winifred Bryson was its leading woman. He was "down and out" and the rest of the company ignored him, but Winifred was kind and gracious. Next season he was leading man and before their joint engagement closed she had promised to "love and honor" till death should them part.

A clause in Irene Haisman's contract with a repertoire company touring India read: "If I marry during this engagement, I forfeit five hundred pounds." Irene had been out one season when Reginald Denny joined the company. They were married in less than two months, and, neither of them having five hundred, were promptly put out of the organization. However, they had each other and that was enough.

Rita Stanwood played opposite H. B. Warner in "Under Cover" and they were married at the end of the run; "Strongheart" was the play that brought Noah Beery and the lovely Marguerite Abbott together; and Charley Chase found Bebe Elting in a tabloid musical comedy company.

Ruth Chatterton cast Ralph Forbes as her leading man in a musical venture and during the New York run they decided to play together all thru life.

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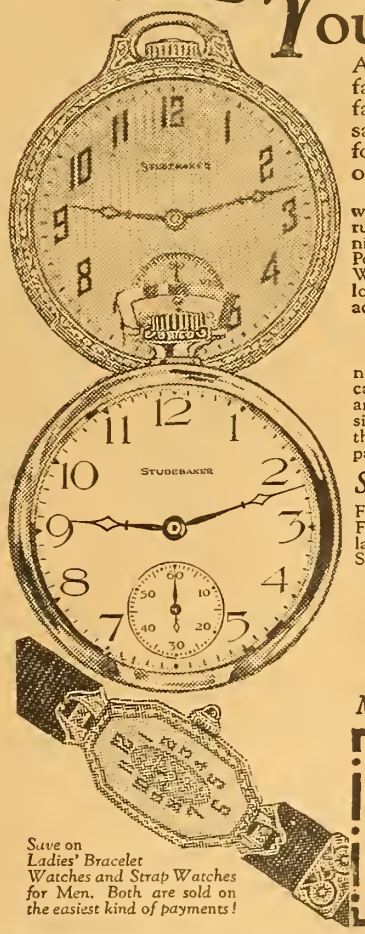

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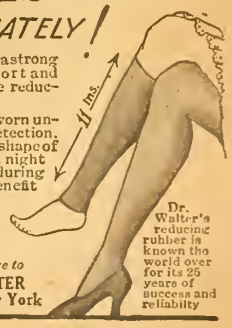

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NOW THAT B. PAUL'S HENNA SO QUICKLY RESTORES NATURAL COLOR

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair USE B. PAUL'S HENNA

Try this wonderful hair coloring, see what an amazing beautifying transformation it will bring about in your appearance. Easily restores the desired natural color to your hair in ONE BRIEF APPLICATION. Absolutely permanent. This safe, harmless Henna-Herb preparation, prepared 12 years by Mon. B. Paul, French hair coloring specialist. Not affected by waving, oils, tonics, shampoos. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. 14 shades, Blonde to black. $1.60. White Henna for lightening blonde hair grown dark $2.25. Free Advice and Booklet.

B. PAUL, Dept. 2-A., 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

International Newsreel

These are the thirteen girls chosen by the movie press-agents' association called the Wampas as the baby stars of 1927. Left to right, top, Gladys McConnell, Natalie Kingston, Barbara Kent, Patricia Avery. Second row, Rita Carewe, Iris Stuart, Jean Navelle, Sally Rand, Adamae Vaughn. Third row, Mary McAllister, Helene Costello, Sally Phipps. Bottom, Frances Lee

We Interview John Gilbert

(*Continued from page* 102)

probably be spoiled for those. Why try to fool yourself? After all, the easiest person in the world to fool *is yourself*. I'll probably be too filled up with—with everything.

A. W. F. (*trying to look like the Duse or something*): You'll forgive me if I cant sympathize with you too deeply. I've no doubt your 'problem' is serious to you. But really, I cant imagine being in that state of grace that you could have the opportunity to worry about such things.

JOHN (*with that free, ready laugh of his*): I know. Still, it is a pity—a very real pity—to get things too quickly. I hope to God I keep my enthusiasms and my appreciations. But they are in danger, necessarily. You know, ninety per cent. of life is lived in the heart—after that, nothing matters.

G. H.: But you cant tell about your life when you are forty-nine . . . other things . . .

JOHN: You mean I may marry? Have a family? I hope to God I do. That *would* be something and I hope, again, that I have the sense to have a family by the time I'm thirty-nine, much less forty.

G. H.: You prefer marriage to—well, transient affairs?

JOHN: It isn't a matter of preference, tho I do, yes—absolutely. When you fall in love with a woman, the first desire, the first impulse is for possession—possession as absolute as you can make it . . . and marriage is the most absolute possession we happen to know of . . . naturally, the first instinct is the instinct of proposal . . . of binding. . . . After all, men have found that marriage is the thing for many hundreds of years. . . . I dont think I'll attempt to change the preordained arrangement. . . . It's so easy to mess up your life . . . so infernally easy. And after you reach a certain age there's no straightening it out again, no mending, no repairing possible. It's too late and all there is left to do is mark time . . . I dont know . . . it's too much for me. . .

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

I sometimes think that poor Rudy may be happier than any of us . . . who knows?

A. W. F. (*trying with ghastly obviousness to bring the conversation to Greta Garbo and the late rumors*): The thing to do, of course, is find the right woman—and *vice versa*. Attraction hypnotizes people.

JOHN: In the beginning, while you still have your perspective, you may realize that the person in question lacks. But you think it need not matter to you. . . . And by the time the thing hits you—fever, disease, love, whatever it is—you have lost the power to run away . . . you cant . . . you wouldn't, for worlds. . . .

G. H. (*staking all on the throw of a French pastry*): Are you engaged?

JOHN (*tersely*): *No.*

(There is here what might be termed an embarrassing pause. John empties his goblet of milk . . . was it too hastily?

JOHN (*rallying . . . or didn't he need to rally? We leave that bit of stage direction to the discernment of the audience*): Well, one thing . . . there's nothing like love, like being in love. Life is flat and stale without it and completely glorious with it. To live with tolerance . . . that is, or should be, the thing. It isn't done.

G. H. and A. W. F. (*forebodingly, for some reason*): That's true—that's ve-ry, ve-ry true.

G. H.: We must be going . . . it's been nice, seeing you again. . . .

JOHN: Right. Good-bye.

(Watkins opens the door and the last adieus are made from the hallway when two passing flappers espy John Gilbert and fall out of their galoshes.

SCENE III

The well-known taxicab interior.

The interviewers are powdering their noses at their leisure, regardless of the meter since they have been, this little while, in the proximity of Romance . . .

G. H.: Gosh, he's good-looking . . . no one as good-looking as that has any right to think—any right to be *able* to think.

A. W. F.: True enough. I've met many stars who say sort of semi-intelligent things but you have the feeling that they have learned to say them as they would learn lines in a play, in a script—acquired a superficial patter, as it were. That's not true of Jack—he simply——

G. H. (*her tone conveying* such *depths of understanding*): I know—the man has a brain.

A. W. F.: He has preserved his enthusiasms, too . . . he's keen about things . . . the great things he wants to do . . . good bit, that, about being thru with drawings cats and ready for portraits.

G. H.: He not only has things to say, but he has a darned interesting way of saying them.

A. W. F.: When some people go thru the process of thinking, it is little more than brain exercise—a daily dozen.

G. H. (*warily*): Nothing personal in that, I trust.

A. W. F.: For the moment I have something more important to discuss.

G. H. (*rallying from this shrapnel*): It's hard to believe. . . .

A. W. F. (*giving up profundities*): Well, let's go to see John in his new picture at the Capitol.

G. H. (*in a quoting voice*): Once having looked on a god . . . one looks . . . and looks the more. (*Tapping on the glass in a flurried manner*): Driver, Jack Gilbert, please . . . I mean, the Capitol. . . .

A. W. F. (*grimly*): Thank heaven, he hasn't sunk into *my* subconsciousness. Don't ask for him when your husband serves the lamb stew tonight, will you?

CURTAIN

FAMOUS FEET
DOROTHY KNAPP, *the most beautiful girl in the world*

Now . . . a daintier way to end Milady's Corns!

Always your old standby in removing corns, good old Blue-jay now offers many refinements. A new-shaped disc of medication . . . to reach even the awkwardly placed corn without spreading . . . A new creamy-white pad to blend with pink white skin . . . And a sprightly new package worthy of the most fastidious toilette cabinet.

. . .

There are many drastic ways to end a corn. But Blue-jay is the safe and gentle way. A cool pad fits over the corn and stops the pain. The medication is "controlled." And you cannot put on too much or too little. There's just the right amount in each plaster to end the corn.

The new Blue-jay costs no more, and may be had at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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For the Stage
For the Movies

World's Foremost Ballet Master Trains You at Home

Hundreds of ambitious girls and boys, men and women have been started on the road to fame and fortune this new, easy way. Let Veronine Vestoff, former solo-danseur with Pavlowa, train you in your spare time at home for a glorious career in classic Dancing. Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the stage—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Classical, Eccentric, Greek, Interpretive, Oriental and Toe Dancing.

Vestoff *Master of the Dance*

Leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to Vestoff's exclusive method—among them Betsy Rees, premiere danseuse of the Keith-Albee Orpheum Circuit, Dolores Gardner, motion picture star, and many others.

You too can acquire professional technique at home through Vestoff's wonderful Motion Picture Method.

Send for FREE BOOK and Special Offer NOW

Write for Vestoff's beautiful, illustrated booklet on dancing. Right now a wonderful offer is open to a few new students. Rush name and address.

V. VESTOFF ACADEMIE DE DANSE,
100 West 72nd St., Dept. 44, New York, N. Y.

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Carl Clausen

"THE Palmer courses are the best I know anything about, and the students certainly receive big value for what they pay," says Carl Clausen, writer for *The Saturday Evening Post* and fifty other magazines. "The fact that not only beginners, but many professional writers, are numbered among the students speaks well for the Institute."

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SAYS

Clarence Darrow, the Brilliant and Sensational Lawyer

"They say that love scenes are shocking and harmful. I have been practising law for fifty years and I have observed pretty closely in that time the great number of domestic difficulties that crowd their way into the courts. Let me tell you, if there had been more pictures in the past I believe there would have been less domestic strife."

Mr. Darrow goes on to make radical and illuminating statements which comprise one of the greatest stories that any magazine has ever printed.

YOU CAN HAVE NO SECRETS FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

You may not believe in palmistry, astrology or numerology, but you probably do concede that a person's characteristics are manifested in their handwriting. What secrets of your character does your writing disclose? Next month, Louise Rice, analyzes the writing of many movie stars. There's a lot of fun to be had by comparing these specimens with your own and your friends' writing.

ARE YOU A CAT?

If not, then prepare to be classified as a poor fish or a bird or something of the sort. There's a new fad which insists that everyone belongs to some particular animal family. And Mildred French, a leading exponent of this theory, has classified a number of the motion picture stars.

Do you know who is Hollywood's matchmaker and who has instigated more weddings than can be counted? See the May MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

There are other reasons for reserving a copy of this issue at your neighborhood newsdealer's besides those mentioned above. . . .

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

May Motion Picture Magazine

at all news-stands

This Beautiful 1927 Model

BUICK Sedan GIVEN

or $1195.00 in CASH

I am going to give this beautiful new Buick Sedan—also a 1927 Chevrolet Coach and a large list of additional costly prizes. I have already given over 50 new automobiles to advertise our business and now YOU can get this new Buick Sedan or $1195.00 cash.

Can You Put a Star Around the Buick?

By drawing six straight lines with four dots on each line you can make a six pointed star—can you do this? Draw the lines—cut out the ad.—send your name and address. Get 5,000 points toward a Buick Sedan. You can have $1195.00 in cash instead of the Buick if you win first prize and perfer it.

$250.00 Cash Extra for Promptness!

Think of that! I will pay $250.00 cash extra for promptness. A word to the wise is sufficient—be prompt. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. 30 big prizes.

You don't risk a cent of your money now, later, or ever. Solve the puzzle—act promptly—reply now.

F. G. REYNOLDS, 500 North Dearborn Street Dept. 323. Chicago, Ill.

Cut Out This Ad.

$1195.00

1927 BUICK GIVEN

Send No Money

Reply Today

A Sunday Afternoon with "Mrs." Falaise

(*Continued from page* 31)

small first teeth are missing . . . a darling little face, with thought in it. We compliment her upon the exceeding beauty of her "negligée." She says, gravely, "Grandma made it . . . she makes me lots of dresses . . . see. . . ." She goes to the chest of drawers and discloses piles of dainty English prints and chintzes and ginghams and chambrays . . . loving little dresses made by home hands . . . the kind your little girl wears . . and mine. Brother wears the same things with the exception of the skirt. Brother is chubby and little-manly. A great good nature is apparent about him. He is tremendously pleased with the world he has found himself in. Both children are confiding and friendly and speak when spoken to and behave mannerly at table, partially to quote R. L. S. They have achieved that most perfect thing in children, friendliness without over-friendliness, confidence without show-offishness.

We asked:

"Which dog is your favorite?"

"The English sheep dog. He *is* an English sheep dog, you know."

"Yes. . . . I didn't know until you told me."

"The chows ate up some farmers' lambs . . . they have to be locked up . . . mother lets them out when she comes up. Have you been down to the cabin yet?"

Gloria says, "We're going now." She kisses the tiny girl and the tinier boy with equal tenderness.

* * *

We tramp thru the wintry woods, smoke-gray and shrouded purples. We come to a clearing in the woods and there is a tiny cabin made of giant logs, still unroofed save for a reef or two of tarpaulin stretched over the top. Smoke curls up from it and we enter to admire a really admirable stone fireplace of no mean dimensions and "drawing" perfectly. The Marquis and Uncle Charlie stand back and listen to the woods ring with praises of their handiwork. They explain, ardently, future plans and improvements. Enlargements are discussed. Gloria says, smiling faintly, "We may have to live here yet. I wouldn't like it if I *had* to live in it—there's such a difference between necessity and play."

A pot of coffee is beginning to perk on the stone slab near the fire. Gloria offers to tend the coffee . . . there is one cup and one spoon . . . the Marquis explains that he filched them from the cellar with some difficulty . . . he is triumphant when a faint bubbling sound is heard in the stilly wood . . . he serves a draught around with an air of extreme gallantry . . . no largess was ever so beneficently dispensed . . . it is quite evident that no course dinners or midnight suppers served in the New York apartment could appeal to "Henry" as does the smoky delicious coffee in the chill late-autumn wood. A boy!

We sit and "take turns" at sipping . . . and smoke . . . and talk . . . of nothing . . . of everything . . . of the cabin, primarily. . . . Dark deeps and we begin to stumble warily back toward the house thru what would appear to be virgin woods . . . precarious business made possible only by the faint stabs of cigaret lights.

* * *

Supper is almost ready. The Marquis attends to cocktails. Gloria says, "I'll run up and wash my hands." She reappears in a jade-green robe with a mandarin coat,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

a broad band of jade green about her head. Somehow, one feels a sense of extreme gravity about her, more than a broad trace of brooding melancholy, as if illusions had been torn from her, leaving her exposed, a trifle diffident—something that would be embitterment if there was not some sustaining philosophy.

The little Gloria and Brother are playing with the three chows . . . riding them to marvelous destinations . . . the little girl brings Mother the funny papers to be read to her . . . she listens, absorbed . . . some of them she rejects. . . .

The Marquis appears with the cocktails. Gloria says, "After I have done working I am going away and no one will see me or hear of me for six months."

"To Paris?" the Marquis asks.

Gloria smiles, not merrily. "How could we not be seen or heard of there? The papers—they would have you sued for breach of promise, if nothing else was imaginable. No, I'd like a château on the Riviera—something quiet, remote."

The Marquis joins the plan, eagerly. "Yes, and we'll leave all business people behind—everything connected with it—and you'll be plain *Mrs.* Falaise."

"Ah, I'd like that. . . ."

* * *

We sit at supper while the children play around the living-room . . . the Marquis says that he admires Alice Joyce . . . we eat great quantities of chop suey and mixed salad and cold cuts and whole-wheat bread and fruit compote.

After supper we have coffee before the huge field-stone fireplace. We speak of love . . . a comfortable people may, with impunity.

"There is no such thing as love," says Gloria.

We all glance up, sharply. What heresy is this!

"Hear, hear!" cries the Marquis, looking up from the cross-word puzzle to which he has just settled.

"No such thing as love . . . I mean what I say. There are *emotions*. There are all kinds of emotions. For instance, Henry, I say that I 'love' you because, among other things, I like your companionship, your mind, your opinions. But love . . ."

Some one says, "Mother love?"

"That comes nearer to the word, but that, too, is often misnamed. Mother love—it's partly sexual, partly protective, partly egotistic. In my little girl I see *myself*—my own flesh, my own blood—a part of *me*."

We say, bewilderedly, "But, what *is* love, then? Isn't there any such thing at *all?*"

The inquiring voices are sharpened with some acridity. After all, we have given up Santa Claus and the God of Judgment. Are we, now, to be asked to give up love? That beautiful emotion about which so many ballads have been sung, so many rimes penned.

"There isn't any such thing for creative people, no. Love, if there is such a thing, is the ability for complete self-sacrifice. No creative person has that ability. They wouldn't be creative if they did have. Love is the surrendering of self and the desires of self. No creative person could surrender self. The desires of the creative people are of paramount importance. They are right. They must be right. No, for creative people there are many emotions—more emotions, no doubt, than for most—but not love."

We start reluctantly to go. Somehow we feel that we have spent a quiet country Sunday, not with the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, nor yet with Gloria Swanson, but with "Mrs." Falaise and Henry and the children.

Without Knowing

you may be offending those you care for most

No one will tell you—not even your closest friends—that your skin, blemished by hair, offends the eye and detracts from your appearance. Through reading this you may discover an easy way to correct this fault. Neet brings to millions freedom from unwanted hair.

This dainty hair removing cream, when applied to arms, underarms or legs, dissolves hair at the roots. Clear, cool water then rinses it away. Skin takes on surprising new beauty and whiteness—becomes satin smooth and soft. Unlike shaving, no sharp cut hair ends are left to prick and show. Regrowth of hair is positively retarded. And a dainty, truly feminine appearance is achieved.

Get a ready-to-use tube of Neet—at any drug or department store. You will be amazed and delighted at the perfect results that Neet brings to you. *Hannibal Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.*

Fully as important is freedom from body odors. So we ask, also, that you test IMMAC, the cream deodorant that banishes perspiration's odor.

Neet 50¢

The Hair Removing Cream

THICK LIPS MADE THIN!

(FREE FOLDER TELLS HOW)

Thin, beautiful lips for you! Cloree Lip-reducing Creme reduces thick, protruding lips, making them thin, shapely, adorable. No plasters or cutting; a simple, painless, harmless creme. If you value thin, lovely, bewitching lips, begin using "Cloree" now and watch results. Write and get FREE beauty treatment offer.

CLOREE OF NEW YORK
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LEARN TO BE A DETECTIVE!

We train you and help you get position when you successfully complete course in ten weeks. The "SCIENCE OF CRIME DETECTION" by John D. Connors, detective and finger print expert. The most practical detective course used in training our own men. Write for full particulars now. **CONNORS DETECTIVE AGENCY, Training Dept. 20-B, New Haven, Conn.**

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MARVO LIQUID SKIN PEEL

Will Gently PEEL OFF your Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Tan, Large Pores, Wrinkles, and other surface blemishes. Sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesome girlish complexion. MARVO is invisible when applied. Contains no acids or injurious ingredients. Successfully used by thousands. RESULTS GUARANTEED. Write today for free MARVO booklet.

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BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION GUARANTEED

New Method Brings Beauty and Charm to Your Complexion or MONEY BACK. Now you can easily banish pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, unlovely, annoying skin blemishes, ON or UNDER the surface. Use Healoderm Method 10 days and see the lovely skin you can have. **Send NOW for FREE and Complete Information. For effective demonstration send only 25c** with guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Address me personally

Miss Blake, HEALODERM LABORATORIES
505-X Fifth Ave. New York City

Win $3500.00 Find the Twin Bags!

Here's a—NEW—puzzle. If you're a puzzle fan—CAN YOU FIND THE TWIN BAGS? NO, they're not all alike—even though they look alike. Only two of these bags are identical in every way. Some have the $ sign, others not; some have line under penny ciphers, some no lines, some have comma between the 3 and 5, some two tie strings, some none, some one string out to right, others to left.

Each one is different from the rest except two—find them—mark them with a cross—send your answer. $3000.00 first prize—399 others, and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you find the twin bags I will give you 8000 points toward first prize and tell you how to get additional easy 1000 points that wins—only 9000 points wins the $3000.00.

$500.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS—making total first prize YOU CAN WIN $3500.00. SEND NO MONEY—nothing to buy now or ever—just find the twin bags—mark them and answer today.

F. G. STAYTEN, Advertising Mgr., Room 395 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

The Eyes of Cleopatra

HAIR touched with the gold of morning's sunshine . . .

Face so radiantly beautiful that no man ever saw and forgot her . . .

Eyes tender, alluring, shining with an intensely magnetic personality... *Did Cleopatra dim them with twin panes of glass?*

The Soul of a Woman

projects itself through her eyes. It is Soul which attracts. All women may become attractive.

It is Soul that dominates personality. SOUL... that wonderful thing that peers from behind the curtain of consciousness through the eyes of a woman...is always dominant.

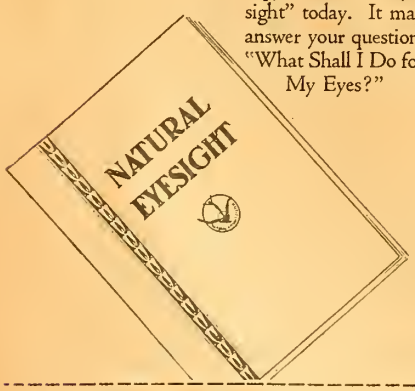
To Influence People

you must bring them into contact with your Soul. The Soul is contacted only through the eyes. Just as you look out through your eyes to see me, so must I look in through your eyes to see You.

Make your eyes mean more. Learn the new secret of regaining and maintaining the lustre and loveliness of your natural eye, undimmed by time.

"Natural Eyesight," a beautiful book, tells in word and picture of this New Knowledge of the Eye that marks the dawn of the New Age of Vision. It is FREE! The coupon below, is for your convenience in sending for it.

Send for your FREE copy of "Natural Eyesight" today. It may answer your question, "What Shall I Do for My Eyes?"



Natural Eyesight Institute, Inc.
1418 Pershing Square Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free book "Natural Eyesight."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

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The Thing to Do

(*Continued from page 69*)

and lifeless hand. People subconsciously recoil from such contacts, and thus, all unknowingly, we have made a bad impression. So rather than risk such a contingency befalling you, why not spend a little time on the correctness of that bow tie, or the proper arrangement of that artificial rose, to consider carefully just the right degree of warmth and feeling that can be infused into our hand-clasp?

To follow along with our imaginary evening . . . greetings over, we will now step into the dining-room where a multitude of little donts await us. I feel sure that we are all acquainted with most of them, so my object now is to re-introduce you to the ones that are eligible for special consideration, so that, in the future, it will be impossible to ignore their existence.

As respect for your hostess should be foremost in your minds, one of the main "donts" is never to start a course, or, when the meal is over, attempt to leave, without first receiving from your hostess some sign to proceed. If, for example, the soup has just been served, be sure that your hostess is ready to partake of hers before you commence. From her vantage-point at the head of the table, she is able to see if all have been served, and so can hold the table back in case some guest at the farther end is still soupless. It is indeed embarrassing to have to sit inactive while your fellow guests are drinking their soup, but still worse is the necessity, when the delinquent dish finally does arrive, of having to swallow the steaming liquid in mighty gulps in order to escape that uncomfortable sensation of later being the only one at the table thus occupied.

To push back your chair preparatory to leaving the table without receiving some signal from your hostess, is crudity in its worst form. Aside from breaking up the dinner-party, you also run the risk of incurring the displeasure of your hostess, as she may have an excellent, if not obvious, reason for wishing to keep her guests intact.

When bread is served, dont spread it with butter and proceed to eat it. Whenever you feel the desire for bread creeping upon you, break off a small piece, about the size of from one to three bites, cover it lightly with butter and all will be well. When it comes time to use the finger-bowl, use it as inconspicuously as possible by merely dipping the tips of the fingers, and, if necessary, touching them lightly to your lips. I shall never forget a gentleman who once sat at my table who managed to do everything with those few inches of water but wash behind his ears.

Still another very good little dont to remember, is never to use your knife on your salad, no matter how defiant to your fork the hearts of lettuce may prove to be. Nine times out of ten you will be spared a struggle with your conscience, as the salad is generally served as a separate course for which no knife is provided. My warning is merely for that tenth chance. However, when dining in restaurants and public places, the knife is generally temptingly handy, so tuck these little donts away and . . . remember!

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Is it proper to serve tea in the dining-room? As I have no tea-table or maid, I find that it causes great confusion to have to bring everything into the living-room.

E. K. L., Pittsfield, Mass.

It is "proper" enough, but not exactly the thing to do except for very large functions. You could easily place everything on a

"Les Resultats Sont Absolument Merveilleux"

Wrote One Happy Woman

You can preserve or regain a youthfully slender figure easily through this really delightful and simple treatment. Removes superfluous flesh without violent exercise, dieting or dangerous drugs. Simply a course of luxurious perfumed baths taken in your own home. Popular among French leaders of fashion. Introduced to America by a woman of social prominence. For sale by druggists, department stores, hairdressers, beauty specialists, etc. If your dealer does not carry Clarks Thinning Salt we will gladly supply you direct.

Interesting Booklet "The Charming Figure" sent on request.

THE ORIENT CO.
North Wales, Penna.

(CLARKS THINNING SALTS)

SEL AMAIGRISSANT CLARKS

On sale at such stores as Altman, Stern, Gimbel, Macy, Park & Tilford in New York; Jordan Marsh & Co., Boston; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, and Evans, Philadelphia; Halle Bros. Co., The May Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans; S. Kann Sons Co., Washington.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude,** and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU. Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Develop Your Bust!

Our scientific method highly recommended for quick easy development

LA BEAUTE CREME

for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs

Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

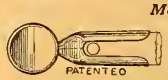
LA BEAUTE STUDIOS
8S7-G Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, Md.

YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos--portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn $18 to $100 and more a week. OIL PAINT OUTFIT given. Send now for free illustrated book. PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC., Dept. V.M., 2926 Broadway, Chicago.

REFLEX MOUTH MIRROR

Magnifying Type



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Warren Metal Spec. Co., Warren, Pa.

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

small table in the corner and simply bring in the hot water at the last minute. Try it once and see how easy it is.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

My husband insists upon smoking his pipe after dinner even tho we have guests for the evening. He says it is perfectly correct in his own home while I strongly disagree. Can you settle it for once and all?

B. M. N., Warren, Pennsylvania.

It all depends upon your guests. If they are very intimate friends, that is one thing, but, if not, then smoking a pipe, even in your own home, is distinctly bad form.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

I met a very attractive man the other evening who later escorted me home. As he was leaving, he told me he was very busy but gave me his telephone number and asked me to call him up. I did this, but now feel I shouldn't have done so as it doesn't seem to be quite the right thing to do. Am I right?

F. T. D., New York City.

You are right to think that you did wrong. It is quite obvious that the gentleman wishes all future invitations to come from you so that your friendship will cost him nothing. Aside from any point of etiquette, such a procedure is poor stuff upon which to found a friendship.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Would you be kind enough to tell me what is the correct service for a dinner of five courses—fruit cocktail, soup, meat and dessert? A. S. J., Carthage, Missouri.

To the left of the service plate and on the *outside* is placed the meat fork and then the salad fork—nothing more. On the right side, still working from the outer edge in, should be, for the dinner you suggest, first the fruit spoon or a teaspoon, the soup spoon and the meat knife. The dessert service is placed on the side of the finger-bowls on a thin glass plate, which in turn is again placed with a small doily on the dessert plate.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

A friend of mine claims that it is incorrect when pouring tea to rinse out the cup before serving a second one. I claim that it is the thing to do. Which of us is right? H. R. S., Topeka, Kansas.

You are right. Why not ask your friend what she does with the used piece of lemon or the particles of sugar that are always left in the bottom of a cup? No tea-table is complete without the necessary "slop-bowl" which is used just for this purpose.

The Happiest Man in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

and they know that he will make them laugh again.

"But just confidentially, Mr. Beery, which are you really," we asked him, "a tragedian or a comedian?"

"I've never been able to make up my mind," said Wally.

"Well, which would you rather be if you had your 'rathers,' as the kids say."

"Well, it's this way," he said, leaning across the table, "did you see 'Beau Geste'?"

"Yes," we answered. "Well, my own brother was in it and he was wonderful. He gave a marvelous performance. It's a great picture, but that's not my idea of an evening's entertainment. No, ma'am, it isn't, and we argued with everybody in Hollywood about it. They think I'm a hopeless low-brow, so I guess when all's said and done, I like comedy. I like to make people laugh. I like to laugh myself, and look at the successful comedies—even poor comedies are packing 'em in."

"Why?"

"Just because they satisfy that human craving for laughter. Just because we'd all rather laugh—tho sometimes it is the hardest thing in the world to do. Certainly people would rather hear us laugh than hear us groan over our troubles.

"That's one of the oldest bromides in the world, but it's still working—if you dont believe it just try to find a sympathetic brother for your troubles."

His big laugh rang out, and from every table in the studio lunch room there was an answering smile.

The words of a girl who had worked on his set echoed in my mind. "I suppose Wallace Beery has troubles like the rest of us, but nobody would ever know it. No matter what goes wrong, he can clown about it—that's a gift!"

We walked back to the studio, across the lot, while Wally confided that some day before long he was going traveling—he was going to have one grand holiday, and nothing less than a trip around the world would satisfy him. We gathered that about nine children and nine dogs would help to make it a perfect party, but he isn't considering applicants yet—in fact, the long holiday is one of those dreams we all have—you know, some day when we get time.

In the meanwhile there's that island of Wally's in the midst of a mountain lake up in the high Sierras, where he is master of all he surveys. That's the sort of place to put heart into a man.

And that's where he goes "between pictures," if (funny how there is always an "if") if the snow doesn't block the roads!

We were stepping over wires and beams and all the usual traps for unwary feet by this time—pushing thru the dimness of a big stage.

Back in one corner there was a tiny blocked-off section, where lights were sizzling and men were talking—short laconic sentences, orders, commands, brief arguments.

"But I tell you they *are* here!"

"Who has those wings?"

"I put them away so the feathers wouldn't get rumpled," a voice answered apologetically.

"Well, get 'em! We've gotto make Wally an angel in the next shot. I suppose you put the halo under the bed," sarcastically.

"No, sir, it's hanging there on the back of the chair."

Crazy, ominous words until you remembered you were on a "movie set," where the crazier a thing sounds the funnier it is liable to be.

So the making of Wallace Beery into an angel! Two huge feathery, fluffy wings in the best Sunday School style—one shiny sparkling halo of Christmas tree tinsel, and Wally smiling beatifically beneath it—eyes cast to heaven and hands meekly folded. An angel such as you have never seen before or since—an angel such as you never imagined seeing—funnier than his middy blouse, funnier than his spectacles, funnier than his derby or his whiskers, is Wallace Beery's halo in "Casey at the Bat."

What a tragedy
—to look old and feel young!

So long as you feel young at heart, don't for a single moment permit your face to grow old . . the world is ever quick to consign to the background those who cease to look youthful!

In this day and age, crowsfeet, wrinkles, enlarged pores, drooping chins, tired-looking eyes, are utterly needless . . thanks to the genius of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the world's leading beauty scientist.

Armed with the luxurious RUBINSTEIN Preparations suited to her particular skin needs, every woman . . in her own home . . can practise the famous beautifying and rejuvenating treatments as given in the Valaze Salons in Paris . . London . . New York.

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1. VALAZE PASTEURIZED (FACE) CREAM . . *the basis of beauty* . . cleanses thoroughly . . molds out "tired look" . . keeps skin smooth, protected, healthy. Unsurpassed for normal and oily skins . . the only cream that positively benefits pimpled or acne-blemished skins . an excellent foundation for make-up. 1.00.

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2. VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD . . *the skin-clearing masterpiece* . . an animator and regulator of the skin's activity . . mildly bleaches, purifies, creates an entrancing delicacy of texture. 1.00.

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VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS . . a delightful skin-enlivening wash . . removes excess secretions, clears away blackheads, greasiness . . refines pores, leaves skin velvet-smooth. 1.00.

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DOUBLE COMPACT—Chinese Red 1.50. MIDGET DOUBLE COMPACT—Chinese Red or Silvered, 1.50. CUPIDSBOW—"The self-shaping lipstick"—Chinese Red, Silvered or Golden, 1.50

Dispensed by trained and competent advisers at the better stores, or order direct from Dept. M-4.

Helena Rubinstein

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Liquid Hair-Waver keeps Hair Waved!

Now, you'll be delighted how easily you can make your wave last from shampoo to shampoo. Just wet your hair with liquid *Vlotoline* (Vlo-to-leen), then wave with ordinary curlers or irons (or have your hairdresser do it). Try it—and know how wonderful this new French discovery is. Vlotoline is greaseless, harmless and contains no alcohol; not affected by dampness or heat. $1.50 bottle—enough for four months.

VLOTOLINE
(VLO TO LEEN) Reg U.S Pat Off

OFFER—*To prove what a remarkable Liquid this is, mail coupon with 50c for a bottle of Vlotoline—enough for at least 4 applications.*

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224 East 42nd St., New York

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If you can whistle a tune, you can master the Saxophone. 3 free lessons give you a quick easy start. Play scales in an hour, tunes in a week. Send coupon today for literature on any instrument. Get our free trial, easy payment plan. No obligation. Nothing else could give you greater pleasure than a

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Gentlemen: I am interested in instrument checked below:
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Are Actors People?

(*Continued from page* 100)

ing away from the set, Ronald Colman patiently rode thru the unique city in the dunes, posing in the various spots selected by a harried still man, the pitiless sun beating down upon him in his thick Foreign Legion uniform.

"He's a good scout," pronounced the still man, as we marched our victim from sandsled to armory, from cook tent to mail depot, and thence across the burning, shadeless plain to the great chute that connected us with civilization. "Try and bust into any other star's only free day! And he's so damn nice about it!"

"But we are *all* trying to make a great picture," he demurred, when some one commented on his graciousness. "If this will help——"

"Hold it!" shouted the indefatigable still man. . . .

"If I am remembered at all, I hope I shall be remembered for what I may do on the screen," he told me once, "not for some publicized eccentricity, very likely not mine at all. Maude Adams is thought of in connection with the rôles she made famous. Others of her generation are associated with milk baths—Miss Adams may have bathed in rose-water or champagne but no one ever heard of it."

The romantic bandit was again released. Natalie, in her voluminous court costume, joined the throng on the steps, and the battery of cameras was turned on her.

"I love the making of pictures," said the hero of this one, as we watched the kaleidoscope of colors against the gray stone wall.

"I admit that I'm annoyed when I pick up a magazine and see myself credited with strange opinions expressed in poor English. My friends know, of course, that they are not mine—nevertheless—! . . .

"But after all, one shouldn't be too serious about anything. I love getting ready for a part, the thrill of a good scene, a fine emotional moment—the building of a story.

"And I'm sure that the evolution of pictures is bound to bring about the evolution of publicity."

The transfiguring smile illumined his dark eyes once more.

"And actors are people. . . . Aren't they?"

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 72)

It begins to look as tho M-G-M is going to lose the leadership it has held over the screen during the past two seasons. Not only are the other concerns putting up a stiffer battle, but M-G-M product does not seem to be averaging so high as it did a few months back.

Anyway, the Culver City organization is going to have plenty to worry about next year.

The real test of the director is not what he can produce when he has spent five or six hundred thousand dollars on hokus pokus to dazzle the eye of the spectator, but what he can present in the way of first-rate photodrama when he has filmed a simple story calling for only a moderate financial outlay.

Most of the directors of today are magicians and not creators. Many of them, after all, are not such saps as they appear to be, when one notes how often they camouflage weak films with extravagant spectacular effects.

Moral. Many a celluloid lemon lies buried beneath successful flood or shipwreck scene.

Why Do Beauty Winners Fail in the Movies?

(*Continued from page* 33)

There must be some underlying cause for the failure of these girls on whom the gods have showered pulchritude.

The writer has discussed this topic with producers, directors, stars and persons in every branch of the picture industry. The answers are as varied as the colors in the rainbow, and the usual answer is that they lack "something."

"What is this 'something'?" the writer asked of Lois Wilson, one of the few beauties who have made good.

"They lack ambition," she replied.

"They are unwilling to get up at six-thirty in the morning, go to bed early at night and put everything else out of their lives. In other words, they have the wrong slant on the life of an actress in pictures.

"Of course, these beauty winners would like to be handed several thousand dollars each week for having a good time. But when they discover that it all means work, and disappointment after disappointment, the desire to be a movie queen vanishes.

"When they learn that there is no beauty path to screen glory, most of them lack the ambition to go on and fight the hardest battle in the world in order to reach the top. That's why the beauty winners go back home.

"Why is it," continued Miss Wilson, "that among writers one man starting his literary career with not a whit more promise or ability than another writer, will in the end outstrip the other and stand out as a leading figure in literature while his competitor has dropped into oblivion?"

Mary Astor was not selected as first-prize winner, but was among those receiving honorable mention. She buckled down and by real sacrifice, reached success.

"Winning my beauty contest," Gertrude Olmstead told me, "did nothing but give me a chance to work hard.

Mary Philbin had ambition, and when von Stroheim saw her and gave her a chance for a test, she made good—not because of her beauty, because she had in her heart a desire to act. She had studied dancing and had acted in front of a mirror hour after hour, hoping for the day when her chance would come.

So perhaps this is the reason we see our beauty-contest winners fading out after the first trial.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Her Kingdom for a Friend

(*Continued from page 49*)

to free her of the responsibility of my upkeep. I could even give her scraps of money every now and then to help her out as it was.

"Finally I saved fare to Chicago and wrote my friend I was coming. I already had her address! I had just two dollars left after the purchase of my tickets, but I felt that I could find a job to tide me over and my friend was there to help, I thought.

"I expected she would meet me at the station, but when I arrived she was not there. I was frightened and weak, because I had not eaten anything on the train, thinking I might need my two dollars to help out until I found a position. I began to cry.

"A man who had helped me with my grips on the train was passing by. He stopped and listened to my story. He laughed at my fears and said he would deliver me to my friend's. Something had evidently detained her.

"We got into a taxi and I watched that meter go and go and go until it reached ten dollars. Then I could look no more and leaned back and closed my eyes. My friend was kind and never said a word. When we arrived at the little rooming-house which was the address, I thanked him and got out.

"The landlady told me my friend had left a week ago and there among her mail I saw my letter unopened. But the room was hers and the landlady kindly let me use it.

"Another friendship bubble burst in that little room, and again I was alone and practically penniless. I was plain scared!

"Over coffee and toast the next morning I saw where Ernie Young, Chicago's greatest producer of revues, wanted some dancing girls. I hurried right down to the address.

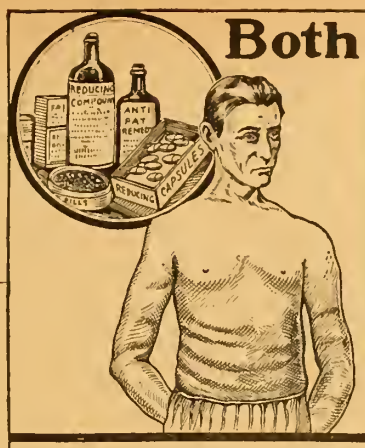
"In his offices I saw many belligerent girls waiting! Ernie Young's secretary came up and asked me what I wanted and then told me to join that waiting mob! Glancing over his shoulder, I saw myself reflected in the mirror. I was ugly, freckle-faced, white-lipped, scared and shabby. I looked around at the girls who were scornfully appraising and nudging each other over my appearance. I knew I could never stick it out, so I followed the secretary up to a door marked PRIVATE and popped in before he could stop me!

"I was scared to death! But there was good old Ernie Young, whose eyes are always twinkling regardless of how furious he gets, gazing at me spellbound. "Where's my secretary?" he asked me. I told him outside the door I was leaning against! He looked at me, and do you know what he did? He put back his head and just roared!

"He said, 'Come in, kid, and tell me why you did it.' I told him I just had to and if I had had to sit out there with all those well-dressed, pretty girls, I would *never* have had the courage to wait—and that then I guess I would have to die or something because I was absolutely broke and a stranger to Chicago and scared to death!

"He said he liked my frankness and went with his stage manager and myself up to the eleventh floor, where he personally watched me dance, after which he signed me up with his revue girls.

"Ernie Young watched me develop and gave me every chance. He said afterwards I was such a kid and he liked my grit and he really thought I was talented as a



Both were equally FAT

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Reducing methods were DIFFERENT

Internal means of reducing and hunger cures might eventually also serve the purpose. But how does the body look after such a painful horse cure? Where there were formerly pads of fat, the skin hangs now down in folds. Flesh and muscles have become feeble and limp. And what a miserable and weak feeling sets in after such an internal reducing cure!

And then look at the man who with the help of the new Esko Massage Roller has reduced his weight by 22 lbs.

Mr. J. H. Specialist writes: "Among all the remedies recommended up to the present time, for removing obesity, without causing physiological disturbances of the vital organs, there is not one which could be compared with the Esko Massage Roller. All internal medicines may dangerously influence stomach and kidneys. The Esko Massage Roller brings about circulation of the entire hair fine system of the akin, prompts it to increased activity and stimulates assimilation and removal of the fat cell tissues. I do not hesitate to recommend this remarkable method of superior massage as an absolutely safe, harmless and quickly acting remedy for the obese. The effect of massaging is known, but **self massage by means of the new Esko Massaga Roller is far superior.**"

Accumulation of fat is the result of sluggish blood circulation at the fatty parts.

Nothing is more obvious than to stimulate blood circulation by gentle massage! The scientifically constructed new Esko Massage Roller pumps the blood into the fatty parts and the renewed blood circulation flushes the superfluous fat out of the body.

Even 3 hours after the massage you will feel this pleasant tingling sensation of a healthy blood circulation.

But not only will the superfluous fat disappear; muscles and skin will tighten under the influence of the new blood supply.

Healthy life will once more fill your body. You will be youthfully slender and strong, and the joy of life will come to you again.

Order one of the new Esko Fat Reducers and Health Producers today, using coupon below.

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Dear Sir:
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This Wonderful
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GIVEN NAME THESE MOVIE STARS

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WIN $2000.00 !

I am going to give this wonderful opportunity in the Movies with FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES and I will pay a salary of $150.00 a week, and all traveling and other expenses—also two other big Movie opportunities with FIRST NATIONAL, and a large list of additional costly prizes. I have already given many such opportunities to advertise my business, and now YOU can get this wonderful Movie opportunity OR $2,000.00 CASH.

Can You Name These Movie Stars?

By changing the letters inside the star at the right you can make the names of four famous FIRST NATIONAL stars—CAN YOU DO THIS? Write the names—cut out this ad—send in your name and address. Get 900 points toward this wonderful Movie opportunity. YOU CAN HAVE $2,000.00 CASH if you win first prize, and prefer it.

$500.00 Cash Extra for Promptness

Think of that! I WILL PAY $500.00 CASH EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS. A word to the wise is sufficient—be prompt. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. 35 big prizes will be awarded May 9th. You don't risk a cent of your money, now later, or ever. Solve the puzzle—act promptly—REPLY NOW.

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IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer

will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots. You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

Wonderful for Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powder hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. **Does not interfere with permanent waving.**

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price $2.50. C. O. D. $2.77. In ordering, please state color desired; order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. Give full local address.

Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

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Men as well as women use Eau de Henna to advantage.

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A MARVELOUS, new beauty face powder—actual make-up magic! 3 true shades. Subtly enriches the tints of your skin! So finely textured as to be invisible! Clings unbelievably close! Pure and perspiration proof! The cold-cream base keeps your skin soft and lovely. Fragrantly perfumed. Emphasize your beauty to new heights of youthful charm!

Couldn't be Better at $10 a Box

Send $1 for this wonderful complexion aid today! Know how fine, how silky a good face powder can be! Or, send 10c for a trial box; enough for one week. No other face powder like it! Send for yours *NOW!*

Introductory Price $1 *Naturelle, Blanche or Rachel*

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2218-20 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Enclosed find ..... for which send me, postpaid, EDEN BEAUTY FACE POWDER, as checked below:

☐ $1 Full Size Box ☐ 10c Trial Package
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Name .....

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dancer, so he just took an interest! The girls—many of them the ones I had left waiting—hated me and made my life so miserable and played so many mean tricks on me that I made myself a little cubby-hole outside of the main dressing-room and made up out there. No one will ever know what those girls did to me and how unhappy I was. Often I used to wonder was I just fated *never* to have any *friends*—no one to confide in—to love me or to love?

"Even tho my work was successful, I cried myself to sleep night after night because I was so lonely!

"Do you think I'm crazy—telling you all this?" hastily interrupted Joan as she suddenly became aware that she was talking to me. I assured her I was most interested and I thought it would do her good. She said, "Do you know, I have never in all my life told *any*one the whole story. I guess it's because I came in so discouraged and blue and unhappy. I've just been disappointed in another dear one I thought was one could still that ache of loneliness." I brought her back to the story.

"Ernie Young finally put me in the Oriole Terrace Revue, and while dancing one night in this beautiful café (you know how really beautiful it is, dont you?), P. P. Shubert saw me and came back afterwards to ask me to join his show.

"I refused, because Ernie Young had been so good to me I didn't think it fair to leave him. He noticed that the girls were cutting me and that I had moved myself outside the dressing-room, and he has not worked with a lot of show girls all his life without knowing their cruelty—when they get down on one girl.

"He emphasized the friendly, splendid girls he had with his show and invited me to come over the next night between shows to meet some of them. Of course, he had it all staged and the girls were so wonderful to me I was in a heaven of kindness.

"I was so eager for harmony, kindness and loving friends that I did the meanest trick I have ever done in my life and I am still dreadfully ashamed of myself—I 'jumped' Ernie Young's show without even seeing him again! You can see how desperate I was for a little understanding and kindness from girls when I would so far forget gratitude and consideration for the man who had given me my every chance!

"I stayed with Shubert and his Passing Show, Winter Garden, etc., and it was while I was dancing at the Winter Garden that Harry Rapf saw me and when my make-up in the first test was so bad, he had another one taken. Really, you see, I have been very fortunate in every way except for a loneliness that has persistently followed me."

She told no more, for one of the impatiently eyeing swains waiting to catch her eye to dance with her could wait no longer and came up and said, "Dance, Joan?"

So Joan, with a hastily mustered smile on her lips, went off, greeting here and there at every table her friends—or were they just *people* to Joan? Has she lost that great art of making "friends" because she was lonely for years, or does she feel the superficialty of some friendships?

A few days later I sought her out and asked if I might use that story, and she looked embarrassed as she said, "W-well, I guess it would not do any harm, for it might do away with the general impression that everyone has been given that I am just a kicking expert with nothing but happiness and ease in my life. I really had not thought about it, but I guess it's all right! I dont remember all I told you—but, oh, I *was* so blue. I thought I'd found a *friend,* but—oh, well, life's queer, isn't it?"

Building the New Home

(*Continued from page* 85)

thought they could have reversed the plan and obtained far better results. If you have a sun room, you want it on the sunny side of your house. You want your kitchen cool. You want the master's bedroom so that the occupants will not be awakened by the first rays of the morning sun. You want your living-room to be comfortable the majority of the time, of course—and the ideal living-room in this country is one that occupies the southeastern corner of the house—and as much of this corner as possible. If your living-room runs clear thru the house, let it occupy the southern side and run from east to west, if possible. This leaves the northern side for your kitchen and service section.

In building a house for the first time, you must think of your interior in relation to the exterior of your house. Too often home makers choose a Spanish house—and dont think what the interior is going to look like. If you like Spanish furniture, wrought iron and carved oak, rough walls and arched doorways—you may build a Spanish house with perfect safety. If you like Italian interiors with dignified hangings, carved walnut and the other accoutrements of an Italian home, you may take an Italian exterior with perfect safety. However, if your tastes run to simple Colonial things—if thru years of housekeeping you have gathered together slender and graceful mahogany and expect to use these things—you will make a great mistake if you build a Spanish or Italian house.

In America, considering our surroundings, unless you are living in the Southwestern section of the country, you will probably have better luck with your home if you stick to Colonial types of homes. In Southern California the Mission influence and the topography of the country lend themselves especially to Spanish and Italian things.

For the Central or Eastern States, Colonial houses are apt to fit in better. Even they, however, need not be of one particular style. Southern Colonial in both brick and clapboard is splendid. Dutch Colonial is most successful in clapboard style. The Cape Cod houses are being successfully introduced all thru New England and New York State and these have been developed in clapboard and in shingle styles. Personally, I know of nothing lovelier than a white New England farmhouse style of home. Low, rambling, with green trimmings and shutters—the very light of it means hospitality, peace and comfort.

You must stick to the same type of furniture as the exterior indicates. I can think of nothing worse than some of the atrocities that are committed daily—homes that have exteriors of one style and interiors furnished in entirely different.

In choosing your home, choose a style that fits in either with the furniture that you have already acquired, or with the furniture that you are going to purchase.

What about halls? On some of the most attractive looking plans you go from a porch directly into a living-room. On

(*Continued on page* 122)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"She's a Septic!"

Many women want to be, deserve to be, and *could* be far more popular than is their lot. Doctors know why. So do nurses. They call such cases *septics.*

To remedy obnoxious body odors and bad breath, you must recognize their cause. The trouble is deep-seated. Frankly, in the colon. Semi-constipation makes millions of systems septic. The bowels may move every day, but all the waste is not eliminated. The matter that remains poisons the blood, and permeates the perspiration. It taints the breath. *Nature is signaling her need of a little calcium.*

Calcium works wonders in one's appearance, too. With the inner system sweet and clean, the complexion clears most marvelously. Eyes brighten. Teeth whiten The tongue is no longer coated, even on arising. And you never need take another harsh cathartic.

Perhaps you are septic, and don't know it. Try a tiny bit of calcium, and see! It may make all the difference in the world. Leave harsh, habit-forming cathartics alone. You never need them if you take an occasional calcium tablet.

Free five-day test of calcium is yours for the asking. Nearly every drug store has Stuart's calcium wafers, but a box will be sent you complimentary, postpaid, if you address F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. C378, Marshall, Mich.

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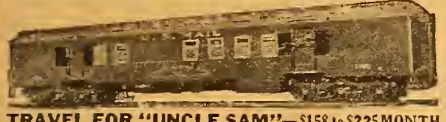
We help you make your party a success and supply games, favors; advise what to eat and how to serve it. Ask about newest game "Fortunes." Two-cent stamp brings particulars. Box 386, Bloomfield, N. J.



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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. G-247 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

The Girl With One Dress

(*Continued from page 29*)

cocktails to her slowly sipped one; and instead of champagne was gulping down brandy and water—a rare old brandy, he'd told her; his favorite "tipple." "Beats champagne to fits. But no booze for babes. The bubbly for them; makes their eyes bright and their hearts soft!"

"Jolette is my true name, but Jeffreys isn't," she explained. "I'm Jolette Jefferson, really. Not so good for the movies!"

"The movies! The everlasting movies!" Downing growled. "You always bring the subject back to the darned old movies!"

"Well, you *promised* if I'd come out here and dine with you tonight, we'd have a serious talk at dinner, and you'd put me on the road to being a movie star. Goodness knows I *need* to be on the road, if it's only the outside edge: I've had such *dreadful* luck!"

"Dreadful luck—you're right. And you deserve only the good things of life," Downing mumbled again. "Tell me once more about yourself. How was it all now? You were a Kentucky girl. You got as far as New York, and sort of ran out of gas! Then you blew West, all the way to Hollywood to understudy Elsie Britten, didn't you?"

"If you can call it 'understudying'," Jolette answered rather shamefacedly. "To do her part in long distance shots, and jump into the water and get half drowned, and fall off a horse, and play tennis, and all the things she doesn't know how, or want, to do—or else she's too precious to be *allowed* to do. I knew, when Mr. Morley, her director, engaged me in New York, that it was like being a *ghost*—no credit to me in it at all, no matter how well I could act, and my very existence kept secret if possible. Still, he flattered me a lot; and I'd been dying for months to get here. He told me how he'd been seeking the right type of girl till he was almost discouraged. Then he saw my photograph at the agents, and cried out 'Gee! There's Elsie herself, only younger and prettier!' And he said, if Miss Britten should have an accident or get ill, I should finish the whole part, and I'd be given publicity that would *make* me in the movie world. Well, I fell for it, of course, and the minute Miss Britten saw me, she turned me down cold; just said I 'wouldn't do.'"

"Jealous little cat! Just like her!" cut in Downing.

"Perhaps. But they gave me only a week's salary ahead. I couldn't sue. I haven't the money or power, you know, to fight against such people. Besides, I was so silly and pleased with everything, that I hadn't asked for a written contract. To console me, they promised to get me special sort of extra work—dancing and so on, at twenty dollars a day. But they've not done anything for me at all, and everyone says it's no use my expecting them to lift a finger. So I went to the Perfection studio last week, and begged for work in the new Venetian picture. Even a girl must eat—or *thinks* she must! I'd been told that your wife had been writing the scenario for the new piece from her book called 'Palm Beach,' and that she'd been there working in it. They said she was coming back—that they were getting people together, to be ready for her direction when she arrives, so as not to waste time. But the man at the window said that was a big mistake. They weren't beginning yet. I couldn't even get to the casting director. Then I was silly enough to shed a dusty tear or two as I wandered sadly away, I was so low down, and *so* hard up! That was the moment when I met you, and you

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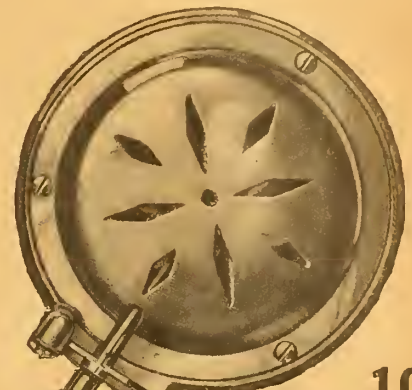

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10 cents each, postpaid. Complete list, prepaid, $1.00. Many single books of inestimable value. It would cost you $15 a day to visit Hollywood. Here are all of the Cinema City's concentrated charms and happy excitements for only a few cents. Address,

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Favorite photo of yourself or your beloved permanently reproduced and hand colored on a new extra-thin model compact. Send snapshot or photo, any size (will be returned). Dainty compact has **improved powder sifter,** full size mirror, and velour puff. Complete with picture, $1.85. Regular value $4.00. Send no money. Pay postman on delivery, plus a few cents postage. GUARANTEED.

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Dept. K 234 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

asked me what I was crying about. Of course I recognized you from seeing your photograph often in newspapers. I was awfully grateful. And you were awfully kind. You know the rest!"

"I know the rest, up to date," said Downing, with one of those laughs Jolette didn't much like, tho they sounded jolly. "The thing I *want* to know about, is the future!"

"What do you mean?" Jolette hedged.

"I guess you know what I mean all right, don't you? You seem to me a smart little girlie: smart as you're pretty, and that's going some!"

"Yet I'm not smart or pretty enough to have landed a job at Hollywood so far," Jolette sighed.

"Back to the movies again! Well, listen, my dear, we'll have this out. You know my wife hasn't come home yet. She got as far as New York all right, but there she stopped with the man she calls her assistant director, tho he does all the work really, to interview an English actor who's done one picture in the East, you know that British baronet star, Sir Jimmy Belden, and they've got old boy Bruger, the president of Perfection, to engage him as leading man in the picture. Irma—my wife—thinks she's going to direct. She is staying on in New York, and she hasn't sent the continuity yet. Everything's being held up!"

"Oh!" said Jolette. There seemed to be nothing else to say.

"That chap, Sir James Belden, is in New York, too, of course. Irma probably is writing him in a better and bigger part. Oh, I'm not jealous, Baby Face! You're on the wrong track, if you think that. I only wish she'd give me a real, honest-to-goodness excuse to divorce her, and free myself. But Irma's European, you know, Italian, took her writing name of Rimaldi from her native town; and even a baronet means something in her young life. She loves titles. She kootoos to this feller. Anyhow, there they are in New York, and Irma'll show up when she darn well pleases, not before! It may be this week, or it may be next. She's almighty independent since her last two books made such wild hits in the movies, and she likes to show she's somebody in the game. I bet she's impressing this Belden guy. But there's one thing anyhow, Irma's being out of the way now can work to your advantage. 'Can work,' are the words I use. Understand?"

"N-not quite," said Jolette, afraid that she did understand only too well. "You mean—you can engage me for a small part before she comes back."

"Well, maybe I'll dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's,' yet, baby! If I'm to be Johnny-on-the-job for you, what do I get for my trouble?"

He was staring straight at the pretty face that flushed and paled under its unnecessary film of powder. Jolette took a sip of champagne, for an excuse to look down into her glass instead of into those eyes which repelled her. There was something peculiarly repulsive in the man's manner tonight, something almost unnatural, she thought. He had never been attractive—far from it! She'd had to force herself to be "nice" to him, and "keep on his good side" since their first meeting, but he had never seemed so crude as this. The sudden change in his manner puzzled as much as it troubled her, because it was unlike him. Had the brandy gone to his head, accustomed to it as he was? There was a strained look on his face, and a queer wildness in his eyes, as if he were suffering and unnerved.

"I-I'll be ever so grateful to you, Mr. Downing, for anything you do for me," the girl stammered.

CHAPTER II

DOWNING gave a throaty chuckle. He put up his hand and pulled at his collar, as if he couldn't endure its tightness. "Gratitude's not enough—not near enough," he warned her. "If you want me to be sweet to you, you've got to be sweet to me."

"Wasn't I sweet to come out here with you tonight?"

"That depends! So far, so good. But what's the next dish on the menu? Say, listen, pretty little girl—prettiest little girl I've come across in a coon's age! I have the power to advise Vaughan to engage you—stick you into some kind of part in the play of Irma's Venetian book. Not very big, maybe, to begin with, but big enough to give you some good close-ups, and a chance to be noticed if you can make good. The bucks can begin to flow in from the day you're engaged, no matter how much later you start work; say a hundred a week. I'll make a point of that. You can have an advance. And of course your pay envelope won't be the half of the layout for you. The rest, on the side, will be my lookout——"

"Oh, but all I *want* is a chance to work, and a hundred dollars a week would seem a fortune to me after what I've gone thru out here this last month!" Jolette broke in. "I'm no gold digger!"

"Well, I'll bet there are several thousands of other girls in Hollywood that feel just that same way," said Downing. "Only I dont happen to be interested in them. I *am* in you! But I wont lift my hand for a cheater, no matter how pretty she may be. I cant promise to make you leading lady. Irma'll have a lot to say about that; and she's just as big a cat as Britten, besides being twice as temperamental, with her Italian blood. Best I can do for you in the Perfection studio is to get you a small part. But you'll soon gain experience that way. And later, when I see how you and I rub along together, I dont say I wont make you a star somewhere or other on my own. I can afford to do it. The rest's up to you. Now I guess you see my point."

The girl did see it. There could be no more evasions and prevarications. There was no hope, even, that the Japanese would come in, and give her time to decide what to do. Dinner was over. They had had their coffee. Ito had been told that he needn't return unless his master rang. Not that those instructions had been necessary, to keep him out. The utter blankness of his face, the deadness of his slanting eyes had told, as no changing expressions could have told exactly how well this thoroly-trained servant understood the situation.

A year ago Jolette had been much like any other "small town" girl, except that she had been prettier and more intelligent than most of her kind. She had been praised so much for her beauty, and told she "ought to go into the movies," that she'd begun to think everyone must be right. She had been alone in the world, except for a stepfather unlikely to remain true to her mother's memory long. To get rid of her, he had been willing to advance the thousand dollars her mother had left to be Jolette's inheritance on her twenty-first birthday; and if the girl hadn't been over self-confident at first, in New York, her money might have lasted longer than it had. Strain and struggle and disappointment had rubbed off the peach-bloom of her sweetness, and the natural frankness of her nature. The "cat" which is in every woman had come to the surface in Jolette. She had learned to use her claws; learned to calculate chances, to count the cost of things; to take all she could from a man and give as little as possible in return. But

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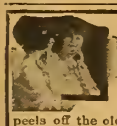

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Fascinating Free Booklet, "Peace of Mind."

FOR **Feminine Hygiene**

she had never yet found herself face to face with such a serious crisis as this.

Thoughts raced thru her brain, as her heart throbbed, and the little pulses beat in her white throat.

This dreadful man was determined to have an answer from her now, and not only her answer—more, more! If she offended him, what was left for her? The world in general—Hollywood in particular—seemed to have no mercy for girls. There were too many girls, out after the same thing! Dozens of those girls would give all but life itself for her chance with this important man, who was not only a millionaire, but the husband of a successful novelist who made scenarios from her own books, and helped direct the pictures. They would excuse themselves for what they might be forced to do. Such girls would say, "Well, what does it matter, after all? The game's worth the candle!"

Oh, she must try to be like that, too—hard, and not caring what she did if only she could grasp the prize she'd been reaching for so long! Once she had secured a part, and had been noticed by directors—by critics—people who counted—she could free herself. She could forget the hateful beginning.

"Yes—I—see the point," she echoed Downing's words slowly, while he waited, staring at her with those red-rimmed eyes.

"Good girl! I thought you'd be quick on the up-take!" he laughed. "Well, do we strike a bargain?"

Jolette tried to smile. Downing jumped up from the table, pushing his chair back with such violence that it fell and crashed with a loud noise where the hardwood floor was bare of rugs. He came towards her, and she too jumped up. She ought to have been calm, ought to have sat still, with the smile still on her face, and let herself be kissed. Her brain, her will, told her this; and perhaps if it had been another type of man, she could have played the "gold digger" thruout the act. But as Oswald Downing tried to catch her in those fat arms that she hated, the girl's soul rebelled. She gave an involuntary cry, and stepped back, pushing him away with both ice-cold hands. "No-no! I cant!" she heard herself gasp.

"You cant? Dont tease me, dont cheat. You *must*, now! See!" he mumbled in a queer, choked voice that frightened Jolette even more than the look in his eyes.

She ran from him. He followed. She was in the patio. Then she was in a bedroom. Downing had sprung and grabbed her out there in the fountain-court, then pushed her into this room! . . . Vaguely, as in a dream, she saw that it was a beautiful room, with a softly shaded, rose-colored light showing a carved, lace-covered bed, a kimono lying on it; slippers underneath. He must have planned everything, before he brought her to this house! That slanting-eyed Japanese was with him in the plot. There was no help for her anywhere. This man had meant to make her yield, even if she refused him.

"Oh, I hate you!" she sobbed. "You're horrible! I'd rather starve to death than let you touch me! Go—go away! I'll scream—I'll——"

He was laughing. He had got hold of her again. She writhed, and heard her dress rip, or tear. For an instant she was out of his hands, breathing hard: then once more he clutched her against him. His grasp hurt her arms. She sobbed and moaned.

"Scream if you want to, cry-baby!" he taunted her. "Nobody can hear but Ito. He wont be interested. You—you little *devil!* But I'd have you now if I was to die for it!"

Die! The word stabbed thru the girl

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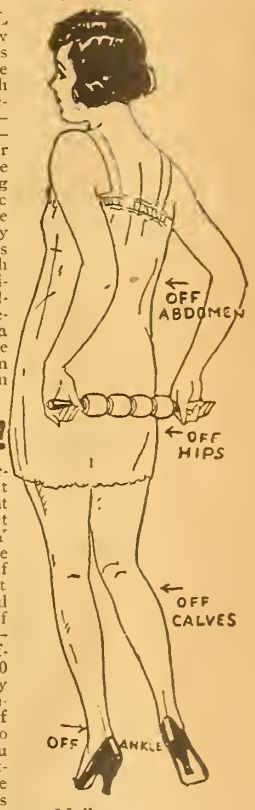

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like a knife. He *ought* to die—the beast! Sudden strength came to her, or else a weakness had fallen upon the man, for her little hands, that his hold had pressed back against her own breast, pushed him with force, so that he reeled, and trying to save himself from a fall, threw out his arms.

She was free! She glanced towards the door—the windows, which must open upon the garden. She couldn't get to one of them and escape, because he would be after her too soon. Her one chance was to act now, and take him by surprise. The man had not yet steadied himself, but was stumbling in a blind, awkward way, groping for the back of a chair. Desperate, Jolette dashed at the swaying figure, and pushed it with all her might. It fell, the head striking the corner of an Italian or Spanish table with an inlaid top of colored onyx; then dropped with a crash onto the floor.

The girl knew that she had no time to waste; that she must go, and vanish before the master of this hateful house could scramble to his feet again. Yet she could not go. Something held her, as if she were bound. It was like a nightmare. He lay so still, there on his back, and so sprawled! The froglike ugliness of him was so grotesque in this beautiful room, planned for the pleasure of a lovely woman.

Was it the electric light that so blanched the red, middle-aged face to a yellow white? But no, that lamp above the rose-gauze curtains of the bed had a rose-tinted shade. It would give color to a face, not steal it away.

Jolette stared at her own arms and hands. They were a delicate, pale pink in the soft glow, like tinted marble. Yet *he* lay there, so pale!

His eyes were open, but they were not looking at her now. They glared vacantly up at the ceiling. His mouth hung ajar. The fall must have stunned him. This was what she had wanted, of course! Now as if trying not to waken a sleeper, she took a few steps nearer to the sprawled figure in the smart black and white of evening dress. A strange memory for such a tense moment stole into the girl's mind. She remembered, long ago, seeing a young mouse which a cat had caught and not yet hurt, escape its captor and then creep slowly back again. Stupid little thing! she had thought, and tho she shuddered at mice, had rescued the hypnotized creature.

There was no one to rescue her now. Yet here she stayed, stupidly, like the mouse!

Downing had fallen on the polished floor, just clear of a large white bear skin, with a noble head that lay near his ignoble one. The fur gleamed like drifted snow; then, suddenly it was touched with red, a stain that moved and grew.

Jolette shivered and sickened. Blood! It come from the man's head. Crawling to the white skin, soaking into the fur. If he would only stir, ever so slightly! If he would but groan or sigh! If the eyes that stared upward, dully, would turn on her, even in reproach, she would be thankful. She could go then, out of his house, where she ought never to have come. It was his dreadful stillness and silence that held her!

She did not hate him any more. She wondered if she could call Ito and help his master. But no, she couldn't do that, while this dreadful doubt—this doubt she would not name—hung heavy in her brain.

"Mr. Downing!" she spoke in a dry, shrill little voice unlike her own. "Mr. Downing—wake up! Answer me!"

No response. No flutter of eyelids or quiver of the big fingers!

"Oh, God, if I've killed him!" she heard

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herself falter. "But no, it cant be—it cant! Just a push—a fall. Nothing! . . ." No, no, strong men don't die like that.

"Hurry, hurry!" a voice seemed to cry in her head. But she did not obey it. She tiptoed nearer. She was close to Downing now. There was a lost look on the yellow-pale face, a look of being gone—out of his body, forever.

She stooped, and shrinkingly laid her hand on his breast. It was still as an empty cage, when the bird with fluttering wings has flown. But she wouldn't believe in the emptiness. She knelt down, and listened for a breath.

"Mr. Downing!" she called again.

"What has happened here?" asked a voice, sharp as a challenge. Still on her knees, Jolette turned. In the doorway of the bedroom stood a woman in a long, light grey cloak, with a motor-veil thrown back.

The girl could not speak. Even her first gasp of surprise was stilled on its way to her lungs, for she was looking into the face of Irma Rimaldi, the writer, Oswald Downing's wife.

A wild confusion of thought whirled thru Jolette's brain, like frightened birds beating their wings against the bars of a closed cage.

She had hardly admitted to herself the dreadful thought that the man was dead. She had fought against it, frantically crying his name as if to force his soul back into the sprawled body again. But accidently, something within her said in a cold terrible voice, "He is dead; and you killed him. You didn't mean to do it. You were only defending yourself. But how can you prove that? And anyhow, it's murder. His servant will be against you, and now, his wife."

"Who are you?" Irma Rimaldi rapped out the question, and when no answer came, followed it quickly with an accusation.

"You're afraid to tell me. No wonder! You alone with my husband, in my own bungalow, at night. He is dead. I know he is dead. People look like that only when they die. It is no faint. You need not lie to me, for it will be of no use—whoever you are, you've killed him!"

These words flung at her, struck at the girl's heart, like the blows of a mallet. She felt as if she must die. She wished that she could die!

Irma Rimaldi was as famous for her height as years ago she had been for her dark beauty, and now, as she took a few swift steps to the kneeling girl, it seemed to Jolette that a beautiful fierce giantess bent over her. "Get up and speak out!" came the quick command. And when there was no sign of obediance, Irma seized a slim bare arm, and jerked the girl to her feet.

"You've killed him!" she repeated. "Tell me everything or I'll ring for my servant, and send for the police."

Her servant! Her bungalow! Oswald Downing had called them his; but what did that matter now? That threat of the "police" steadied Jolette's wits. She saw herself in prison, saw herself being tried for murder—perhaps convicted—or at the very best pointed at, stared at, ruined for life. If only she could appeal to this woman's pity!—Not that Irma Rimaldi had a reputation for soft heartedness. On the contrary! But to make her understand and win her compassion seemed the one hope.

Dry-lipped, Jolette began to gasp out her story.

"I went to the Perfection studios for work," she stammered. "I knew your play was coming on soon. But I couldn't get anything! I was down and out. I couldn't help crying. Mr. Downing saw me. He seemed kind. He made—engagements for us to meet, so I could tell him things, and he might think of some way to help. I lunched and dined with him a few times. I didn't want to come here, but he persuaded me. He said it was his house."

"He *would!*" Irma broke in, then waited for Jolette to go on.

"We had dinner," the girl faltered. "He promised to introduce me to Mr. Vaughan, and get me a part for a hundred dollars a week to begin with, if—if——"

"You dont need to explain that if," said Irma Rimaldi grimly, and yet in a kinder tone. "This room—that kimono—it's my room, by the by!—he had the stage all set for the act!"

"Oh, you *do* understand!" cried Jolette with a rush of gratitude she had not expected to feel for this woman. "When I found he had me cornered here I—I pushed him away. He fell. I never dreamed of killing him. All I wanted was to escape—and run, and run, no matter where, before he could get to his feet again and catch me. He must have struck his head very hard. Tho who would think—perhaps it *isn't* true! Perhaps he isn't dead?"

"He is dead," pronounced Irma. "In the war, I saw many dead. I know how they look. I have described death in my books. There's no mistake. Whether you meant it or not, you have killed him."

"I swear—I swear by everything holy I didn't mean it!" insisted the girl. "I did hate him. He made me hate him, and I was terribly afraid. Yet I'd give my life this minute to bring back his. If there was anything I could do to make you see how I——"

"I see well enough," Irma cut her short.

"The question is, would a jury in a murder trial see? My husband had a lot of influence. Men liked him. Too many girls have tried to blackmail millionaires lately to get away with this sort of thing as easily as they used to do."

Jolette trembled all over, and it seemed as if the tall, dark woman whose eyes searched her eyes, was Fate incarnate. The girl could not understand what Irma Rimaldi was trying to do with her. Why should she stand there torturing her needlessly, with that dead man staring sightlessly up at them from the floor? If his wife meant to give her up to the police, why not have done with it, instead of prolonging this hideous scene?

Heartsick and despairing, she determined to try once more.

"Oh, Miss Rimaldi, if you *do* believe me, wont you let me go?" she begged. "I've never done anything to deserve this. Nobody but you and that Japanese know that I came here, for Mr. Downing drove the car himself. If it's *your* servant, he'd keep silent if you gave him your orders, wouldn't he? What harm would be done if people thought that your husband had—had fallen down in some kind of fit, and struck his head——"

Irma Rimaldi gave a hard little laugh. "You are so busy thinking of yourself, you forgot me. It is known that I came home tonight unexpectedly. I was seen. And it's no secret that there's been little love lost between Oswald Downing and me these last four years. If I should let you go, I would be suspected myself."

Jolette's hope died.

Miss Rimaldi was not a woman to sacrifice herself for another.

Will Irma Rimaldi deliberately charge Jolette with the murder in order to save herself? When it becomes a question of "Your skin or mine," people go to great lengths? What can Jolette do?

See the May MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

Building the New Home

(*Continued from page* 116)

the plans this seems to work out all right. I have seen few cases where this does work out all right in an actual home. Remember how many rainy days there are in spring and fall—and how cold the weather gets when winter comes. Think of all the times when guests and members of your own family will rush in to your home—and directly into your living-room—if there is no hallway.

My favorite home is the home that has a central hall as an entrance. A stairway running up out of this. This type of home is dignified and charming and the very entrance means hospitality.

Closets. What about them? Have you planned on a lot of closet space? I hope you have. Two fairly good-size closets are much more useful than one immense one. When two people are occupying a bedroom, it means a lot for each member to have his or her own closet.

Every guest room should have a closet—and please keep this closet for the use of guests.

Built-in furniture. Every day I get letters, asking me what I think of it. People write: "If I build in furniture I cant move it around"—and then I wonder why they want to move around built-in furniture. Personally, I think that too much built-in furniture is wrong. Your house takes on a factory-like appearance. There are certain pieces of built-in furniture that I find indispensable, however, and I would have them without question.

In my kitchen I would have almost everything built in. I would not have a built-in refrigerator, I would, however, have built-in glassed china closets, built-in cupboards and built-in broom closets. In my basement or hallway I would have built-in preserve shelves, raised well above the floor and swinging, if possible. In my dining-room I would have a built-in china cabinet. Personally, I prefer corner cabinets and I can think of nothing lovelier in the average dining-room than a pair of corner cabinets in Colonial design—or a design that fits with the architecture of the house.

In at least one bedroom I would have a built-in window seat, and if there are children's rooms I would want them with built-in window seats and built-in shelves for books and toys.

The only other built-in furniture that I would insist on in a home are bookshelves. Without any question, I would have a lot of built-in bookshelves.

There may be more decorative things in the home than books, but I have never found them. Books give far more a feeling of hospitality and cheerfulness and the right home spirit than any expensive tapestries or other wall decorations that I know of.

A new home! I can think of nothing lovelier to ask for and to plan.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 95)

THE Paramount company has just signed the most promising young player in the picture colony. They have placed the signature of Einar Hansen to a long-term contract. Hansen may be remembered for his work with Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," and is soon to be seen with Pola Negri in "Barbed Wire."

The company lost no time in putting the new Swedish actor to work. He had no sooner completed "Children of Divorce" with Clara Bow than he was assigned to do two pictures at once. He is playing the lead opposite Esther Ralston in her first starring picture, "Fashions for Women," and at the same time he is playing one of the featured parts in Pola Negri's next offering.

RESTLESS young people who have been planning to leave home to seek a career in Hollywood will have to find some other place to go. Hollywood is no place to seek a fortune, since the Central Casting Bureau was established. The day of the extra, it seems, is over. Fred Beetson, president of the bureau, has declared that positively no more aspiring beauties will be allowed to register with him. The fact is that only about 710 extras are employed daily in the various studios, and more than 18,000 apply. So you can see that something had to be done. Barred from the Bureau and without a chance of crashing the studio gates independently, a lot of people will be going back to Iowa and Texas.

MARY PHILBIN has broken her engagement again. Mary has been engaged almost as many times as Clara Bow. The only difference is that with Mary it's always the same man. Paul Kohner is the object of her intermittent affections. He is a production supervisor at Universal City, where Mary is a star. They have been on the very verge of matrimony several times, but one or the other always gets temperamental just as the ceremony is about to be performed. You'll probably hear more about this.

THE plans of Emil Jannings—or we should really say *for* Mr. Jannings—have undergone the many changes which occur before any American picture gets under way. After much wrangling about the story, it seemed that everything was ready for production. The ideas of Mauritz Stiller, the director, and Eric Pommer, who was supervising the film, were in perfect accord, but B. P. Schulberg, whose word is law in the West Coast studio, couldn't see things their way. As Mr. Pommer was unwilling to do anything contrary to his own convictions, there was nothing to do but walk out. So Paramount has lost one of its most gifted men, Emil Jannings has fallen heir to Victor Fleming as director of "The Man Who Forgot God," and Paramount's flock of foreign luminaries are without a supervisor who can understand their temperament and their language.

ANOTHER fake movie school, called the New England Film Production, Inc., was recently the means of robbing several Italian girls of sums amounting to several hundred dollars. The police of Boston, where the "school" was established, are looking for its two officials who made a very neat getaway when they felt the hot breath of the law on their necks. They promised to give the girls lessons in the art of the cinema, and to secure contracts for them with large companies. One of the men claimed that he had been Gloria Swanson's director, and that in one of his odd moments he had dashed off the picture called "The Covered Wagon." The other was more modest and less specific about his accomplishments.

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" has become so historical that every move in connection with it must be made with appropriate pomp and reverence. And so when Famous players buys the play, the final deeding over of the property will be done magnificently, in the presence of writers, reporters, photographers, and as much of the public as can be assembled. The exact date for this event has not been announced—everyone seems to be waiting for a properly ceremonious occasion.

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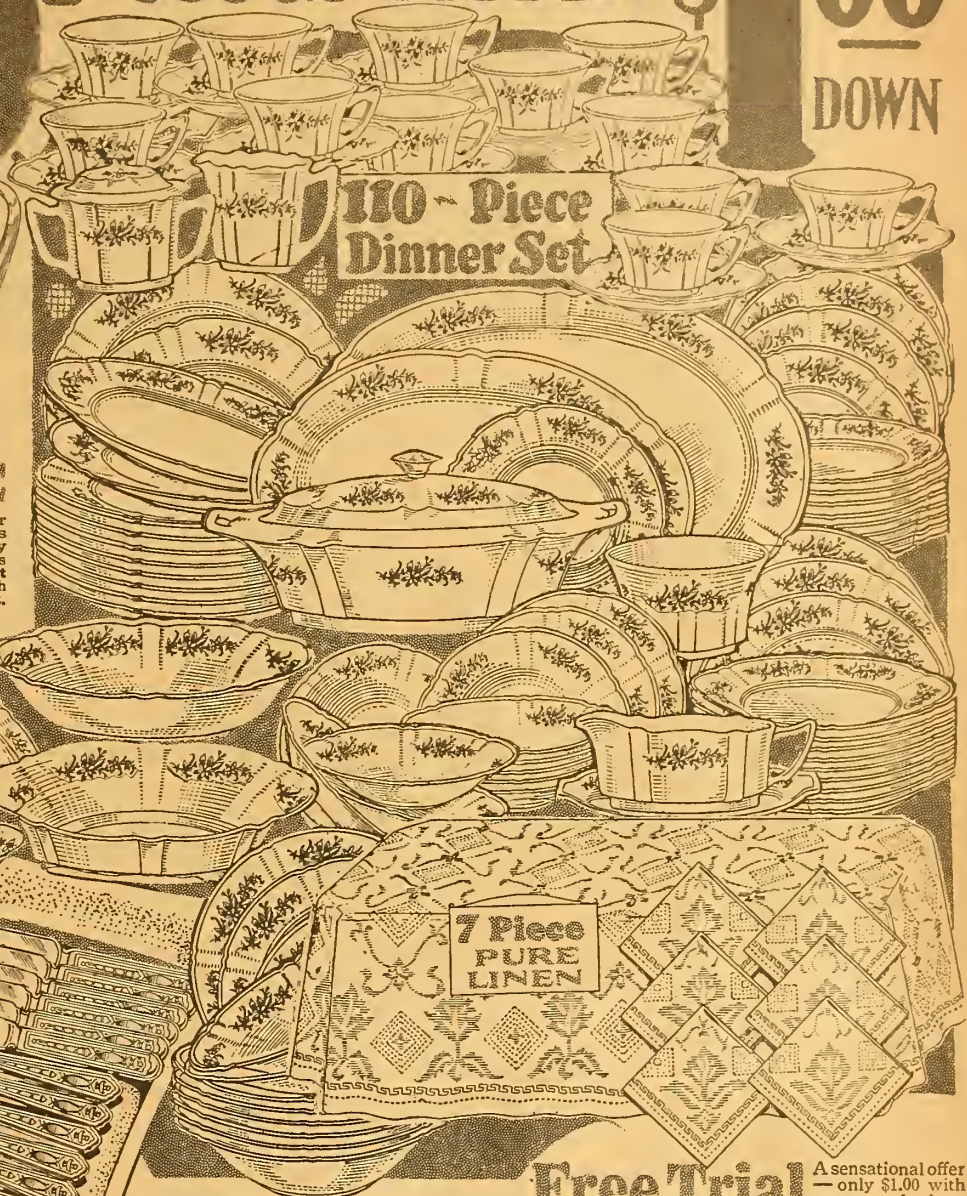

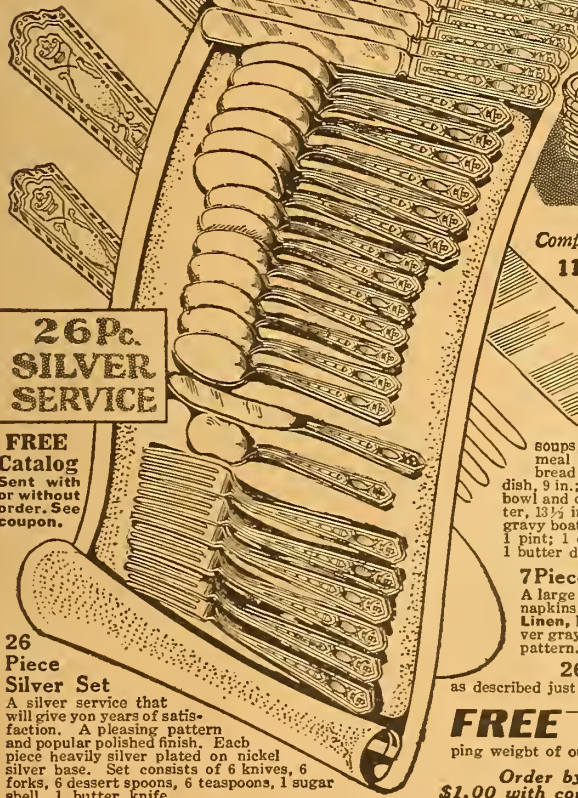

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They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my début. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebesträume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could suprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by mail in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music.

* * * *

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Right now we are making a Special Offer for a limited number of new students. Sign and send the convenient coupon now—before it's too late to gain the benefits of this offer. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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604 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

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"They are already popular—and that means that I'll need Colorite to follow the new mode of a hat for every occasion. My parts call for constant changes of costume—a new hat every few minutes. I change old straw hats into new ones by a method which every woman will delight to know. It is wonderfully effective—and inexpensive, too. It's Colorite!

"I select my straw hats in the shapes, styles and colors that match my costumes. I wear them—then Colorite my favorites to match a new frock, a new sweater or a new scarf. It is so easy! Just a little Colorite—a few minutes' brushing—and I have a new hat, colored to match my very latest dress! It's a flexible finish, too.

"When I need a color not shown on the Color Card, I obtain it by mixing colors according to the simple directions."

Mary Philbin

MARY PHILBIN
Starring in
Universal Pictures

You need no longer envy the woman who has a hat for every occasion! You, too, can keep abreast of the mode—with Colorite.

Colorite is inexpensive—and ever so easy to use. Your nearest drug store, dry goods or department store will supply you with a bottle of Colorite Straw Hat Finish for a quarter (30 cents in Canada). 16 attractive colors to choose from—all waterproof and durable. With each bottle comes a handy little brush that makes quick work of re-coloring or renewing your old straw hat.

A few minutes' effort—and in a half hour you have a gay, charming "new" hat—ready to wear.

If your dealer does not carry the shade of Colorite you want, send us 25 cents (30 cents in Canada), and we will mail it to you.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1840
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We also make
Colorite
Fabric Dyes (in tablet form) Dye or tint cotton, wool, silk, or mixed goods, quickly and easily. The highest grade of household dyes made. 18 fast colors.

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH

At the Palace *in San Francisco*

132 Women Guests

"like this soap better than any other"—"find it a wonderful soap for the skin"

"The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan—faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . ."

WHO can forget it—the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on one of its gala nights?

Into its whirl of music and laughter there steals now and then the breath of the great Pacific trade winds . . . Just outside its doors lies waiting all the mystery and wonder of the East.

The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan; faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . .

Beautiful women who have travelled the world in search of new pleasures, danced with royalty, dined in the palaces of rajahs, gratified their taste for all that is costly and rare . . .

Women accustomed to every luxury—how do they care for their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to satisfy them as the ideal soap for the complexion?

We asked 214 women guests at the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco what soap they prefer for the regular care of their skin.

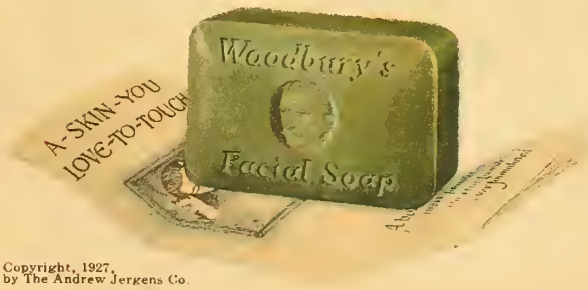
More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap.*" The largest number using any other one soap was 20.

"*It's the most satisfactory in all ways,*" they said. "*It's a wonderful soap.*" "*The only soap I can use on my face.*" "*I like it particularly because it is the only soap I have ever used that didn't irritate my skin.*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

Within a week after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



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Cut out this coupon and mail it today!
Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days ¶ Now—the new large-size trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1307 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." *In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1307 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

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Motion Picture

MAY

25 CENTS

Clarence Darrow Calls Screen Sheik Blessing

Secrets *of Your* andwriting

by Ruth Miller.

MARLAND STONE

A Sixteen Year Old *at* Sixty

—*How* Harold Lloyd *Makes His* Pictures

A Colorite is just the thing for occasion straw hats!"

"Now that it is the vogue to wear a straw hat to match each costume, I am thankful for Colorite! I need ever so many hats in my everyday work—but with Colorite, many of the hats I wear today can be quickly transformed—freshly colored to match tomorrow's newest frocks.

"I admire the gay sparkle of a Colorite–finished hat. It looks exactly like new—is colored just the way I want it—has just the right flexibility—and the cost is ever so little.

"Truly, Colorite is a wonderful aid to the woman who loves smart, becoming straw hats, in keeping with her personality, her costume and the occasion."

Leatrice Joy

Leatrice Joy, well known Cecil De Mille star.

Wisest of all is the woman who does not let a modest budget limit the chic of her wardrobe. You can keep in step with the modish world—aided by Colorite!

You can get a bottle of Colorite Straw Hat Finish for a quarter, at your nearest drug store, dry goods or department store. Sixteen attractive colors—all waterproof and durable. A handy brush with each bottle.

With Colorite, an old straw hat, and a few minutes' work, you can have a crisp, colorful new "occasion" hat.

If your dealer does not carry the shade of Colorite you want, send us 25c (30c in Canada) and we will mail it to you.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
Established 1840
77 Sudbury Street, Boston

* * *

We also make
Colorite
Fabric Dyes (in tablet form) Dye or tint cotton, wool, silk, or mixed goods, quickly and easily. The highest grade of household dyes made. 18 fast colors.

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH

Colorite Reg. U S Pat. Off.

NOTES FOR PEACOCK ALLEY

Of all the alluring magical contrivances of Fairy Lore—the wishing rings, invincible swords, seven-league boots and caps of darkness—Aladdin's Lamp intrigued my childish heart most deeply. There was something so delightfully mysterious, so truly magical in the thought of the invincible Genie of the Lamp who did its owner's bidding.

Something of the same old thrill—greatly diluted, alas, by the sophisticating years, may be evoked by inspecting the new compact *de luxe* by Terri—New York's inspired Vanity-maker—that is if you take a keen womanly interest in feminine gewgaws.

It looks so like a tiny jewel of a book, with its overlapping edges and minute but useful gold tipped pencil lurking in a hollow at the hinge, yet there is such an astonishing supply of delightful cosmetics tucked away inside—it really seems as if there must be *magic* in it! Naturally it has been named the "*Book*" Compact.

—and the COLORS this delectable *vanity* comes in are enough to enrapture the most *blase* feminine heart! Gay Mandarin Red—cool Marsh Green—a dovelike Grey—not to mention an aristocratic Black! This use of *color* in vanity cases is very new and very tasteful. The polished bakelite in which they are made, too, is quite a relief after the interminable array of gold and silver plate that has been haunting the shops.

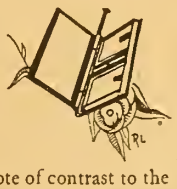
In fact—a thoroughly pleasing exterior has the Terri-Book Compact—and a thoroughly practical, though equally pleasing interior, as well! There is a sizeable mirror, for instance, that obligingly reflects all but the most negligible portions of one's face at a glance. Its an *unbreakable* mirror, too—a point of prime importance if one is at all superstitiously inclined.

Then there are those *excellent* cosmetics made by Terri himself. Exceptionally fine grained powder and face rouge—velvety to the touch and very tenacious. A smooth, neatly spreading lipstick, entirely lacking in that unpleasant greasy taste common to so much lip rouge.

The shades are: Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel in the powder; Coral with an orange cast, a Medium Rose tint and a vivid Raspberry in the rouge.

And the usefulness of the little pencil so neatly tucked away at the hinge must not be forgotten. It enables one to jot down the address of a shop—a friend's telephone number—all those invaluable bits of information gleaned abroad that are so irretrievably lost if entrusted to an errant memory.

Indeed, the Terri Book Compact is an eminently practical contrivance—a very Paragon of Compacts—yet it costs only $2.50. And it is not the utilitarian qualities so much—indispensable as they are—that win my heart, but the fascinating colors employed in the cases.



What a pleasing note of contrast to the rest of one's costume a case of flashing Mandarin Red or cool Marsh Green would make as one drew it from a pocketbook—or what a last perfect touch of harmony with an ensemble of the same shade!

By the way—I almost forgot to say that that enchanting Terri powder in the compact may be had in loose form as well. An exceedingly helpful addition to one's dressing table!

The Shopper

Terri Triple "Book" Compact with pencil, in Mandarin Red, Marsh Green, Dove Grey and Black. Price $2.50

Makers of exclusive Terri Face Powder

Terri
4 West 40th St. N.Y.C.

"SLIDE KELLY SLIDE"

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,
SPRINGTIME'S here, Oh boy!
BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter . . . .
REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?
THAT was one glorious football picture!
AND now this happy, handsome star appears in
THE epic picture of the great National pastime
WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!
MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the
MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.
FOLLOW the crowd!

Slide Kelly Slide
with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY
An Edward Sedgwick Production
An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER
Titles by JOE FARNHAM
Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

A Priceless Prize for the Keenest Eyes!

from Ramon Novarro

YOU attend an exhibition of a truly wonderful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Settings, action, titles pass swiftly before your eyes. You marvel at them. But when you get home how much of the performance can you remember —and enjoy over and over again?

It's largely a matter of—*eyes*, alert vision, keen observations. Things you merely glance at you rarely remember. But when you really *see* something it stays with you. I want to help you to see—and thus enjoy —more of what M-G-M directors and we ourselves strive to put into our portrayals.

Here are five questions. The best set of answers to them will win *a prize that money could not buy*. The man who sends the best set of answers will receive the guitar I used in "Lovers" and a cash prize of $50.

And for the best set of answers from a woman, Alice Terry will give the earrings she wore in the same picture and a cash prize of $50. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph especially autographed by yours cordially,

Ramon Novarro

Ramon Novarro's Five Questions

1 In what recent production does Lon Chaney appear without his usual makeup?

2 What do you think of M-G-M "Historical Westerns" such as "War Paint" and "Winners of the Wilderness" starring Tim McCoy? (Not more than 50 words.)

3 Who directed "Flesh and the Devil"? and name two of his previous productions.

4 Name a brother or sister of the following screen players, Marceline Day, Lionel Barrymore and Owen Moore.

5 What photoplay holds the world's record for length of run and name two other pictures next in length of run.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Marion Davies' Contest of January

RUTH TRAENKLE
36 Delaware St. Albany, N. Y.

RICHARD T. COINER, Jr.
1091 Vaughn St. Portland, Ore.

Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

©C1B 737050

Volume XXXIII, No. 4 MAY, 1927

Do You Travel With a Chip on Your Shoulder and a Flag in Your Buttonhole?

That's Doug Fairbanks' description of many tourists. You know how he and Mary are always gala-vanting over Europe when they're between pictures. Doug tells why they travel so much, and if you're thinking of going to foreign parts you must not miss this story. As a matter of fact, it will pay you to read it anyway.

Our Unofficial Ambassadors

By DWINELLE BENTHAL

YOU CAN WIN A REPUTATION AS A HOSTESS BY A LITTLE ORIGINALITY

Almost everyone serves the same company dinner. There are two or three varieties of it, of course. But you usually know what will be served when you're invited out to dinner and, by the same token, your guests do too.

Why not serve a Swedish dinner for a change?

Next month Mrs. Lars Hanson gives the menu and recipes for a typical Scandinavian dinner—including their famous "smörgâsbord"—*hors-d'œuvres*, you know.

The June Motion Picture Magazine Reaches the News-Stands April 28

Motion Picture Magazine is published monthly by Motion Picture Publications, Inc., at 18410 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, New York. Executive offices, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Secy. Subscriptions for U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines $2.50 a year in advance. Canada, $3.00. Foreign countries, $3.50.

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait: Patsy Ruth Miller ..... By Marland Stone
From a camera study by Chidnoff

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Look at the writing of a note itself, not between the lines for real secrets

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The Lloyd tells how he gets his ideas for his pictures

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Clarence Darrow makes this statement and other sensational announcements too

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The camera reports the difference in the charmers of Dad's youth and the charmers of today

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A fascinating biography of Ramon Novarro, fascinatingly told

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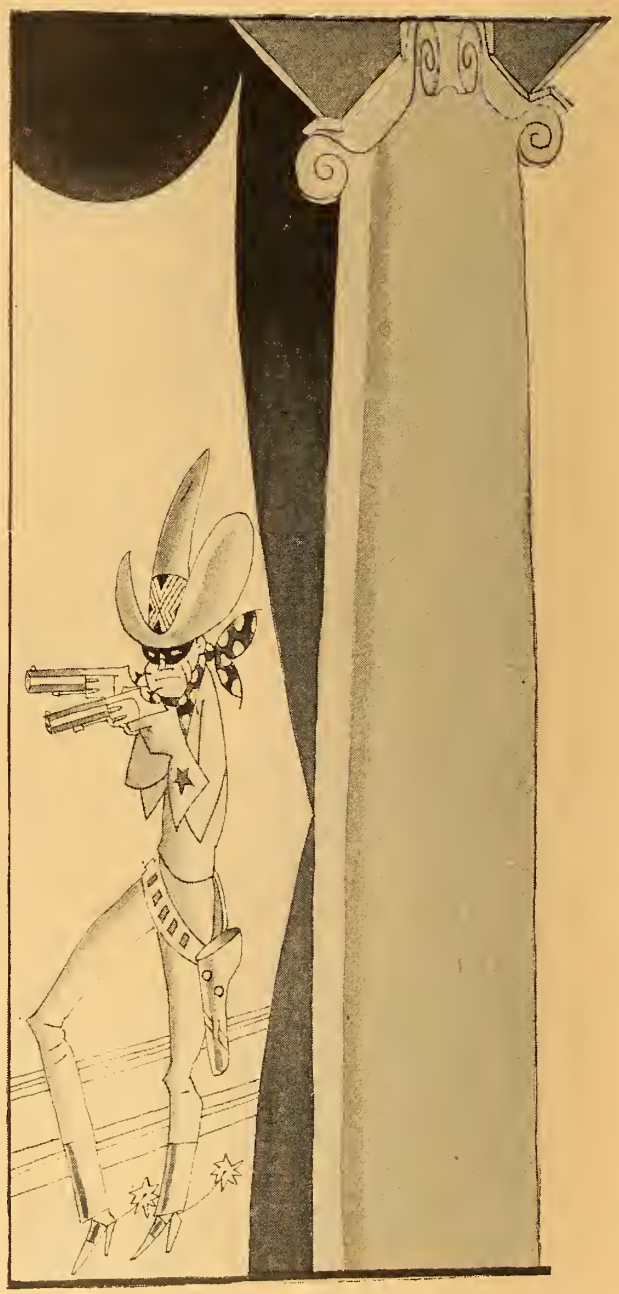
The interior decorating expert of the movies gives many practical suggestions for beautifying your kitchen

We Aim to Please You



THAT'S what this ornery hombre has in *mind*. He's got you covered and allows he's got something to say that will interest you.

He's asking you to take stock of the new CLASSIC—the magazine with the bright ideas and the glittering array of pictures.

He's aiming to please you in his rôle of Advance Agent. He's a Propagandist, but he doesn't use such a five-dollar word. He's talking straight from the shoulder and his verbal ammunition is summed up in simple but effective language —Become a CLASSIC Reader.

Taking up the cause, we advise you to keep abreast with the up-to-the-minute Picture Doings—which you can do by reading the CLASSIC —the de luxe magazine of the screen.

Yes, indeed, CLASSIC is right up in the front rank and topping the field because it has something to say —and says it interestingly.

The May number will feature entertaining pages written around ideas off the beaten path.

Would you know what Irvin Cobb, one of America's greatest humorists, has to say about the movies?

Are you intrigued over the interesting events which are constantly taking place in Hollywood?

Then be sure and read the May CLASSIC. It will be worth your time.

The CLASSIC will feature an array of intimate personality stories and pictures about established favorites as well as the newcomers who are making screen history.

CLASSIC wants your patronage. It is dedicated to the task of pleasing you with its bright and attractive pages.

Order your May number now. It's the Magazine with the Personality.

Fate blazed white hot over the Ashes of Love

Since Juliet~Cleopatra~Helen of Troy~ the World has not known such a Woman!

Paris gave her the name that has gone down in history—"The Lady with the Camellias"!

Frail as the flower she made famous—but armed with a weapon to slay the hopes of men—her Loveliness.

Tender and imperious—ardent and icy—wasteful, wilful, fickle, furious!... she had Paris for her footstool—then kicked the stool over . . . dancing on the wild winds of dissipation!

What a woman!—her memory will live with you forever. And what a part for famous NORMA TALMADGE!—Her beauty and her art will hold you enthralled. No one can afford to miss this supreme production of her career!

NORMA TALMADGE in CAMILLE

A MODERN VERSION

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with GILBERT ROLAND

SCREEN STORY BY · · · FRED DEORESAC

A FRED NIBLO *Production*

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

"Takes the Guesswork Out of Going to the Movies"

Watch for the big Prize Picture Contest in June Motion Picture Magazine

Announcing the Winners in the "Crazy Quilt" Contest

The Judges Award the Prizes After Weeks of Consideration of Manuscripts Made Difficult by the Excellence of Many

THE interest which this serial story and the contest published in connection with it in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE aroused in our readers has been very gratifying both to Adele Ormiston, the author of "Crazy Quilt," and the editorial staff of the magazine.

From far and near . . . from east and west . . . from north and south, people wrote about this story of motion picture life and of the reasons why they thought the title perfect for the tale it labeled.

It was hoped at first that the winners of this contest might be announced in the April number, but when the entries poured into the editorial offices right up to the closing hour, as stated in the rules of this contest, the judges asked for more time.

Every entry was considered carefully by Adele Ormiston in co-operation with the staff. Then the sorting-out process began. As usual, in deciding a contest of this kind, it proved most difficult towards the end when the final eliminations had to be made and there was some indecision among the judges as to just which manuscript was superior to another manuscript.

Some contestants submitted their entries in a very attractive form, actually working patchwork quilts or painting them on the cover of the folder containing their compositions.

Here are the final results:

FIRST PRIZE: $100.00
Eleanor H. Hill, 1004 Erie Trust Building, Erie, Pennsylvania

SECOND PRIZE: $50.00
Marad Serriov, Palo Alto, California

THIRD PRIZE: $25.00
C. D. Curren, R. D. 1, Elmira, New York

FOURTH PRIZE: $10.00
V. Levy, 68 Blenheim Gardens, London, N. W. 2, England

FIFTH PRIZE: $5.00
Gloria M. Wall, 3428 Waialae Road, Honolulu, T. H.

SIXTH PRIZE: $5.00
Mrs. A. R. Buck, 1005 McCleary Street, McKeesport, Pennsylvania

SEVENTH PRIZE
Mrs. Mary Gould, 6033 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Eleanor H. Hill

Did you ever watch your grandmother patching a crazy quilt? First, she took a square of plain white material, and then, selecting a bright-hued bit of silk here, a darker one there, she fitted the pieces together as they came, until the white square was completely covered. From various left-over bits of silk, she evolved a colorful square—its many shades blending into, or complementing one another.

"Crazy Quilt" is indeed a perfect title for Adele Ormiston's story of the many-sided, kaleidoscopic life of the motion picture people. It typifies the color and interest of the movie world—the hundreds of patterns included in it, following no rhyme or reason, yet combining to make a wonderfully brilliant whole.

Fate took the white square of Judith Tower's life, and selecting here a bit, and there a bit, brought Judith into the fascinating world of motion pictures. Thru happiness and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, Judith followed blindly the pattern that was selected for her. Success lent its bright hue to the design, subdued a bit by drab unhappiness and disappointments. But, somehow, everything worked out, at last, into the beautiful pattern Fate meant for her, bringing to her a realization of the meaning of it all and the dawn of real happiness.

Marad Serriov

One lovely memory of childhood is of Grandmother's slender hands, heavy with old-fashioned rings, piecing together vivid scraps of silk and wool we hold so precious now she is gone—her quaint crazy quilts, full of family lore. Aunt Mary's green taffeta she wore to the President's ball—sprigged silk for Mother's graduation—gay fabrics that graced the lawns of Virginia and Kentucky half a century ago—sister's baby cape—Grandmother's "going-away-gown"—what a treasure-chest of dreams and hopes, of sad and joyous memories!

Similar bits compose this story!—rich jumble of happy and sad, colorful and drab, that make up life for all of us, but particularly for those who live in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts. Here, the ugly pattern of Marcus Goldstein, the delicate silver tracery marking Judith's artistic development, the flaring scarlet and gold of her first great success; there, the dull gray of early years, jealous Felice green, camellia-patterned Romance, bitter dun of Love sunk to sordidness, lusterless black of Love dead. Again and again appear the Lola Chase tapestry; the rose-tinted silk of Robert's friendship; Lillian's devotion, a cloth-of-gold; that flame-colored satin, exotic Sonia!

Thru all, binding the multi-colored bits into a harmonious whole, runs the bright thread of Judith's personality. Just as Grandmother used shining magenta floss to featherstitch her scraps into a warm coverlet, bulwark against cold nights, so Adele Ormiston has used Judith to bind together the darks and lights, the bitter and sweet of life, to make for us a silken wrap of illusion—fascinating entertainment against the boredom of an every-day world. No better title could be chosen—no other could express so perfectly the very key-note of the story.

C. D. Curren

We do not start by being a scrap of unchangeable color and immovable material in the vast design of life. Each of us, from the pieces furnished, makes or mars his individual pattern. We are given materials of all sorts, colors, shapes and sizes. We plan to cut them into symmetrical forms and construct a gorgeous, colorful design like a splendid picture or a perfect poem. But time runs away with us, our intellects fail us, destiny balks us, the gods sport with us; we end by putting our pieces together helter-skelter, a thing of chance and circumstance, of force and compulsion, without rhyme, reason, idea or pattern—taking each bit of life as it comes, fitting it as best possible to the other bits, no time for cutting and fitting into a harmonious whole.

When we are done, there it is! Without design or symmetry. A thing of weird

(*Continued on page* 90)

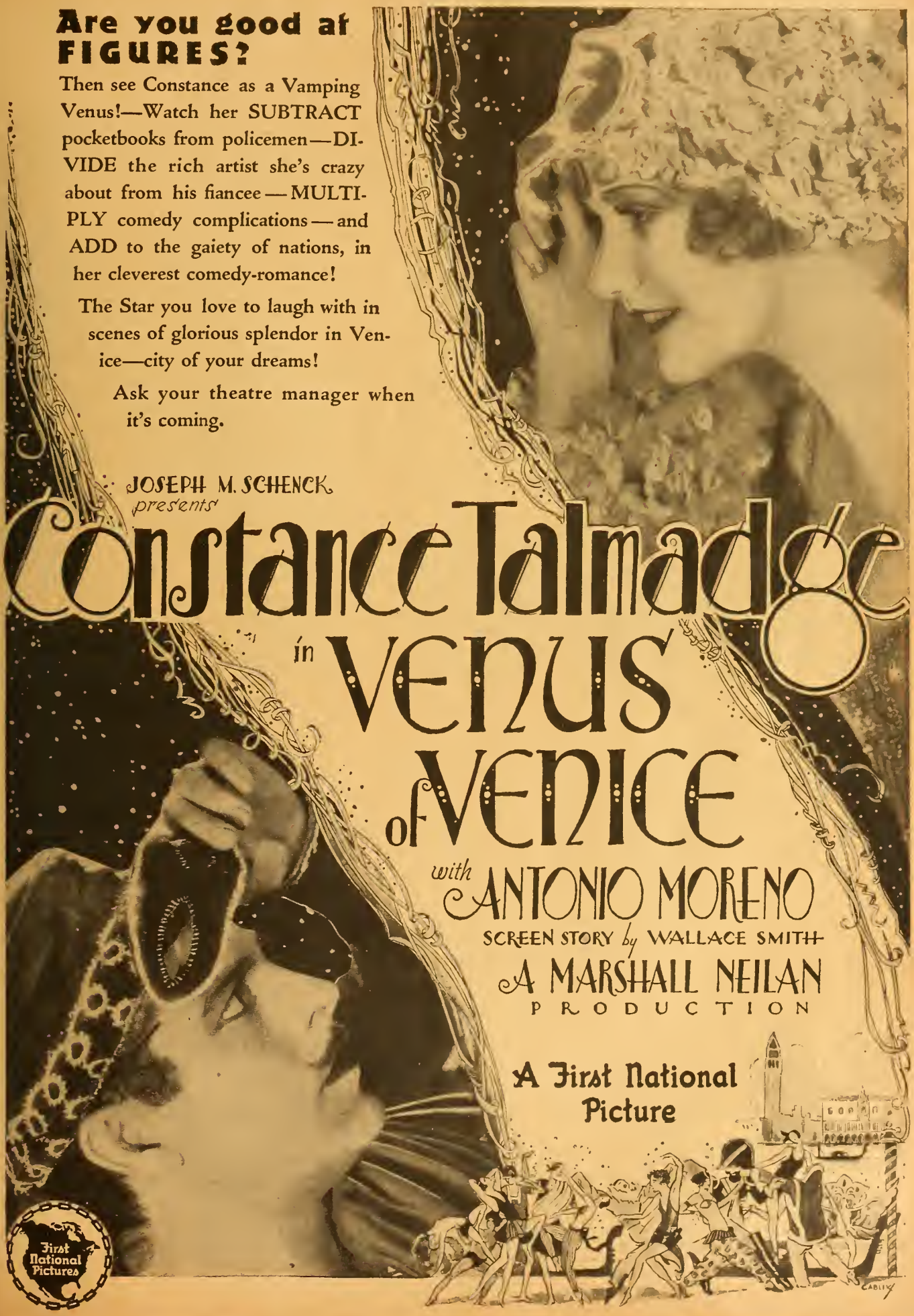
Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Are you good at FIGURES?

Then see Constance as a Vamping Venus!—Watch her SUBTRACT pocketbooks from policemen—DIVIDE the rich artist she's crazy about from his fiancee—MULTIPLY comedy complications—and ADD to the gaiety of nations, in her cleverest comedy-romance!

The Star you love to laugh with in scenes of glorious splendor in Venice—city of your dreams!

Ask your theatre manager when it's coming.



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

Constance Talmadge

in

VENUS of VENICE

with ANTONIO MORENO

SCREEN STORY by WALLACE SMITH

A MARSHALL NEILAN PRODUCTION

A First National Picture

First National Pictures

Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory, delicate as cherry blossoms . . .

The FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS of the WASHINGTON GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB

tell how this soap has helped them to gain a clear smooth skin

It's May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . . cherry blossoms drifting to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter of bright costume . . .

All the familiar figures of the social season flocking to the Washington Golf and Country Club; enchantingly pretty debutantes in new sports frocks from the Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign embassies—

Among the distinguished women who make up Washington society, one notices everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear complexion that has given Southern beauty its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely skin is their greatest charm, take care of it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women guests of the Washington Golf and Country Club what soap they find best for regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*Delicate*"—"*healthful*"—"*refreshing*," they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

* * *

Women of fine traditions and associations everywhere—college girls, debutantes, society women belonging to famous clubs and groups—are expressing in overwhelming numbers, their preference for Woodbury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's, one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use it, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1309 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... ...*State*.....

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Edward Thayer Monroe

GILDA GRAY

When Gilda went into the movies, the screen's gain was not the stage's loss. For Gilda tours the country with her pictures, bringing ecstasy to more and balder business men than ever before. "Cabaret" will give her a chance to dance again, both on the screen and before it

Richee

GARY COOPER

A de luxe Westerner is Gary Cooper. Paramount will star him, as Jack Holt's successor, in a series of those strong, silent dramas, beginning with "Arizona Bound." Gary's screen career has been brief, but memorable. He almost made you forget Ronald Colman for a while in "Barbara Worth," and in "Children of Divorce" he was even a match for Clara Bow

Richee

LOUISE BROOKS

Some like them hot—some like them cold. Louise aims to please everyone, so she let those mean bangs grow and will try to be sweet and dignified for a while. She's all dressed up for "Evening Clothes"

Bull

RENÉE ADORÉE

Screen thrillers seem tame to Renée since she went up North on location and was snowed in by a landslide. They dug her out safely, and she's home in Hollywood, gratefully working in "Back to God's Country"

Spurr

MARIE PREVOST

Marie had It *long before Madame Glyn ever thought of the word. That's why she never worries about her Art. For everyone's critical faculties are paralyzed, anyway, after the first tantalizing flutter of the Prevost lashes. Marie performs next in "The Night Bride"*

BILLIE DOVE

Billie dons a seer's turban and gazes into her future. It should be a dazzling one, for Billie has rare beauty and a place to market it. As a First National star, she will be seen next in "The Tender Hour"

Seely

EINAR HANSEN

In "Fashions for Women" Einar is the first man to be directed by Paramount's first woman director. How's that for a record? Incidentally, Einar has become a popular leading-man about as quickly as anyone that ever invaded Hollywood

I no longer wonder that americans are so proud of America. To live it is wonderful. I have even learned to wear golf-knickers and to say "So's your aunt Emma!"

Emil Jannings.

My Dear Shafer
Please use this
for the Graphological Article
by Emily
Dwight Fontaine
1926

Very sincerely
Rudolph Valentino

Yes, Knickers is a little thing
A thing, but so are tiny seeds
That grow and grow —

Norma Talmadge

"Call him not old whose visionary brain
holds o'er the past an undisputed reign."

Ramon Novarro.

My best way to keep a dog
from going mad in July
is to shoot him in June

Tom Mix

The Secrets of Handwriting

YOU will register surprise on reading this, unless you are a better guesser of character than most of us. I confess that one of the greatest surprises of my life was in discovering the identity of the writer of a certain specimen of handwriting. Marjorie Rex, of the New York *Journal,* brought it to me, casually asking what I thought about it, from the standpoint of the indications of character and talents it possessed.

"A highly educated person," I stated, instantly, "with reserve, fine feeling, tenderness, and something slightly melancholy in the disposition."

"Something of a sheik?" she wanted to know.

"No," I replied, "on the contrary, a person who was not easily moved as to his emotions."

"And what occupation?"

"Scientific," I said—"and I would suspect that that bent might have taken the form of horticulture, scientific agriculture—or something like that."

When she opened the letter and I saw the signature of Rudolph Valentino, you could have knocked me over with the traditional feather. "But the queer thing is, that it's all true," Miss Rex assured me, and then added what I had never heard; that the man known to America as Valentino, the famous "sheik" on the screen, had been trained for scientific agriculture and had sought only opportunities for that work when he first came to this country.

I will now furnish you with some dissertations, graphological in character, on the natures of your favorite screen stars. In some cases the handwriting speaks of the same person we know on the screen. But far more often the stars are not what they seem.

Do you recognize any characteristics in these specimens of handwriting comparable to characteristics of your own? Take Emil Jannings, for instance . . . his angular formations tell that he is careful of the penny and the big capitals show he is very proud

Jells

By Louise Rice

Jessie Tarbox Beales

Miss Rice is perhaps the foremost graphologist in America. Famous people from all over the world send her specimens of handwriting—confident of her analysis . . . and this spring her text-book on the subject is to be published. It is with pleasure that we present her expert opinion in our pages

TOM MIX—you know *him*—dashing smile, dashing figure, always dashing to the rescue of somebody on his dashing horse? So masculine.

U-m-m—yes, masculine, of course, but lots of other things. Crazy about color, for one thing. Fussy about little things. A very keen eye for ornament, for good looks in everything and everybody, stubborn as a mule, pliable under the stress of emotion, impatient, fond of money, too fond of pleasure—if trained, might have been a mighty fine painter. I'd say that the latter talent was, if anything, stronger than the talent for acting. Have I surprised you?

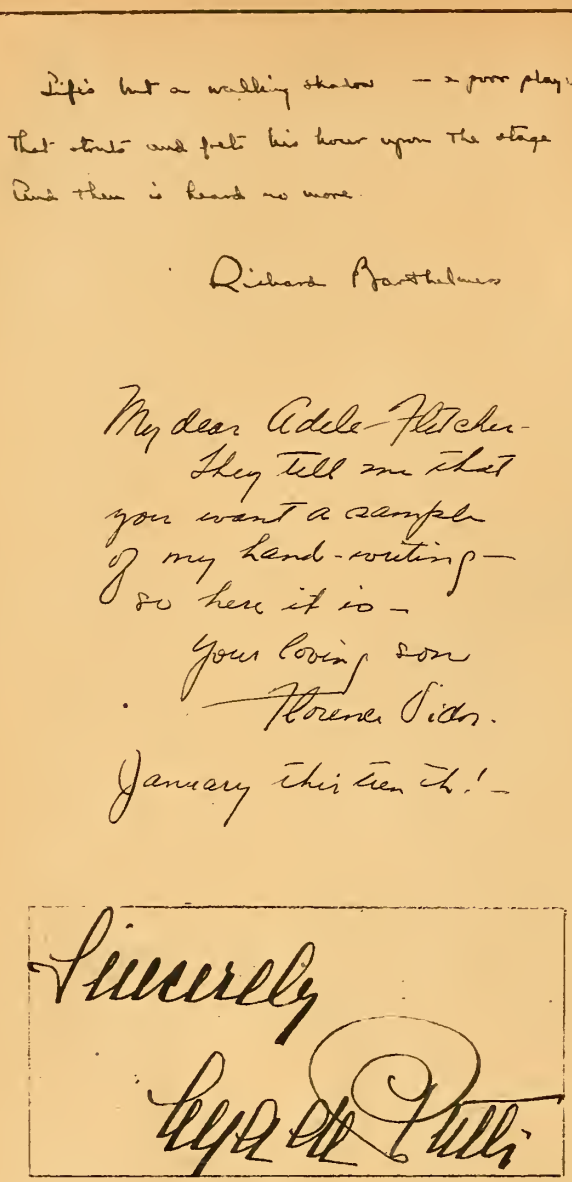
RAMON NOVARRO—another screen sheik—and, like the one who has passed on, successfully playing characters which are entirely foreign to his nature. Here, again, is the half scientific bent, the keen mind, the eye for detail, the ability to think acutely and constructively. Good taste and culture in the letter formations, and reserve and emotional moderation in the light, even pressure. This actor, blessed with a melting eye and a turn of the head that causes even my hardened old heart to skip a beat, might just as well be a retiring gentleman in a study and with just as great a chance of success, as he has had on the screen.

The greatest skeptics are prone to believe that people indicate their real character in their handwriting. Those who scoff at horoscopes and palmistry and numerology give heed to the analysis of writing . . .

VILMA BANKY. Men are not alone in showing science as a possibility, right along with dramatic talent for "the pictures." Miss Banky has a mind behind that lovely face of hers and a temperament which is practical and matter of fact. That she succeeds so well with dramatic rôles is a far greater triumph for her than it is for some others, since, with her, those rôles are really acting and not a mere projection of her own

The real truths to be found in the letters you receive do not lie between the lines but in the writing itself

The upward slant of Lon Chaney's writing . . . and the firm, curt and decisive underscore to the signature shows practical ability as almost the strongest element in this character


Life's but a walking shadow — a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.
Richard Barthelmess
My dear Adele Fletcher-
They tell me that
you want a sample
of my hand-writing—
so here it is—
Your loving son
Florence Vidor.
January thirteenth!—
Sincerely
Lloyd Hughes
To a man thinketh so is he.
Lon Chaney
The role of Camille, a modern
Camille, realizes a several
years ambition. I am happy
to bring to the screen a new
interpretation of the younger
Dumas' most famous character
Norma Talmadge

character and temperament. If she has not a strong domestic streak and if there is not a lot of administrative talent in her, then I never saw either in a piece of handwriting.

MARION DAVIES, stately Marion, who wears "costume" so well, has a good many of the traits which they used to ascribe to that singular creature the suffragette in those old, old days when the question of whether women were really people was still much in hand. That is to say, she is cool and detached and independent, and interested in everything that a man is and not apt to ask a man's opinion—often—and not too interested in being made love to; and has the most pronounced opinions of her own. But you'd never guess it from that melting face of hers—now, would you?

GLORIA SWANSON expresses in her signature a good many things which she does not in the body of her writing. This is always the indication of a personality which is especially vibrant and highly colored. The body of her writing shows—of all things—business ability! She could leave the screen this minute and probably walk right into a great big success in commerce—or in real estate. That last is something which is curiously omnipresent in the handwriting of the actors for the motion picture screen and which is hardly ever to be seen in the writing of actors for the spoken drama. I confess that the reason for this is difficult even to guess, but the fact is evident.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' handwriting graphologically performs all sorts of antics, quite in the manner of the man. The angle at which the writing leans is "all at sixes and sevens." His capitals do not match. But what vigor! What hearty, lusty, ardent *feeling*. I can think of this writer only in the simile of an insatiable child, who can hardly bear to go to sleep for fear of missing some of the great spectacle of Life. The surprise? Oh, a real one. He's exquisitely sensitive. I wonder what it has cost him to keep that secret?

FLORENCE VIDOR. In this sweet player the world lost a good writer of delicate and tender fiction! The nature is one of the finest, most gently remote from all vulgarisms, most sincerely unpretentious that one could wish to see. Her will-power needs strengthening and she has some tendency to procrastination. Yes—one of those musing, introspective people who really have a keen insight on human nature. I wonder if she ever feels this desire stir—this desire to be the creator and not the image which the creator sets forth for her?

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is a fine, careful, scholarly player, and no wonder. He is the student, *per se*. Like Miss Banky, he achieves his dramatic success thru the mental projection and not thru actually opening the flood-gates on his own nature.

(*Continued on page* 84)

Easter . . .

With Dolores Costello
as the White Nun
in the Cathedral Window

Beau

Pleasure comes high . . . and the couvert charges at the night clubs are the least of a gentleman's worries. Conrad Nagel agrees with the Bond Street haberdashers (that makes it final, you know) that smart accessories are indispensable in the evening. A silver-headed cane . . . fresh white gloves . . . a silk hat . . . and a monogrammed scarf are those he particularly mentions

If you go to church on Sunday, or have friends inconsiderate enough to get married before six o'clock in the evening, you just cant get along without a black morning coat, striped trousers, a gray- and black-striped tie and gray spats

All photographs by
Ruth Harriet Louise

A black coat for evening wear, of course, with the good old silk hat adjusted at something of a jaunty angle . . . and a straight stick in preference to the curved handle

For Married Folks Who Sometimes Disagree As to What

Nagel

Mr. Nagel refers to the costume below as a boulevard suit. His coat is black and his trousers are gray. And the derby must be worn in a manner not to be described as decorous. Gray gloves and spats, too. Man-about-town stuff!

If business proves necessary in your scheme of things, make the most of it by wearing a dark-blue suit, complemented by a fawn-colored vest, severely cut, and a fawn-colored hat

For his concentration upon the golf ball, Conrad wears a gray knicker suit with sweater and socks of blue and tan. His cap is of the same cloth as his suit . . . and his tie also finds its color in gray and blue

Mister Should Wear and How He Should Wear It

Mildred, Gloria and Harold on the sand in front of the Lloyd beach house

Behind Harold's *Spectacles*

. . . there are keen brown eyes which tell you he would have been an outstanding success in whatever he undertook

By

MILTON HOWE

HAROLD LLOYD walked into the office with a dog that was bigger than a California burro.

"Meet the Prince!" said Harold, introducing the one hundred and sixty-five-pound Great Dane to me. Prince shoved out a mitt that was bigger than Wally Beery's hand. I grasped the paw and cemented the friendship.

"He's a great dog," said Harold, patting the hound, who lopped out about seven pounds of tongue and licked his master's hand.

"How'd you like the picture?" I had met Harold two nights before at a preview of "The Kid Brother," which was held in a Glendale theater.

"Great!" says I in the usual Hollywood manner. If you dont know the diplomacy of Hollywood, let me tell you that if a star or a director asks you how you liked his picture, either say "Great" or "Yes," and nine times out of ten you are right, so far as the star is concerned.

"No, seriously, I mean it. How did you like it and what suggestions would you make?"

I felt like one of Harold's own bashful comedy characters, and was in the mood to say, "Go along now, Harold. You're just trying to make me feel good."

He said he always consulted his barber and people like that to get their reactions to a picture. I have never been a barber, but I have worked in places where they sold scissors, so I didn't feel wholly disqualified in passing judgment.

"The Kid Brother" comes closer to being another "Grandma's Boy" than any picture he has made since that time. Harold told me the barber had said the same thing.

In "The Kid Brother" Lloyd

International Newsreel

Two splendid reasons why the film colony has come to think of Harold as a family man

Harold Lloyd Tells How He Gets the Ideas for His Pictures

allows himself to delve into characterization with a number of very brilliant gags wisely distributed thruout the picture. It is not essentially a "gag" picture, neither is it a straight characterization for Lloyd, but the two are balanced quite equally.

I asked Harold why it is that every other one of his comedies proved to be tremendous successes while the others were just good Harold Lloyd pictures.

"We have been talking of characterization and 'gags' in pictures," said Lloyd. "One picture may base its success entirely on 'gags' while another may depend a great deal on characterization. 'Why Worry' and 'High and Dizzy' got by mostly on the gag thrills. 'Grandma's Boy' developed into more of a successful characterization. When we are working with a story, we must consider both of the factors we have been talking about. An overdose of characterization or an overdose of 'gags' may be fatal to its success."

This ability of Lloyd to detach himself from Harold Lloyd the actor is no doubt responsible for his turning out success after success. If it's for the good of his production he will tear out hundreds of feet of his best scenes. If you can find another actor in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Chaplin and Fairbanks, who will commit such an operation on himself, you have merely found another man who has suddenly discovered that insidious thing which has always made him wonder why he wasn't popular.

"In this last picture," continued Lloyd, "I had a definite idea of the character I wanted to do long before we started work. I knew the boy, and the story was built to suit him.

"The next character I would like to do is a youth of a mischievous type. You have known kids in your neighborhood who would go up and kick a policeman in the pants if you told them to. And as soon as they had been thrashed for that deed, they would go right out and kick another policeman in the pants. I am trying to grasp such a character for the next story. It takes time to become acquainted with the boy. We are looking for stories now, and it will probably be three months before we begin another picture."

The telephone rang, and someone wished to speak to Mr. Lloyd. Harold was sitting on the desk, his legs wrapped up under him like the official comedian of a rajah. He grabbed the nickel consumer. It was Hal Roach who wanted to look at Harold's new picture. If you remember the early days in the picture business, you will know that Hal Roach practically made Lloyd and Lloyd practically made Hal Roach.

(*Continued on page* 81)

Gene Kornman

Within a few years Harold Lloyd will be financing and managing several companies of his own. He has already put Edward Everett Horton under contract to appear in a series of comedy dramas

Harold with the one hundred and sixty-five pounds of Great Dane, called "Prince"

MADAME POMPADOUR

With Dorothy Gish as the Lady Behind the Throne of Louis XV

The younger Gish seems to have charmed the British producers into giving her their biggest rôles. If you were one of the many delighted by her "Nell Gwyn," you will be eager to see her in the title rôle of "Madame Pompadour"

Antonio Moreno was imported from America to invest the first masculine rôle with his Latin magnetism. . . . And Mons. Henri Bosc will be seen as Pompadour's monarch, Louis XV

MAR 25 '27

Motion Picture
MAGAZINE

MAY, 1927

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, *Editor* COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director*

Major George K. Shuler

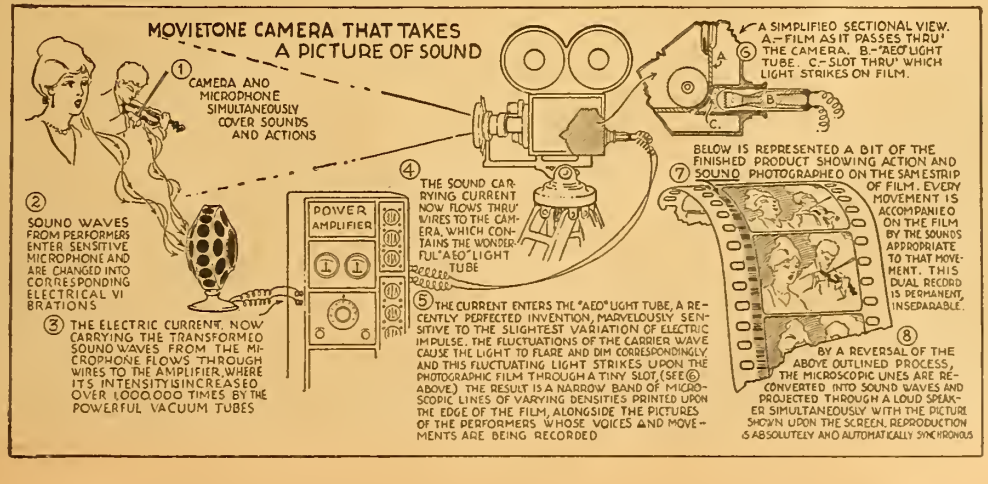
Just Around the Corner

By

Major George Kent Shuler
Publisher

HOW soon will talking moving pictures be on tap in every home that has a radio set? Is this form of entertainment "just around the corner," or is it a fancy that will lay on the shelf along with perpetual-motion machines and rockets that will shoot to the moon? Having witnessed a demonstration of the new movietone apparatus, we are rather inclined to predict that it wont be long now until Mr. John W. Citizen can tune in on Station U. S. A., pull down his movie screen and spend an evening with Hollywood's finest or watch the antics of the Winter Garden chorus without tramping three-quarters of a mile thru the slush to his favorite theater.

The movietone certainly bridges a huge gap in the trail. Here we have pictures and sounds developed on the same strip of film, and action and speech recorded simultaneously, thus insuring perfect harmony. If the next step, that of perfecting the apparatus to broadcast the results is successfully accomplished, this dream becomes a reality.


MOVIETONE CAMERA THAT TAKES A PICTURE OF SOUND
1 CAMERA AND MICROPHONE SIMULTANEOUSLY COVER SOUNDS AND ACTIONS
2 SOUND WAVES FROM PERFORMERS ENTER SENSITIVE MICROPHONE AND ARE CHANGED INTO CORRESPONDING ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS
3 THE ELECTRIC CURRENT, NOW CARRYING THE TRANSFORMED SOUND WAVES FROM THE MICROPHONE FLOWS THROUGH WIRES TO THE AMPLIFIER, WHERE ITS INTENSITY IS INCREASED OVER 1,000,000 TIMES BY THE POWERFUL VACUUM TUBES
POWER AMPLIFIER
4 THE SOUND CARRYING CURRENT NOW FLOWS THRU' WIRES TO THE CAMERA, WHICH CONTAINS THE WONDERFUL "AEO" LIGHT TUBE
5 THE CURRENT ENTERS THE "AEO" LIGHT TUBE, A RECENTLY PERFECTED INVENTION, MARVELOUSLY SENSITIVE TO THE SLIGHTEST VARIATION OF ELECTRIC IMPULSE. THE FLUCTUATIONS OF THE CARRIER WAVE CAUSE THE LIGHT TO FLARE AND DIM CORRESPONDINGLY AND THIS FLUCTUATING LIGHT STRIKES UPON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM THROUGH A TINY SLOT, (SEE 6 ABOVE) THE RESULT IS A NARROW BAND OF MICROSCOPIC LINES OF VARYING DENSITIES PRINTED UPON THE EDGE OF THE FILM, ALONGSIDE THE PICTURES OF THE PERFORMERS WHOSE VOICES AND MOVEMENTS ARE BEING RECORDED
6 A SIMPLIFIED SECTIONAL VIEW. A.—FILM AS IT PASSES THRU' THE CAMERA. B.—"AEO" LIGHT TUBE. C.—SLOT THRU' WHICH LIGHT STRIKES ON FILM.
A
B
C
7 BELOW IS REPRESENTED A BIT OF THE FINISHED PRODUCT SHOWING ACTION AND SOUND PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SAME STRIP OF FILM. EVERY MOVEMENT IS ACCOMPANIED ON THE FILM BY THE SOUNDS APPROPRIATE TO THAT MOVEMENT. THIS DUAL RECORD IS PERMANENT, INSEPARABLE.
8 BY A REVERSAL OF THE ABOVE OUTLINED PROCESS, THE MICROSCOPIC LINES ARE RECONVERTED INTO SOUND WAVES AND PROJECTED THROUGH A LOUD SPEAKER SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE PICTURE SHOWN UPON THE SCREEN. REPRODUCTION IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY SYNCHRONOUS

The Screen Sheik Is a

"Screen lovers give wives something of interest to take their minds off the humdrum existence which they may lead and, furthermore, give them a thrill that is harmless and helpful"

JACK GILBERT, Ronald Colman, Ben Lyon—and all you other great screen lovers—step forward and take a bow.

Stand up, you cinematic sheiks, while we pronounce you, individually and collectively, veritable blessings to married men and real promoters of marital happiness.

And, in so doing, we quote no less an authority than Clarence H. Darrow, one of America's greatest lawyers, who has gained undying fame in more legal battles than we have space to print; the man who is ever found fighting on the side of the oppressed; a man whose mind is among the keenest in these United States.

Mr. Darrow has practised law for half a century, during which time he has been one of the country's closest observers of domestic difficulties. Now, he comes to the front in support of motion pictures; takes the side of the much-maligned screen sheiks and calls them real blessings; declares they are doing a real good; advises the censors to throw away their scissors and leave in more of their passionate love scenes; and wishes the screen lovers more power in their work.

In short, Mr. Darrow believes that the movies, despite the avalanches of criticism, are all in the right; and the critics and censors who decry "jazz" films and the over-emphasized love scenes are, to use the language of the street, "all wet." In other words, American films with their passionate scenes, their alleged sensational themes, their scantily clad maidens and their three-minute kisses of

(*Continued on page* 30)

Photograph of Clarence Darrow taken during the famous evolution trial by P. & A.

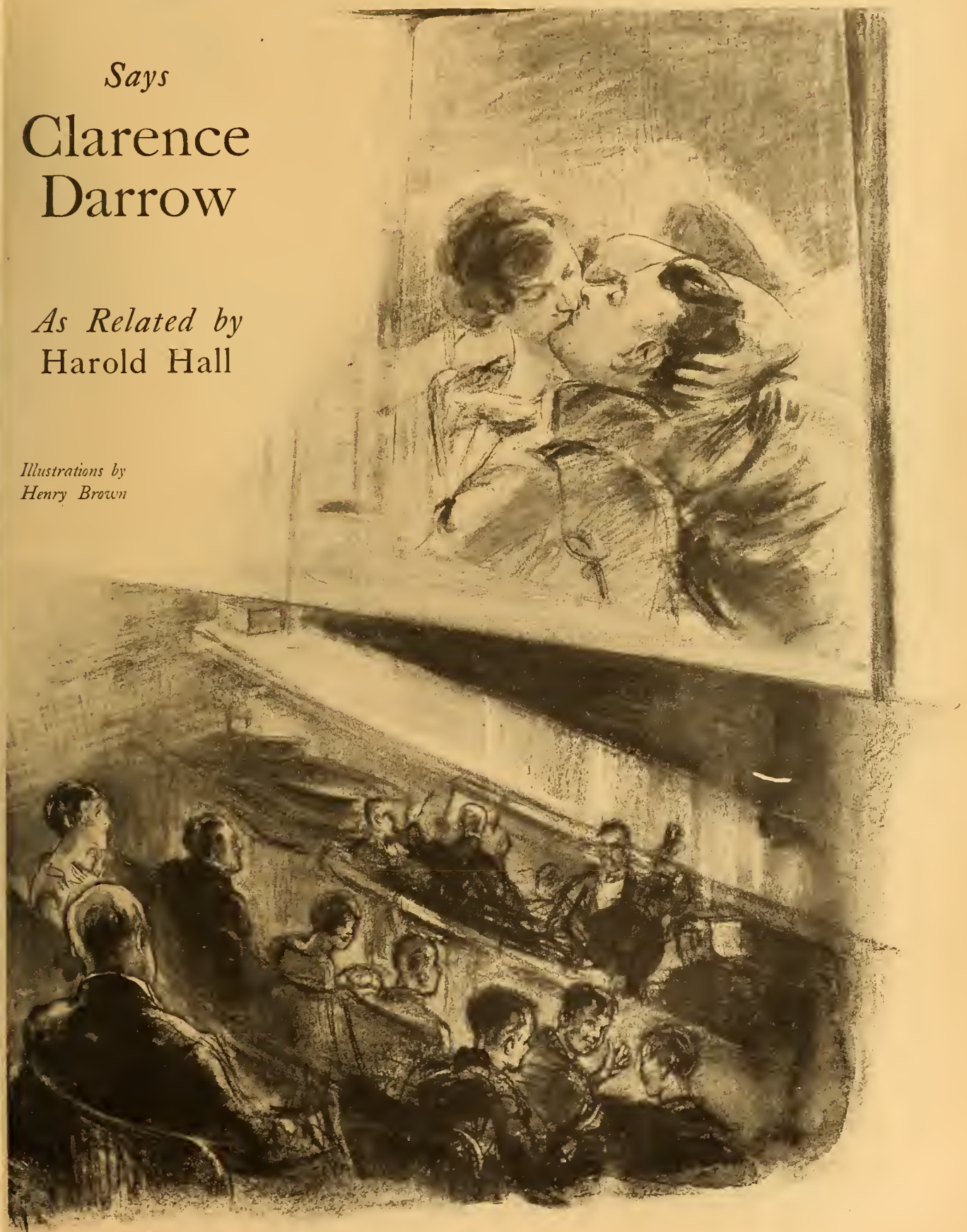
Blessing to the Married Man"

Says

Clarence Darrow

As Related by
Harold Hall

Illustrations by
Henry Brown



"Why this censorship? The movies are really a bit too backward about the life of this jazz age!"

the "soul" variety are much more desirable than the censors who shout to heaven that they are sending our youth to the bow-wows.

"Motion pictures," says Darrow, "stand out today as one of the greatest factors in the civilized world for promoting happiness and pleasure. There is no other unit of entertainment that does as much as the motion picture toward making this world a happy place in which to live.

"For that reason the picture industry should be handed all the gold medals and honors that are to be passed around; for, after all, what is life if there is no pleasure?

"Life without happiness and pleasure," says Darrow, "is not worth living. Who wants to hang around on this earth if all we see are long faces and sad expressions! Our ministers preach continually about finding our happiness hereafter. I do not want to argue with them; but I have a hunch that we will find our happiness and our suffering here on earth while we are alive. So, I, for one, have always tried to get all the pleasure possible here. If I have been mistaken—well, I will be just that much ahead of the game when I come into the other pleasure.

"In motion pictures I have long found much of my enjoyment, or at least a great deal of it. I am an ardent picture fan. I go to see them all.

"And," declared Darrow with more than considerable emphasis, "let me tell you that I have never seen a picture yet that shocked me."

"What about the so-called 'jazz' pictures?" I asked.

P. & A.

"The people who shout against the jazz pictures are, to my way of thinking, out of tune with the world. There is something wrong with their physical make-up"

"They are wonderful," replied Darrow. "Simply wonderful. Those people who shout against them and censor them and demand that they be censored are, to my way of thinking, out of tune with the world. There is something wrong with their physical make-up.

"The jazz films are really and truly portrayals of life. Not life of a century ago, to be sure; but life of today. And that is what we are living—life today. A half century ago the girls did not wear dresses that stopped at the knees, or above. They did not carry flasks in their handbags. They did not smoke. They did not show their legs to the world. If they did, they were classed in the oldest profession.

"But, today, times have changed — and the girls have changed with the times; for the better, too, I think. They are interesting and just as good as their grandmothers. The pleasures of the young men and women, and the older ones, too, have changed. The world has speeded up, and the people have kept pace.

"So, with a jazz atmosphere around us, why shouldn't the picture pro-

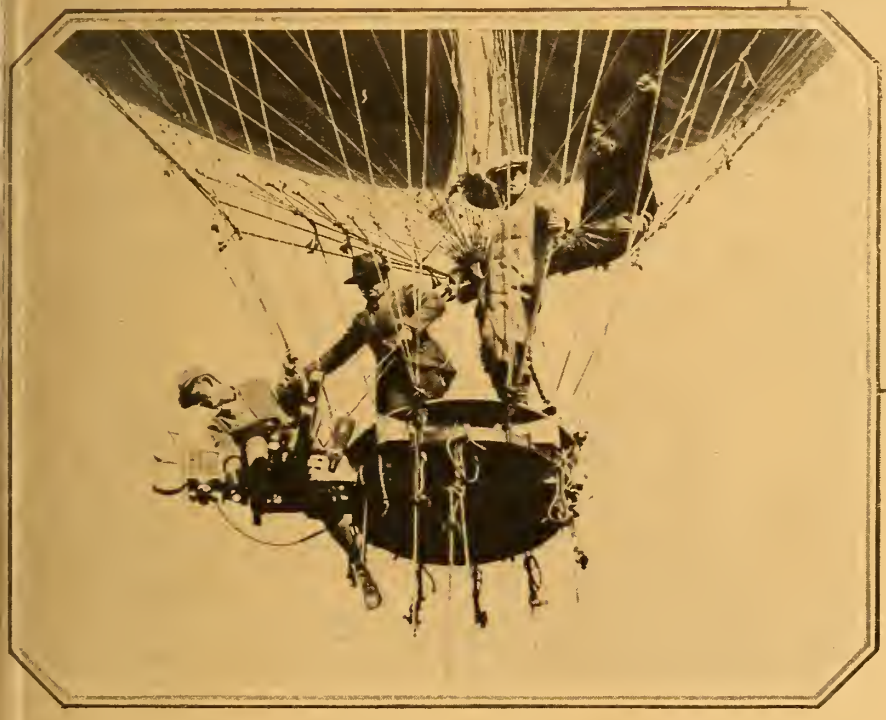
(*Continued on page* 88)

P. & A.

"If there were no movies, families would have to stay at home . . . and perhaps quarrel. One of the splendid things about motion pictures is the fact that the admission cost is so low. It makes them available for millions of people whose lives without them would be pretty dull"

On Location: 1,000 Feet Above Hollywood

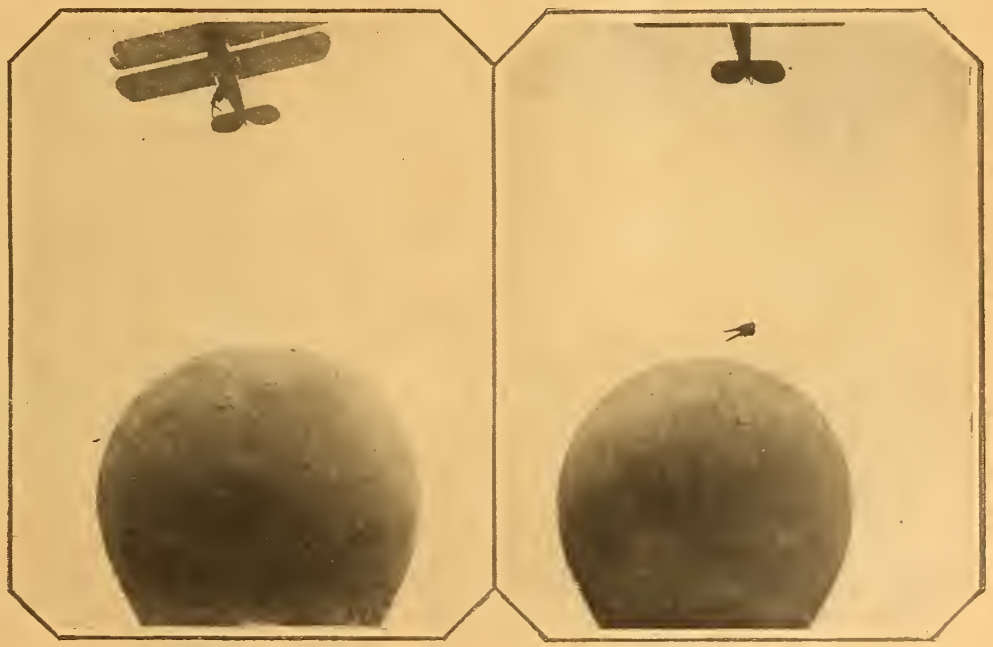
With aviators doing circus stuff somewhere between the earth and sky



Every day for a week Director Sam Wood took his "Red, White and Blue" company one thousand feet over Hollywood. They traveled to this location via balloon. Marceline Day, George K. Arthur and Karl Dane are featured in this picture, which has for its background one of Uncle Sam's Citizens' Military Training Camps

Just above you can see how the camera was attached to a platform in the rigging, between the gas-bag and the basket of the balloon. Cameramen Joseph Morgan and Clyde DeVinna actually risked their lives in order to film properly the thrilling sequence pictured below

In the first picture you see an aviator about to jump from the wing of the plane . . . while the second picture shows him about to land on the gas-bag of an observation balloon, from which he climbed down the cord netting to the balloon basket, there securing the aid of a parachute for the rest of his trip to Terra Firma



The folk-lore of the darkies is sprinkled thru the action in a colorful way. Here Director Pollard is filming a baptism episode

Uncle Hollywood

How a well-loved story is being made facts and figures

By HAL K.

Virginia Grey, nine years old, makes her début as an actress as Little Eva

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" has at last come to Hollywood!

It is a fitting climax to a glorious career. Very few literary or dramatic creations have ever attained so deep-seated and beloved a niche in the very heart of an entire nation as has this immortal classic by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Thru the years it has developed until it has become, not a mere drama, not a mere book, but a veritable national institution. To literally millions of American citizens the magic title, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," brings vivid memory pictures that will never fade—pictures humorous yet splendid, pathetically funny yet gloriously heart-warming.

Those memory pictures constitute an epic of American small-town life. The dusty village street with its "parade" on the day of the show. The three or four local urchins proudly strutting ahead bearing the gaudy banners with their tattered fringes of gold braid. The hopelessly saccharine, baby blonde figure of *Little Eva*, with long curls of superhuman perfection. The gamboling, clowning *Topsy*. *Simon Legree*, with bristling black mustaches only exceeded in length by his fearsome rawhide whip. The three or four "gen-you-wine, fee-row-shus, blood-hounds"—usually either Great Danes or mastiffs because the real bloodhound is entirely too meek-looking an animal to thrill any audience.

Then the night of nights in the town Opera House, with buggies and rigs parked around the bend and almost down to the creek bottom. *Eliza* crossing the ice. *Little Eva* going to heaven, with the assistance of a strong wire and two muscular stage-hands. *Uncle Tom* "sold down de ribber." *Lawyer Marks*. *Aunt Ophelia*. The crunch of peanut shells underfoot, the rustle of stiff silks in the "reserved" section of the house, the flickering oil lights,

An entire kennel of thorobred bloodhounds, blue-ribbon winners, was imported from Kentucky, together with a trainer to whom real man-hunts with these canine marvels is no novelty

The Shelby home was built at a cost of $62,000. It is not the usual "false front" movie set, but a pretentious mansion, completely furnished thruout

Tom's Bungalow

as a motion picture . . . with some that prove amazing

Here Uncle Tom, played by James Lowe, watches another slave at a whipping-post

WELLS the sibilant hisses from the youthful element in the first —and only—balcony as *Simon Legree* did his stuff.

It is fortunate that Carl Laemmle possessed a real understanding of the way in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is enshrined in the heart of all America when he prepared to transfer this classic to celluloid.

The phrase, "a million-dollar picture," has become almost a bromide in Hollywood, yet the Universal production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is being carried out on a scale so lavish and spectacular that a million dollars is a conservative estimate of its final cost.

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the tremendous amount of labor and expense involved in this ambitious undertaking. Not only are the sets constructed for the picture built on an unusually lavish scale, but they are as historically correct down to the last detail as painstaking research and master craftsmen can make them. Before a camera even turned on the picture, a large research staff spent nearly a year delving into the dusty archives of ante-bellum days and gathering all available data on the period of the story.

Costumes sufficient to clothe a sizable little army were specially made to order at an outlay of tens of thousands of dollars. Antique "props," ranging from andirons to complete room furnishings, were either bought outright or rented. Countless other small props were manufactured by hand to augment these authentic originals. The entire technical and creative forces of the studio staff were called into action for the building of the big and historically correct sets on the Universal City "back ranch."

The *Shelby* home was built at a cost of $62,000, the *St. Clair* home cost $70,000, and a plantation home for *Simon Legree* cost another $40,000. These pretentious mansions are four-walled instead of being the usual "false front" movie set, and are completely finished inside as

(*Continued on page* 110)

Topsy does her stuff, of course. And in this enlightened age we'll probably recognize her stuff as the good old Charleston. Mona Ray plays Topsy . . . Aileen Manning is the shocked Aunt Ophelia and John Roche plays St. Clair

The Ladies And Seem to Prefer

Patsy Ruth Miller might be expected to prefer a blond leading man . . . one who would act as a foil for her midnight hair. But, contrary to all expectations, Patsy plays most with Monte Blue

Clara Bow's hair changes so frequently that we do not pretend to keep up with its color . . . but even tho the exact shade varies, it always photographs dark. Yet, like Patsy Ruth, she has no objections to brunet leading men. . . . In "Wings," Charles Rogers appears with her

The fragile Gish, with hair of palest gold, selected Norman Kerry for "Annie Laurie." Practically every unattached actor in Hollywood wanted the rôle. It may be the kilts were the attraction. Vanity, thy name is man!

Turn the Tables

Brunets

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are perfect together. We have never been able to decide whether it was Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky we liked or whether we liked Vilma and also liked Ronald, if you know what we mean

Once upon a time Norma Talmadge had no difficulty in selecting her leading-man. The public did the selecting for her. He was a blond and his name was . . . right the first time, Eugene O'Brien. But that has passed. And it was the dark and interesting Gilbert Rowland who Norma decreed should play Armand to her Camille

Off the screen, as well as on, Greta Garbo seems to prefer brunets . . . if the brunet is Jack Gilbert. Anyone doubting her preference is advised to witness their love scenes, especially in "Flesh and the Devil"

Are You

If not, prepare to be classed
amusing story about

By Dorothy

Richard Dix is the only matinée type of actor with any semblance of the lion in his make-up

Lilyan Tashman . . . a cat

A graceful swan seems to characterize Mary Astor best

THERE is a comparatively new and interesting theory based on the idea that human beings not only resemble animals of the jungle, birds of the air, and, yes, even fish of the sea, but that they partake of their qualities to the extent that their whole life is more or less influenced by whatever animal or bird family they characterize.

When I say a new theory, I dont mean new in years, particularly, but only lately has it been in the limelight in any comparison to Numerology and other of the sciences and fads.

And now Hollywood has taken up the idea with a rush of enthusiasm—just as Hollywood does everything—and it is a very small gathering indeed that doesn't find someone sitting around picking out animal resemblances in friends and enemies. Preferably enemies. You can even go so far as to say, "He seems to be of bovine extraction," and it wont mean anything more than a scientific explanation of some man with large, moist, brown eyes and a mouth full of gum.

But all joking out in the back yard, there does seem to be something in the idea, at least, so far as resemblance goes. Haven't you seen people who bore striking resemblances to cats or squirrels or horses or parrots or brook trout? There are those who will tell you that this is no accident—but evolution—and that each little animal or bird movement has a meaning all its own.

Among the wise—or, at least, interesting—exponents of the theory is Miss Mildred French.

Not long ago I heard Miss French address a small gathering on her pet subject and with a weather eye to business, when her lecture was over, I asked her if any of the movie stars presented any

The lion is king of the jungle and so are lion people monarchs of what they survey. . . . Mack Sennett is a lion man. And Corinne Griffith is of the aristocratic white angoras, that drowsiest and snobbiest of cats

A Cat?

as a lion or a poor fish. An
the latest fad

Manners

particularly bestial or submarine qualities. Her answer surprised me. Drawing a chair for me alongside her own, she said, with the clear voice of one speaking with authority, "All picture stars, or for that matter, all people who achieve in any line of work are closely connected with the animal or bird world. The more pronounced the resemblance, the more definite the success."

I asked Miss French if she were sufficiently acquainted with any of the film personalities to give me a few examples. Her next answer was even more surprising. It seems that Miss French, while in no way a movie fan, knows most of the stars from *A* to *Z*, for the simple reason that she studies them as a scientist studies a bug.

"I go to pictures not because I particularly enjoy the drama," she told me, "but because I can watch human beings in every phase and mood of emotion. I read the movie books, too, and study the features of the directors and producers as well as the stars. I find the former even more interesting than the players."

Tho I didn't tell the lady, I was beginning to see that she was just my meat. She might give me something to pass on to the world. She did.

I dont want to show partiality, but the first thing I asked was, "To what animal is Jack Gilbert allied?"

"To the Cat family," promptly replied Miss French. "Oh, decidedly so. Notice his smooth, graceful movements—his almost pantherlike dexterity. Panther is most descriptive of him. All people of extraordinary sex appeal," she summed up, "are Cat people. Ricardo Cortez is another

(*Continued on page* 80)

Ricardo Cortez is a panther man. It is sex appeal that places you in the cat class, incidentally

Florence Vidor? A deer. A lovely, drowsy-eyed doe!

Clara Bow is like the squirrel, playful and friendly and quick in her movements

Both Lillian Gish and May McAvoy are of the bird families. The little, fluttery movements betraying Lillian more than any actual resemblance

The premières of movies in Los Angeles are gala affairs . . . all the stars turn out in their best bibs and tuckers. Cecil B. De Mille attended the opening of "Old Ironsides" with Mrs. De Mille and his adopted son, Richard

It was with difficulty that the police kept the crowds back while Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Zasu Pitts, Ford Sterling and Mr. and Mrs. Wally Beery passed from their car into the theater

Esther Ralston alighted from her motor on the arm of her practically new husband, who stepped aside, modestly enough to be sure, when the news photographer leveled his lens at Esther

Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Madam Sarah Lasky, Jesse Lasky, Mary and Doug Fairbanks arrived together after a dinner-party at which Mr. Lasky was host

FIRST NIGHTERS

Who Make Things Difficult for the Police Reserves

The Girl With One Dress

Romance + Mystery = This New Story By the Popular English Novelist

A. M. WILLIAMSON

(*Synopsis of First Instalment on Page 100*)

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig

Chapter Three

FOR a long moment the woman and the girl stood looking into each other's eyes.

Irma Rimaldi was slowly making up her mind what to do. Or else she had made it up already, and merely wished Jolette Jeffreys to be impressed with the slow process of her decision. Staring at the pale face of the girl, at last she allowed her own dark face to soften.

"I'm sorry for you—if you've told me the truth," she said. "And I more than half believe you have, *tho* I dont too easily believe people. But every bit of evidence here is against you. Remember that."

Jolette did not speak. She could not. A shiver ran thru her. More than ever did she feel that for her Irma Rimaldi was Fate incarnate!

"I have no wish to injure you!" Irma went on. "Why should I? But I have to think of myself. You must see that, dont you?"

"Yes," breathed Jolette. "I see——"

"Wait for me here! I'll go and talk to Ito!" Irma suddenly exclaimed, as if speaking out of deep thought. "If he'll consent to keep your secret—not tell that you were in this house—if he'll make up a story about Oswald coming to the bungalow alone, and finding him fallen on the floor dead—after a fit—why, perhaps I can feel fairly safe in letting you go. But——"

"Oh, I *cant* wait in this room—with him lying there—like that!" Jolette cried. "Take me with you. Or show me another room to wait in. I——"

"No, you must stop here," Irma insisted. And again it seemed to the girl that the woman looked cruel as a beautiful hawk. "Dont you understand, somebody must *watch?* What if anyone should come thru that door and raise an alarm before we're ready? You can close the windows and the door if you like, but if I'm to try and help you, why, you must do exactly as I say."

Jolette shuddered, and yielded. She did not see how her remaining to "watch" in the room with the dead man could serve any purpose except self-torture. Could it be that Mrs. Downing, Irma Rimaldi, the writer of strange, exotic, sensational books, took pleasure in putting a girl thru such an ordeal? At all events, the whole future depended now upon this woman's good-will. Feeling as if she must die, Jolette stood motionless while Irma went out. At first, she thought that with those eyes staring up from the dead face she could not move about, closing the door and windows as she had been advised to do. The eyes might follow her! She would feel the icy dagger of that stare, piercing her back

"Go away, Miss Jeffreys Robinson, and send for your clothes in the morning, with the money for this week's board"

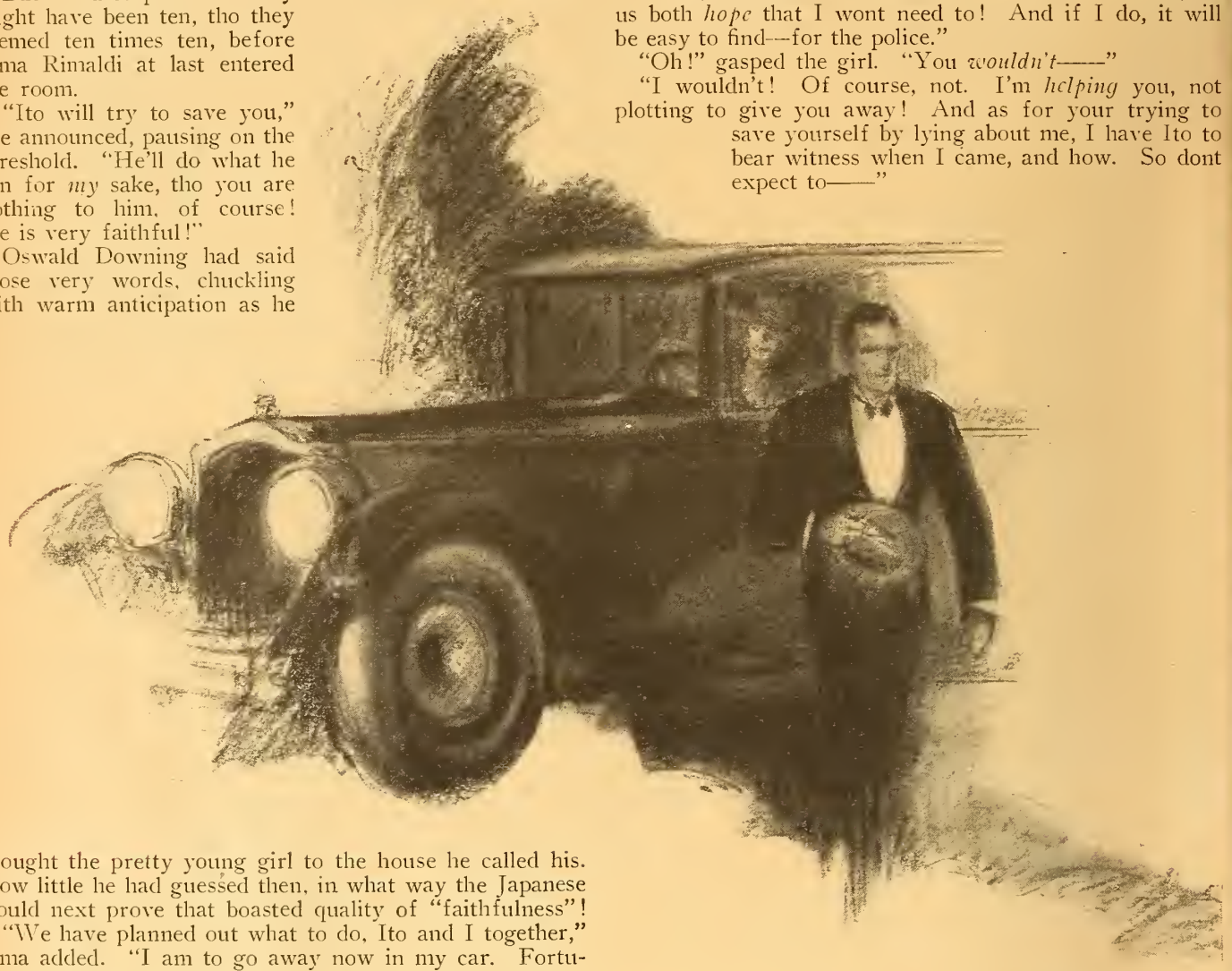
when she turned away! But after she had stood frozenly still for a moment, and Irma did not come in, she knew that she must move—to break a spell which was stealing over her.

"She cannot be so cruel as to leave me here long!" the girl told herself. "I shall go out of my mind if she does."

But minutes passed. They might have been ten, tho they seemed ten times ten, before Irma Rinaldi at last entered the room.

"Ito will try to save you," she announced, pausing on the threshold. "He'll do what he can for *my* sake, tho you are nothing to him, of course! He is very faithful!"

Oswald Downing had said those very words, chuckling with warm anticipation as he brought the pretty young girl to the house he called his. How little he had guessed then, in what way the Japanese would next prove that boasted quality of "faithfulness"!



"We have planned out what to do, Ito and I together," Irma added. "I am to go away now in my car. Fortunately for you—I dont say for *myself,* because this is more your business than mine, tho he was my husband!—fortunately for *you,* I bought a new car in New York, and had it taken off the train in Pasadena. While I had something to eat there, it was got ready for me to drive, by a man from a garage I know very well and wired to in advance. I like motoring alone, by day or night, so I wouldn't take a chauffeur. I can drive to the house of a great friend of mine in Pasadena, and spend the night with her. I've a bag in the car. My big luggage has gone on by train. I'll tell my friend that I came to her, as it will be my one chance for a visit, before I begin work with Vaughan, directing my picture. She wont think it strange. She'll be delighted. And late in the night Ito will phone a doctor at Los Angeles that Mr. Downing seems to have had a stroke, or some kind of fit. When I've gone, you can go too. Or you may go now, if you choose."

"Oh, I will go now!" exclaimed Jolette. Then, stumbling on a new snag of difficulty—"but—if I walk—in this dress—it's such a long way from home! If anyone should see me——"

Irma shrugged her shoulders and frowned. "It would be worse for you, if you were seen with me, than if you were seen walking along a country road alone. You cant be so innocent as not to know that many a girl starts off for a spin in a motor-car and spoils her shoes walking home! If you are seen, you ought to be very well able to make up a perfectly good story about an adventure. It's up to you to do that! You live in Hollywood?"

"Yes," Jolette said, "in a boarding-house."

"Well, I dont need to know the address! At least, let us both *hope* that I wont need to! And if I do, it will be easy to find—for the police."

"Oh!" gasped the girl. "You *wouldn't*——"

"I wouldn't! Of course, not. I'm *helping* you, not plotting to give you away! And as for your trying to save yourself by lying about me, I have Ito to bear witness when I came, and how. So dont expect to——"

"I do not! I do not!" protested Jolette. "I'll go—I'll walk. All I ask is to get away."

"All!" echoed Irma. "It's a good deal, considering that you have killed a man, and *his wife* is helping you to escape. No use my saying I grieve for Oswald's death. I dont. But I'm human. I'm not glad he had to die like this. And I wont allow myself to be unjustly suspected of putting him out of the way. If the newspapers get up a sensation at my expense, I warn you I shall order Ito to tell the truth, and all the truth."

"My God!" faltered the girl. "That would be worse than—than if I went to the police now and confessed everything that has happened."

"Dont be a fool!" Irma said sharply. "There's hardly a chance of trouble. The newspapers have got nothing against me. On the contrary. I'm in their good graces. I thought it was fairer just to warn you of what *might* occur! Be careful, and dont give yourself away by losing your head. That's the principal thing! Now, I shall get out of this! I dont like the look of the room here, and what's in it, any better than you do, Miss—Miss—did you say your name is Jeffreys?"

"Jolette Jeffreys," the girl repeated mechanically.

"I—I *do* thank you, Mrs. Downing. You are—being good to me."

"I should say I was!" exclaimed Irma. "You had better be off. I wish you good luck."

Jolette murmured something, and shutting her eyes as she had to pass the still figure on the floor, she stumbled out of the room.

The girl had forgotten her cloak. But nothing in the world would have induced her to go back for it.

Even when she remembered with a pang of fear that a forgotten wrap was what detectives called a "clue," and that the police, if they found the thing, might somehow trace her by it, she went blindly on. They would not find it, tho! Ito was too clever as well as too "faithful" not to hide or destroy evidence which would throw discredit on the story he'd been ordered by Mrs. Downing to tell. For his sake, not for that of the owner, it would be Ito's object to get rid of the cloak. And as for Jolette herself, she could not bear to see, much less to wear, it again.

A superstitious Southern "Mammy" had impressed upon the girl in her childhood that to go back after something forgotten was to court "bad luck." And Jolette could ill afford to do that on this night of all nights!

There were seven miles between her and Hollywood, and it must by now be long after ten o'clock. But what did time or distance matter?

Jolette plodded on, in the direction which she knew would lead her eventually to Hollywood, trying always not to think. But the click of her little silver-shod feet on the hard white road seemed to beat out a terrible tune: "I've killed a man. I've killed Oswald Downing."

Automobiles passed her, en route to Hollywood from Pasadena. Some whizzed by so fast that their occupants had no time to notice the trudging figure clad in silver that shone palely in the moonlight, like the garments of a ghost. Others slowed down slightly, then increased their pace again; but several small cars filled with young men stopped, and she was offered polite, if secretly cynical, invitations to "ride," and "save her shoes."

She refused them all. Tho she was more innocent than Irma Rimaldi gave her credit for being, she was not ignorant. "No, I thank you, I prefer to walk," she said; and tramped on. A few argued and made jokes, but most of the hospitable ones took the hint, aware that they were being firmly snubbed.

Jolette was a strong girl, and at home in Kentucky she had been a lover of out-of-doors, fond of walking, and tennis. But in Hollywood she had spent most of her time visiting agencies and casting directors, sitting about waiting for good-natured, half-promised chances that never materialized. She had become softer; and besides, the high-heeled silver slippers began to hurt her feet before she had marched one mile out of the seven. She limped a little, and longed to try walking in her stockinged feet; but she knew that would be worse, and in a few minutes the chiffon silk would be in holes.

By and by, what with fatigue and the pain of her aching feet, she almost forgot the dreadful thing she had left behind. She was just a tired, forlorn girl, whose boarding-house "home," such as it was, seemed distant half across the world.

"I'll have to sit down for a minute, and take off my shoes to rest my feet!" she thought.

The fact that sitting down on the ground by the roadside was not the best way of preserving her last decent dinner dress, was of as little importance as everything else in past or future at the moment. The girl found a grass-covered if dusty spot, and almost dropped upon a fallen log, which was better as a seat than the earth.

Off came the silver shoes, already ruined, and she sat moving her tired toes in thin silk stockings with two big holes in each, when a long gray limousine passed, slowed, and presently backed to the white figure on the patch of grass.

This car, pale in the moonlight, had been going away from Hollywood, not towards it. Two men, who looked young and well dressed so far as Jolette Jeffreys could see in the moony dusk, bent towards her and stared.

Then a voice spoke, "Is anything the matter? Do you need help?"

The question sounded so friendly and kind, Jolette could hardly believe that the usual male selfishness hid behind it. Still, she was in no mood to risk new adventures.

"No, thank you," she answered with dignity, tho her voice would tremble, as tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm all right. I am just resting, and—er—waiting for friends to pick me up."

"Maybe your friends have missed you," said the nice, rather unusual voice. "It's late. Nearly midnight."

(*Continued on page* 100)

"No, thank you," she answered with dignity, tho her voice would tremble as tears sprang to her eyes; "I'm all right. I am just resting and er . . . waiting for friends to pick me up"

Girls Aren't All

For styles in fair ladies change like everything else

Madeline Hurlock bears up bravely on the same page with three charmers who used to delight the stage-door Johnny when Dad was young

Irene Verona and Lizzie Webster were contemporaries of the early 90's. And the doorman at the theaters in which they played to capacity houses had no doubts about their popularity with the gentlemen

Marie Jansen in "The Merry Monarch," a comic opera, pleased the New York theatergoers of 1890. And the leading florists and confectioners were richer because of stage-door Lotharios moved to generosity by her beauty

Edwin Bower Hesser

They Used to Be

Contrary to the belief of our Answer Man, Mary Pickford did not originate curls. There was Alice Townsend, who appeared in Alice Oat's Opera Bouffe. Her curls were famous. Ask Dad, he knows!

Dolores Costello in comparison upholds the honor of the movies

Photos courtesy Harold Seton

In the 90's the musical-comedy stage rated Grace Golden as one of its fairest

A modern toast of Broadway . . . Gilda Gray, whose concentration upon the movies leaves the Follies stage less than it used to be

Alfred Cheney Johnston

A captain of the Old Guard . . . Annie Sutherland as she appeared in "Prince Kam" at the Casino Theater in 1893

A glorified bathing girl, Marie Prevost, who certainly did not feed her one-piece suit to the moths because of anything except a yearning for dramatic rôles

Nickolas Muray

News of the

By ELIZABETH GREER

Almost every star has a mother somewhere in the foreground. And altho they just must have fathers, you hear practically nothing about 'em. . . . Marion Davies, original always, presents her paternal parent, Judge Bernard Douras, of New York City

THE First National company is grooming Billie Dove to take the place on their program left vacant by Corinne Griffith. For the present Billie will be teamed with Lloyd Hughes in feature productions.

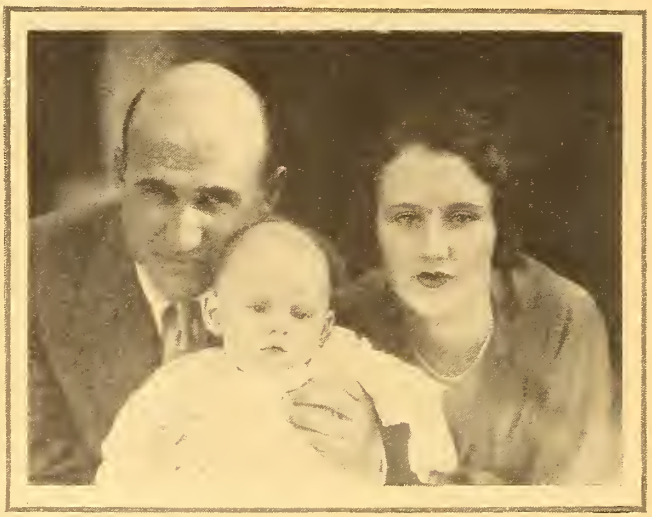
The old team idea is gaining momentum again. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne started this vogue about the time Henry Ford made his first flivver. Every two years the companies swing back to the idea of teaming their stars. It lasts until the stars and the vehicles which they have been pulling around begin to look a little shopworn, and then they are discarded again.

It is rather doubtful if Billie Dove will take Corinne's place. It will be very difficult to find a star of Miss Griffith's endurance. She has withstood more terrible pictures than it seemed humanly possible for her to withstand.

NEW YORK will have to look to Los Angeles for its future wise cracks. On a recent visit to the metropolis of the East I heard entertainers in every night club and show say they were about to sing a song entitled, "A Little Grey Home in the West."

That's as painful in Hollywood as "Ishka bibble."

The sentiment in Hollywood regarding the Chaplin case favors neither side. The citizens assume that both parties are wrong. It doesn't make much difference to the local public whether Chaplin releases "The Circus" or not. They are enjoying the present two-ring carnival.



It wouldn't be surprising if little Sam managed to break into the movies, in spite of the Central Casting Bureau and the other difficulties known to ambitious thespians . . . what with Sam Goldwyn, the famous producer, for a father and Frances Howard, a former star now gone domestic, for a mother

RICHARD DIX has been giving a very good imitation of a real ring champion over at the Paramount Studio in Astoria. He even had the fight scenes in "Knockout Reilley" broadcast over the radio, by that same Graham McNamee who described the events—if they can be called that—of the Dempsey-Tunney fight to thousands of fans. There was a hook-up of twenty radio stations the night Richard met Jack Renault in the studio ring, and the fans were treated to a good battle and lots of studio atmosphere as well. Richard gave good measure, and a cabaret scene with jazz-band and attendant racket was broadcast before the fight. Mary Brian and Dick sat before the microphone and indulged in a little dialog especially written to suit the occasion. If this sort of thing becomes popular, the movies wont be the silent drama any more—and then what would become of Raymond Griffith.

Eddie Cantor can tell you all about the trials of a casting director now. He was waiting for the casting director in his office one day and the morning influx of extras arrived, and . . . "The stage was never like this!" wailed Eddie

Camera Coasts

AND MILTON HOWE

There were a lot of prize-fight experts at the studio watching the fight, and they all seemed to agree that Richard is the best boxer the screen has ever had, and that he could become a light-heavyweight champion with no trouble at all.

A RECORD is about to be broken by Charlie Chaplin. No, he hasn't been reported engaged more times than Clara Bow or anything like that. Charlie has always made all his pictures in Los Angeles, but his present predicament has made it necessary for him to finish "The Circus" in New York. He has taken space at the Cosmopolitan studio, and still has about half the picture to make. Charlie's companions at the studio will be Gloria Swanson, who isn't going West for her next picture in spite of rumors to that effect; a Robert Kane company, and a Pathé unit. If all goes well with "The Circus," Charlie may make all his future pictures in the East.

Hollywood is still talking. The newspaper wires still buzz every time either one telephones the other. Yet, in spite of all this, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert dare appear in public together at openings and other Hollywood functions

P. & A.

Olive Borden arrived in New York with her mother, en route for Florida, where they're filming the exterior scenes for "The Joy Girl." Olive's impression of Manhattan is one interviewer and one photographer after another. She hopes no one back West asks her how she liked Grant's Tomb

THE cause of Belle Bennett's nervous breakdown has now come to light. It is the result of a long battle with Samuel Goldwyn, her "discoverer," over the little matter of her contract. Belle signed up for five years, with a guarantee of thirty weeks' work a year at a thousand dollars a week. That was when Belle was unknown and Samuel Goldwyn was taking a big chance on her in "Stella Dallas." Since the success of that picture, Goldwyn has been able to farm her out to other companies at five thousand a week, thereby making a handsome profit for himself. Belle thought the extra thousands were rightfully hers. But the interesting part of this story is not the ethics involved. It is that the defenceless Belle, in the course of an argument with Sam, socked him twice in the eye. Sam did not hit back, but explained to the crowd that had gathered that he couldn't hit a woman, and invited Miss Bennett's husband, Fred Windemere, to do battle on her behalf. It is not recorded that Fred accepted the challenge. But at all events excitement and the unexpected exertion completely wrecked Belle's nerves. Now every evening after her work opposite Emil Jannings in "The Man Who Forgot God" is over, she retires to a local sanitarium for treatment.

JACK HOLT is too good a Westerner to be long without a horse and a home. Very soon after his contract with Paramount expired, Jack was signed by Metro-Goldwyn.

"Judge," the full-blooded St. Bernard, became the proud father of twelve sons and daughters while he was working in a picture not long ago. Eleven of the puppies were brought to the studios and admired by Reginald Barker and Aileen Pringle. "Pardner," the mother of the litter, stayed at home and looked out for the runt

The Latest News and Photographs

who are taking a fling at Westerns this year. Jack's place at Paramount has been filled by Gary Cooper—young and strong and beautiful.

THERE'S an epidemic of insubordination among Hollywood's stars. Dorothy Mackaill has succumbed, and is showing all the most important symptoms. She refuses to work unless they give her a story she likes. It was a disappointment to Dorothy that Richard Barthelmess chose another less experienced girl to play opposite him in "The Patent Leather Kid." And after that she kicked at the story First National gave her as a substitute. She is signed up with them for three years, and they insist that she'll take the pictures they give her and like them, or go without pay for the rest of that period. So that's how the matter stands. All these rows must be most unprofitable for the Mendes family. Dorothy's husband, Lothar Mendes, is still out of a job after his split with Paramount. So who's going to support their Rolls Royces if Dorothy carries on like this.

The day is made when you can get a morning laugh from your director . . . that's why Bebe Daniels and darling old Chester Conklin are pulling their stuff for Clarence Badger, their director in the French farce, "The Kiss in a Taxi"

To make up for a couple of Hollywood divorces, Cupid got busy with a fresh supply of arrows and punctured four hearts. The first couple to fall before his deadly aim was Virginia Brown Faire and Jack Dougherty. Dougherty was the husband of Barbara La Marr.

The second twosome to appear at the marriage license bureau was Shirley Mason and Sidney Lanfield, a scenario writer. They were married, with Viola Dana, Shirley's sister, and Lefty Flynn as witnesses to the event.

. Both weddings surprised the Hollywood folk. In regard to weddings and divorces Hollywood is the most surprised city in the world. When you see two players going together, you are not quite sure whether they are acting or really mean it, so it is a surprise whatever happens.

WITH the completion of "The Heart of Salome," Alma Rubens will pack her garments and chuck up her job with the Fox company.

It is said that Alma demanded good stories and good directors for the coming year. Her demands, however, didn't net her a satisfactory answer, so she is leaving the company. We may be able to give you the low down on Mrs. Ricardo Cortez's future affiliations next month.

ANOTHER dissatisfied lady of the screen, Greta Garbo, is still doing battle with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer forces. We have made an appeal to President Coolidge for the Marines, but the leathernecks are too busy playing extra parts in Nicaragua and China to have time to settle our domestic problems.

Greta's demands, I understand, are quite similar to Alma Rubens'. Better stories, better directors and more jack (not the Gilbert kind, but the Government species) are what our Greta asks. Surely, she is justified in asking for something since her sensational success in American films. I dont know exactly what Greta is asking for, nor do I know what the company offers. In a case like this the best thing to assume is that they are both wrong.

It isn't rough "roughing it" any more . . . here's the O'Malley family camping, with a regular course dinner in preparation on their folding-stove? What next?

The living image of Wally. . . . E. A. Yerbysmith sculpted a bust of Beery as he appeared in "Old Ironsides." We suggest "Wallies" to take the place of the "Billikins" that used to be the rage. If a "Wally" failed to spread cheer, you'd have to blame the person's disposition . . . or the Volstead Act

of the Players Both on the Set and Off

WINIFRED WESTOVER was granted a divorce from William S. Hart. She obtained her release from Bill at Reno, where she has been living since last September. Details of the trial were not available, because the public was not admitted to the courtroom. She received a settlement of $100,000.

The decree was granted on testimony that Hart had willfully deserted his wife, refusing to live with her after a visit she made to a physician on May 10, 1922.

Herbert Brenon introduces his screen find, Karen Hansen, to Warner Baxter, whose wife she plays in "The Telephone Girl." Warner seems to approve . . . and Warner certainly should know . . .

THE dazzling life surrounding young stars in their ascendency blinds us to the pathetic figures who have seen it all and are now snatching crumbs around the fringes of the popular film tables.

Only recently a once popular screen star was making the rounds of the casting offices, pleading for a part, a bit or even extra work. At one time she boasted a bigger name than Mary Pickford's. The studios turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. She sought aid from old friends without success. Eventually she got down to me. She had new pictures . . . dozens of them. She was broke, living in a hall room. I wondered why this sudden outburst of ambition on her part, after having been in obscurity for many years. I looked at her features closely . . . she had just had her face lifted!

A STUDIO publicity man bewails the fact that his company harbors nothing but foreign talent and he cant talk to them.

"I'm starting a movement for an English speaking unit," says he.

The terrific downpour of rain which caused raging torrents to rush thru the streets of Hollywood resulted in considerable inconvenience to the producers.

Renée Adorée, Robert Frazer and a company of fifty were snowbound near Mammouth in the High Sierras. Several airplanes were engaged by the Universal company to carry food and supplies to their stranded troup.

The First National company filming "The Sunset Derby" was stranded near Riverside in the San Bernardino mountains. Bridges and roads were washed out behind them and airplanes were again used to carry relief supplies. William Collier, Jr., Mary Astor and Ralph Lewis were the principal players in the company.

Raymond Hatton and his wife spent the duration of the storm battling the mountainous waves which threatened to destroy their beach cottage.

Einar Hanson, the Swedish actor, sat for two hours in his car in the middle of Vine Street with the water above the running-boards.

Lon Chaney, Esther Ralston and Margaret Morris were doing the same thing farther down the street.

If the rain had continued another day, Hollywood would have been a city of channel swimmers.

A NEWS dispatch says a lithograph of "Old Ironsides," which cost three cents, was sold to President Coolidge by Secretary Wilbur and Admiral Eberle for twenty-five cents.

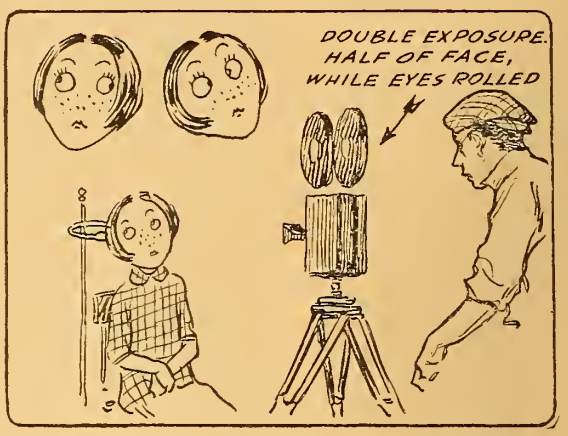
(*Continued on page* 94)

Screen teams have returned to favor. Sam Wood, the director, sponsers George K. Arthur and Karl Dane (of "Big Parade" fame) as a new team in "Red, White and Blue"

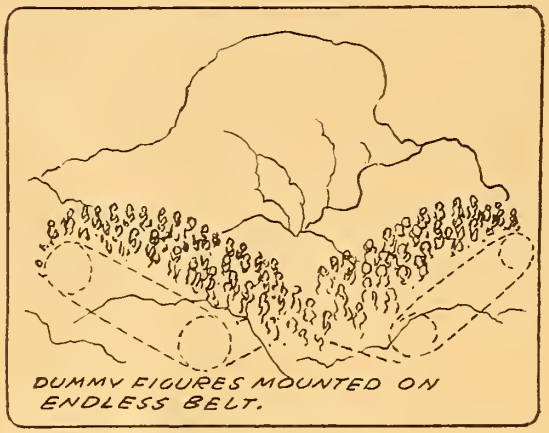
All s not snow that appears snow . . . if you happen to be around a movie studio. James Murray and Eleanor Boardman and Bert Roach really need that fan. For their frigid background's only a set . . . and the Kleig lights are good pinch-hitters for Old Sol

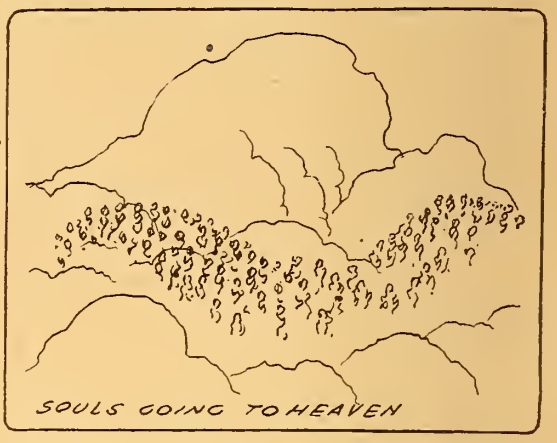
The Way They Do

Exposing Some Camera Tricks That Have Been Used in Recent Movies

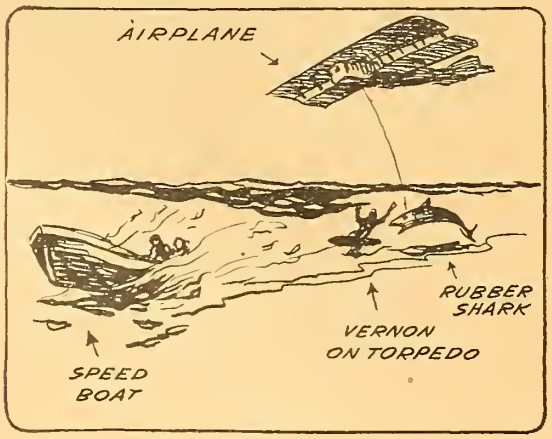


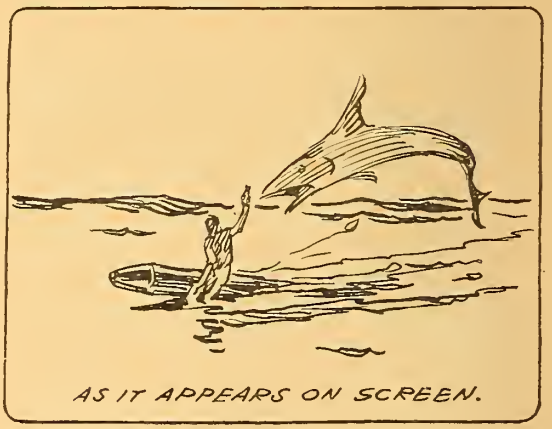
If you have seen "Ella Cinders," you probably wondered how Colleen Moore did the impossible in one of her close-ups, when she rolled her eyes in opposite directions. This effect was attained by the use of double exposure, photographing one half of her face at a time. In order that the halves match, it was necessary for her to keep her head absolutely steady





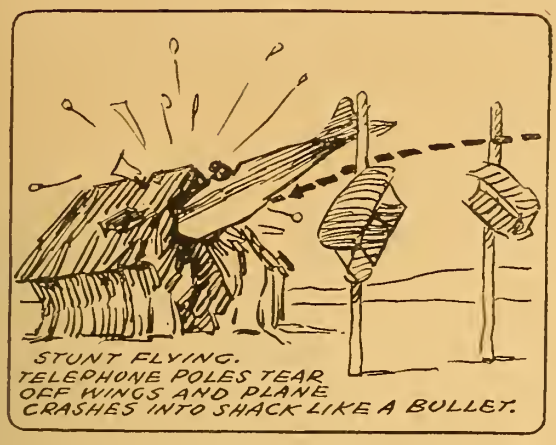
The director of Pola Negri's picture, "Barbed Wire," wished an atmospheric scene showing thousands of souls who were killed in the war slowly ascending in the heavens. Two caterpillars with endless belts were rigged up. Miniature figures were fastened upright to the belts. The caterpillars were placed so the figures would converge and fade from sight near the camera when the belts slowly revolved. The cloud effects were worked in by a secret process



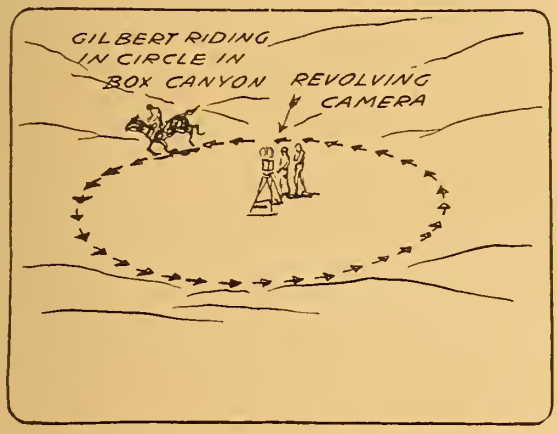


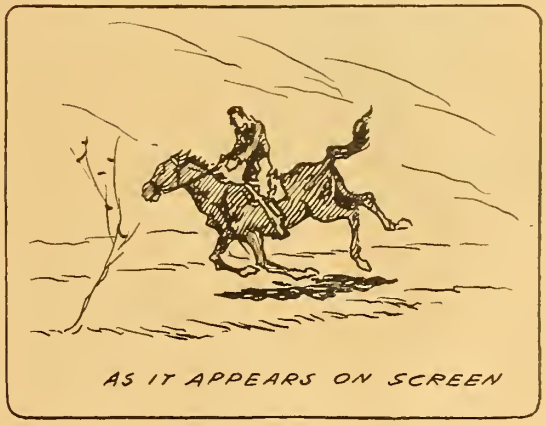
Did you see the big shark pursue Bobby Vernon when he rode thru the ocean on a torpedo in "Great Guns"? The torpedo was towed by a speed boat in which the cameraman was riding. The pursuing shark was made of rubber and controlled by wires from an airplane circling in the air above and out of camera range

Things in the Movies

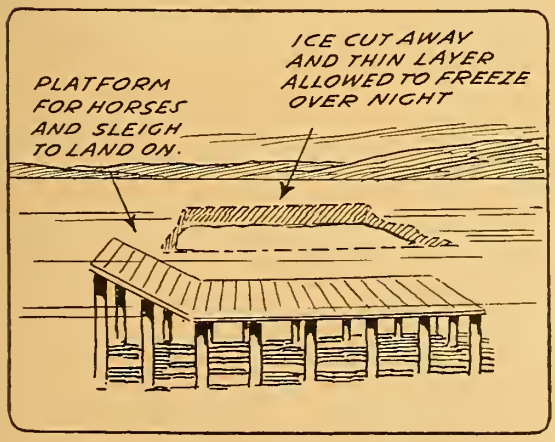


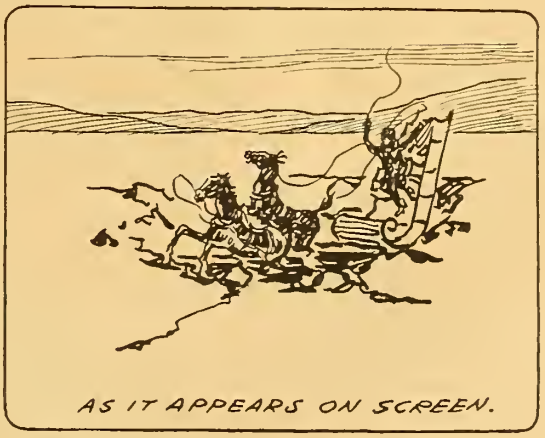
Fearless Finley Henderson did this stunt for a Bobby Vernon comedy soon to be released. Two telegraph poles were implanted in the ground near the shack thru which an airplane was to crash. The poles were close enough together to tear the wings from the plane when Henderson dove between them, thus permitting the fuselage of the plane to shoot like a bullet into a lightly built frame house. By shearing off the wings a fraction of a second before the crash, the plane was prevented from careening in any direction when it hit. The illustration shows the poles standing, but in reality they crashed to the ground with the wings. For this stunt Henderson clothed himself in a crash helmet, a baseball mask, a breast protector and shin guards. He emerged without the slightest bruise





In "Flesh and the Devil," Clarence Brown made what is known as a "running shot" of John Gilbert on horseback. A "running shot" is one that follows beside the horse and rider as they dash over the prairies. Now, the general impression is that this effect was obtained by following the horse in an automobile with a camera. However, Clarence Brown devised a different method. He set up his camera and had Gilbert ride the horse in a circle around it, the cameraman keeping his camera focused on the object. The result gives the effect of Gilbert riding in a straight line across the plains





One of the most thrilling scenes ever photographed was made by Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director. A team of horses attached to a sleigh carrying a party of actors was supposed to drop thru the ice in a lake. A large hole was cut in the heavy ice and a platform erected beneath to prevent the sleigh from sinking to the bottom of the lake. When this work was finished, a thin layer of ice froze over the hole during the night and a light layer of snow concealed the work. When the sleigh with its occupants hit the weak spot in the ice, it plunged thru onto the platform, thus giving the proper effect for the scene without any serious mishap to the actors or horses

P. & A.

A photograph of a trained timber wolf actually attacking his trainer

Wolf! Wolf!!

A MODERN VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE

"HOW do they ever get a picture like that?" Everyone who goes to the movies, impressed with the hazards that actors must chance, has asked this question at one time or another.

Sometimes an effect can be secured thru double exposure or some other camera trick. But often, on the other hand, scenes are filmed involving great danger to the players participating in them. This is especially true where animals are concerned in the action, for the most perfectly trained wild animal is still a wild animal and it is possible for a return to type to take place at any moment.

This happened recently when a scene of a wolf attacking a man was being filmed for "The Call of the Woods," at Lake Placid, New York.

A trained timber wolf turned and attacked his trainer, Jacques Suzzane.

The director and cameraman paid no attention to Suzzane's first call for help, since the attack was part of the 'script, and they thought both the wolf and Suzzane were going thru the action that had been rehearsed. Then the note of stark terror in Suzzane's cry informed them of the fearful thing that had happened.

With their assistance, Suzanne, who is a trapper, finally subdued the wolf sufficiently for the other members of the company to corner him and kill him.

Sometimes the Price of Realism Seems Too High

THE BUFFET BREAKFAST

This combination of breakfast and luncheon is becoming very popular for Sunday mornings. Why not introduce it in your circle with the aid of Bebe Daniels' menu and recipes?

These breakfasts are very popular in Hollywood . . . particularly when the crowd meets at Bebe's house after a canter in Griffith Park

THE buffet breakfast for Sunday mornings, which is really a combination of breakfast and lunch, is gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds. For several reasons.

In the first place, everybody likes to sleep late on Sunday. And in Hollywood, in particular, this is the only day the different crowds have to be together. Come early and stay late, is the cry.

Perhaps the most famous buffet breakfasts are those given by Bebe Daniels.

Bebe usually takes her gang for a horseback trot thru Griffith Park first and then they return to the Daniels home. In gay-colored jackets and perky sport hats, the party serve themselves from the bounteously laden buffet tables.

Sliced Fresh Fruits: In serving fresh fruits to a crowd it should be remembered to prepare the fruit just before serving. Nothing is so unappetizing as fresh fruit that has "stood" too long.

Baked Apples: Clean the apples carefully and scoop out center to hold sugar and cinnamon seasoning. A little butter chunk placed on each apple will give nice seasoning and brown. With enough water in pan to keep from burning, allow the apples to bake until done. May be served hot or cold. With or without cream.

Fried Ham and Bacon: Ham to be fried should be sliced quite thick, while bacon should be as thin and crisp as possible. Very little grease in the pan for the ham and none at all for the bacon. A quick fire is the rule for all fried dishes.

Fried Chicken: Wash and cut up young chicken and season with salt. Have in frying-pan one ounce each of butter and sweet lard made boiling hot. Dredge chicken with flour, season with pepper and fry brown.

To make gravy, stir large tablespoon of flour into cup of cream or milk, make it smooth, season with salt and pepper and add to remaining grease.

Spanish Omelet: Beat eggs until light. Add salt.

(*Continued on page* 113)

MENU

Sliced Oranges

Halved Grapefruits

Baked Apples

Fried Ham and Bacon Fried Chicken

Spanish Omelet

Spanish Tomatoes

Baked Potatoes

Toast Muffins

Coffee

Bebe Daniels overseeing the inevitable last-minute details of a bounteously laden buffet table

The

A Sixteen-Year-Old at Sixty . . . Fannie Ward Tells How She Does It

Photographs by Paul Stone and Schloss

Fannie Ward says she is sixty-one. She looks no more than eighteen. And the years between the time this recent photograph and the one at the right were taken seem to have left no trace. . . . On the right is Fannie in 1895, a Broadway stage star famous for her charm and beauty

ASK any woman over thirty what is the greatest thing in the world. She may tell you one thing—but likely as not her eyes will tell you something else. We must lose, before we realize its value, the thing that most of us would like most to keep. Youth. Each year takes a toll, a wrinkle here, a curve there, the paling of lips that were once red. Not always, tho. There is Fannie Ward.

Fannie Ward says she is sixty-one. No, I dont believe it any more than you do. And yet—my mother remembers Fannie Ward on the stage many years ago. So do many other "old-timers." Miss Ward has been in many pictures. Undoubtedly you have seen her. Sixty-one!

The first time I saw Fannie Ward was at the Mayfair Club. The Saturday nights at the Ritz, when the Mayfair Club holds forth, you glimpse all of the people you feel you ought to know. The latest things in gowns and in girls. New York's smartest Bohemia. There was a whispered, "There's Fannie Ward!" We looked round. My thought, tuned to the cynical, was, "I'd like to see what that old lady really looks like! An old hag, I bet, all paint."

I looked where an impolite but explanatory finger pointed. I knew I was looking in the wrong direction—for I saw Daniel Frohman dancing with a slip of a flapper. The girl wasn't a day over eighteen. Her shoulders were soft and smooth and lovely. Her hair was a bit too blonde for nature perhaps, but most blondes of eighteen find that peroxide, in some mysterious way, gets into their rinse water. Her figure was girlish, a "budding into womanhood" figure if there ever was one. Eighteen. Rather a hard eighteen. An eighteen that had been out late the night before and was tired—had been out late to a lot of parties, in fact, but eighteen, nevertheless.

"I dont see where you mean," I said. "I want to see Fannie Ward. You point to some little girl who shouldn't be allowed at Mayfair parties at all."

The table giggled. "Fannie'd love to hear you say that," said someone. "She loves a joke at her own expense."

Miracle Woman

By Laura Kent Mason

Raymor

When she was thirty, a manager denied her a part because he said she looked too old. That manager woke her up. She determined not be old until she had to . . . and that time apparently hasn't come yet, even tho she is now a grandmother

In 1890, Fannie played Cupid in the production of "Pippino," which held forth at the Broadway Theater, New York City

"All right," I said, "I'll tell her. I'll do an interview with her. I'll—I'll look at her in the daylight! Underneath this cloak of youth there must be old age. You cant completely hide sixty years. Something's wrong. Life isn't like that."

Then I made an appointment for an interview.

Miss Ward had just finished her act, "The Miracle Woman," which she is doing this year in vaudeville. Of course, from the front she looked eighteen. I expected that. In her dressing-room, after weeks of vaudeville playing, I thought that she'd look older. She didn't. Still, with make-up on, in a dressing-room . . . I was not satisfied. I was delighted when she asked me to have luncheon with her.

In the lobby of the Ritz I stood waiting. A famous movie editor, a well-known actress, other people I knew, came up to speak to me. Usually my luncheon companion would not have impressed them. The best I would ordinarily get would be an "Oh, is that so!" or "How did you graft *that* meal?" This time there was real excitement. Before I realized it I promised half a dozen girls to ring them up after the luncheon and tell them "Fannie Ward's secret." If sophisticated folk like that can get a thrill out of what Fannie Ward has done, well, it just shows that there are mysteries left in life after all.

Now I saw Fannie Ward under the soft lights of the Ritz dining-room, had a gay little luncheon. Yes, Fannie Ward still looked like a young girl. What would she look like in the open air. After luncheon she said to me:

"Wont you come up and see my new home. I am opening a beauty parlor there, soon, and I'm rather eager about it."

Outside there was the blue light of a rainy January afternoon. I looked at myself in my own vanity—and could easily have passed for seventy-two. I looked at Miss Ward. I looked quite close. I told her that I was looking. I'll believe in anything after *this*. Fannie Ward, in a drizzling rain, with far less make-up on than most girls of eighteen find necessary, looked, well, not even twenty. She wore a short moleskin coat, a hat of a trying shade of brilliant red, slim French heels—and standing there waiting for a taxi, she might have been anyone's granddaughter. Yes, life *is* like that!

Fannie Ward's secret? I asked her. I knew that you

(*Continued on page 93*)

P. & A.

Here's the Miracle Woman as the news camera caught her upon her return from Europe last autumn

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 11 May, 1927

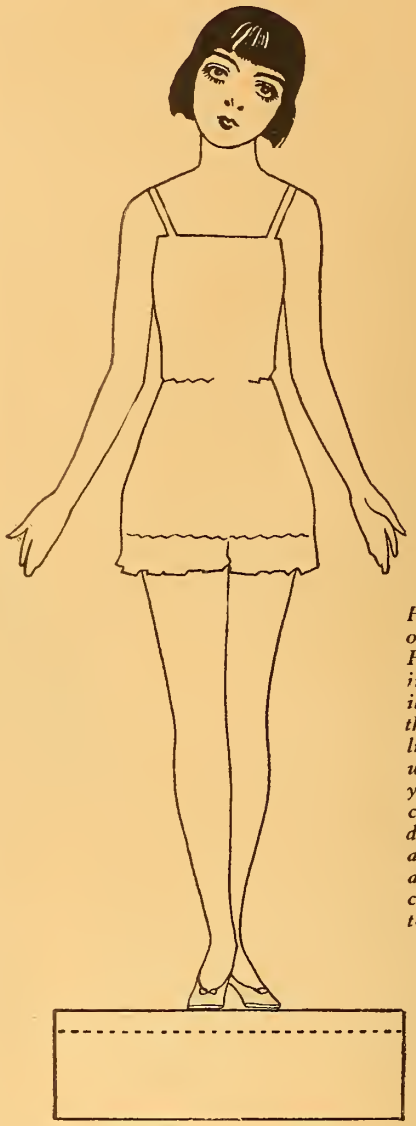
Colleen Moore and the beautiful box of paints she offers as a prize

COLLEEN MOORE as a paper doll! With five different costumes, two from her personal wardrobe and three from different pictures in which she has appeared. What more perfect addition could be offered any paper-doll family?

And next month there will be another famous movie star as a paper doll, and the next month another, and so on, and so on. . . .

The costumes have been drawn so that you may color them with either paints or crayons. And Colleen Moore has offered a first prize of a beautiful box of paints for the child who colors her and her clothes most artistically. Also ten autographed photographs for the next ten best. She will make decision and her decisions will be final. However, if there is a tie in attractiveness of coloring, two prizes will be given.

You can use any colors you wish. But all paper dolls must be mailed by April 20. Address the envelope in which you enclose them to Colleen Moore Paper Doll, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York. And be very sure to wrap the Colleen Moore doll and the costumes in a piece of paper on which you have written your name and address.

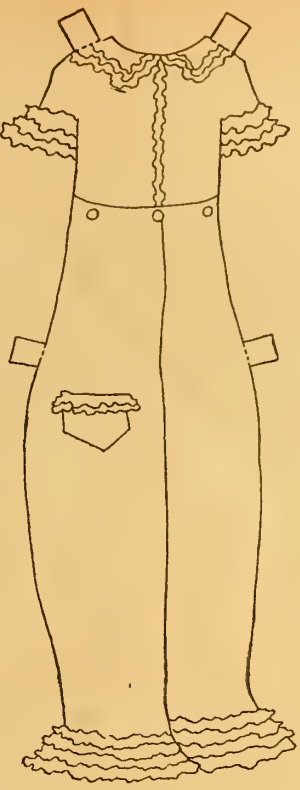


Here is Colleen Moore, of Hollywood, California. Have you room for her in your paper-doll family? If you'll bend back the stand where the dotted line shows, she will stand up by herself. And if you'll place a sheet of carbon-paper between this doll and her costumes and a blank sheet of paper, and draw over all lines carefully, you'll be able to make duplicates of everything

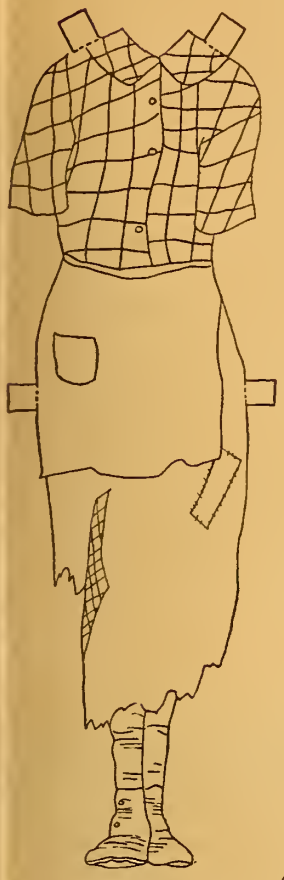
JUNIOR REELS

HERE'S ME MUDDER'S TIGER SKIN RUG!
GOOD! NOW PUT TH' SKIN ON FIDO AN' WE CAN START MAKIN' OUR MOTION PICTURE "JUNGLE JEOPARDY
1
HEY! GET THAT CAT OUTTA HERE!
2
STOP HIM!
3

Colleen's own dress



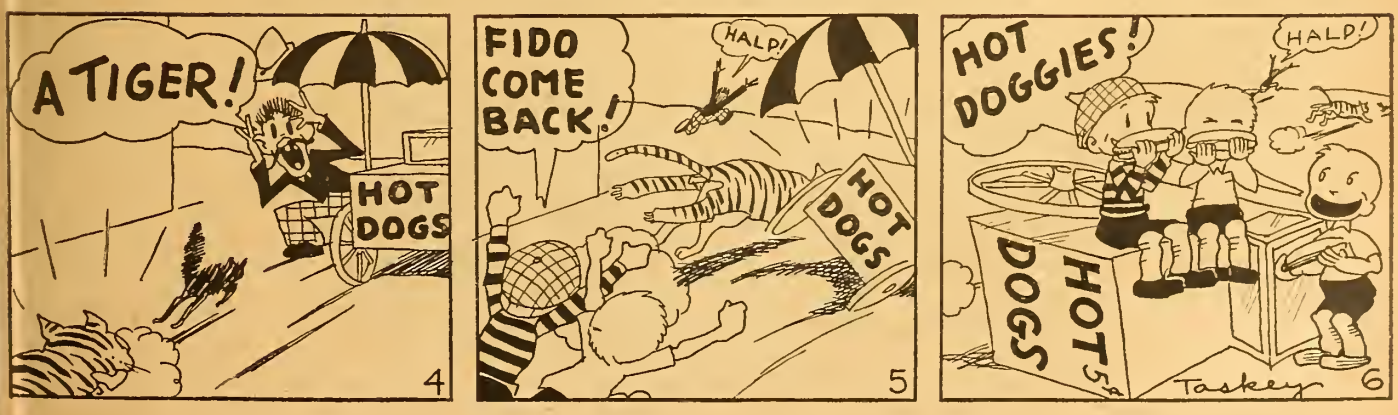
The pajamas Colleen wore in "Flaming Youth" and below
Her own hat and coat



The Ella Cinders costume

The special "Orchids and Ermine" dress

Hot Doggies



On the Road With

By Herbert Howe

Russell Ball

Ramon thinks one trouble with the screen is that the leading characters must always be young and beautiful. While it is age that is admirable . . . youth, for the most part, being inspid, empty of life

BEFORE the curtain rises, permit me to make an announcement for the benefit of those of you who haven't programs.

The following scene is laid in Santa Monica, California, nine years before the abduction of Aimee Semple McPherson. Or, for those of you who still reckon time by the birth of Our Lord, it is the year 1917 A. D.

It is Amateur Night at the Bijou Theater. I wonder what that means to many of you, if at all. Peanuts are chirping, hot dogs are snapping, and the orchestra wails "Poor Butterfly"! Electric fans beat waspish wings against the soggy heat. The audience is large, with susceptible pores, and perfume fills the air in Nature's own inimitable way.

The manager appears with his collar on, for this is Amateur Night. His voice is clear and golden, due to several Sunkist orange drinks, and he announces, just as I do, "Laydees 'n Genlmum, I take pleshur t'night 'n 'ntradoosn' the flower of Lus Anjulus an' Sant' Monica local talent. . . ."

There issues a local favorite who renders "Poor Butterfly." A saxophone artist renders it further. A juggler misses only three balls out of seven. A disciple of Booth does Kipling in a green spotlight. Two ballroom dancers (local society favorites) execute the Castle steps that won them three loving-cups and a shotgun in the Dreamland dance hall. Then a boy appears, bows gravely with unheeding smile, and sits down at the piano which two huskies have just lurched on.

He sits motionless for seconds. . . . "Looks like he was prayin'," sniggers some one. His fingers touch the keys, and slowly out into that crackling din rolls Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8." . . . Pfeiffer's "Inquietude" . . . "Etudes" of Chopin . . . a Beethoven sonata. . . .

The boy arises and gravely bows. There is numbed applause. . . . The manager bustles on. . . . Each talented performer of the evening will kindly pass before him, and, as he lays a hand on the head of each talented performer, the audience will kindly burst into applause according to their liking for the performance of said him or her. . . .

The performers file by. Each in his (or her) turn receives a burst of applause, now rising, now falling. The boy appears, he smiles, and the audience forsaking gum and peanuts suddenly lets go with applause and roars of "Give him the prize!" . . .

The manager beams and lifts the boy's hand to the audience. "This young genlmun," he howls, "wins the handsome prize of two dollars and a half—in cash."

When Ramon was playing in "The Prisoner of Zenda," a carpenter ambled over to where he was standing on the set. "Say, ain't you the kid that rattled the ivories down at Santa Monica a few summers back?"

"Yes," said Ramon.

"Some entertainer you are," said the carpenter with respectful eyes. "*Some* entertainer."

Hearing this, I thought of the many who worry about going over the heads of the public. Ramon, preoccupied in his own sense of beauty, never stops to think that other heads may not be as high as his. . . .

There is a blind faith that never stops to question, but goes right over the head of reason. And we are told it works miracles. . . .

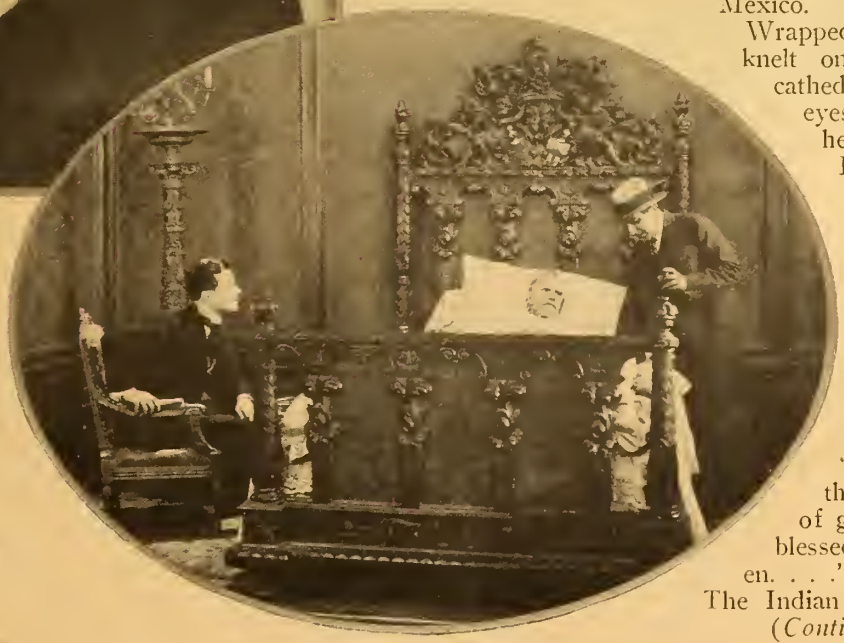
The pity is that so few of us ever have a faith great enough to put to this test.

Ramon

The romantic life story of Novarro, who had the courage to play a Beethoven sonata on amateur night . . . and the artistry to win the prize

Above is the first portrait of Ramon in the costumes of "Old Heidelberg" . . . while below Lubitsch directs Ramon and Gustav von Seifertitz in one of the first scenes to be filmed for this production

Kenneth Alexander



The common expression about Novarro, "Why, there's nothing of the actor about him!" would be trite were it not for the number of actors who wear their profession about them like a voluble perfume

Divine Language

RAMON tells of a little Mexican Indian woman kneeling before the image of her Blessed Virgin. . . . It is one of the many stories and legends with which he weaves the spell of Mexico.

Wrapped in her shawl, the *india* knelt on the marble floor of the cathedral; with hands clasped and eyes uplifted, she was addressing her love to the Queen of Heaven: "Oh, dear Mary, my rose, my little dove, my onion, my little cabbage. . . ."

A priest, in passing, overheard her. "Here, here," he said gently, "you mustn't address the Holy Mother in that way."

The woman turned mute questioning eyes.

"Address her thus," said the padre. "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women. . . ."

The Indian woman looked back to the

(*Continued on page* 114)

Mary Brian Wears These Costumes in "Knock-Out Riley"

The above drawings are of a green kasha two-piece costume . . . coat and dress . . . trimmed with small silver studs and green stitching. Note the scallops, bow and the two-inch box pleats. The belt is of braided silver kid

At the left is a slender little coat of navy homespun with the smart tuck effects on the shoulders

At the right is a charming frock of blue, trimmed with seed pearls and floss embroidery. The skirt is cut in points and stitched in rows of fine tucks, not *pleats*

Fashions and Studio Gossip

By GRACE CORSON

AN AUTHENTIC SUMMARY OF THE NEWEST IN FROCKS, HATS, LINES AND MATERIALS FOR THE COMING SEASON

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

WELL, Patsy, what will you have first? Studio gossip or spring styles? . . . I thought so!

First, then, I'll give you a résumé of all recent developments. . . . The silhouette, of course, remains slim and straight, but 1927's models are easily discerned by these very new points.

LINES: All kinds of lines — horizontal, diagonal, triangular, scallops, uneven hem lines, geometric effects and sectional cut effects.

TUCKS, PLEATS, APPLIQUE BANDS, ETC.: These are the means used to obtain the desired lines mentioned above and are VERY IMPORTANT. All of the newest spring models show either fine or wide PLEATS (the two-inch box pleat appearing most frequently), TUCKS either in close, fine groups or in wide effects, or APPLIED BANDS to give the effect of a yoke or tucks.

BOWS AND YOKES: Bows of all kinds . . . large, small, single or in groups are very, very, prominently displayed on coats, sports and town frocks and evening gowns. They appear in velvet or satin, in grosgrain, or in self material; at the neck, hip, or in groups down the front. . . . Vionnet features a large, soft bow on the left shoulder—Patou and Paquin show them tied beside a square neck or in rakish effects on coat collars and in huge loops on one hip. The possibilities are endless.

YOKES appear often on both dresses and coats and are sometimes seen on both blouse and skirt. They are indicated by tucks, stitching, or appliqué bands.

Other important features are: Skirt fulness all gathered in one place, either at the side or front; tight, molded hips with bloused backs; draped girdles, and up-in-

front effects. The bolero also makes its appearance, in both day and evening frocks, and COLLARS are either smaller (on coats) or entirely absent.

SUITS will have their usual spring popularity and the vintage may be known by the material used—I'll come to that in a minute.

EVENING GOWNS show a decided return of the low-cut back. The cut may be oval or V-shaped. These gowns are

oftenest of fringe or lace. . . . Short fringe is very popular and is used in diagonal effects, etc. More white, DULL white, is seen than any color, and is by far the smartest choice.

MATERIALS: Of all materials for coats and suits, TWEEDS and JERSEYS head the list. These are very, very smart for both town and country wear. There are, besides, the new novelty woolens. One kind, "chiffon" wool, is almost as sheer and transparent as silk; wool cashmere, brushed kasha, and "frisca." The new tweeds differ from the old in their increasing subtlety: odd designs, basket weaves, color effects and more generally sophisticated air. Why not? Are they not accepted for town wear, not merely for the country?

In SUITS these tweeds are very popular, tho the well-tailored "oxford" suit will always have its place. With suits this spring, not only blouses but SWEATERS will be worn.

SWEATERS have developed so rapidly that they are no longer worn solely for sports. The newest ones are of so soft and delicate a weave and have such odd and varied neck-lines that they are far smarter under the suit than the usual blouse. One instance of the odd turn affairs have taken is the sweater woven of fine wool and white cotton string! Wool jersey is also used for suit blouses. . . . So much for wool materials.

In silks the smartest materials are: CREPE-BACK SATIN, PRINTED and WOVEN silks, and crêpe de Chine, crêpe roman and chiffon, as always.

Of them all, crêpe-back satin is in the lead, due, no doubt, to its adaptability to the mode for geometric effects, applied bands, tucks, etc., by merely combining the dull and bright sides. . . . Chanel has had great success with this satin in her models *pour le sport*.

In printed silks this season's designs are easily distinguished from last year's by the absence of huge, sprawling, multi-colored effects and the substitution, instead, of far smaller, more compact, and REGULAR designs in either one basic color on white, or two-toned effects.

FURS are used more sparingly and trimmings are of the flat, short-haired novelty furs, clipped, dyed, and worked in patterns. (Doubtless, could we but know their humble origin, we'd indignantly refuse to wear them at all!)

Whole fox skins appear occasionally as an accessory to the tailleur.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Reviews of the new pictures by critics whose view-points are unbiased

The Picture

WHEN A MAN LOVES

WITH gracious gestures, John Barrymore permits Dolores Costello the honors in "When a Man Loves," the Warner Brothers interpretation of "Manon Lescaut."

The first half of this picture, moving slowly, altho with an interest and charm, thru the love idyll of *Manon* and the *Chevalier Sabien des Grieux*, is far superior to the last half. There is the luxury of the French Court of Louis XV . . . there is the fragile beauty of Dolores Costello, combined with her altogether commendable acting. And there is John Barrymore foregoing his penchant for the grotesque, which has marred his recent appearances, and substituting instead an interesting and subtle charm . . . and his profile. But later he begins to cut up antics so frightful and against such revolting backgrounds that you turn horrified eyes from the screen.—*Warner Brothers.*

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE

EDDIE SUTHERLAND, the boy comedy director with heavy ambitions, has had his fling at the serious drama, and one comes away feeling more than ever that Eddie certainly has a flair for comedy. "Love's Greatest Mistake" suffers from its cast—for they attempted to hang the picture on the quite inadequate tho very pretty shoulders of Miss Josephine Dunn, late of the Paramount School. Miss Dunn tries hard—but there's a vast difference between a cute girl and a good trouper, as Evelyn Brent's performance so clearly proves. James Hall and William Powell present the same painful contrast. The story is of a country girl whose clean hands and pure heart are almost sullied by city life. There is one really dramatic sequence. The comedy which frequently crops out is bright and racy.—*Paramount.*

THE GENERAL

BUSTER KEATON has evolved a mild little comedy of Civil War days, which takes place almost entirely on an engine. It's amazing that so many things can be done with a train of cars. And it's a pleasure to laugh continuously but comfortably, with no painful side-splitting, while Buster inadvertently becomes the hero of the Confederate Army. He is relentlessly aided, thruout the picture, by his heroine, who is nothing short of an inspiration. This girl is so dumb that it at first seemed to us she must be sub-moron, as she tirelessly did everything all wrong, and willingly submitted to Buster's rather primitive rebukes. But it gradually seeped in upon us that she was merely feminine. Marian Mack plays this delightful new brand of leading lady with infinite good nature. Dont miss her and Buster.—*United Artists.*

ALIAS THE DEACON

JEAN HERSHOLT'S first starring vehicle, in spite of all the good things which can be said of it, is in the main flat and disappointing. We have come to expect Jean Hersholt to give a wonderful characterization, but he misses on the *Deacon*. He is too sweet, too soft, too much the *Deacon* and too little the card-sharp. He has no ironical appreciation of the situation, no sense of humor. It is too bad—for both those who like Hersholt and those who have enjoyed the play are going to be disappointed in the picture. It also misses fire on some of the main situations, and there are wide-open holes in the continuity, but the adapter evidently knew his movie onions, for he has added a race between an automobile and a train, a prize-fight, an interrupted wedding, and several little touches which are always sure-fire.—*Universal.*

Parade

Keep these paragraph criticisms for future reference when these films appear at your neighborhood theater

McFADDEN'S FLATS

THIS is one comedy of the tenements that cant be called a successor to "Abie's Irish Rose." It's all-Irish, thank heaven, and it's awfully funny. The theme is an old and simple one—a poor Irish laborer makes the money he has always wanted to lavish on his family, only to know the sorrow of being high-hatted by his own daughter. But, of course, that's only momentary—the inevitable touch of pathos. It's very hilarious later—especially when the McFaddens begin to react to their riches. And if you dont laugh at Charlie Murray being coerced into an early Italian Renaissance bathtub, Aggie Herring maintaining her dignity under a cock-eyed tiara, and Chester Conklin doing everything he does, it's no one's fault but your own. The comedy is in capable hands, and has a spontaneity that's quite irresistible. You'll love it.—*First National.*

A KISS IN A TAXI

"A KISS IN A TAXI" has for its locale Paris, with Bebe Daniels playing *Ginette,* a little French waitress in a Montmartre café. It seems that *Ginette* is one of those pure French waitresses who dont approve of kissing gentlemen. So it is quite natural that the boys who do their regular drinking at the establishment should make a few wagers as to who can kiss the gal. It is one of the most amusing farces of the present year, only a few months of the present year having elapsed, during which very few farces have been produced. The intricate situations are well handled, but from Bebe Daniels' viewpoint it is a disappointment. Bebe has done much better work. Still it will provide a good evening's entertainment. It's not for those who ride in kiddie cars, but should be highly amusing for the sophisticated.—*Paramount.*

TAXI! TAXI!

LOOKING at this featherweight farce made us extremely uncomfortable—not only because it was absurd and not very funny, but because of Edward Everett Horton. Edward always makes us uncomfortable. In the earlier reels of "Taxi! Taxi!" he's so terribly lovesick. And later on so humble. And it almost broke our hearts to see him shoot his whole bank balance to buy a taxi to keep his girl out of the rain. Especially as she was all wet anyway, figuratively speaking. They eloped in the taxi and were pursued by police, crooks, and irate relatives—all for the sake of a comedy finish that may have been novel, but wasn't very funny. Edward really shouldn't play in farces—not when there are such tender hearts in the audience. But our deep concern for him at least kept us from realizing what a poor picture this is.—*Universal.*

NEW YORK

THIS traces the rise of *Mike Angelo Cassidy* from the gutters of the East Side—down-town, to the roof-tops of the East Side—up-town. All via his gift for making songs—with apologies to Irving Berlin. Ricardo Cortez is the young composer, and here, if anywhere, is a man who is all wool and a yard wide. And Lois Wilson, as the daughter of wealth, is his feminine counterpart. But despite this saintly pair, it turns out to be good melodrama. William Powell and Estelle Taylor are also in the cast, so you know what to expect. It's a terribly overworked story so well directed that it actually captures the attention and provides a few chills. Even the inevitable court-room scene is handled effectively. Due entirely to the inventiveness of director and scenarist, you're quite likely to enjoy this.—*Paramount.*

A Guide for Those Who Wish to See

DON'T TELL THE WIFE

TO make a successful Frenchified farce requires several things, notably comedians and adroitness of story and direction. It is evident that Warner Brothers wanted to make another "So This Is Paris," and they tried—without Lubitsch and with Irene Rich and Huntly Gordon, who, alas, whatever else they may be, are not funny. As a youngish middle-aged couple from Peoria, who get entangled in a very farcical and cumbersomely risqué situation in Paris, they fail to sparkle. The theme is played and overplayed and played again, dragged out thru reel after reel, until anything that would end the agony would be welcome. The story passes at least six good stopping places before it is decided to let the old magistrate arrive and confess that the divorce which is causing all the heartache is a fake. Lilyan Tashman is the same sort of siren she always is, Huntly Gordon is a very happy victim, and Irene Rich just Irene Rich. In spite of which the audience apparently "ate it up."—*Warner Brothers.*

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

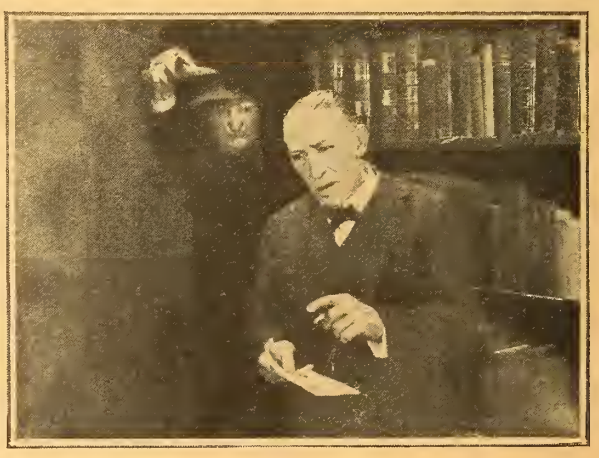
HERE is a mystery play that mystifies, a thriller that thrills, a picture so perfectly timed and mechanically correct that it never lets down for a minute, but develops from one tense and blood-curdling situation into another with convincing realism. The management of light and shadow is effectively used to enhance the dramatic quality of each scene, but no scene is kept too dark for the full benefit of the action to be appreciated by the audience. Many things are done for "effect," but, since the effect accomplishes its purpose, we cant quarrel over that. Ghosts, greed, a house with secret doors, a maniac, a murder, jewels and a slight love story winding thru the whole are the ingredients of the plot—they are mixed with the hand of a master, and transferred to the screen without losing any of their essential punch. The cast is large and capable and includes the fair Laura La Plante. It would seem that Mr. Leni has scored a home run for Universal.—*Universal.*

AN AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES

"AN AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES" is a much more human story than its title suggests. Three men eat their lunch side by side every day—a millionaire, a clerk and a dreamer. They never have spoken to each other—they consider themselves strangers, and yet their lives are inextricably interwoven. Each has something the other wants. That is the background against which is played a delightfully natural love story. A Follies girl attempts an old-fashioned marriage, but her husband loses his job. He refuses to "let her support him" and leaves "until he can make good." And that is where the millionaire steps in. The picture is based on an idea which is rare enough to furnish grounds for praise, and besides it is beautifully and naturally handled. Billie Dove is more beautiful and infinitely more animated than she has ever been before. Lewis Stone characterizes a difficult and somewhat thankless rôle, so that it stands out as one of the best things he has done for a long time.—*First National.*

THE MONKEY TALKS

NOVELTY is the key-note of this picture, based on a French play of circus life. And it is the strangeness of the theme, plus the excellent acting, that makes it one of the most entertaining pictures we've seen for a long time. An outcast French nobleman drifts into companionship with a dwarf, a circus barker, and the owner of a circus wagon. Misfortune overtakes them and they conceive the brilliant idea of passing off the dwarf as a monkey that talks. The secret is guarded jealously and the act becomes the sensation of Paris. Then enters the girl, *Olivette,* a trapeze artist. Jealousy! Revenge! Thrills pile up and the picture ends on a note of sacrifice. Jacques Lerner as the dwarf and the monkey shades his performance with delicacy and pathos, and keeps reasonable a thing that could so easily have been made ridiculous. Olive Borden is exquisite, and Don Alvarado a handsome lover. It is a carefully balanced film, well made and worth seeing.—*Fox.*



the Good Films and Avoid the Bad Ones

IT

ELINOR GLYN naturally picked out Clara Bow as the exponent of that elusive quality which they have both made famous. Here we have Clara as a little shop-girl with designs on Tony Moreno and she gets him, not so much by virtue of It (which she surely has got) as by her ability to swim, play a uke, survive a night at Coney Island, and land a quick left to the jaw when it's necessary. You can see it's nothing you would suspect Madame Glyn of having written. Yet she sponsors it by majestically sweeping across the screen long enough to define her famous password. Clara does all these things with tremendous vitality but not really in her best manner, owing to an outrageous haircut. Tony Moreno is rather appealing as the athletic young millionaire who believes in the double standard, and William Austin contributes some very good comedy. The picture is streaky—sometimes dreadfully dull, but just as often fresh and amusing, and worth a trial.—*Paramount.*

THE SHOW

IF you are interested in the curious humans who comprise a freak show, it is quite likely that "The Show" will hold a very real fascination for you. Certainly the background of this story is given a large part of the picture's footage. Tod Browning has failed to make this a production comparable to "The Unholy Three," which dealt with a similar social stratum, because he has neglected to center primary interest upon his characters, focusing it upon the background instead. Therefore, when the characters leave the side-show to become involved in a very melodramatic plot, they haven't your whole interest. There are murders, deaths from poisonous reptiles, a hanging and all the other accouterments of good, old-fashioned melodrama. You wont be bored, not for a moment. But you will leave the theater minus that feeling of satisfaction that you might well expect from the triumvirate of John Gilbert, Renée Adorée and Tod Browning.

—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE

NOTHING in the world save a passionate devotion to Leon Errol and a cast-iron stomach could see you safely thru this comedy. Leon's improbable knee has always been dear to us. But there are features in this picture that that wobbly limb just cant support. It is, of course, about a man who is mistaken for a lunatic. All the old madhouse gags, including a whole crop of Napoleons, are used. Later on that old one about the man who inadvertently smashes everything he touches is spun out to its greatest length. And still later, all the hair-raising, sea-sick moments that can be wrung from a dirigible running wild are presented. A comedy of antique gags, choking to death a plot as weak and wobbly as Leon's knee. But Dorothy Mackaill looks enchanting in a *Peter Pan* suit. And if you've always had a haunting fear of going mad, the solicitous plans made to keep the inmates of this asylum happy will rid you of that.—*First National.*

THE RED MILL

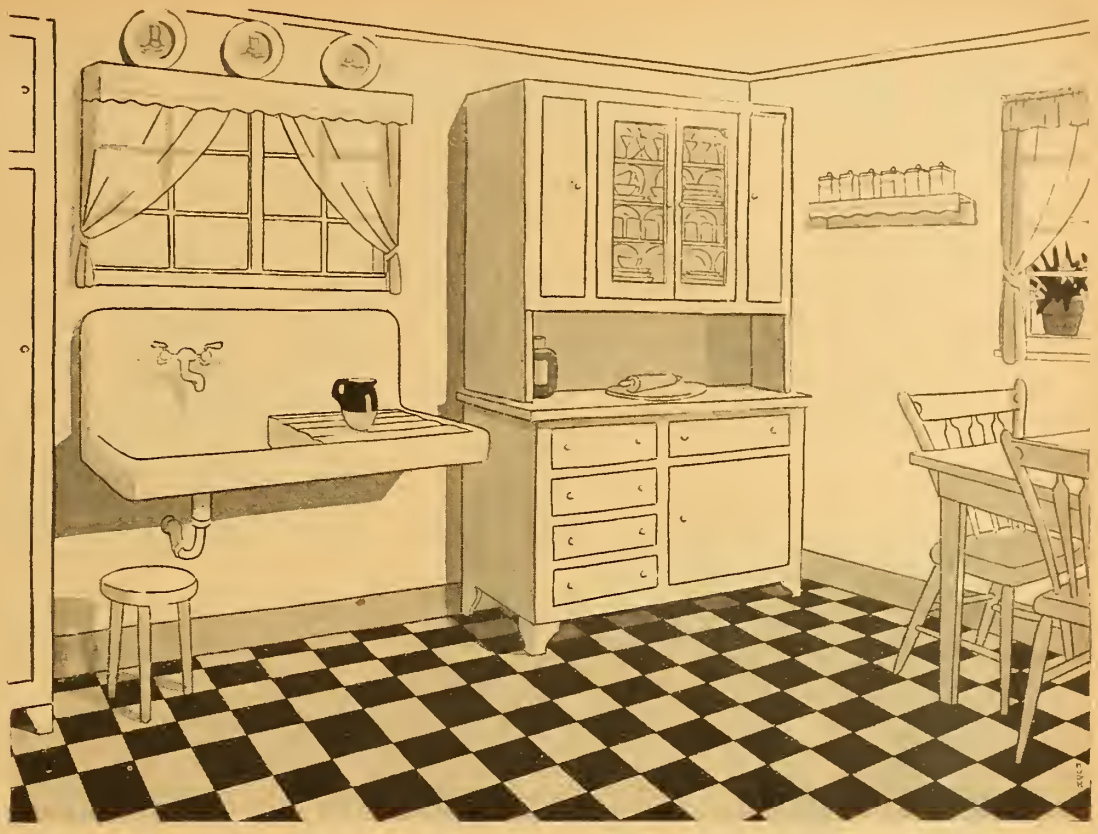
MARION DAVIES' conception of a Dutch servant girl is anything but flattering. She has gone to great pains to efface her natural charms, by invoking her freckles, conjuring up a squint, coaxing the curl out of her hair and otherwise blighting her countenance. Except for this, we absolve Marion of all blame for the lack of interest in this picture. She tries to behave with her customary spirit and humor, but no spirit however brave could survive in these surroundings. The plot of "The Red Mill" is so slight that it's hardly worth revealing—you can guess it anyway. Marion's fellow sufferers are Louise Fazenda, Owen Moore, and Karl Dane. They all fall about good-naturedly on ice-skates and stepladders, making the best of a trying situation. The director and title writer have conspired to make it a combination slapstick and burlesque show, and have really overshot their mark. Wait and see Marion Davies in something really amusing.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

What Should They Be But Movie Stars?

WHOSE PARENTS NUMBER AMONG THE SCREEN'S MOST FAMOUS

There are to be a series of two-reel pictures made called "The Children of the Stars," in which the younger set of Hollywood will participate. Madeline Brandeis is the producer, and Robert Thornby, seen below with the children, is the director. Here is the complete cast of "Young Hollywood," the first picture of the series

Reading from left to right:
Erich von Stroheim, Junior
Tim Holt
George Bosworth
Barbara Denny
D'Arcy McCoy
Mary Desmond
Eileen O'Malley
Billy Reid



Blue and white kitchens are now accepted as regulation. And in most cases a white kitchen, with touches of your favorite color, whatever it is, is best. It affords a spick-and-span look that nothing else can give

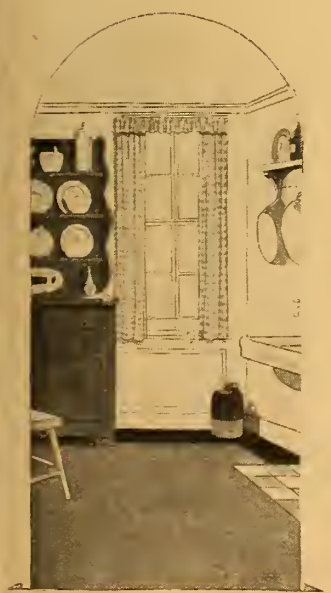
Come Into the Kitchen

Housewives today are quite as proud of their kitchens as they are of any other room in the house . . . for the modern kitchen can be a thing of beauty and a room of efficiency and charm

By

STEPHEN GOOSSON

(Interior Decorating Expert for First National Pictures)



One of the loveliest kitchens I ever saw had a Spanish effect. It was just off the large studio living-room of an artistic woman famous for her cooking

"COME into the living-room" may be the more conventional way of welcoming your guests, but "Come into the kitchen" is getting to be just as frequent a welcome. Housewives today are quite as proud of their kitchens as they are of any other room in the house—and there is every reason that they should be. The modern kitchen is a thing of beauty, a room of efficiency and of charm. And there are many ways of adding to the kitchen's looks and usefulness.

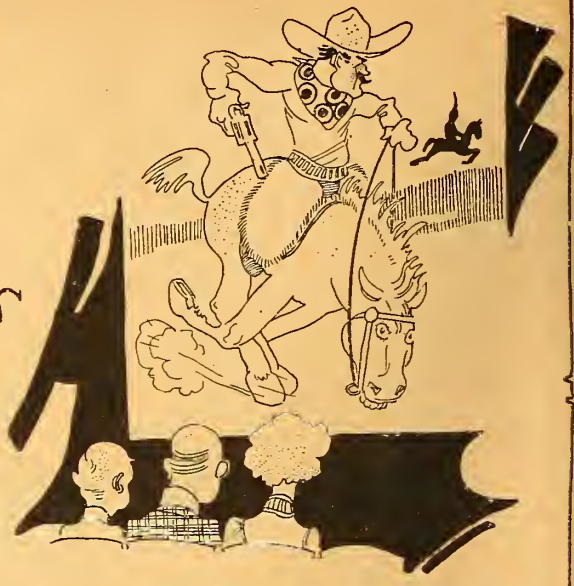
In one of my former articles I spoke of the old-fashioned kitchen as "a wife-killer." Indeed, it was! I can see now some of the old-fashioned kitchens that existed in my youth—and that exist still in homes where the housewife is too busy or too old-fashioned to care about the looks of this most important room. The old-fashioned kitchen usually had a wall of dark brown or green, or the walls were covered with a supposedly "washable" material which, alas, was never washed. The latter was of a poor imitation of blue-and-white tile, or brown-and-white tile, and gave the kitchen walls a peculiarly scrambled look—far from appetizing. The kitchen furnishings consisted of one cupboard, usually of golden oak or unpainted wood, a closet or a few shelves, a table, a stove and a couple of chairs. All of these things were so haphazardly arranged around the huge room that the housewife or helper had to take literally thousands of unnecessary steps in the preparing of every meal. I have seen old-fashioned kitchens charted out, showing how many steps were taken—most of them unnecessary—and I have been amazed at the results.

The modern kitchen must, then, first of all, be an

(*Continued on page* 95)

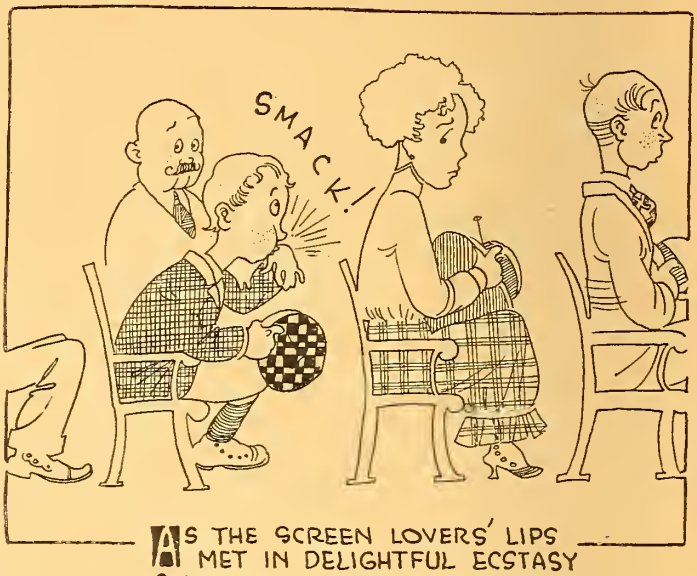
FLASH BACKS

Harking Back to the Good Old Days

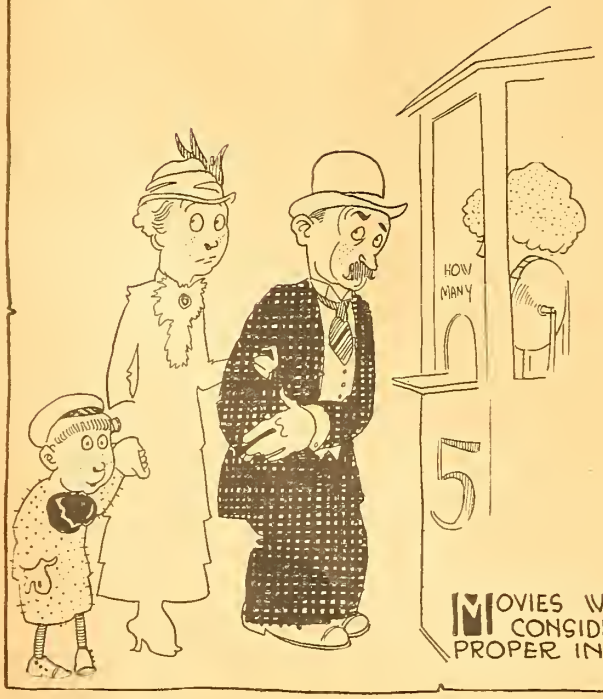


COWBOY AND INDIAN PICTURES WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY

REMEMBER WHEN A PIANO COMPRISED THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA AND THE PLOT OF THE PICTURE COULD BE FOLLOWED BY LISTENING TO THE PIANO WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE SCREEN

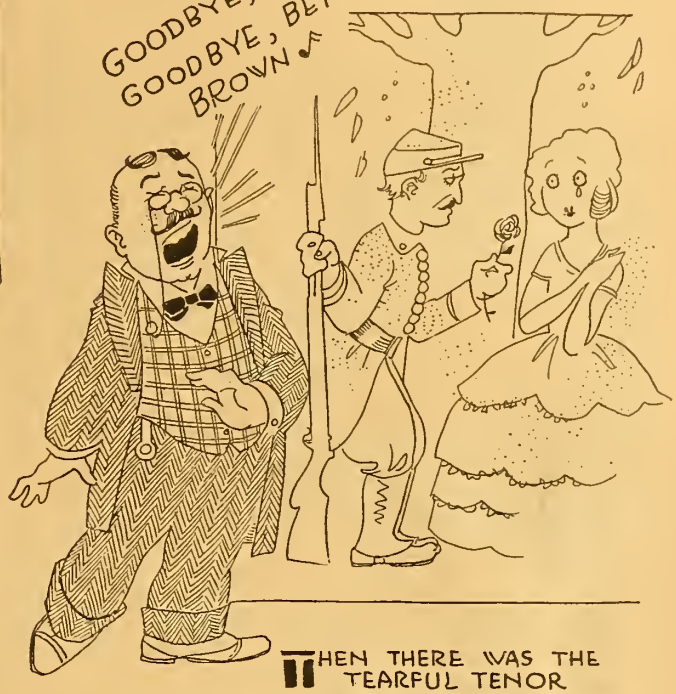


AS THE SCREEN LOVERS' LIPS MET IN DELIGHTFUL ECSTASY SMALL BOYS WERE WONT TO KISS THE BACKS OF THEIR HANDS WITH RESOUNDING SMACKS



MOVIES WEREN'T CONSIDERED QUITE PROPER IN THOSE DAYS

'MEMBER HOW MANY TIMES THE FILM USED TO BREAK



THEN THERE WAS THE TEARFUL TENOR ACCOMPANIED BY HIGHLY COLORED SLIDES WITH WHICH HE RACED MADLY TO THE SONG'S END

THEY WEREN'T MOVIES IN THOSE DAYS. THEY WERE NICKLE SHOWS

THE THEME OF THE FINAL FADE-OUT HAS NEVER BEEN IMPROVED UPON

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

See
Prize-Winning
Limericks
on Page 90

These puppies with long pedigrees
Are brought up by a nurse named Louise.
She feeds them shad roe,
Keeps them white as the snow,

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

Tho no South Sea Isle
is complete
Without monkeys, Ann
finds it's a feat
To powder and prink
While this small, miss-
ing link

— — — — — — —

Frances Lee looks so pleased with her beau,
Just imagine the fit she will throw
When she finds her gallant's
Vera Steadman in pants,

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

Messrs. Beery and Sterling and Brice
Crash the gates of a Lost Paradise,
For within, it appears,
There's a bar and three beers,

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before April 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Margot Asquith writes on

Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, NOW COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, *has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.*

The COUNTESS *of* OXFORD *and* ASQUITH

"Margot," daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring, her wit and her wide acquaintance with the personable of every land.

"AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, triumphant, is prompted by a desire to love and be loved.

"We have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. And, fortunately, most of us if we take enough trouble can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

"Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

"YOU do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

"I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands.

"Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a woman's age. When I came out, to suggest that a woman of thirty could upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

"Now you see proficiency at golf, riding, fishing, shooting, in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions.

"My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!"

Margot Oxford

On Lady Oxford's dressing table are unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams.

How you should use these Creams:

Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every daytime cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and protects it from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, "cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind."

Free Offer *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. S
113 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Kid Who Took Horace Greeley's Advice

NOW OWNS A GOOD PIECE OF THE WEST

Jackie Coogan has reason to believe that Horace Greeley knew what he was talking about, now that he is old enough to read the famous Greeley admonition, "Go West, young man, go West." For the affluent state which the Coogan family now enjoys is a far hail from their vaudeville days . . . before Charlie Chaplin discovered Jackie and put him in the movies. But, real estate or no real estate . . . fortune or no fortune . . . Jackie continues to act when he is not at military school. You see him above in "The Bugle Call"

Ruth Harriet Louise

The same delicious magic you loved in costly French Soaps

From France comes the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

YOU longed for the luxury of fine French soap — for the satin-smooth skin that is the Parisienne's loveliness!

But imported soaps were so horribly costly! You just couldn't use them except as a treat.

So you wrote us—literally thousands of you—"*Oh do make us a soap for personal use as exquisite as French soap but please, not so expensive.* A soap to caress our skin, luxurious, charming."

And we made Lux Toilet Soap. Made it quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

Made it by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For centuries the whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For France knew that all her incomparable cosmetics are of little use unless the skin itself is smooth, exquisite.

It tends your skin the true French way

Your white fingers, pink-tipped, delighted, recognize Lux Toilet Soap instantly as true *savon de toilette*, made the famous French way.

Firm, fine-textured, snowy, Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. Its caressing, instant lather (even hard water can't quell it) gives you that same luxurious, cared for feeling you adored after costly imported soap. Its evasive fragrance, like the *Bois* in Springtime! You do feel more exquisite, lovelier—more gaily ready to captivate the world.

Yesterday · · 50¢ for a French toilet soap *Today* · · the same luxury for · · 10¢

FRANCE with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement make Lux Toilet Soap, the new *savon de toilette*, at just ten cents! All the family may use this delicious soap.

Firm, generous, Lux Toilet Soap is in your hands, in your deep delicious bath, proudly in your lovely bath room and you know you are not extravagant! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Instant lather even where water is hard

You do feel more exquisite, charming

LUX TOILET SOAP · · · 10¢

Those who admired the greatness of Emil Jannings in German productions wailed ominous prophecies about his future when they heard he was to make pictures in Hollywood. If Mr. Jannings heard these dark rumors, he never appeared dismayed by them. And so far he has remained impervious to that insidious effect which the film capital has had upon other great artists who preceded him there

Photographs by E. R. Richee

He waited quietly until a story to his complete liking was submitted to him. It was more than two months after his arrival before he began work on "The Way of All Flesh," not a picturization of the famous Samuel Butler novel, but an original story by Bruce Barton. And, at the same time, he made sure that his second story, "The King of Soho," was all that it should be in the way of dramatic material. It looks as if Herr Jannings, pictured here with his clever wife, had conquered Hollywood

MR. JANNINGS SEES IT THRU

"My Clothes are no longer the problem they were" —MARY ASTOR

Sheer frocks, dainty underthings, now are laundered perfectly since her maid learned the secret of keeping them like new!

"I LIKE BEST fragile frocks in the light colors," Mary Astor told me, "but their very sheerness makes it imperative that they be kept fresh and dainty always. That was once a problem in this land of sunshine where we spend all our days out-of-doors!

"My clothes became wind-blown and dusty so quickly and washing was so uncertain—*often so ruinous*—that it seemed impossible to keep their dainty new look.

"One day last summer I wore for tennis a new frock of apricot crepe with an embroidered jacket. After the game it was so powdered with the dust of the courts that I wondered whether it, too, must be added to my long list of clothes that had never tubbed successfully. Or whether it might be one of the miracles my maid had lately seemed able to perform!

"The next day I found my precious frock hanging in my wardrobe—lovelier than ever! At my surprised delight, my maid told me that she had learned the secret of safe laundering and that secret was — *Lux!* Since her discovery my clothes are no longer the problem they were!"

As we sat talking in Miss Astor's boudoir her maid came in with an armful of freshly laundered things, and it was evident, indeed, that Lux had solved a difficult problem.

Pajamas and negligees of old-gold crepe, a coral dance-set of triple voile, little tailored dresses of radium silk, and many, many pairs of the open work stockings that go so well with the chiffon frocks Mary Astor loves. Billowing heaps of rainbow-colored bits of loveliness! Kept always fresh and dainty now with Lux.

THE lovely frocks that Mary Astor is famous for are a perfect setting for her demure dark beauty. Frocks so fragile—yet Lux washes them perfectly!

Tennis is Mary Astor's favorite sport and she always dresses adorably for it in the smartest sports frocks

MARY ASTOR'S Beverly Hills home is one of the most charming in that famous colony. Here she comes for occasional days of sunshine—brief holidays snatched from the strenuous life of a motion picture star

"If it's safe in water . . it's just as safe in Lux"

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Send your date of birth, year of birth, city or nearest town and county of birth, your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born if you wish a reading.

Because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished we assume no responsibility for any statements made in this department.

THE EDITOR.

Constance Talmadge
April 19th

What the Stars Forecast for You in a Career

By Marion Meyer Drew

Jane and Imogene, August 13:

I wish all twins who can do so would send me their accurate data as you girls have done. It is a hard matter to explain why twins are so different in some ways and lead such similar lives in other ways. The cause of this is the difference in the time of birth, but the explanation is so highly technical that I cannot attempt it here. Jane seems to be a person of somewhat retiring and sensitive nature, while Imogene is erratic, loves the dramatic and sensational and is quite apt to take the reins away from her equally capable but less expressive sister. Fundamentally they both have a great sense of design, proportion, color and emotion. Just which one of the sisters would develop these qualities in any one particular bent is impossible to say. Astrology tells not what one does do at any given time, but what would be best to do and when to do it. It does not teach fatalism or take away the power of free will.

Charlie Chaplin April 16th

Anders K., April 16:

So you say "who hasn't the ability to act?" I could give you the birth date of one I know of if I wanted to tell my age. Dont confuse the appreciation with the ability—so many people do this. As a matter of fact, it seems to me to be quite a rare faculty to express emotion in such universal terms that it meets with a response in the hearts of all who view the work. That is acting. I dont think you have this at all, but I do think you have a faculty for screen work in other ways. Just what this is I cannot say without the time of birth. I am inclined to think it is technical work, possibly camera work. You have startling experiences ahead of you during the next five years, and some of them due this fall.

Lon Chaney
April 1st

Wally Beery
April 1st

Carmel Myers April 9th

Fred L., August 3:

Of course, you aren't cut out to be a lawyer! Every parent ought to have a child's horoscope read before trying to make any such decisions about future careers. You have the peculiar indication, however, of taking up one work in early life and dropping it to go into something else which looks very much like political or governmental activity. I am very serious in telling you to finish college before you decide what you want to do afterward. There will be plenty of time for you to take up art even then. I believe you will find that your enthusiasm will have fled. You would make a wonderfully successful specialist in the diseases of children, but honestly it does not make a great deal of difference what I tell you because your chart has the elements of success in it anyway and your life will be spent before the public. The main thing for you to do is determine upon the thing you wish to do and apply yourself. Work to make yourself worthy of this responsibility.

(*Continued on page* 120)

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their "BOBS" so Attractive

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity. The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Why year after year discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE 27-M-26

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name .....

Address .....

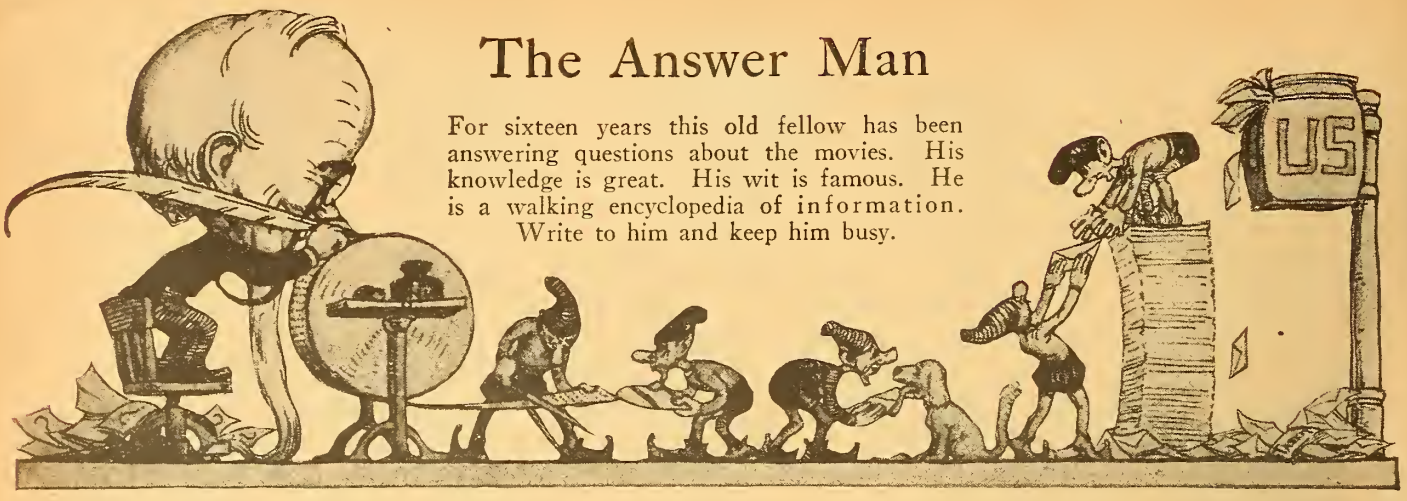
City or Town .....*State* .....

In Canada address, THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Answer Man

For sixteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His knowledge is great. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information. Write to him and keep him busy.



VIVIAN H.—Welcome! You know what it does in April, and instead of rain, you should see the letters that have been pouring in. I dont care, the more the merrier. Mary Pickford is playing in "Daughter of the Slums," from the Kathleen Norris story.

JIMMY.—You say you know that Warner Baxter's pictures are getting better and better—you can feel it in your bones. Well, I'm sure that's a better feeling than rheumatism. He is playing in "The Telephone Girl" with Madge Bellamy.

AN ENGLISH ROSE.—How fragrant! You say one learns a lot about life from our magazines—yes, life of the stars. You're jolly right, England is coming along in the picture industry. Pauline Frederick is playing in "Mumsy," for British National Pictures in England. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1895, and Ricardo Cortez was born September 19, 1889.

DOROTHY M. H.—Thank you for sending me the pin. I am glad to be an honorary member of the Colleen Moore Club. What an appropriate pin.

O'BRIEN FAN.—I certainly am happy. There is plenty of fun in life for all of us, plenty of happiness, plenty of joy and sunshine. But we must be on the lookout for them. You know, the bluebird. Mary Miles Minter is not playing right now, and I dont know whether she will ever appear in pictures again. "The Silver Treasure" was released in July, 1926. You refer to Otto Mattieson with the mustache. George O'Brien is playing in "Sunrise."

DIMITRI.—So you are carrying your girl's picture in your watch. I suppose you think she will love you in time. No, Lloyd Hughes is not related to Rupert Hughes. William Powell is not related to David, who died some time ago. Neither played in "The White Sister," but William played with Lillian Gish in "Romola." Doris Kenyon is playing in "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath." Well, I wont say any more.

SUNNY.—Yours was short and sweet. Clara Bow and Tom Mix played in "The Best Bad Man." He is playing in "The Outlaws of Red River." Ramon Novarro's "Old Heidelberg" hasn't been released at this writing. Norma Shearer opposite him with twenty-six principals and a cast of two thousand extras.

THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in this department, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELEN E. A.—So you bet an ice-cream soda with your friend that William Boyd didn't play in "The Campus Flirt." You win, he didn't—James Hall had the lead. Yes, of course, I remember Victor Potel. He has been engaged by Universal to write and direct twenty-six comedies—remember when he used to play for Essanay in the olden days? Them were the good old days!

AVOCA.—How are things in Dublin these days? Peaceful, I hope. No, I am not Irish—I was born in the U. S. A., but I have great respect for the Irish. Belle Bennett is thirty-six and married to F. C. Windemere. Thanks for sending in your subscription—I have passed it along. You know Belle Bennett was a bare-back rider in her father's circus, and she lost her son Billy a day or so before she was given the rôle of *Stella Dallas*. Yes, I liked it a lot. Write me again.

DAISY B.—Now, why do you ask me the reason for Ronald Colman's separating from Thelma Ray. That's out of my line entirely. He is playing in "King Harlequin." Laura La Plante in "Thanks for the Buggie Ride."

DOLORES COSTELLO FAN.—Dolores Costello was born in 1906, and Laura La Plante is five feet two inches. Faneuil Hall is called the "Cradle of Liberty." Douglas Fairbanks' next for United Artists is "Captain Cavalier," a costume picture.

HAROLD R. L., SHANGHAI.—Well, you must be in the midst of some excitement. I was very glad to receive the picture of your family group. You can write Mae Murray at Hotel Des Artistes, 1 W. 67th Street, New York City. Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Cecil DeMille Studios, Culver City, California, and Betty Bronson at Famous Players, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Write to me again, Harold.

ELIZABETH B.—You say the tramp should never complain of hunger when he can always enjoy a little loaf. Wow! Well, now, that that is all settled, we'll begin. Yes, William Boyd is married to Elinor Faire of "Volga Boatman" fame. Vola Vale married John Gorman, a director, on December 8, 1926. My blessings.

ARRYBAY.—Well, you sure do ask some questions—"Are you a Gentleman or do you prefer red heads? Still drink Buttermilk? Do the Black Bottom? Have you a Honking Gander? What do you think of Earl Carrol? Have you a Peaches." Say, what kind of a department do you think this is? No, I dont s. s. s.—sip my soup thru a straw. Marguerite Snow is dead, and her daughter was in to see me the other day. She looks just like her mother. See you later.

LORETA.—It seems in this day and age before marriage, women want tenderness. In a little while she is satisfied with legal tender. Well, Alberta Vaughn was born in 1906, is five feet three inches, and weighs ninety-eight pounds. She's what you call a light-weight. Yes, Adolphe Menjou is playing in "The Head Waiter."

C. F. M., LONDON.—I didn't see the picture, "Hotel Imperial," but James Hall was *Paul;* George Seigmann was the General, Max Davidson was *Elias Butterman,* Michael Vavitch was *Tabakowitsch,* Otto Fries was *Anton Klinak,* Nicholas Sousanin was *Baron Frederikson* and Golden Wadams was *Major General Sultanov,* so help yourself.

MR. W. H.—Your picture was very interesting, but there is nothing I can do for you in the way of getting into pictures. You would have to apply in person at the studios in California, and it is a very difficult proposition. Sorry.

ALICE F.—Patsy Ruth Miller on the cover—all right, presto! how do you like it? I think it is great. Bebe Daniels in "Señorita" and in "Mlle. Jockey." William Haines' first starring picture for M. G. M. is "Spring Fever." I am getting it—you know, in the Spring a young man's fancy, etc., etc. Charles Emmett Mack is married to Marion Lovers. You refer to "Daring Years."

PECKY.—So you think it is better to be good looking than to be good. Cant you be both? Eddie Cantor in "The Girl Friend," from the musical comedy for Famous Players. Constance Bennett is in Egypt right now, and Lilyan Tashman is to play the lead in "My Son." Louise Brooks was born in 1905.

(*Continued on page* 78)

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By Ellen J. Buckland, *Registered Nurse*

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection — 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen — Kotex-Super 90c per dozen — *No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue*

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

VOILA! NAILS GLEAM
with the pink perfection that fashion now demands

This Magical Liquid Polish Has Set The Vogue

Keenly aware of the importance of small details to faultless grooming . . . smart women have made this manicure the vogue.

Fascinating hands lovely to their fingertips . . . each nail twinkling . . . alluring, lustrous . . . Glazo, the originator of this new manicure, quickly will give your nails this beauty.

Just a touch of this magic Glazo Liquid Polish and *voila!* . . . nails gleam with neither too deep a hue nor too pale. Just the pink of perfection!

No buffing! This beautiful Glazo finish that is so easy to apply lasts several days. It will not peel or crack or turn an ugly brown. But to obtain the desired results be sure that you get Glazo.

Excepting the absurdly expensive imported polishes, Glazo is the only liquid manicure that comes complete with separate remover. This Glazo Remover insures a more charming manicure and prevents unnecessary use of the precious polish.

You can get Glazo at your favorite store. The dainty twin bottles will give you exquisite, fashionable nails with the least exertion, in the shortest time. Ask for Glazo, by name. The Glazo Company, 605 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Original and Only Liquid Polish Complete With Remover—Fifty Cents

GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary.

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

JANET S.—Right now Elliott Dexter is in vaudeville, Betty Compson in "Cheating Cheaters," Bessie Love in "The Flag," Anna May Wong in "Mr. Wu," Eugene O'Brien in "The Romantic Age" and Lou Tellegen is in vaudeville. Yes, it was August 19, 1812, that "Old Ironsides" captured the British Frigate *Guerriere*. Rod LaRocque is with Cecil DeMille Studios, Culver City, California.

LINDA LOU.—You certainly do resemble Clara Young. Your letter was very interesting. Pola Negri and Ricardo Cortez are playing in "The Woman on Trial," from Vagda's story "Confession."

FELIPE C. A.—Well, you know that there were only four Confederate half dollars minted, and two are known to exist. As for George O'Brien, he was born in California in 1900, he enlisted in the navy at the start of the World War, and his first important rôle was "The Iron Horse." He is five feet eleven inches, weighs 176 pounds, and has light hair and blue eyes.

AMALIA V. P.—A tiger is physically stronger than a lion. Lions and tigers become docile as lambs when they scent lavender. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, September 19, 1889.

D. G., MANCHURIA.—Thanks for the Chinaman. Ramon Novarro with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Culver City, California. Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou with Famous Players, 5451 Marathon Street, Los Angeles, California. Dolores Costello with Warner Brothers, 5841 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. You must write to me again.

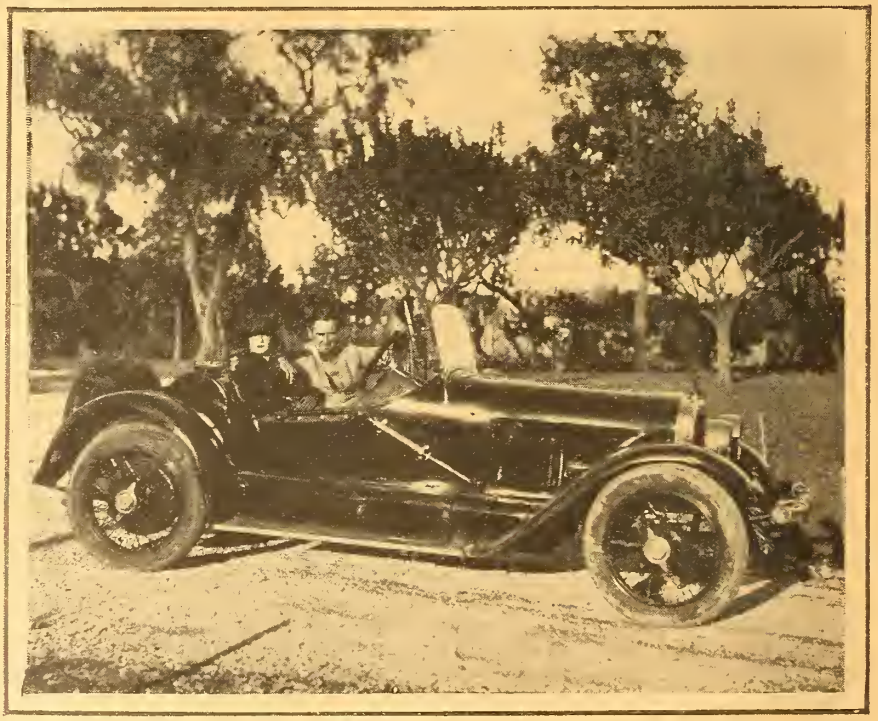
LUETTA J.—You've got nothing on Sue O'Neil for changing names. The family name is Noonan; then she went under the name of her sister, who is Sally O'Neil; then First National changed her name to Kitty Kelly and now they've rechanged it to Molly O'Day. At least, she is consistent as to nationality. Molly is playing in "The Patent Leather Kid," with Richard Barthelmess. Thanks for all the nice things you say about this department. Conway Tearle was born in New York City in 1880, attended Amherst College, is five feet ten and one half inches and weighs 163 pounds. He has dark hair and brown eyes, and, of course, has been very much married.

BUNNY.—Well, instead of sonnets to her eyebrows, the modern maiden prefers theater tickets and boxes of assorted sweets. And the price of theater tickets for the New York shows. Oh, Boy! Rod LaRocque has brown hair and brown eyes, and was born in Chicago, Illinois. Well, you just write to me any time you feel like writing. I'm always here.

ELEANOR S.—You know Joe Frank Cobb got tired of answering questions, so his letters have been turned over to me. I wish I had space to answer all the letters I receive, but then you would only have a book of "Answer Man" and nothing else. I am glad to hear that you like to go to school. I guess most little girls do. Farina is a boy, you know.

HILDEGARD W.—No, I try not to be alone too much. Solitude is like water, good for a dip but you cant live in it. You refer to Mary Kornman in the "Our Gang Comedies." Corinne Griffith's real name is Corinne Scott.

JOSE L.—Edna Murphy is with F. B. O., 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California, and Doris Kenyon is with First National, Burbank, California. Winifred Bryson is married to Warner Baxter. Miss DuPont is playing in Eric von Stroheim's "The Wedding March."



A snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (Alice Terry, of course) on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, where Rex is directing Alice in "The Garden of Allah." The exteriors will be made on the Sahara

Yes! Really Natural Skin Tone Color *from* ROUGE!

It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, *and not upon it*.

And most women—delighted, charmed, entranced with the *actual result*—are curious to discover the secret of this splendid new beauty. It is due—this unique effect—to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied coloring goes into Princess Pat Rouge*. Instead, the rarest and most *delicate* of pure vegetable tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Nature's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results.

There is something else, too. Princess Pat Rouge *changes* ever so slightly to meet the requirements of *individual* skin tone. It takes its charming color note from the skin itself, blending subtly until it is precisely right, exactly natural. And of course Princess Pat has long been known as the most enduring of all rouges—permanent until you wish to remove it.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type—blonde or brunette, for instance. With Princess Pat—giving *skin tone* color all shades harmonize beautifully and perfectly with any complexion.

Think what this selection of shades means to beauty. With bright sports wear, one selects Princess Pat Squaw, or Vivid—to secure perfect harmony of complexion and gowning. The idea is new, the effect beautiful and *enlivening*. For more neutral costumes, Milady chooses Princess Pat Medium, or English Tint (the Original orange). "Theatre" befits the most elaborate frocks for formal afternoons. Then there is the new Princess Pat shade, Nite—perfect color for evening. A most fascinating feature of Nite is its curious violet tinge by *day* in the box. Then watch it as the lights go on. Instantly Nite changes, becomes a shade that gives to the cheeks pearl and rose tinted flesh tones hitherto inimitable.

Enjoy this luxury of greater selection of rouge shades and the wonderful beauty of color which seems to lie *beneath* the skin—not upon it. Never the painted, dreaded gauche look if you use Princess Pat. All the better shops can show you all six shades.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and FIVE other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1265, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: Princess Pat Cream Skinfood and Ice Astringent (the famous Twin Cream Treatment), Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, Almond Base Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Lemon-Almond Lotion, Two-Purpose Talc, Perfume, Toilet Water.

LIKE NARCISSUS
SWOONING IN THE NIGHT

(Letters from Lovers: VIII)

LAST night, in one dazzling moment, I realized how marvelous you are. The very room that held you breathed a delicate, indescribable fragrance, like the Narcissus, swooning in the night. Your arms were moulded moonlight. Your eyes were jewels of haunting fire. I felt as if you were a vision from some bewildering, unforgettable dream. And the miracle of it was that you were real.

FROM HER DIARY:

"I am so happy. He has not said it—but I know that he loves me. Somehow last night he was transformed. Is it possible that the new Narcissus temple incense could have helped?"

WOMEN have known for ages that, when the air about them is suffused with the subtly intoxicating fragrance of so exquisite a flower as Narcissus, their appeal is made even more alluring by the spell it works upon the senses. Vantine's has newly created a Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, so that this heightened charm may be achieved by all modern women who will burn it. The new Narcissus Incense may be had, with eight other fragrances, at every drug and department store.

Know the magic of Narcissus Incense
Send 10c for nine sample odors

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Are You a Cat?

(*Continued from page 37*)

panther man. And as for the women, there are many, many of them.

"Lilyan Tashman is an outstanding example. There is very strong resemblance to the cat in Miss Tashman, as well as a strong sex attraction that accompanies it. Madame Glyn is also of the cats. Her beloved leopard skin complex, you know, is no accident. It is revealing of her personality. Pola Negri, Greta Garbo and Lya de Putti are other stars decidedly of the cat. Jetta Goudal is another.

"So is Alice Terry. But she and Corinne Griffith are not of the jungle cats as are those others I have just mentioned. Miss Terry and Miss Griffith suggest aristocratic white angoras—the drowsiest and snobbiest of cats.

"All of these people partake of the cat qualities. They love ease and comfort. They are inherently graceful and possess affectionate and ardent natures. They are happiest in tropical climes and while they may seem lazy and almost lackadaisical they are exceptionally strong. This is almost an unfailing fact—most cat people are very healthy and live to ripe old ages."

I interrupted to say, "Then, most of the interesting people of the screen are of the cats?"

"Oh, no," she corrected. "Some of the most interesting are not of the animal kingdom at all. Both Lillian Gish and May McAvoy are of Bird families. Miss Gish is of the small birds—the canaries, sparrows, robins, etc. Her little fluttery movements betray this more closely than any actual resemblance. Like the birds, she is most dainty. I have never had the pleasure of meeting her, but I am willing to wager that she eats more lightly of fruits and vegetables than you could imagine would keep a person alive. I know, too, that she must be very fastidious as to her living quarters and very neat about her person.

"Mary Astor is also of the birds. The water birds. A long-necked graceful swan afloat on a clear blue pond seems to characterize Mary best. No ill wind of adversity ever seems to ripple the water, just as no trouble seems to cloud the lives of swanlike people. Her career should be as placid as her life—perhaps not particularly dramatic but free from harrowing influences. She was not made to cope with the storms. She wont have to encounter them.

"Florence Vidor is of the deer. A lovely, drowsy-eyed doe is what she suggests to me. What animal is more beautiful, aristocratic or gentle? The doe is a solitary animal and that is what leads me to suspect that Miss Vidor is not averse to her own company. I should imagine she has great pride, too. There is great sensitiveness in her make-up besides.

"Clara Bow brings to mind the squirrel. So quick in her movements. Such a mischievous face. The squirrel is a playful, friendly little animal——"

I said, "And so is Clara."

"She would be. She makes friends easily, just as a squirrel will eat out of a stranger's hand, and she thrives on affection and attention. Or so I would presume. But once someone has betrayed her confidence she is very cagy about them. The squirrel is not fooled twice.

"It is an interesting thing that there are very few lion people connected with motion pictures. The lion is the King of the Jungle and just so are lion people the monarchs of what they survey. Theodore Roosevelt was a lion man. So is Mussolini. These people are born to rule the earth. There is only one man in pictures who shows the least characteristic of this powerful animal—and that is Mack Sennett."

I had half expected her to say Emil Jannings, but Mack was so much more perfect an example of the lion that I mentally chided myself. Miss French was saying——

"Mr. Sennett bears a marked resemblance to the lion physically. He seems shaggy-headed. His head is large in proportion to his body. He has big square hands and feet. And he has the mark of a ruler on his brow. If he had chosen to go into politics, he would have undoubtedly been President. He is destined to hold the highest honors in whatever he undertakes. He undertook to be a comedy producer and he is not surpassed in that field. These people can never be second in anything. The monarch of the forest is also the monarch of the swivel chair.

"While Mr. Sennett is the only marked lion personality in the industry, there are a few others who have the characteristics in a much lesser degree. Wallace Beery is one who verges on this animal and Ernst Lubitsch another. Of the matinée type of actor, Richard Dix is the only one with any semblance of the lion in his make-up and his is very slight. Nevertheless, to be even remotely connected with the lion means power of every kind, mental, physical and spiritual. There are no lion women—amazons—on the screen.

"In other players I see characteristics not so complimentary. There is one actor I cannot bear to see because of his frog-like eyes and another lady who is far too much like a snake to be wholesome. Possibly you think it silly to put stock in such things, but considering that I have never met any of the people of whom I have spoken, dont you think I have given fairly clear character analysis of them? I had nothing but this theory to go by."

I had to admit that she had more than struck the nail on the head.

Personally I should have liked to have gone on into the rat, the cow and the puppy-dog people, but time was flitting and all the ladies were rustling into their coats to go home. Miss French invited me to visit her at her apartment some time when we could really go into the theory of the thing in more detail. But I dont know. I've got a horrible hunch that I'd turn out to be something like a sand-crab and I'd rather be a Cat-lady with sex appeal.

By the way, have you a little of the cat in your make-up? Why dont you try the movies?

George Young, the boy who swam the Catalina channel and attributed the feat to the use of every kind of confections but Spearmint, is about to take his first dip in pictures.

The Paramount company plan to star him in a story built around his experiences in coming to California in the side-car of a motor-cycle and winning the $25,000 Wrigley prize.

Young was given a screen test by John Waters (not a pun), who said the boy showed ability. The youthful swimmer complained that the kleig lights hurt his eyes. It just may be that he wants to endorse an eye wash.

Behind Harold's Spectacles

(*Continued from page 25*)

Harold slapped down the receiver. "If we could only concoct stories now like Hal and I did in the old days! We used to take a cameraman and the cast to Westlake Park. We would sit on a bench and start talking story. 'What'll we do this time, Hal?' I would say. Hal would start the story, 'Well, a pretty girl and an old man are sitting here on the bench and you come along and eye the girl and she gets up and walks away with you. The old man protests and you push him in the lake.'

"We would take this scene and think up another to follow, and in four days we would have a picture made entirely around Westlake Park.

"Hal always had great ideas. I shall never forget the day he decided that directors wasted too much time making pictures. This is always the impression a newcomer has of the picture business. Hal thought time was squandered, and decided to prove to everyone that a picture could be made in one fifth the time that was now being taken. He made a two-reel comedy in a day and a night. The following day we screened it. There is no doubt that it holds the record for being the worst picture ever produced. It looked as if it had been photographed with a laundry wringer. That was the last time Hal complained over the time consumed by directors.

"But about this last picture . . .", said Harold, "Do you think I should have left the girl when I did or . . .

"What did you think about the opening shot? You know we weren't. . . ."

It isn't that Harold wishes to make you feel like the newly elected treasurer of the Harold Lloyd Corporation that prompts him to ask these questions. He's like a kid brother who has just made his first sailboat and wants everybody's opinions and suggestions. The barber, the butcher, the lawyer, the foreign visitor, the cook and the conductor must stand up under the same verbal assault. That may be the reason why everyone likes his pictures.

Within a few years Harold Lloyd will be financing and managing several companies of his own, if his present plans materialize. Edward Everett Horton has been signed by Lloyd and will appear in a series of comedy dramas for the Lloyd Corporation. Harold admitted that he intended to branch out as a producer. He said most of the productions would be comedies and comedy dramas.

I cannot understand why Harold Lloyd is ignored by the critics when it comes to passing out the genius wreaths.

It must be because Harold doesn't look the part. He hasn't the clothes, the hair, nor the wild temperament. If he could dramatize himself a little more and get away from the looks and mannerisms of us every-day Americans, then us every-day Americans might call him a genius.

Raymond Hatton must know by now that appearances count for nothing in Hollywood.

Ray was coming out of one of the Hollywood Legion fights the other night when he met his friend Leach Cross, a former ring champion.

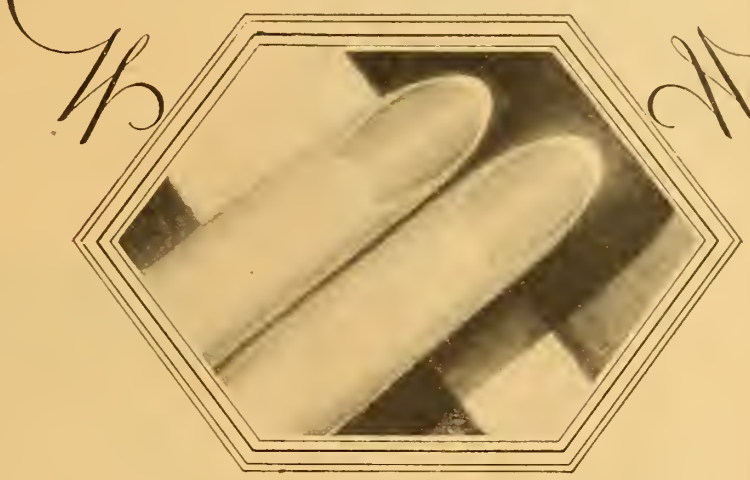
"Hello, Leach, how's everything?"

"Fine. Say, Ray, I want you to meet my friend," said Leach, taking Ray by the arm. "Hey, Tendler! Meet my pal. Ray Hatton."

"Oh sure!" replied Tendler, sticking out a mitt, "I'll give 'im a go."

"No, no, no," growled Leach. "This guy ain't a fighter. He's an actor."

THE NEW WAY
to Shape the Cuticle . .



This is the ideal nail. Note the lovely curve of the cuticle

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Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

THE THING TO DO

Your Trousseau

By

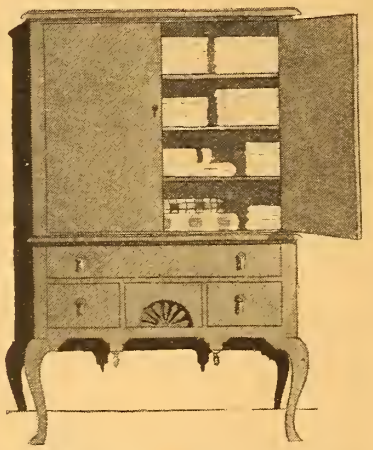
MRS. ANTONIO MORENO

Etiquette Editor

THERE is a great doubt in my mind as to whether or not it is possible to set forth any regulations regarding the trousseau, because of the fact that what might suit one girl would be, in all likelihood, wrong for another. Then again, so very much depends upon either her own or her parents' bank-account.

Technically speaking, a trousseau should consist of a full set of linen and silverware and enough personal wearing apparel to last an entire year. Quite a sizable order! However, no end of liberties can be taken with this technical definition and, to reduce the cost of your outfit to meet what you have to spend, is quite a proper and commendable act.

Unless you have a large sum to spend on your trousseau, to collect the right things in the best possible taste will take no little thought on the part of the bride-to-be. Sometimes in her eagerness to acquire "pretty things," the young girl will be carried away by some hopelessly ornate objects for which she will pay some exorbitant price. Perhaps it will be an elaborate table-cloth with insertions of imitation lace. Think twice before buying anything elaborate. Let your trousseau be marked by simplicity, and, so far as your pocketbook will permit, let quality rather than quantity be your guide. There is no greater thrill than that which the young bride feels when first she starts to entertain as a full-fledged matron, and her justifiable pride in the treasures she has so carefully accumulated is only comparable to that of a mother's for her first baby. Nothing, then, can be more pitiful and heartbreaking than the agonies necessarily experienced by just such a bride at the realization that her treasures are all wrong. Most of her things are much too elaborate for every-day use and all of the bright-colored "linen" luncheon sets have run in the first wash or turned to a sickly blue. Even her clothes seem gaudy, while that lovely tea gown, upon which she had squandered too many of her precious dollars, hangs still unworn in the closet. Such an occurrence as this is not mere exaggeration on my part, but is a true account of a real tragedy which I personally have observed not once but many times.



Technically speaking, a trousseau should consist of a full set of linen and silverware and enough personal wearing apparel to last an entire year. . . . And all linen should be marked with the bride's maiden initials

The quantity of a bride's linen and silverware is wholly dependent upon her parents' generosity and financial ability, for it is not customary for the groom or his family to contribute these essentials. Both linen and silver should be marked with her maiden initials, and, until she really has changed her name, it is not correct to use her future initials or monogram on any of the pre-nuptial gifts, tho quite an ex-

ception can be taken to this rule as regards her trunks and hand-bags.

The betrothal and preparation of a prospective bride's trousseau has, for countless ages thruout all the civilized countries and, for that matter, even among the savage tribes of the jungles, been attended by great ceremony and pomp. In comparison to some of these customs and rituals, our modern American trousseau becomes a thing of vast simplicity, and when we pause to think that most of our foreign sisters are set to work accumulating and personally making their trousseaux at the tender age of six, we can readily see how truly emancipated we are. In China, for instance, when a young girl becomes engaged, she automatically cuts herself off from all touch with the outer world and is forbidden to do so much as step forth from her house. Apparently, there is no eluding Dame Etiquette, not even in far-away China, for in this case, she has ruled it to be distinctly bad form for the future bride to be seen, not only by her fiancé, but by any member of his entire family. The Chinese are a great people for conventionality and lavishly expand themselves over a betrothal. In fact, this ceremony is considered so important that should one of the engaged couple have the misfortune to die, the festivities are in no way halted but carried forward to the very end.

Still another custom we have completely escaped is that of the dowry or "dot," which is nothing more or less than a certain sum of money settled upon the bride by her parents. A girl with a large dot need never fear the specter of dreaded spinsterhood, whereas, not to have one, is little short of tragic. Among the poorer classes of France, the dot is so necessary that at the birth of a daughter, the mother and father religiously put aside a certain sum expressly for this purpose, and in the country districts and provinces, rather than risk the possibility of losing a prospective husband for their child, it is quite customary to dispatch the maidens of the village on a house-to-house campaign in order to make up the deficiency. Confronted by such a problem as this should serve to make us all realize how very fortunate we are, and especially so when we comprehend that the dot is not only customary but regarded, in the greater majority of cases, as a religious duty.

On the other hand, we also have our limitations. In certain parts of India, a custom flourishes wherein it is quite the proper and delightful thing for the fiancé to donate the bridal gown, but under no conditions whatsoever can an American bride-to-be accept an article of clothing from her future husband. Providing he is able to do so, he can literally load her down with jewels and costly accessories but he must not think of giving her a fur coat. He could in all propriety purchase such a coat before his marriage and she might even try it on, but actually to wear it before starting upon the honeymoon would be to bring down a storm of criticism upon their innocent heads.

It is ridiculous to suppose that clothes can be bought that will not only endure a year but also remain in style, so, unless you are going to have your own income and consequently will not have to worry the life out of poor hubby for shopping money less than three months after marriage, then buy your wardrobe with a keen eye always cocked towards durability. In such countries as Sweden and Italy, an enormous chest is filled for the bride with dozens and dozens of her native dresses and undergarments . . . almost enough to last her a lifetime, and, tho the never-changing styles might seem to us a trifle monotonous, we will nevertheless have to admit

(*Continued on page* 121)

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

Not the faces known to Fame, but loveliness *unknown*-in city, town and hamlet—has made America the *Kingdom of Beautiful Women.*

It is the exquisite powder in *Tre-Jur* that keeps their charm forever fresh.

Face Powder
Four perfect shades
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Single - $1
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IT was a great artist who said, "Not in the perfect features but in their perfect *blend*, lies the thing called 'Charm'."

In Tre-Jur Compacts, is a powder that has won its way to fame—not only because its Quality is superb, but because in its *blend* lies Inspiration.

Here is a powder of ideal weight and substance, mating smoothly with the skin, unworried by wind or weather —*lasting—perfecting—unseen.*

Women admire Tre-Jur Compacts for their beauty—praise them for their fragrance—but inevitably choose them for their marvelous powder.

There's the "THINEST"—the "Purse-Size Twin"—the "Little One"—each a gem of convenience. We sketch them on this page.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.

"Twin" Compact
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It's on every lady's lips! Five inviting shades—one inviting price—*50c*

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Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream and other Angelus Beauty Preparations have also achieved a sensational vogue among leading women on the stage, screen and in society. And all these aids to exquisite youthfulness may be obtained at better drug and department stores everywhere.

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322 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Please send your generous sample tube of Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

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This picture of Gregory La Cava cost Richard Dix ten dollars. He said he would give that much to have a photograph of Gregory watching a scene being acted, because the emotions of all the players were registered on his directorial countenance. Ernest Bachrach heard Richard make this extravagant statement and snapped the picture

The Secrets Handwriting Tells

(*Continued from page* 20)

A lover of books, a man innately attracted to ancient history and to antique arts. Proud as Lucifer, too. See that inflated loop which he wants us to see as a capital "R." In that one sign Richard gives himself away. It's a pretty good sort of pride, tho; the kind which would die rather than show the white feather. Did he ever write on art, literature and science? If not, why not, Richard?

LON CHANEY. A strange, complicated, subtle nature, but not a thing morbid about it. On the contrary, the upward slant of the line of writing and the firm, curt and decisive underscore to the signature shows practical ability as almost the strongest element in this character. All the subtle and complicated elements of the nature are transferred to the mind. That is why this capable and painstaking actor performs so well rôles in which the impersonation is always at a high pitch and always—or usually of a character that is not normal. It is the effort of *understanding* the character, in the first place, which this writer likes. Having done that, it is not difficult to play it. This is a person, too, who has the talent for dealing in real estate and not being the last—and stung—man on the deal.

COLLEEN MOORE has special social talents. I do not believe that even the "daughter of a belted Earl" could disturb her cool resourcefulness. If we can say such a thing, in these days of democracy, here is essentially the high-born lady. I suppose that I am one of the very few in all this country who know practically nothing of the personal lives of famous people. I make it a business *not* to know, so that I need never have my opinions biased. So that I do not know where or how Colleen Moore was born, and that is beside the point, anyway. Nature's gentle people are born both in and out of palaces. She will dislike "society" functions, this writer, and yet move among them without knowing or realizing that a good many people find them mettle-trying. Extravagant? Oh, yes—but lot's of good judgment, too.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE. But for the fact that I know her to be a capable and brainy actress I would say that this was a woman of "high finance"; that she ought to be developing vast real-estate tracts—buying rare objects of art for collectors, organizing big business enterprises. Perhaps she does. Perhaps her more intimate public know that, but I do not. However, if she ever decides to leave the screen, I hope that she will seriously consider this suggestion—and as she is so level-headed and cool, maybe she can find the time and strength to do both.

NORMA TALMADGE. Here is "temperament" for you! The real thing, as genuine as the unconscious ardor of a bird. I am sure that this writer thinks herself untemperamental, too! For she is not coolly analytical. She cannot stand off and view Self. Every emotion that she feels runs thru mind and soul and body. Vitality, delicate and keen, vibrates thru her. The bigger and the more dramatic the rôle for her, the better. Incidentally (and this is not at all out of character) her other talent would be as a cook, entertainer, hostess—and for that reason she would run a perfectly scrumptious hotel. If I, hear that she has started one, I ex- there to live, if I can affor-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

suspect that I could not. Norma's sense of economy just isn't. She thinks in terms of several decimals.

EMIL JANNINGS has a lot of letter formations that would delight any graphologist; they are so definite, and so typical. He uses the cultured "g," which is really an "8," and the protective "A," which means that he is kind and friendly and that pity lies close to the surface in him. He has the angular formations which show that he is careful of the penny and the big capitals which show that he is proud and the gay "d" which shows that he has a sense of humor. Constructiveness—that's the outstanding talent. It might find expression in architecture as well as in the work for which he is now known. I wonder if he studied architecture at one time. I should not be surprised.

NORMA SHEARER. Constructiveness is shown here, too, and I have placed it beside that of Emil Jannings so that this fact can be clearer. The "N" is especially indicative of this fact. Women with this sort of handwriting are sometimes good interior decorators, sometimes draw and paint and always have an especially fine eye for good dressing. Norma is good-looking, anyway, but I am sure that she knows how to make the most of herself, too, and that she generally has that "knack" of making everything—from her hat, worn at just the right angle, to her house, furnished just right—appear just a bit better than it really is. Women are supposed to have this faculty, as a sex, but such is far from the fact.

JOHN GILBERT. Temperamental? Oh, my, yes; and then some. Of all these interesting folk that we have been inspecting so minutely, with the aid of the graphological microscope, here is the highly emotional person, who is also a good deal of a dreamer and yet somewhat sensuous and who has tremendous emotional reactions. *However*—let no one suppose that John can have his pocket picked, actually or metaphorically, because his head is sometimes in the clouds. A section of John remains quite alert, thank you, as to ordinary affairs. Lots of real-estate dealers have just this disposition!

LYA DE PUTTI has a "P" that would give one pause, even tho one were not a graphologist. There's self-confidence for you; there's pride and determination for you! Not a shrinking violet, either, is Lya, but a hard worker, a conscientious and a concentrated and aggressive worker. She has distinctly the dramatic temperament and a good deal of the eye for effect which is the high light of directorship. This is a field of work that is slowly but surely opening to women and I advise Miss de Putti to keep a weather eye on it.

POLA NEGRI here, as the last, we have a specimen of handwriting which has no surprise for us. Here is all the fire and passion, all the refined sensuousness, all the allure which is both exotic and deliberate, all the assertiveness which so paints this personality with the aura of the Chief Figure, no matter what the background, *so long* as it is the background of the emotions. It's a good thing Miss Negri is an actress. If she were not she would be sure to be some extreme thing; a Bolshevik, a high-class "confidence woman," a missionary to the wilds of Africa, a big-game hunter, a superb gambler. It's not often that such heavy pressure as this is found. As Dickens makes his *Cap'n Cuttle* too frequently noted: "When found, make a note on it." (That here is a human buzz-saw.

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Then buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Over a million jars used last year by beautiful women who care enough for their skin to care for it properly.

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Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven—Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you)—Use sweets sparingly—You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream—You can do your own facials—beauty treatments—at home—We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

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Ingram's American Blush Rouge • Hand Made • One Shade • For Any Maid - 50c

Their hair always in perfect order—right!

958 College Undergraduates

tell how they keep their hair in place

Clothes in the latest fashion. Hair always in place—*right* . . .

How *do* well-dressed college men and women meet this problem of unruly hair? That was what we wanted to find out. So we went all over the country. We actually talked to 958 college undergraduates. And we found:—

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All that, yes—and more! For Stacomb is actually beneficial. It keeps your hair in condition; helps to counteract dandruff.

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Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:—
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"Old Town Canoes"

By GERTRUDE DRISCOLL

Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Alden, Mary—playing in *The Joy Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Arthur, George K.—playing in *Rookies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *The Sunset Derby*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banks, Monty—playing in *A Perfect Gentleman*—Pathé production, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Banky, Vilma—playing in *King Harlequin*—Samuel Goldwyn production—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *The Beloved Rogue*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Patent Leather Kid*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Telephone Girl*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bellamy, Madge—playing in *The Telephone Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Bennett, Bell—playing in *The Man Who Forgot God*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *Black Ivory*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Mob*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Borden, Olive—playing in *The Joy Girl*—Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and Fifty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Rough House Rosie*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *The King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Underworld*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Knockout Riley*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Bronson, Betty—playing in *Ritzy*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brooks, Louise—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Special Delivery*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaney, Lon—playing in *The Unknown*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The New Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *On ze Boulevard*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *King Harlequin*—Samuel Goldwyn Prod.-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Conklin, Chester—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *Arizona Bound*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Woman on Trial*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Snappy Jane*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dane, Karl—playing in *Rookies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Señorita*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Carmen*—Edwin Carewe Prod., 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *All at Sea*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
De Putti, Lya—playing in *The Heart Thief*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Knockout Riley*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Dove, Billie—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release, *The Black Pirate*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Is Zat So*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Dearie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Karenina*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *12 Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Wind*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Grange, "Red"—playing in *A Fool's Chance*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Gray, Gilda—playing in *Cabaret*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Gray, Lawrence—playing in *The Telephone Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Raymond—playing in *Wedding Bells*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Spring Fever*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—playing in *Señorita*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hanson, Lars—playing in *Captain Salvation*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hines, Johnny—playing in *All Aboard*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—recently completed, *The Mysterious Rider*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Too Many Crooks*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Charles (Buck)—playing in *The Whispering Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Vanity*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *The General*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kerry, Norman—playing in *The Unknown*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *The Butter and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Beware of Widows*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
La Rocque, Rod—playing in *Resurrection*—Edwin Carewe Prod., 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—recently completed *The Kid Brother*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in the *King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—recently completed *Convoy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacLean, Douglas—playing in *See You Later*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
McAvoy, May—playing in *Irish Hearts*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
McGregor, Malcolm—playing in *Matinée Ladies*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *We're All Gamblers*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Evening Clothes*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *What Every Girl Should Know*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Mix, Tom—playing in *The Cowboy Vendetta*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in *Naughty, But Nice*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Moore, Tom—playing in *Cabaret*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Whirlwind of Youth*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *Mme. Pompadour*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Poor Nut*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Branding Iron*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Naldi, Nita—playing in *The Pralermizzi*—for a Viennese Co.
Negri, Pola—playing *The Woman on Trial*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *Lonely Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *We're All Gamblers*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—playing in *Becky*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *Lea Lyon*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *The Shop Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Night Bride*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—playing in *The Branding Iron*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Fashions for Women*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ralston, Jobyna—playing in *Special Delivery*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ray, Charles—playing in *The Flag Maker*—Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *The Climbers*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The Heart Thief*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *Diamonds in the Rough*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Starke, Pauline—playing in *Captain Salvation*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Lonely Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *Venus of Venice*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Terry, Alice—playing in *The Garden of Allah*—Rex Ingram Production, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Thomson, Fred—playing in *Silver Comes Thru*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *The Romantic Age*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Veidt, Conrad—playing in *Sea Lion*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Vidor, Florence—playing in *Afraid to Love*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Von Stroheim, Eric—planning to do *Glorifying the American Girl*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5541 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Walker, Johnny—playing in *Held by the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—playing in *Broadway Nights*—Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Windsor, Claire—playing in *The Bugle Call*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Resinol Soap wins professional favor

The effect of its Resinol properties brings warm praise from nurses

CRISP, immaculate, clear skinned and wholesome, trained nurses are quick to recognize real merit in a toilet requisite and to adopt its use when they find it produces comfort or other beneficial results. Resinol Soap has won their endorsement through its distinctive Resinol properties.

They realize at once that these Resinol ingredients make the luxuriant lather soothing as well as cleansing and help to keep the skin soft and natural. They freely express their satisfaction, and in their letters are such statements as:

"Has always been my preference because it has such a soothing feeling on the skin."

"Am delighted with the wonderful lather, and appreciate its healing qualities."

"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."

"Use it for my patients because it is so refreshing."

"As a cleansing agent, I like it very much."

Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap. Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Dept. 5-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.

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GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED
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Sensational Values!
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These Diamonds are finest quality, blue white gems, radiantly beautiful, set in Solid 18 karat White Gold mountings, artistically pierced and engraved. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request—order now!
CREDIT TERMS—Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment.
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Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON NO. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions, Gold filled 25-Year Case - - - - $55
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND, 21 Jewels, 8 Adj. Runs 40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Year Case - - - $55
17-Jewel Elgin No. 15
Green gold, Elgin watch, 25-year quality case; 12 size, gilt dial, $30; $3 down - - - $2.00 a month
Diamond Wedding Rings
In solid 18-k, white gold; 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50. In solid platinum with 3 Diamonds, $50; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; surrounded by Diamonds, $200.
No. 855 Ladies' Wrist Watch
Solid 14-k white goldcase, engraved, fancy wing ends, 15-Jewel movement, guaranteed, $30. $3.00 down - $3.00 a month
Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U.S.A.

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The Screen Sheik Is a Blessing to the Married Man

(*Continued from page* 30)

ducers portray it in their pictures? It is life, is it not? The screen and the stage are supposed to portray life. Why fool ourselves into thinking that we are not living in a jazz age? We are; and jazz pictures, so-called, are only in step with us. They do not shock me, and should not shock anyone.

"As a matter of fact," continued Darrow, "I think the picture industry is really a bit too backward about picturing life. Why the cry against picturing 'An American Tragedy' as it was written? That is a real portrayal of life as it is. It does not seem to be wanted on the screen. Why?

"The great trouble with the screen today is that there is too much censorship. The most interesting factors of life are barred by the censors. They cannot be used; even tho they are vital parts of our lives.

"And why this censorship? Why do we allow the barring of so many real elements of life from our pictures? Why are we forbidden the right of seeing on the screen what we meet face to face in our daily life? It is because a few prying individuals who make their living interfering in other people's private affairs are afraid their salaries will stop if pictures are allowed to go on unhampered by censorship.

"I am against a minority rule; and that is what we have controlling most of our pleasures today, especially in the matter of picture censorship. The great majority of the public does not want film censorship. But a mere handful of professional prohibitors are in close pursuit of their weekly or monthly pay checks.

"I do not want to quarrel with ministers except when they try to deprive me of that pleasure which I feel is coming to me on this earth. The ministers are constantly trying to stop the showing of pictures on Sundays. Why? Because they fear the picture houses will draw their congregations away from the churches.

"My answer is this. If the preachers will make their churches and their preachings as interesting as the films, then the picture houses will close on Sunday of their own accord. You do not see long lines of people outside of the churches waiting to get in. The reason is that the preachers do not furnish their congregations with that something that brings happiness into life, and which is found in pictures.

"And so, we have censorship boards and Sunday laws, all trying to throttle pictures. What is the matter with you motion picture people that you sit by and allow these things to go on?"

Mr. Darrow was fast warming up to his subject. He was seated quietly in a big easy chair in his suite in a New York hotel when the interview started. By now his eye flashed fire and he stood before the writer driving home his arguments with fist smashing into palm. Here was a true movie fan aroused and ready to do battle for the screen.

"Why dont you get up and fight?" he demanded. "Why do you allow a handful of men and women who do not know what real happiness is to rule you and your great industry? You stand for this censorship business?

"They say that the love scenes are shocking and harmful. I have been practising law for fifty years, and I have observed pretty closely in that time the great amount of domestic difficulties that crowd their way into the courts. Let me tell you, if there had been more pictures in the past I believe there would have been less domestic strife."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that motion pictures really make for greater marital happiness; that our great screen lovers

The company cook is as important as the star on location trips. And it is seldom that anyone is late for chow. This picture finds Jack Holt on the California desert when they were filming "The Mysterious Rider"

in their passionate scenes tend to make wives happier and less likely to stray far afield when they either imagine they are neglected by their husbands, or when they are neglected by husbands at home?"

"I certainly do," replied Darrow. "At the movies, when a passionate love scene is being shown in which a delectable blonde is being crushed to the broad chest of a handsome screen lover, the wife who thinks, and perhaps truly, that she is neglected by her husband, can and does mentally place herself in the position of the heroine. When the picture is over, she goes back home with a face wreathed in smiles and her heart many times pumping overtime.

"The chances are that she and her husband will not quarrel on her arrival. The picture has done her good; has revived romance which the daily task of earning a living has driven from the heart of her husband. In many cases these trips to the movies to watch her favorite screen lover emote without a doubt avert a scene at home which might be just another step toward a divorce court settlement.

"Under these circumstances these screen lovers are blessings to the husbands as well as the wives."

"But, the enemies of motion pictures declare these very scenes are the ones that should come out," I exclaimed. "They say these scenes are harmful, tend to put wrong thoughts into youthful heads, and have a tendency to disrupt the home."

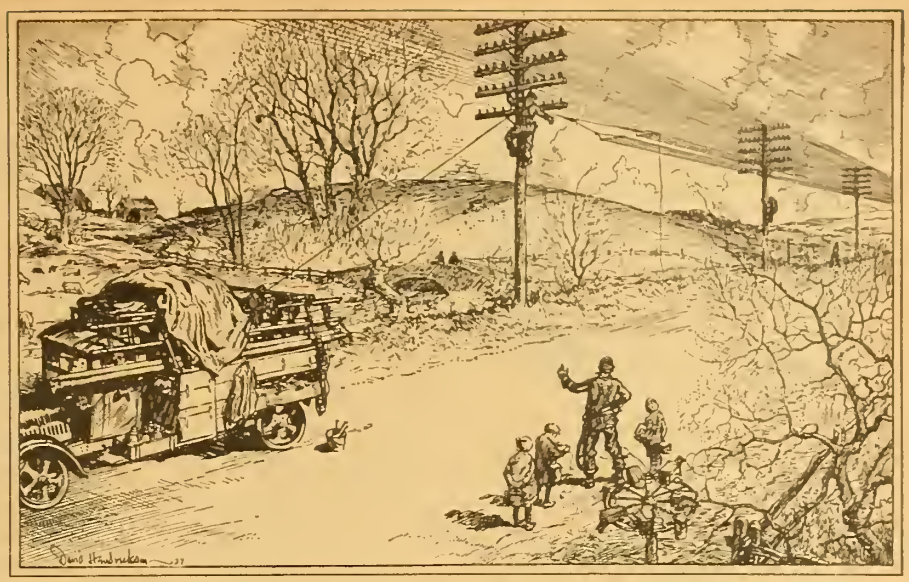
"That," said Mr. Darrow, "only shows the stupidity of those people. It is a good thing that we have pictures to take the wives out of the homes to places where they can find innocent amusement. Do you know there is nothing that will make for discontent and quarrels quite so much as being shut up together with some one person? Two people on a desert island will soon battle with each other. They get on each other's nerves. That is the way with a man and wife. They need to get apart now and then to better appreciate each other. The movies give the wives an innocent diversion and the screen lovers give them something of interest to take their minds from the humdrum existence which they may lead and give them a thrill that is harmless and helpful.

"And, again, it is not unusual for the husband to accompany the wife to the movies, either. And that helps.

"One of the splendid things about motion pictures is the fact that the admission cost is so low. I believe the cost is still too great. But pictures are available for all and there are millions of people for whom life would be pretty drab if there were no movies to give them an evening of relaxation and diversion. They would have to stay home and perhaps quarrel, because in the big cities the cost of the theater is almost prohibitive, while there are no theaters in the thousands of small towns and villages. The movie houses surely are a blessing to the world in general, and pictures are doing more than any other single factor in the way of promoting happiness today.

"For a few cents the entire family can go and see things that carry them far from their own drab existence. What a blessing that is. And yet, pictures are cursed with censorship.

"You know, there are a lot of people who have no business being on earth. They have been with us ever since the Puritans landed in New England. There they set up their homes and decreed that there should be nothing that would even tend to give joy and pleasure to anyone. There must be no theaters of any kind. Getting fun out of life to them was terrible. So



Communication for a Growing Nation

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

The first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

This growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended thirty-seven million dollars. In 1926 sixty-one million dollars. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.

Motion Picture Acting

Under Direction of George Currie, Formerly Principal of the Paramount Picture School, Inc.

Enrollments Received Now

COMMERCIAL SCREEN TESTS MADE

John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton
School of the Theatre and Dance
128-130 E. 58th St., N. Y.
Plaza 4524

Wrinkles Vanish

Look Years Younger

Women of 30 or over with children and household cares and a liking for "late hours" show no trace of age when using

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD and BUST DEVELOPER

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

Correct quickly the most common cause of wrinkles, crowsfeet and underdevelopment. The sure, safe, simple way of staying young and happy. Try them today. "Beauty Secrets" and FREE Trial Sample of both. Please enclose 10 cents for mailing.

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Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial Creme Brings Amazing New Results, or Your Money Back.

Whitens your skin | Smoothes out lines | Banishes freckles | Reduces pores

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such suberb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowsfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in **double size** jars at only $1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 5-M, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

MAIL NOW

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 5-M, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name_____

Address _____

a lot of Sunday blue laws were passed which have stuck ever since. In some towns in New England theaters are still barred.

"But, after a while down here in New York they decided on having a little fun and theaters were built. Then some of the New Englanders would sneak away and come to New York to indulge in a little sin. Imagine going to a theater as sin!

"It is that same spirit that causes censorship today in pictures. It should be wiped out. Movie houses should be allowed open on Sundays.

"I am a great booster of pictures. The picture makers are doing the best they can today under the circumstances. But there is a still greater future ahead. The day is coming when pictures will take the place of many text-books and education will be aided vastly. More real portrayal of life must be allowed in the future. Love, hate, tragedy, comedy and all of the human emotions must be permitted on the screen. They are vital parts of life and should shock none. I am for pictures and the portrayal of life, no matter what the censors say."

So there, Mr. and Mrs. Critic of pictures, is a very large mouthful from one of the greatest minds of America. There, Mrs. Housewife, is a suggestion. If you are of the opinion that your husband is a bit neglectful in show of affection, just adjourn to a movie house and watch your favorite actor—and, if possible, take friend husband. Perhaps when it is over and you return home, a marital rift that might have proved serious will have been averted by the work of a screen lover.

You never can tell, as Bernard Shaw's waiter said.

Prize-Winning Last Lines for Limericks Published in March Magazine

When Jackie Logan indulges in chaff,
She makes certain of getting a laugh;
  By augmenting her jokes,
  With some ticklish pokes
Just watch the bust "busting" in half.

ASHLEY N. CHANDLER,
Toledo, Ohio.

John T. Murray is thrifty, you see,
He will not pay an oculist's fee;
  He says nothing surpasses
  His iron-rimmed glasses
They're a "grate" aid to economy.

MRS. C. E. JONES,
Oak Park, Ill.

Tho French phrases are crowding her brain,
Joan will say "Oo la la!" quite in vain;
  If she always bedecks
  Her nose with these specs
Harold Lloyd will be suing that Jane.

MRS. R. N. WHEELER,
Norwalk, O.

Clara's last name should not have been Bow.
Of her mouth it's descriptive, I know,
  But her legs!—they belie it,
  Refute and deny it,
They're causing "calf" love, high and low.

H. PERRIN DAMON,
Allston, Mass.

Most Ducks Fall for Blondes

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It was contributed by John Bristol, Vernal, Utah.

Announcing the Winners in the "Crazy Quilt" Contest

(*Continued from page* 8)

beauties, of strange harmonies, of kaleidoscopic fascinations—a crazy quilt.

So "Crazy Quilt" is a fitting title for this story. Judith, picked up by chance, plunged suddenly into the most fascinating and maddening profession in the world, must piece together her own part in this monstrous crazy quilt, this medley of human shreds and patches of life, of dabs and splashes of color from all times and all lands.

Here is a little of everything from life—little snips and scraps from other lives, maladjustments, biased lines and straight, curves and slants, mismating, chills and fevers of emotions, tears, laughter, illusions, disillusionments, dreams and visions, sordid realities and remorses, ecstasies and torments; bits of rest, work, play; one life crowding against another, shutting out some of its beauty but, perhaps, adding to its fitness and perfecting its meaning.

Here is life: vivid, radiant, alluring, compelling—sordid, dingy, revolting, impossible—A CRAZY QUILT.

Miss V. Levy

A story is written, and we who read it find our heart-strings throbbing, our feelings going out in sympathy to each character. It is a human story—not with one specific villain, and one hero, and one heroine—but with each character like any other mortal, with good and bad, humor and kindness, and perhaps some little selfish conceits in him; people whom we understand and in whom we are vitally interested.

And does not the story of their lives resemble a patchwork, such as our grandmothers made? The living kaleidoscope moves before our mental eye, a vision conjured up by the purposeful words of the author. The bright, happy pieces of success; the somber ones of hard work; the dull, marring ones of sorrow and humiliation, the slender threads of human destinies woven into one intricate pattern by the hands of Fate.

Such is the story, "Crazy Quilt," and what more appropriate title could it have?

Miss Gloria M. Wall

I think "Crazy Quilt" is an excellent title for this story, because, inasmuch as it takes all sorts and shapes of fabric to complete a crazy quilt, just so various characters

(*Continued on page* 99)

A New Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder—and so Thin!

Norida, the sensation of yesterday! The new, *Thin* Norida—doubly the sensation of today!

All the wonderful features retained—plus, the new, patented bottom that opens at the touch of a tiny spring. Refill it—then snap it shut!

As precious as your loveliest jewels—this *Thin-as-a-Watch* Norida! Securely enclosing your favorite loose powder—yielding the desired amount at the slightest turn of the silvered powder plate—always safe from sifting or spilling. Truly, the most ingenious and useful vanitie in the world.

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At All Toilet Goods Counters

Norida

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Goodness means such a standard of uniformity that the billionth or the trillionth Camel is sure to be just as good as the first. It means the honesty, the truthfulness, the sincerity of purpose to make and keep Camel the leader—the cigarette most preferred by the greatest number.

Have a Camel!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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The Miracle Woman

(*Continued from page* 53)

all wanted to know as much as I did. And as I have been putting into practice since yesterday the things that she told me, I feel that I am already a changed person. In twenty-four hours perhaps you will be, too.

"When I was thirty," said Fannie Ward, "I looked forty. I was on the stage and my manager said, 'I'm afraid you're too old for this next play, tho it is a part that you could do awfully well. After all, you are getting on.'"

"'Getting on!' at thirty. Not only that, but I *actually felt* middle-aged. Settled. Old. I was going with older people. I had a middle-aged outlook on things. That manager woke me up. He will never know how much his cutting remark did for me. I determined that minute not to be old until I had to. Now I have found I dont have to for a long while.

"The first thing I did was to reduce. Fat is the greatest foe that a woman can have! It adds not only apparent but real age. You cant get around well if you are too fat. You take the biggest chair and you'd rather sit than move round. If fat gets to your brain, you are gone.

"I didn't exercise. I dont exercise now. But I did diet and I learned to take care of myself. Women neglect themselves fearfully. I used to. I dont any more. I have my face massaged frequently and have developed my own method which I have used with success on other women, too. Mary Garden is one of my newest pupils. I have had Mary for four months and I adore her. She has lost pounds and years under my régime."

"Tell me what you do," I asked. "Not just theory, but what do you *really* do to stay young?"

"First of all, I dont eat any breakfast. Not one bite! All I have in the morning is a cup of coffee and ice,—but the ice is for my face."

"Ice every morning?" I asked.

Fannie Ward's bright head nodded.

"Every morning. My ice brought to me as regularly as my coffee and I never do without either one, whether I am at home or traveling. I rub the ice right into my skin. I do this while I am looking over my morning papers. Five or ten minutes at the most. Ice is the best muscle hardener I know. It is the greatest beautifier. I dont know a woman who couldn't take five minutes for icing her face in the morning."

"Go on," I said. "What after that?"

"Well, I eat very little bread. Most women eat too much. I'd advise cutting out bread as an important step in establishing a 'back to youth' régime."

"Do you eat everything else?" I wanted to know.

"Everything except red meat," said Miss Ward. "Years ago a famous Viennese doctor told me not to eat it."

For luncheon, Miss Ward delights in turkey or chicken hash. She likes creamed things, too, and is awfully fond of sea food. With this she usually has a sweet. The day I had luncheon with her we had the richest sort of pastry, combined with strawberries and thick cream, and Fannie Ward ate it with the eagerness of a girl of twelve. Her luncheon usually consists of only two things—a rather hearty luncheon dish and a sweet. For dinner she eats what she likes—minus the forbidden articles—and frequently she eats again late at night.

I asked Miss Ward if she liked candy and she nodded.

"I eat it whenever I want to," she said, "and that isn't at all infrequently. I dont eat sugar, tho, in its regular form—but of course I get enough sweets in desserts and candy."

Fannie Ward's advice to girls of eighteen who still have youth is to keep away from too many cocktails—and not to use up too much energy. She likes parties and late hours, altho she admits she never sleeps after eight in the morning.

Fannie Ward manages a beauty shop, is spending most of her winter in vaudeville, has entire charge of her home and its servants, goes to parties and dances galore—and still looks under twenty. Of course I dont see how she does it in spite of her rules of youth. She puts cold-cream on her face every night and advises its use. She uses make-up in the daytime, about as much as a college freshman, I should say. She believes in massage, and in hardening the facial muscles, but she doesn't believe in pulling them out of shape.

"What do you think of facial surgery?" I asked her. There are those who say that Miss Ward has had facial operations.

"I believe in it when it is absolutely necessary," she told me. "There are hundreds of women, however, who can regain ten or fifteen years of youth without the necessity of the knife—and who wouldn't be helped nearly as much by the knife as they would by sensible things—by diet, and by ice and by strengthening their facial muscles. I have seen women who have undoubtedly profited by facial operations, but I have known others. . . . There is a famous beauty—an actress who, a few years ago, was a universal favorite. She felt her beauty waning and had a facial operation. Today she is tragic in appearance. The operation was a failure—a personality disappeared from our stage and a woman was robbed of years of happiness. Most women dont need facial surgery. They could do a lot for themselves without it."

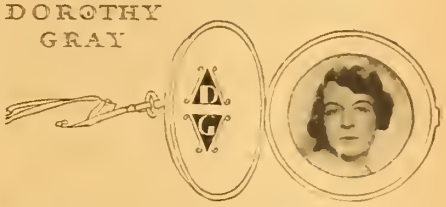
There is something more to Fannie Ward's conquering of youth than diet and facial muscular development. Perhaps it is that Fannie Ward has a spirit of youth that is as unconquerable as a flame and that shines thru the alabaster of things material. When that goes, who can tell? Fannie Ward looks at life with humor, with hardness—and yet with sympathy, too. She told me of a story she had read in a newspaper where an old woman "of over seventy" had been arrested because she was sitting on a park bench all alone. Her people had turned her out. A tragedy of age.

"That's why we all dread getting old," said Fannie Ward, "why youth is the greatest thing. Age, when no one cares, when we are friendless—thrust out by those who should care for us. . . ."

And I thought of Conrad's "Youth" and those immortal lines: "Our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, that while it is accepted is already gone—has passed unseen in a sigh, in a flash—together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions." Has Fannie Ward kept "the romance of illusion"—or, some place behind her youth, is there an acceptance of fate, of age? Can we stay young as long as we *think* that we are young? Perhaps. Even so, that, too, must go. You can play tricks on Father Time, but in the end he will get all of us—the youngest—even Fannie Ward.

Not stereotyped "Prettiness" . . . but CONTROLLED LOVELINESS *of every feature . .*

DOROTHY GRAY



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Created for Mary Philbin Universal Star

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 47)

Is it true that Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky are traveling under aliases again!

AMONG the other walkouts this month are Hoot Gibson, who wants Universal to give him bigger and better Westerns; Clarence Badger, who refused to direct Bebe Daniels in "Señorita" because he didn't approve of the story; and May McAvoy, who positively declines to be co-starred with Irene Rich in "The Climbers," and wishes her name withdrawn from the cast unless she alone is featured.

IN Germany an invention has been made which may have far-reaching effects on motion picture photography. It is a film so highly sensitized that interior scenes can be photographed with normal lighting and exterior night scenes with ordinary night lighting. The device was tested in Berlin when scenes were taken of a cabaret with ordinary lighting, and came out as clear as those taken with the usual Kleigs and other studio lights. Night scenes in the streets of Berlin were so clear that automobile license numbers could be read and the faces of people in street-cars clearly distinguished. Fritz Kaufmann, a film director, has made similar experiments in Paris, and intends to use the film for his next studio picture. It would do away with the tremendous cost of present studio lighting apparatus. And would make work before the camera much more comfortable for the stars—*especially* in summer.

MARCEL DE SANO, who directed "The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" among other things, has left Metro-Goldwyn. Marcel was to have directed "The Ordeal" with Lon Chaney, but when he found Greta Garbo was in the cast and would be expected to fall in love with Lon, he thought that was too terribly incongruous, and refused to direct it. But leaving Metro-Goldwyn didn't cause Mr. De Sano a single qualm, for he at once signed up with Samuel Goldwyn, and will direct Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in the picture to follow "King Harlequinade."

MARY PICKFORD couldn't find a story to suit her, so she wrote one herself. That is, she is receiving credit for the authorship of "The Show Girls," which will be her next picture.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY has organized a stock company, which includes every player under contract with them, except the stars. The object seems to be to develop the screen possibilities of every one of their players to the fullest extent. Whenever any of these potential stars, who are quite numberless, are not busy on the Lasky lot they will be lent to other companies, and so have a chance continually to improve and develop themselves.

And we cant see how all that differs in the least from the situation which already existed for these players.

DORIS KENYON is on her way back to New York, where she will devote herself to recuperating from the intestinal influenza from which she's been suffering for many months. Her illness delayed her marriage to Milton Sills, overtook her again on her honeymoon, and now is interfering with her picture work. So the only thing to do, Doris decided, was to call off everything and concentrate on getting cured.

MAE MURRAY may not have done so badly for herself after all. Everyone felt rather dubious about Mae's prospects when she split with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but now she is negotiating with British National Pictures for a one-year contract. If it goes thru, Mae will be starred in three pictures to be directed by E. A. Dupont, who fled to England after his recent disagreement with Universal. That would be very clever of Mae. But now everyone is dubious about Mr. Dupont's prospects.

NATACHA RAMBOVA, who I need hardly add was Rudolph Valentino's wife, is a most versatile young woman. She seems able to express herself artistically thru any medium. After trying her skill as a dancer, a designer, and a moving-picture actress and director, she has turned to the speaking stage. Just at present she's the reason why a deep-dyed crook goes straight in "Set a Thief," a mystery play that is very popular on Broadway.

IF you believe that bill-boards count for nothing in an actor's life, you are wrong. Rod La Roque is suing Cecil B. De Mille because his contract with De Mille states that his name shall appear in type equal in size to that of the picture. It is also revealed in the proceedings that Rod's salary calls for a sliding scale ranging from $2,500 to $6,000 weekly. A couple of weeks like that and they could use my name on the inside of foot plasters if they liked.

ELINOR GLYN is to write tragedy. Having written everything there is to write about sex, and more recently a bit of satirical comedy, the Madam has decided to go in for the Hamlet stuff. There is ample material for her pen in Hollywood. "The Flops of Filmdom" would be a good title for the first picture.

OVER $1,500 worth of wardrobe was stolen from Laura La Plante's dressing-room. Quick, Watson! The Needle! It might have dropped thru a crack in the sidewalk. Laura hasn't worn much lately.

Louise Fazenda is making plans to film the life of Sarah Bernhardt. She will make her own picture if Warners' refuse to do it for her. I hope she doesn't exclude the milk-bath sequence.

Adolphe Menjou is building a new home in Hollywood. No, he is not planning to marry. Merely got tired of living on a street with a permanent sewer ditch down one side.

Harry Langdon is to make "The Butter and Egg Man" into film form. Speaking of groceries, this opus should make plenty of sugar.

"The Romance of the U. S. Mail" is to be Warner Brothers' big epic for the coming year with Monte Blue in the leading rôle. Cant understand where there is any romance in a mail-bag. Not unless you open a love letter, and that's a penitentiary offense. Let's hope the picture isn't.

Richard Barthelmess broke a bone in his foot while playing tennis. The doctors prescribed four weeks in a hospital bed. Dick obeys his physicians and keeps on working, for his present picture calls for four weeks in a hospital bed.

Edmund Lowe has dropped the lace collar drama for good. After his sensational hit in "What Price Glory" as the hard-boiled *Sergeant Quirt*, he has been cast as one of the pugs in "Is Zat So?"

John Gilbert tipped over in his car while returning from a week-end trip with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart. Many screams but no broken bones.

Pola Negri bought a château in Paris two years ago. Hasn't seen it since then except

(*Continued on page* 111)

Come Into the Kitchen

(*Continued from page 65*)

efficiency kitchen. Stove, table and cabinets must be arranged in relation to each other. In half an hour the average experienced housewife can figure out on paper where the kitchen furnishings should be, and even the amateur housewife can learn in just a little while how to arrange her own kitchen if she will put her mind to it.

In building a new house, dont have too large a kitchen. You will get along far more easily and quickly with a small one. However, most of us do not have the privilege of building new houses, nor the privilege of making ideal kitchens. We have to make over from material already on hand. Even with kitchens, this is easy enough to do if we want to do it.

Every kitchen should have cross ventilation, if possible. This cross ventilation can be achieved by windows on opposite or adjoining walls. This is convenient in a house, but in an apartment it is an almost unknown luxury. However, in most apartments, the dumb-waiter may be utilized to furnish cross ventilation. Keep your dumb-waiter door up when you are cooking a dinner, and open your window, too, and you will be amazed how soon the kitchen odors will disappear. Of course, in a home where cross ventilation is possible, this difficulty does not arise.

Walls, then, next. Luckily, the brown-and-green kitchen is relegated to the past. Tinted walls are no longer considered necessary in order that the kitchen might stay clean. On the contrary, most folks now regard their kitchen as a laboratory and insist on spick-and-span walls.

Perhaps the perfect kitchen walls are of tile. These can never wear out, are the simplest things in the world to clean, reflect every bit of light and are ideal as kitchen wall coverings. However, most of us cannot afford tile kitchen walls, altho they are being introduced into many modern homes.

Next to tile walls, I would recommend water-proof paint. Shiny, gloss-finished paint, covered with a coat of enamel, is a most satisfactory covering for a kitchen wall. This can be washed innumerable times, reflects light almost as well as does tile and has many years of wear.

White kitchens are now accepted all over as the regulation kitchen color. In the majority of cases I agree that white kitchens are best. They give a spick-and-span look that nothing else can give. A kitchen with shiny white walls is a joy to behold, and food prepared in such a kitchen is apt to seem far more appetizing than food cooked in dingier surroundings. However, white kitchens aren't at all necessary, and if you dont like them you can get charming effects by having your kitchen walls of another color. Even with white walls, you may introduce other colors so as to get charming color effects. It isn't at all necessary to have a one-color kitchen just because your walls are white.

One of the loveliest kitchens I have ever seen had a Spanish effect. The owner is an artistic woman who is famous for her cooking. Her kitchen is just off of her huge studio living-room and her guests love to visit it. Her walls are painted a brilliant light yellow and the paint is water-proof so that it can be washed just as well as if the walls were white. In one corner she has put up little three-corner shelves, and these are edged with a brilliant red-orange. Most of her other kitchen shelves are all yellow, but on some of them she has introduced a touch of orange by the addition of oilcloth which she has cut out in an amusing design and which hangs about three inches over the edge of the shelves. On her corner shelves, which give the effect of a cabinet, she has put bits of brilliant Spanish pottery. This pottery introduces yellow, henna, blue and green.

At her windows she has gingham in these same colors, hung straight and narrow. She has procured some odd copper cooking utensils and these, polished until they are brilliant, hang from nails at intervals on the wall. There is a brass samovar on the table and this is used at her informal Sunday teas. The bright yellow walls, the gay pottery, the copper, give an effect of the Old World to a very modern kitchen and make this kitchen one of the most charming rooms in a lovely home.

Another bride I know loves yellow but doesn't care for a Spanish kitchen. She has kept her walls white, but has introduced yellow as a secondary color. She saved all sorts of tins, coffee cans, spice jars and the like, until she had a full set. She gave these a coat of yellow paint and then lettered them in black to show their contents. She uses a bright yellow oilcloth for her shelves and for her kitchen table—she hasn't one of the new sanitary top tables just at present—and at her windows are yellow-and-white checked gingham. On her floor is a tan-and-white linoleum, the tan of such a warm color that it blends in with the yellow. The effect is original and pleasing—and decidedly fresh and clean-looking.

Blue-and-white kitchens are more usual, but are always good. Blue-and-white linoleum makes almost an ideal floor covering, and in one of the well-known diagonal checks it is among the most satisfactory of floor coverings that you could possibly choose for the modern kitchen. With this you could have all-white walls and shelves, or you could introduce blue oilcloth as a shelf covering. For your window you could use blue-and-white checked gingham, or white with a design worked out very simply in blue-and-white cross-stitch. If you didn't want such elaborate curtains as a cross-stitch indicates, a pleasing kitchen curtain is made of white with a plain hem, and the hemming is done with a brilliant blue wool which adds just a touch of color. You could add checked towels to complete your color scheme.

The red-and-white kitchen is startling and attractive too. Here red-and-white linoleum is used in a tile pattern. A red edge is painted on the shelves and red-and-white checked gingham completes your color scheme.

Built-in furniture in kitchens is always desirable. The more shelf-room you have, the better. The ideal kitchen today, it seems to me, has metal kitchen cabinets with baked-on enamel as a finish. This metal furniture is lasting and durable and is no trouble at all to keep clean. It is made in many sizes and shapes so that it fits in with the average need.

If you cannot afford the metal cabinets, which are quite expensive, wood cabinets are next best and are satisfactory in every way. I would have cabinets with wood doors below and glass doors above, with a convenient shelf to be used for the serving and preparing of dishes. Few homes have separate pantries these days and the newer homes are disregarding pantries altogether. You dont need pantries if you have sufficient built-in furniture with shelves at the right height.

If possible, I would have a broom closet in my kitchen. This can be just an ordinary closet or one of the specially built closets made for this purpose which fit into

(*Continued on page 122*)

Caruso's

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W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
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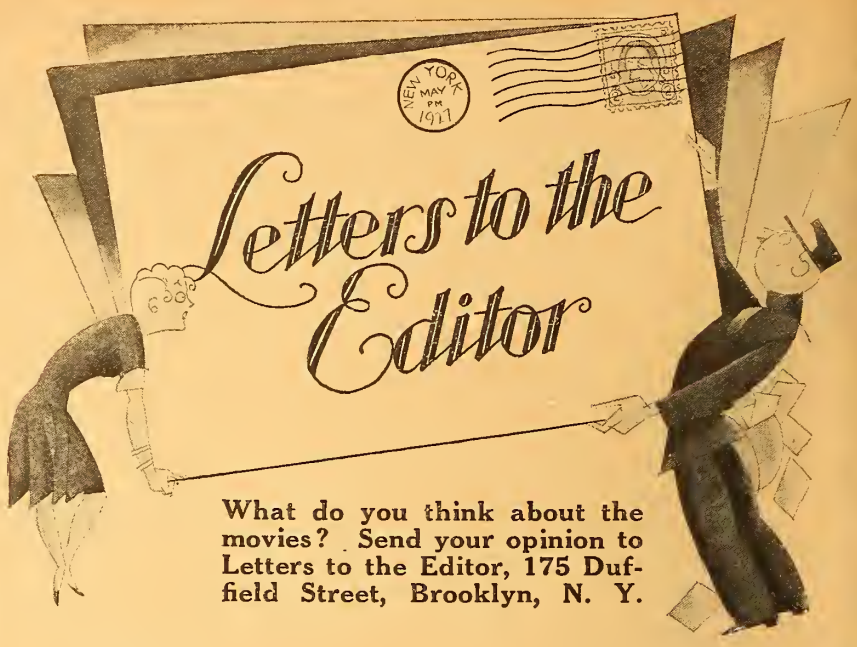

What do you think about the movies? Send your opinion to Letters to the Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Fatuous Public

THIS is not a direct "kick" against the movies, but it is a kick against the moviegoing Public. To me, the way that the Public literally worship at the Stars' feet, is absolutely ridiculous. I happened to be in Atlantic City during the Movie Convention there and the publicity given in newspapers, posters, to say nothing of the Public, was absurd. Some persons actually waited around the station the entire day just to catch a glimpse of their "idols." And what are the "idols," merely dressed-up dolls, paid extra well to amuse the Public. and, when the fickle Public are no longer amused, then the one-time "idol" is "done for." Do not think that I am a grouch or do not care for movies. On the contrary; for I see almost every picture, but I do think that if the American Public would cease being so enraged and insulted over some slighting remark they may hear about a Star and give some of their emotion and energy to the really worthwhile things to be done in our country, I think that it would be a more beneficial plan all around, both for the "Stars" and for the Public.

Sincerely yours,
ARLENE GOLDBERG,
1132 Central Avenue,
Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

To my way of thinking, there is entirely too much "Hokum" in the movies.

To illustrate my point!

I saw a very humorous picture called "Subway Sadie" at a local theater recently.

I said it contained humor and it did—plenty of it—until the last part and then it transformed into a tragedy.

Why; oh, why, did Jack Mulhall turn out to be a rich man's son working from the bottom up when we were all filled up with the nice, simple, sweet romance of the two.

In real life we do not find it so. Rich men do not marry poor girls. They do not even associate with one another.

Directors, please do not put rich men working as subway guards. Rich men, if they do work at all, are working in offices in nice comfortable chairs, dressed in the latest of fashions and not in a uniform such as Jack Mulhall sported.

What the "American Public" wants today is more real true-to-life stories, stories which do not give a false conception of life as it is lived by the working middle class, which, after all, is the class which has put the country where it is today.

CAROLYN R. SMITH,
New London, Connecticut.

Upstage

THE movies are beginning to put on parvenu airs. Like all the newly rich, in other walks of life, they sneer at the aristocracy when that aristocracy is of no practical use to them. In this case, the nobility is represented by those distinguished and really skilled members of the profession which was old before the movies were young—the artists of the legitimate stage.

Not more than ten years ago producers were using every means to tempt legitimate stars into moving pictures; and when they succeeded, they in some cases well-nigh ruined the stage careers of such stars as Nazimova and perhaps Elsie Ferguson.

And now John Barrymore is said to have been won over permanently to the shadow stage.

He kicks aside the ladder by which he climbed to success. And why, except for monetary reasons?

In an "industry" where men can be taken from athletic fields and admiringly hailed as real stars, girls without training pitchforked into leading parts, and productions made avowedly for the sales clerks and saleswomen of the Middle West, not for "educated Philadelphians," see *Saturday Evening Post!* The descendants of the Drews are out of place.

S. C. WATSON,
1026 Frazier, W. Phila.

An Extra's Lament

I WENT to see "Fascinating Youth." At first I thought that the "Stars"—God save the name—were trying to be funny, but finally I came to the conclusion that the poor things were really trying to act.

I dont know what Mr. Lasky's motive was in creating the Paramount school of acting, but if it was to make 1. ovie actors he sure made an awful mess of things.

In introducing the picture, Mr. Lasky stated that the Paramount school was the result of the constant demand for new screen faces. You might mean well,

Mr. Lasky, but if the faces that appeared in "Fascinating Youth" are the new ones, we will be good and satisfy ourselves with the old ones. And let me add, if Mr. Lasky is really seeking talent, he wont have to send cameramen all over the country making screen tests of all the tea-hounds and flappers. He wont have to go any farther than the very gates of his studio. Many of the big stars came from the extra ranks, many came from the stage and other places, but I have never heard of one coming from a school of acting, amen.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH T. ALTO-BELLIS,
4—4th Street, South,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Really a Vamp

IN a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE, there was a short comment and joke to the effect that Lillian Gish was to play *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Naturally, there would have to be a joke following that statement, for so many people think of Lillian as she has been pictured for the last few years.

However, I remember the time, back in the old Fine Arts days, when Lillian played a frisky chorus girl. The name of the picture was "Diane of the Follies," and, as *Diane*, Lillian smoked, drank, vamped her husband, and carried on generally. I did love Lillian in those days. She was so versatile, playing all different types. But ever since "Hearts of the World," she has seemed to fall into that saintly, meek-and-mild heroine that has become so popular.

But just the same, I do wish Lillian would do a throwback and play *Lorelei*, the delicious little gold-digger, and I'll wager anything that if Lillian once threw off the shackles, she could do it in a way to make Lubitsch yearn to direct her.

Sincerely,
ROSE PALONSKY,
628—4th Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

Mae Hasn't Left

JUST a few words of comment on the recent acting of one of my used-to-be favorites. Mae Murray in "Valencia." Why, oh why, couldn't Mae Murray leave the screen with at least one good impression left for her fans? At least "The Merry Widow" was worth seeing, but where would she have been even in that picture if it hadn't been for John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy? I do not blame Lloyd Hughes at all for that picture, as I am sure that he did the best he could, taking all things into consideration. If she is flattering him, by having him as her leading man, I wish she would think of his future career and leave him alone. If that is what she calls acting, we had better change the word "pretense" to "acting" in the dictionary.

Roy D'Arcy may be called "The Man Who Laughs Like a Hyena," but at any rate he saved that picture. If he had not been included in that cast, we would never have seen the ending of "Valencia."

(Miss) LEE WITKIN,
Denver, Colorado.

These Modest Americans

WHOEVER says that foreign moving pictures are better than ours is making a big mistake and I should like to correct it. Having been abroad lately and going to the cinemas about twice a week, I obtained a fairly good idea of what they are like. In Germany and France the pic-

(*Continued on page* 98)

The health and beauty of the hair

depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. **For straight hair—men, women, children**—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence.

Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine

Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden **you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.**

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make **folks turn a second time to look at you** in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good

For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents

an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

TARKROOT

Improves Facial Contour

THIS SIMPLE WAY TO HAVE

Eyes that speak!

The beauty of eyes is really the beauty of lashes. If your lashes look long and luxuriant, your eyes have a charm that thrills. For it is the frame of dark lashes that gives to your eyes the fairy play of lights and shadows.

Make your lashes appear longer and thicker merely by darkening your lashes with WINX, the waterproof liquid. Applied with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly, is harmless, and will not rub or smear. At Drug or Department stores or by mail. Black or brown, 75c. WINXETTE (cake form) black or brown, 50c. U S. or Canada.

OFFER /

To prove the merits of WINX, mail the coupon with 12c. for a generous sample. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT moist Rouge—waterproof too!

ROSS CO., 242-E WEST 17th STREET, NEW YORK

Enclosed are 12c. for a sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

WINX Waterproof

Eyes like the Stars

FAMOUS stars of stage and screen in Europe and America use Rimmel's Cosmetique in preference to other eyelash or brow beautifiers. There is a reason, of course! Rimmel's frames your eyes with long luxuriant lashes—without that unwanted "made-up" appearance, bringing you new beauty—truly fascinating. And—it is absolutely harmless. Insist on Rimmel's.

In black or brown at Drug or Dept. Stores —or send one dollar to Scales & Lisner, Inc., Importers, 1 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

RIMMEL'S
Cosmetique
MADE IN FRANCE SINCE 1834

"She's a Septic!"

Many women want to be, deserve to be, and *could* be far more popular than is their lot. Doctors know why. So do nurses. They call such cases *septics.*

To remedy obnoxious body odors and bad breath, you must recognize their cause. The trouble is deep-seated. Frankly, in the colon. Semi-constipation makes millions of systems septic. The bowels may move every day, but all the waste is not eliminated. The matter that remains poisons the blood, and permeates the perspiration. It taints the breath. *Nature is signaling her need of a little calcium.*

Calcium works wonders in one's appearance, too. With the inner system sweet and clean, the complexion clears most marvelously. Eyes brighten. Teeth whiten. The tongue is no longer coated, even on arising. And you never need take another harsh cathartic.

Perhaps you are septic, and don't know it. Try a tiny bit of calcium, and see! It may make all the difference in the world. Leave harsh, habit-forming cathartics alone. You never need them if you take an occasional calcium tablet.

Free five-day test of calcium is yours for the asking. Nearly every drug store has Stuart's calcium wafers, but a box will be sent you complimentary, postpaid, if you address F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. C380, Marshall, Mich.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

tures were lengthy—full of murders, robberies and homely women, that got you nowhere, and left you wondering why in the world they were ever produced. Of course, there are some German films which excel even our own, but these are few and far between.

In England we saw some rather good ones—yes—they were made in America. And that reminds me of a funny incident. We happened to be conversing with an Englishman about the United States, and he said: "What we cant forgive you Americans for is the rotten pictures you send over to us." Whereupon a young damsel of our native country replied: "But what we love is the way you gobble them up!"

I agree, as almost everyone does, that we do put out thousands of pictures known as common or garden junk. However, our "junk" is so far superior to the European "junk" that we need never worry about being surpassed in the motion picture industry.

Sincerely,
JESSIE KAHLES,
9312 219th Street,
Queens, New York.

Self-defense

EVERY fair-minded man recognizes the start that America has had in producing films, and we here in England gladly acclaim the good ones. But we do object to the third-rate sex-stuff dramas foisted upon us; stories without an idea, with an overworked plot, and "acted" (?) by actors and actresses who seem to have one stock expression to portray emotion—a sort of mingled boredom and bewilderment. The other evening, I saw a picture, "Out of the Storm," featuring Jacqueline Logan. And would you believe it, the leading man, when within ten minutes of the electric chair, looked well fed and well groomed, but awfully perplexed and bored! Compare Lya de Putti when she learns that Jannings has killed his rival! Another thing that strikes me in American screen pictures is the similarity of types. All the women seem cast in one mould.

Now, for another grouch: It may not be generally known that Great Britain is producing some good pictures (the sisters Gish have been doing some lately), but one never hears of these pictures being exhibited in the States. There *must* absolutely be reciprocity. I know that Americans would like to see good British pictures produced by Britishers who know their business. So let the American public be fair and *demand* to see these pictures.

EDWARD HODGSON,
13 Grosvenor Place,
North Shields, England.

Maiden's Prayer

JUST a few words I want to get off my chest.

Producers are yelling for better comedy. Have they never heard of P. G. Wodehouse?

Rex Ingram should come home and get a little pork-and-beans atmosphere. He needs it. "Mare Nostrum" was a big flop.

Why not release a few good old-timers. "The White Rose," "Scaramouche" and "The White Sister," etc.

Please let John Gilbert remain "Jimmer Appersonish" not "His Hourish."

Give Bill Haines some more like "Brown of Harvard."

Someone please lynch Dorothy Mackaill.

Now I feel better. Thank you!

Yours truly,
GLADYS LA BELLE,
1213 9th Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Announcing the Winners in the "Crazy Quilt" Contest

(*Continued from page* 90)

weave their designs to fill in the pattern of the really interesting drama.

Judith, of course, constitutes the central figure around which the other players revolve. The husband, Landis, Letty, and last but by no means least, Lillian, work out their parts by solving Judith's greatest problem, and thus cover the main space in the quilt.

Threaded thru this pattern, and woven around it, is a finer and more delicate one—the subtle tracery of Judith's character. Numerous small pieces of various shapes and colors, contributed mostly by little incidents of no importance in themselves, but vital in the qualities of mind which they convey, go towards the completion of this inner design. Her thoughtfulness of others, her humble opinion of self and her patient efforts to mend the broken vessel of her marriage, are the sum total of these.

The story is so closely hung together that the omission of one character or incident would spoil the whole quilt. What would we do without the astute Lillian? And, yet her design was apparently only odd little pieces, here and there, in the corners.

Mrs. A. R. Buck

With no small effort I reserved the reading of "Crazy Quilt" until I had the entire six copies added to my MOTION PICTURE collection. Now I have just finished it, and it surely tugs at your heart-strings.

I am a housewife—and a mother—and I have made crazy quilts out of the little pieces that accumulate year after year. I have combined light with dark and with half-way between colors, stitched together with threads of different hue, and I have woven into each quilt the memories that came, unbidden, at the sight of every piece.

"Crazy Quilt" is indeed a fitting name and the best title, in my opinion, for Adele Ormiston's wonderful story.

Life *is* a crazy quilt when we stop to reflect. Not, of course, "crazy" in the sense the word is largely used—but, in the living of sad days and glad days, of dark years and glowing, bright ones, all in our collection of hours and days and years that make a lifetime. Judith Tower's life can surely be applied to this.

Birth—and childhood—and we live our lives in whatever niche that Destiny (or shall we call it Fate?) allots us. For some a colorless quilt; for others, one of gay, bright tints. And for still others, gladness with tears—joy with heartache. Their quilt or life, as Judith Tower's was, is indeed strikingly patterned, with light and dark, laughter and tears, combined in such a manner that they make up a crazy quilt—a life.

Mrs. Mary Gould

There are no fewer or other words in the English language that could express more adequately and fully than just "Crazy Quilt" this particular story, because the average life of a prominent motion picture actor or actress is so vitally and completely different from the prosaic existence led by the majority of people whose life is regular, safe, and uneventful, year in and year out.

The greatest difference between the lives of actors and the average person is in the extreme contrasts of all their experiences.

(*Continued on page* 120)

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publications witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public

Yours...The Loveliest Marcel Imaginable

Just 30 minutes—once a week—at home

BE FREE—free from slavery to your hair, from the tyranny of the hot iron, the expense of the beauty shop, the inconvenient "appointments"

OF course, you're weary of your unceasing slavery to your hair. You are sick of the endless round of beauty shop appointments, the indifferent operators, the difficulty of appointments, the disastrous results of hot irons, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense.

But, more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble, if they can afford the money, to keep their hair constantly waved, then I must, too." And you go the weary round again.

End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining, "beauty shop" habit

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately and permanently free from all the nuisance of hot iron marcels, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn't mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkempt locks. Far from it!

A More Beautiful Marcel Than You Have Ever Known

You can have the most gloriously waved hair you have ever had—a coiffure of smooth, loose, becoming waves framing your face, showing off your hair in all the beauty of its natural lustre, giving new grace to your shapely head. *Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers once a week—at home—gives you this marcel of unbelievable loveliness.*

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

You know how appallingly your waving expense mounts up. The Maison Marcellers save all this expense and worry. Just the price of a marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new hat or frock.

Be the Envy of All Your Friends

Think how your friends will envy you your constant good grooming! Think what a reputation you will earn for unfailing smartness, with hair never straggly and unkempt, but always in the loveliest of soft, becoming waves!

It Waves While You Dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you dress, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in a wave as utterly charming as the one pictured above. Does it sound too good to be true? Let your mirror decide. It will prove the almost unbelievable wonder of the Maison Marceller results.

Bring Back Your Hair's Natural Beauty

No matter how ruined your hair has been by previous waving methods, your Maison Marcellers give it a chance to regain its own soft, silky lustre.

Once you are freed from the tyranny of hot irons that burn, break and discolor the hair and dry the scalp, the hot blast of water-wave "setting" that makes the hair so dry and brittle, or other waving method that takes out all the life and lustre, and makes the hair harsh and kinky, your hair begins to return to health and vigor.

Ideal for Any Type of Hair—Any Arrangement

It doesn't matter how you wear your hair, in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part, the Maison Marcellers give it the correct line for that style. And it doesn't matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—you will have a wave that is utterly lovely.

You can marcel your whole head, or you can simply reset the difficult side locks or a few unruly strands in the back. You can sleep with the Maison Marcellers on, if you want. They are made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

A Wonderful Offer—For a Limited Time

We know that the quickest, surest way to give this revolutionary new invention complete supremacy over all other waving methods is to place it in the hands of women who will use it. Their enthusiastic endorsement will give this new device country-wide popularity in record time. That is why we are making this special, limited-time offer: *A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only $2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.*

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon.

MAISON De BEAUTE
124 W. Illinois Street **Chicago, Illinois**

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 109, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a perfectly defined wave in my hair, I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State. . . . . .

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin **50¢**

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

GRAY or FADED HAIR Unnecessary

NOW THAT B. PAUL'S HENNA SO QUICKLY RESTORES NATURAL COLOR

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair USE B. PAUL'S HENNA

Try this wonderful hair coloring, see what an amazing beautifying transformation it will bring about in your appearance. Easily restores the desired natural color to your hair in **ONE BRIEF APPLICATION.** Absolutely permanent. This safe, harmless Henna-Herb preparation, prepared 12 years by Mon. B. Paul, French hair coloring specialist. Not affected by waving, oils, tonics, shampoos. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. **14 shades. Blonde to black. $1.60. White Henna for lightening blonde hair grown dark $2.25. Free Advice and Booklet.**

B. PAUL, Dept. 2-A., 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

FREE beauty advice

Send for my FREE booklet which tells you how in a few days to eliminate and correct coarse pores, blackheads, wrinkles, pimples, freckles, excessive skin oiliness and other complexion blemishes. Also gives expert advice on how to make hair beautiful, and how to develop or reduce. *Results guaranteed.* Send for the booklet TODAY. Send no money.

Lucille Young Suite 12-65 Lucille Young Bldg. **Chicago**

The Girl With One Dress

(*Continued from page 39*)

Synopsis of First Chapter of THE GIRL WITH ONE DRESS

Jolette Jeffreys leaves her small-town home in Kentucky and goes to New York, with the hope of getting into the movies. When her money has almost given out, she gets an offer from a producer to go to Hollywood and work as a double for Elsie Britten, a big star whom she resembles. On reaching Hollywood, she is rejected by Elsie Britten, who is jealous of her youth and beauty. She is stranded there with no work and practically no money. She applies for extra work at the Perfection Studio, where Irma Rimaldi, a writer and director, is to begin work on her new picture as soon as she returns from Palm Beach. Jolette is turned away from the studio, but meets Oswald Downing, middle-aged husband of Irma Rimaldi and a financial power in the movie world. She endures his attentions, hoping he can get her a job. He invites her to dine at his house by the sea, and in desperation she accepts, willing to risk anything for a job. She wears her only good dress, a silver evening gown. During dinner she realizes she cannot get help from Downing without paying for it. He makes a bargain with her, and she decides a picture career is worth any sacrifice, but when he begins to make love to her, she is repelled. In the struggle that follows, she shoves Downing violently, his head strikes against a heavy table and she realizes she has killed him. She knows she will not be able to prove it was done accidentally, in self-defense, and as she is planning how to get away, Irma Rimaldi enters. Jolette pleads with her to keep silent, and Irma understands that Jolette didn't murder her husband, but says that if she should let Jolette go, she would be suspected herself, as it is common knowledge that she and her husband were unfriendly.

"Maybe they've forgotten you, and stopped for a little dance at 'The Pirate Galleon,'" suggested a second voice, not quite so attractive. 'That's where *we're* bound. My friend's just over from England. Perhaps you spotted that from his accent, and his not addressing in proper form as 'chicken' or 'baby.' Wouldn't you like to go with us to the 'Pirate,' and look for your friends? I bet they're there, and if not, how about a few dances and a bite to eat?"

"Thank you, no," Jolette answered again. "I want very much—to get home."

"Look here, Ashley," said the first man, on an impulse, "let's take the lady home, if she's willing. I dont care a tuppenny damn about your old Pirate's den or whatever you call it. Besides, I'm finding out I'm a bit fagged myself after that journey all the way from New York. Let's change our minds. What?" He turned to Jolette, still sitting motionless as a silver image on the fallen log. "My name's Jim Belden. I've come out here to play in a film. You may have heard of me. If you have, you wont think I'm one of those bounders who try to take advantage of girls when they're in a sort of hole. At least, I hope you wont! Anyhow, I'm *not!*"

"I have heard of you," said Jolette.

He was very kind. He was very handsome too, in a dark, attractive way, the girl thought quickly. No wonder he had made such a success on the screen! Altogether, behold the ideal rescuing knight for a romantic girl! Nevertheless Jolette would have walked a dozen miles instead of seven, and on bare, bleeding feet, rather than to have been seen tonight by this man. She couldn't even make up a "good story," as Irma had advised her to do, unless he asked her questions, and he didn't seem inclined to do that.

"This is my friend, Baynes Ashley," Sir James Belden went on. "We met in France in 1918, and now that I've come over here, he's more than paying me back for the few little things I tried to do for him on leave once in old Blighty. He's begun already to show me the sights, you see. But tomorrow is also a day! You say you want to go home. Well, it will be wise for us to do the same. So, now you know who we are, you needn't be afraid to accept a lift. Your friends cant expect you to wait all night by the side of the road."

The man appeared to take it for granted that she would be reasonable. Jolette tried with all her might to think of some new excuse, but her brain felt weary, empty of ideas. And her body was weary too! —how weary, she had begun to realize only when she sat down to take off the spoiled silver shoes.

The name of Baynes Ashley was familiar to everyone who read the "Society" page of the Los Angeles Sunday papers. He was always mentioned there as "that rich and popular young bachelor, Baynes Ashley," or "the millionaire yachtsman and sportsman." As a rule, he hadn't much to do with the moving-picture colony at Hollywood, tho sometimes he "took up" a pretty girl, "a new screen face," on its way already to success. Ashley was called a "jolly chap" by most people; but it was said by those who wanted *him* but whom *he* didn't want, that he was at heart a "first-class snob." If that were true, it was like him to "grab" Sir Jimmy Belden on his first day in California. Jolette had seen Ashley's photographs in the papers, but now she thought they flattered him. He had a fattish, self-satisfied face, with eyes that showed pale as gooseberries in the lights of his automobile and of the moon. She would almost have disliked him in any case, she was sure; but she hated him for the way in which he had invited her to the notorious "Pirate Galleon." Because the car was his car, she was all the more reluctant to accept a seat in it. But wouldn't she make herself more conspicuous and memorable than she was, if she refused with no good pretext for refusing?

Still, she protested a little. "I dont want to make you turn back when you were going out to amuse yourselves."

"Someone has remarked, 'Life would be tolerable but for its pleasures'; and that's my view at the moment," said Belden, "if an all-night cabaret is one of the pleasures. You agree with me, dont you, Ash?"

"Certainly, now I've seen Miss—Miss—

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er——" Ashley began to bid for the girl's name.

Jolette thought very fast. She'd lost every hope of obtaining a chance at the Perfection Studio, as Oswald Downing was dead; and Irma Rimaldi had given all the help she was likely to give. If by some wild stroke of luck she could escape from Hollywood where she had come with such high hopes, she would disappear—go home, or somewhere else, and drop the name of Jeffreys which she had adopted for the screen. "I shall never meet either of these men again, for I must get away somehow, if I have to steal a ride on a freight-train," she told herself. "So it cant do any harm to use a false name tonight."

"Miss Robinson," she said, "Janet Robinson."

"Well, Miss Robinson," Baynes Ashley caught her eyes, "Sir Jimmy Belden and I both feel, now we've seen you, that we'll find more pleasure in escorting you home, than we'd have found at the 'Pirate Galleon.'"

Jolette glanced at Belden, and saw that he frowned. She guessed that he was privately cursing his friend for this speech, and would have liked to explain away the meaning she might have taken from it. But evidently he decided that to do so would only make things worse.

"And where *is* home?" went on Ashley.

Jolette lived in a boarding-house, in a shady side street off Hawthorne Avenue, and in it there was room for several Robinsons, to say nothing of Smiths; so she dared to mention the number and name. It would have been even more daring to give a wrong address, for Baynes Ashley might suspect, and keep his automobile waiting to see if "Miss Robinson" attempted to sneak away from the door at which she had been left.

The car was a big limousine, and tho Ashley remained at the steering-wheel, Belden had already got out to talk to the girl. Now he helped her into the back seat. She somehow knew, when he took once more his place beside his friend, that he did so out of consideration for her, not because he wouldn't have liked to sit beside a pretty girl on the journey home. She liked him for that! And she liked him altogether, tho she continued to wish they had not met, and might never meet again!

Now and then Baynes Ashley threw a flattering look, and a few words, over his shoulder as he drove. But Belden did not speak or turn. The set of his shoulders said (or Jolette imagined it), "You are in trouble, and the best way to show sympathy is not to worry you. So that's that!"

The girl was grateful to him.

At last they turned into Hawthorne Avenue, in the heart of Hollywood, and then into the quiet street shaded by pepper-trees, which "Janet Robinson" had named. In front of the number she had named Ashley brought his smart car to a stop. Then, in a flash Jolette remembered that the latch-key she had been reluctantly lent, was in her vanity bag. And the vanity bag had been stuffed into a lining pocket of the silvery cloak she had left behind at the Downing bungalow.

CHAPTER V

"HAVE you got a key?" asked Belden, who had jumped out to give the girl a hand.

"I—had one, but it—I've left—I mean, lost it," the girl stammered.

Both men must have guessed already that she had not gone out from this prim mansion in evening dress without a cloak, and their minds must have sprung to the

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Virginia Valli still dares to have birthdays. She celebrated one while she was working with Adolphe Menjou in "Evening Clothes." The company presented her with a birthday cake on which they discreetly placed a single candle. Luther Reed, the director, and his assistant, Richard Blaydon, are on the left. On the right are David Le Mir, a technical director, and Al Rosson, cameraman

conclusion that where the cloak was, there was the missing key also. She felt that, if Ashley had been alone, he would have made some joke about the absence of cloak and key; but Belden said quickly: "Well, then we must ring. Unless they leave the door unlocked for late comers?"

"They dont," answered Jolette. And, suddenly, she was more miserable than ever, with a new anxiety on top of all her troubles.

She was not a favorite of Mrs. Broome, the proprietress. That was partly because she had been too great a favorite with Mr. Broome, until a severe snub to that gentleman had turned both against her; partly because her lack of success and funds were shrewdly suspected by the landlady. Altogether, Mrs. Broome was only waiting for an excuse to ask for her room. Jolette was horribly afraid that this affair would be the wanted excuse! Besides, if Mrs. Broome came down to open the door, she was quite likely to pronounce aloud the name of Jeffreys, whereupon Miss Janet Robinson would be revealed as the fraud she was.

Jolette walked up the short path that parted two patches of lawn, Belden by her side. "I'll ring," he offered; but the girl turned on him a pair of pleading eyes. "You've been awfully good," she said, in a low tone, not to be overheard by the amused and grinning Ashley. "Wont you do something else very kind for me? It is, to go and leave me now. Make Mr. Ashley drive away. I'd rather! I've a good reason. Please."

"Certainly, if you wish," Belden answered. "But I must say, I do it under protest, for I'd like to see you thru this business."

"No—no," urged Jolette, for Belden had already given the electric bell a long, firm push, before the girl had had time to collect her wits and put in her plea. "Do go!"

But it was too late. A window over the front door (Mrs. Broome's window) flew up. The action was so quick that the lady must have leapt out of bed to look at the car drawing up in front of her house, even before it had stopped.

"Is that you, Miss Jeffreys?" sharply challenged a figure that hid its dishabille in discreet shadow.

"The worst has happened now!" thought Jolette. But she was mistaken. It was still to come.

"No," answered the nice voice of Jimmy Belden. "It is Miss Robinson. Her friends asked us to bring her home, and she lost her key."

"For the land's sake!" snapped Mrs. Broome. "If that ain't the limit, calling herself Robinson when she's got the cheek to come back with a couple of strange men, from the Lord knows where, this hour of the night. We've got no Miss Robinson staying in this house. Jolette Jeffreys, if you ain't ashamed of yourself you ought to be. It was bad enough making love to married men who wanted to have nothing to do with you—and under their wives' own roof! But now you must come breezing along this brazen way, and think to be let into a respectable house, as if nothing had happened. Well, you can think again. You wont get in unless you and these two toughs who've brought you, break my door down. And if you do that I'll ring the police and have you all three locked up in jail. Go away, Miss Jeffreys Robinson, and send for your clothes in the morning, with the money for this week's board."

Down went the window with a slam. And tho this episode was a pale nothing compared with the terrible adventure at the bungalow, to Jolette at that moment, it seemed equally black in horror.

"What a brute!" exclaimed Belden. "I believe I *will* break her beastly door down! If *I* do it, no one can touch you! But no—that's not much good. If she came down herself now, and begged to give you the house as a gift, you couldn't take it!"

"*Some* Xantippe!" called out Baynes Ashley, thoroly enjoying the situation.

"I suppose you've got plenty of friends in Hollywood," said Belden. "You must let us drive you to a house where human

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beings live, and see that you're welcomed and not misunderstood. I should say, if you want to go to law, you've got a good case against that woman—refusing to let you in at one o'clock at night."

"That's why she wont let me in, because it is one o'clock," Jolette half laughed, half sobbed, on the edge of hysterics. "That and—and—my pretending my name was Robinson——"

"There I was to blame!" broke in Belden, distressed. "Why shouldn't you say your name was anything you liked—Brown, Jones *or* Robinson? It wasn't our business anyhow. I feel the whole thing is my fault. I ought—but well, I'm hanged if I know *what* I ought to have done!"

"Nothing would have made any difference," said Jolette. "I see that now. She hated me, and was just waiting to get rid of me when she could. Well, I gave her a chance that's all."

"Her husband, if she's got one, ought to do the *Bill Sykes* act on her!" growled Belden. "But from what she said, I suppose he——"

"He was *horrid;* lots younger than she is. He works sometimes as an extra man in the movies," Jolette explained when Belden paused, afraid of stepping too heavily on delicate ground. "I haven't one single friend I can ask to take me in tonight. I wonder if—if it would be any use trying at some quiet little hotel?"

Belden wondered too. He knew nothing about customs in California, but it occurred to him that a beautiful girl in evening dress, with spoiled slippers and no cloak, would hardly be a welcome hotel guest. "I think we'd better consult Ashley. He'll know what they—er—what they're like here."

By this time Baynes Ashley had decided that, unless he wished to offend Sir James Belden, he had better "go slow" with this pretty young person for the moment. Belden had fallen hard for the girl, and no wonder, for a man from the other side, unaccustomed to the dazzling galaxy of Hollywood stars, who simply blazed beauty, when their war paint was on. This chicken was certainly a stunner, but she couldn't be anyone in particular, or she would never have got herself into such a scrape as this, and above all, she wouldn't have been living in a cheap boarding-house. So far as he was concerned, a little fun with her wasn't worth risking Belden's friendship for. But she was darned pretty, and perhaps a bit mysterious, giving the name of Robinson when she had a lot nicer one of her own—Jeffreys.

Later on, when Belden should begin work at the studio on the new film in which he would be the much-advertised star, he would probably forget all about this baby, and do as other stars did: make love to the leading lady, who happened to be Colette Lennane, a beauty and a "sure-fire" vamp, who seldom missed her aim. Baynes' time with this Jolette Jeffreys would come after that, in case he wished to give the girl a rush then. Meanwhile he would do the friendly act. Yes, that was the stuff for him at present! And he had just made up his mind to "work along this line" when Belden brought Jolette back to the open door of the big limousine.

"No 'nice quiet little hotel' would look at you, I am afraid, in the circumstances," was his judgment. "It's got to be something on the grand scale, a place where I'm the Big Noise, and can vouch for you. We can cook up a story all right—easy as Irma Rimaldi tosses off one of hers, with a film to follow! Tomorrow morning'll do to send over to this old She Shark for your glad rags, so you won't have to stick around in your room, or else buy a whole

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new outfit. Yes, that's the right idea, my kids! Hop into the 'bus, you two, and I'll spin you along to a good old hotel, where my name's not exactly mud."

"Hold on a minute, and let's think this out," said Belden, who had seen Jolette's face of alarm. He realized that she had a hidden worry not easy to confide to strangers, and he shrewdly surmised that it wasn't unconnected with finance.

If Miss Jeffreys (Jolette Jeffreys! pretty name, and suited her somehow) owed money to this old cat of a boarding-house keeper, she could whistle for her clothes until the bill was paid. And it seemed to Belden that she wasn't a girl who would smile prettily and let a man, or a couple of men, met by accident at midnight, settle her debt.

He could almost read in her eyes—wonderfully beautiful eyes!—the frightened question she asked herself: "How am I going to pay for a room at an expensive hotel?"

The very fact that she'd been living at a second- or third-rate boarding-house with a virago for a landlady, proved that money, or the lack of it, was a big factor in Miss Jeffreys' daily life. Also it proved that she was not what Baynes Ashley called a "gold-digger"; for such a girl could dig plenty of gold without much trouble to herself if she wanted to.

Actually he didn't dare suggest a loan and he hoped Baynes wouldn't! He must give Baynes a quick hint if he started in on any such line! But—they couldn't stand there in front of that beastly boarding-house all night. Soon there would be a face at every window, if there wasn't already, behind a convenient curtain.

They must make up their minds, one way or another. But *what* way? What on earth was to be done with the poor little girl?

CHAPTER VI

SUDDENLY Belden had an inspiration. But it was an inspiration at Baynes Ashley's expense!

He was staying with Baynes. It was a long standing invitation. Baynes had met him at the Santa Fé station in Los Angeles, with this rich-looking automobile of his, and had motored him to a bungalow on a hill above Hollywood.

If in passing along the boulevards and streets on the way Belden hadn't seen hundreds of other incredibly beautiful bungalows, he would have thought this low-built, pinky golden, Spanish-Mexican house in a garden with half a dozen different views, something entirely unique on earth. But anyhow, it was a good deal of a dream, and so convenient inside that there was nothing left to wish for; a bath and little private parlor attached to each bedroom, to say nothing of a covered loggia sort of thing on which, Baynes had announced, your breakfast was served to you by a Japanese servant.

Already Belden had had one of these delightful brown creatures assigned to him, and the whole household, it seemed, was run by efficient little men who preferred Hollywood to Japan. Baynes appeared to be fond of his place and a little proud of it. What would he say——? Well, it would never occur to him to propose the thing himself, or he'd have done it already. So there it *was!*

"I say, Ash, you'll think I've got the cheek of the devil, I'm afraid," Belden began. "But look here, we cant take Miss Rob—Miss Jeffreys to a big hotel at this time of night, we two men, and she without even a cloak, and get away with any sort of story, without risk of doing her

harm. I was wondering—er—suppose you and I turned out of that beauteous bungalow of yours—just for this one night, you know, and let her sleep there—what?"

"Gee, my boy, you've got a head!" exclaimed Ashley. "That's what we'll do! I suppose the same idea would have broken in my bean sooner or later. We'll shoot up to West Winds in two shakes of a cat's tail. I'll explain to my little major domo man, and have him throw a few things into a couple of grips for us—also look out the necessaries for Miss—er—Jeffreys. There's a spare room she can have. Say—I suppose we really *must* turn out? We couldn't just stay quietly in our part of the house and——"

"No.. Afraid it wouldn't do in the circumstances, old top," said Belden. "You see, this old hag of the boarding-house may——"

"You're darned old-fashioned, for these days," regretted Baynes. "But what can one expect from effete Europe? However, as you say, we want to be on the safe side, and it's all right so far as I'm concerned. Only too delighted, I'm sure, to help! And if the lady accepts our humble offer . . ."

"The lady will accept," Belden cut him short. "She will realize it's the best thing. We'll be seen hanging around the Ambassador or wherever we go, far away from your place, and——"

"Come along then!" broke in Baynes Ashley, resigned. He would get back his own out of this, some day, he vowed, to pay himself back for all the bother he was being put to for Belden's silly scruple, and for the sake of an unknown girl who was probably a "prune" in spite of her looks!

Jolette felt hypnotized. She made no protest, for she had no alternative to suggest, unless she begged them to take her to the workhouse—if Hollywood had such a resort!—or to leave her walking the streets for the rest of the night.

Baynes Ashley drove his car swiftly thru a few sleeping, moonlit streets, along a boulevard, thru more streets again, and up a gentle hill. Then they swept thru open gates, round a snake of a road that twisted along the slopes of a flowery lawn: and for the second time that night a Japanese servant ushered her into a luxurious bungalow. By now, the first time began to seem like a horrible dream: and she would not let herself dwell on the thought that there would be no waking up from it—no waking tomorrow morning to say, "It's not true, thank God! It *didn't* happen!" No such happy waking for her, ever. Oh, she must not think of that any more tonight.

Nono, whom Ashley jokingly called his major domo, had prepared sandwiches and champagne in case, by some wild chance, a road-house de luxe had not satisfied his master and guest with food and drink. Strangely, the "wild chance" had occurred; and there was a second guest—a woman.

Her presence surprised Nono not at all. It was not unusual for lovely ladies to return with Mr. Baynes Ashley at any hour of the night or day. But what did surprise him was his master's plan to leave the house clear for this girl guest. Such a thing had never happened before, and Nono could see no object in its happening now!

However, masters are made to be obeyed. Nono found for the lady certain supplies not difficult to find in this happy-go-lucky bachelor household; a filmy chiffon nightgown, a kimono of blue silk embroidered with roses (one of a selection suitable to blondes), slippers to match; rouge, powder, perfumes, scented soap and even a new toothbrush.

"Nono will send our valets to us. You wont see them and they wont see you," Ashley promised, under Belden's approving eyes. "Nono will bring breakfast to the little sitting-room you'll find opening off your other room: more private for you

The Meusel brothers . . . Bob, of the Yankees, and "Irish," of the Giants, were like two fish out of water in the movie studios. So Sally O'Neil showed them what to do with a stick of grease-paint. This summer you can see them on the screen in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," as well as on the baseball diamond

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If she had been in a different mood, she would have laughed, or been shocked, according to her mood, in her beautiful room when the men had gone, at the perfection and detail of the "supplies." As it was, her brain felt bludgeoned. She bathed, not only to rid herself of the dust from her long tramp, and the ache of her blistered feet, but to wash away the dark stain of memory. There had been no blood on her hands, not a single drop had she found on her silver dress, yet her soul seemed drenched with it.

"I shan't sleep," she said to herself, in the soft bed with its lavender-scented linen. "How can I ever sleep again?" Yet in less than ten minutes she fell into a stupor almost as deep as if she had been drugged. She lay without moving, breathing so quietly that no one who listened could have heard those breaths.

Somewhere in the house a sweetly chiming clock struck two, and at that moment something moved on the balcony outside the open window of Jolette Jeffrey's room.

It often happens that a man in trying to befriend a woman only adds to her difficulties. . . . What effect does Sir Jimmy Belden have on Jolette's life?

See the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *for the enthralling third instalment.*

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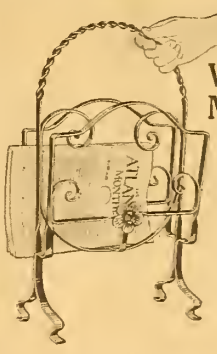

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P. & A.

Before starting work on "The Garden of Eden," her first production under her new United Artists contract, Corinne Griffith determined to see the world. So she went traveling. This snap-shot finds her and her husband, Walter Morosco, in Rome

Fashions and Studio Gossip

(*Continued from page* 59)

COLORS most popular are: BLUE, "honey-" or yellow-beige, rose, and rose-mauve; black is, as always, exceedingly smart, and white—DULL white—is most popular of all for evening. Black and white is used frequently for sports models.

COLOR COMBINATIONS are one of the keys to this year's mode. Two shades of one color are oftenest seen, or contrasting colors, no more than two, are harmoniously combined.

HATS: The most outstanding note in the spring hats is the almost entire absence of brim. Reboux sponsors a wider, irregular brim for sports wear, practically all others are SMALLER THAN EVER BEFORE and may be likened to skull-caps. Variety is obtained by the use of such oddities as the point in back, and the manner of cutting the front to conform to one's "bob." If a side-part is becoming, a one-sided effect may be used; if a bang, the straight or slightly circular line is used in front. In other words, hats are being made to look as little as possible like *hats*, and as much as possible like one's own head, "bob" and all.

The "aviator" cap is so very popular that it will very probably be killed by its own popularity. No really smart woman will wear a model that becomes too common. However, the closely molded head-line and ear-tabs are very becoming.

Such severity of outline is ONLY for the woman with slender neck and well-shaped head. For those who have the courage and wisdom to turn "thumbs down" on these fascinating but perilous caps there are the soft-crowned hats of felt or grosgrain, loosely draped or tucked and offering intriguing brims cut in jagged lines or ripples.

The newest material offered so far is a finely woven straw called "baku" or "bacoup" and is almost exactly like linen. With these hats, as with felts, one often sees two-toned bands of grosgrain.

One other feature of the spring hat, both plain and brimmed, is the use of a cuff effect on the crown.

SHOES remain fairly stable in cut but show great changes in leathers and color combinations.

PURSES are smaller and are most frequently of the pouch or combination pouch-bag and envelope effect.

JEWELRY offers one striking novelty in the Patou bracelets. These are slender golden circlets, and worn literally by the DOZEN. One smart New Yorker wears FORTY, but the usual number is three dozen, worn all on one arm, of course.

By the way, the TOO mannish hair cut is no longer exceedingly smart.

Had enough shop talk, Pats? So have I! So here's the latest about Gilda Gray, Tom Moore and—but wait.

I hadn't seen Gilda since she sat for me for her portrait three years ago. But she's always the same, glittering, happy-go-lucky, wise-cracking Gilda!

Miss Segal of the Famous studios publicity department had piloted me carefully over the cables and wet paint to a night-club scene to be used in "Cabaret," Gilda's next picture.

In response to my request for a talk with her, Miss Segal murmured dubiously about other interviews just given, etc., etc., and managed to find me a precarious seat on some electrical doo-dad.

Spotting Warner Baxter near by and noting my attention, she obligingly brought him over for a minute, and the minutes lengthened while we discussed his work in "The Great Gatsby." It was interesting to hear that a different ending had been shot—NOT a happy one, and that Herbert Brenon, upon seeing the final cutting of it, had promptly resigned! But that's all over now and he was busy shooting that day on another set.

I had stopped by to speak to him on my way to "Cabaret" and been met with a weary "What do YOU want NOW?"

. . . to which I promptly said, "Gossip . . . seandal—got any?"

The weariness disappeared at onee and with a wieked Irish grin he said: "Go ask Tom Moore, and if he doesn't tell you, I WILL!"

So again Miss Segal towed an unwilling male my way.

Mr. Moore having had, for years, a very special corner in my eapaeious heart, I hadn't the courage to, at once, be too inquisitive. . . . So we talked about his young daughter, now eleven—and her dog—I, meanwhile, falling completely under the spell of his very fine voiee and engaging friendliness—until at last the urge was too great and I fired the shot:

"What is it Herbert Brenon's going to tell me about you if you dont tell me yourself?"

While he was most earnestly, VERY innoeently, and at great length, explaining that "Herbert was only fooling"—I saw a blonde radiance behind the Cooper-Hewitt beneath whieh I was sizzling and yelled, "Hey, Gilda!"

Peering past the blinding light she eame, until a "For so-and-so and so-and-so, Grace!—What—Why—Well!! etc., etc., until—the grand reunion over, and uncomfortably tho companionably sharing the only available seat, my electrical doodad—I demanded, "What's the mystery about Mr. Moore?"

Gilda, being a loyal soul, "didn't know a thing" but it wasn't a half-hour later that a certain most eharming seript girl was exclaiming over a beautiful birthday-eake whieh she said Mr. Moore had sent with flowers! . . .

I drew my own conclusions, wouldn't you?

Anyway, he's a darling, and I hope they both have many other anniversaries to come. . . . You know the kind: "tin," "glass," "silver," etc.!

* * *

Hearing what sounded like excitement from a near-by set, we went over and found Holbrook Blinn, Madge Bellamy and Lawrence Gray in the throes of a big scene.

Now I have never been one of Miss Bellamy's fans, but—one must be fair; so—at the stop signal from Mr. Brenon, Mr. Blinn wandered baek and said: "Are you watehing her in this scene? She's MAGNIFICENT, simply MAGNIFICENT!"—whieh, from an actor of Mr. Blinn's caliber, should be enough to turn any head . . . And I must admit she WAS good.

That over, we ambled baek to Gilda's bungalow, and WHAT a dressing-room!

I've seen Gloria Swanson's, Bebe Daniels', Florenee Vidor's, Lois Wilson's, and many another's, but never one like that!

Satin hangings, erystal and flowers—CART-LOADS of flowers—golden perfume flasks—oh, a star's setting—none but!

At last Mr. Vignola was ready to shoot, and ealled for the company.

I recognized many of the extras with whom I had worked in "Sunya." . . . The niee, tall, gray-eyed chap who wants to do Menjou rôles, and the villainous Frenchman who was my "lover" for an hour under the Swanson Kleigs—the "butler" who, away from the studios, is a physieal-culture expert and who gives blood transfusions at hospitals.

But little Mary Brian was ready to pose in her new elothes, so there was time only for a wave and "hello" to them. . . .

Good-bye, Patsy, dont forget to write to me.

Love to you,

GRACE.

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Many people are making amateur motion picture productions. The possibilities in this direction are unlimited and the pleasure to be derived is great.

Film libraries covering many subjects are now available and even some of the big pictures that you see at your neighborhood theatre can be rented, so that you may show them in your own home, using your own projection machine.

We are receiving many letters from readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who are making their own movies. Believing that a constantly increasing number of our readers will embrace this interesting new pastime, we are instituting this department as an information service to our readers, to answer questions as to where cameras, film and other equipment may be secured, prices, and general advice on the subject of amateur motion picture photography. Write to us and we will gladly do our best to serve you. Address your letters, or use the coupon below, to Amateur Motion Picture Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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S. BRAM STUDIOS
Studio 214, New York City

Uncle Tom's Hollywood Bungalow

(*Continued from page* 33)

well as out. They are built from plans based on research work of the art department, the principal ideas being gathered in New Orleans from the Belle Chase mansion and the Wogan residence in the old French quarter. These home sets are furnished entirely with period furniture, including a number of genuine and valuable Louis XV pieces.

Grassy lawns, trees, flowers, fountains, pebbled walks—all these have been added by skilled landscape artists. And they are the real things. None of the "grass matting" so often used, or paper flowers. Jasmine, Spanish dagger, all the flowers native to the old South are there in fragrant abundance. The "slave street" on the *Shelby* set is a masterpiece in itself, with its parallel rows of squalid cabins, authentic even to the cobwebs between the logs, the quaint utensils inside the huts, and the wharf at the end of the street piled high with cotton bales.

An entire kennel of thorobred bloodhounds, blue-ribbon winners all, was imported from Kentucky, together with a trainer to whom real man-hunts with the canine marvels have been no novelty. Since their arrival in the film capital, these mournful-voiced brutes have added eleven little bloodhound puppies to their quarters in the Universal zoo enclosure.

Actual shooting on the picture has now occupied nearly a year. In the early spring of 1925 a company of over a hundred players and technicians, with a vast amount of lighting equipment, electric generators, and baggage, was sent from Hollywood on a long location trip to Plattsburg, New York, to obtain the ice sequences before the spring thaws melted the snow and ice in the Saranac River. These sequences included *Eliza's* memorable flight across the ice floes. It had been planned to film the scenes at the

(*Continued on page* 112)

The "Kate Adams" is the last survivor of the great fleet of river palaces which once plied the Southern waters in the days when mint juleps were famed thruout Dixie. Her appearance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" marks her swan song

Uncle Tom is saved from being sold "down de ribber" by St. Clair, at Little Eva's intervention

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P. & A.

Constance, of the House of Talmadge, on Hollywood Boulevard

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 94)

on postal cards. She is going abroad to have a look at the place this summer. Hope she remembered to stop the paper while she was gone.

Ernest Torrence is a versatile lad. He no sooner finished playing a featured rôle in "The King of Kings" than he was cast for a big part in "Twelve Miles Out." From the halo atmosphere of the De Mille opus to the low environment of a bootlegger's schooner is a long jump. But then, Ernie's physique is built for long jumps.

Clara Bow hasn't been engaged this month. The steady rains may have hindered things.

Alberta Vaughn has quit the F. B. O. studios. It is understood that she was dissatisfied with the parts being given her and the company claims to have no place for her on next year's program, which makes the break mutually agreeable. Alberta did not do so well in the long feature picture, 'tis said.

Margaret Morris, who has been loaned to F. B. O. by Paramount for several pictures, is occupying Alberta's dressing-room.

WARNER Brothers have at last started work on their new theater building on Hollywood boulevard and Wilcox avenue. At least, they have dug a big hole in the ground. For two years there has been a sign on the lot stating that Warner Brothers would build a theater on the spot within thirty days. When the sign had reached that weather-beaten stage where you couldn't tell whether it read "Warner Brothers" or "Smith Brothers," it was torn down and a steam shovel put to work. Since John Barrymore left the company, the Warner boys seem to have plenty of money.

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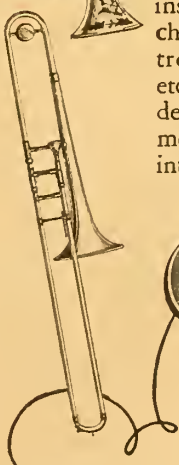

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This is not true.

And if you are really interested in the surprising truth of this matter we commend "When We Will Really Have Talking Movies" which will appear in the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to your attention.

* * * *

Can Marriage Withstand Success?

When a man and woman love each other it is a privilege to sacrifice for the other's sake. And poverty can be a gallant adventure when there are two to dare and two to understand.

But success . . . ah, that may be harder. Read:

For Better or For Worse

Here is a new version of marriage with a number of cases to prove that fame and fortune often lead to the divorce courts.

* * * *

When Mr. President Goes to the Movies

It would be more apt to say when the movies go to the president for it is in the East Room that the President and Mrs. Coolidge take their movie entertainment.

The procedure is always the same, marked by the formality that accompanies all things in the White House.

This article is by William A. Orr, who knows life as it is lived in this First Household in the Land of which he writes so intimately.

This June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE lines up a number of features which you will not want to miss.

Reserve Your Copy at Your Neighborhood News-stand Now!

Uncle Tom's Hollywood Bungalow

(*Continued from page* 110)

original locale near Cairo, Illinois, as written by Mrs. Stowe, but an early spring thaw in that locality upset the plans, and the Northern New York location was selected after advices from weather bureaus in all the Eastern States.

The scenes were filmed with a grim realism that nearly cost the life of Director Harry Pollard. For days Pollard stood waist-deep in snow and icy water, even carrying on in the face of a late blizzard that struck the Adirondack region. The director stuck to his post until flesh and blood could stand no more. Influenza, complicated by blood-poisoning from an infected tooth, set in, and Pollard was rushed to a hospital in New York City. There for weeks he lay in a delirium, muttering constantly, "But the picture—the picture—it must go on!"

And the picture did go on, but not until its plucky director had regained his feet. Knowing Pollard's one great ambition was to complete the Stowe epic, Laemmle suspended production until the director was again able to return to Hollywood and resume charge of the picture. Thruout the entire summer hundreds of players and technical men worked literally night and day on the big sets on the "back ranch" in a desperate effort to regain the time lost during Pollard's illness.

Then in the early fall a second special train left Hollywood for another long location trip, this time into the Southern locale of the story, in and around Memphis, Tennessee; Helena, Arkansas; Jonesville, Louisiana; and Vicksburg and Natchez, Mississippi. It was on this trip that the river sequences were taken, most of them on the old side-wheeler, the *Kate Adams*. Hundreds of local negroes were hired as atmosphere, and no effort was spared to make the halcyon days of the old river-trade live again on the screen.

The *Kate Adams* was the last survivor of the great fleet of river palaces which once plied the Southern waters, and was in her day one of that fleet's most sumptuous and luxurious boats, with mint juleps famed thruout all Dixie. Her appearance before the camera in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" proved the old steamer's swan song. A few weeks after the motion picture company had finished its work on location and had returned to Hollywood, news dispatches carried the tragic story of an explosion and fire that burned the *Kate Adams* to the water's edge. But the last of the side-wheeler river palaces is now safely preserved on celluloid for future generations to whom the story of the old river-trade would otherwise be little more than a legend.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company is now in Hollywood shooting some of the final sequences on the big mansion sets at the Universal studio. An all-star cast that really rates that threadbare title is appearing in these final scenes.

Little Eva is the one rôle not being filled by a player of established reputation. The story of finding the child now cast in this classic part is one of those bizarre little Cinderella affairs that could only happen in Hollywood.

The rôle was eagerly sought by over five hundred players of every age, type, and reputation. Camera tests were taken over a period of literally months, without finding a single candidate who filled all the exacting requirements of the part. And all the time that the harassed officials were combing half of Southern California

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for candidates, the ideal *Little Eva* was playing quietly at her mother's side right there on the Universal lot, not twenty-five feet from Director Pollard's own office!

The fortunate little girl is Virginia Grey, nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Florence Grey, manager of Universal's film library. The child was finally "discovered" by the powers that be and, after her first screen test, they announced triumphantly that their knottiest problem was solved. Virginia is thoroly at home in the rôle of *Little Eva*. She is a very quiet, serious child, of a wistful blonde beauty, and possessing the intangible, ethereal quality of spirit that cannot be simulated by even the cleverest of child actresses.

The remainder of the cast, selected after a long and rigid series of screen tests in their respective rôles, presents a formidable battery of well-known names.

It includes George Siegmann as *Simon Legree*, Lucien Littlefield as *Marks, the Lawyer*, John Roche as *St. Clair*, Gertrude Astor as *Mrs. St. Clair*, James B. Lowe as *Uncle Tom*, Margarita Fischer as *Eliza*, Adolph Milar as *Haley*, Seymore Zeliff as *Norris*, J. Gordon Russell as *Loker*, Arthur Edmund Carewe as *George Harris*, Mona Ray as *Topsy*, and Aileen Manning as *Aunt Ophelia*.

The Buffet Breakfast

(*Continued from page* 51)

Heat large teaspoon of butter in a pan and stir in a teaspoon each of fine chopped onions and green chili and chopped tomatoes. Stir and cook five minutes before adding eggs. Stir well. When formed, roll as an omelet.

Spanish Tomatoes: Clean the tomatoes, cut off a slice, scoop out pulp. Stuff with chopped meat and a few bread crumbs. Season highly with salt and pepper. Moisten with some of the pulp before placing in oven to bake. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake about one-half hour.

Baked Potatoes: Potatoes should be so carefully washed that the skin can be eaten if desired. Then grease each potato well with butter. Put in the oven to bake over a pan of water. The moisture from the water softens the potato and makes is more delicious. When ready to serve, open and season with butter and salt and various peppers.

Coffee: As always, served piping hot with or without cream.

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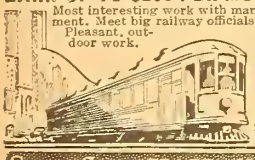

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On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page* 57)

Virgin, then sadly shook her head, "Ah, she wouldn't understand me. . . . My rose, my bird, my little flower. . . ."

I have no doubt that the old woman speaking the language she understood was understood by The Little Rose. . . .

A Mexican Feast

RAMON told me the story while we were having dinner the other night in a place we often frequent. It is located in Sonoratown, the Mexican section of Los Angeles. Both the food and the patronage are exclusively Mexican, and the waitresses have eyes that are shy pools of tropic night.

Half grocery, half restaurant, the windows are stacked with that thin brittle pottery of Mexico that is unbreakable, and the counters are loaded with dried meats, cheeses and candies of crystallized pumpkin and cactus.

After a precautionary inspection of wood-partitioned booths along the wall we chose one next the open-faced kitchen. Ramon called the waitress and requested her to sweep out the remnants of food and bones that strewed the floor, this despite my protests that they gave the place a medieval charm, suggesting that the last to dine there was François Villon with a party of friends.

A slot in an iron box on the wall invited nickels for a player piano located in mysterious nether regions. I contributed two but only elicited a grunt and a sigh from the instrument. Evidently it had retired early after celebrating one of the numerous Mexican holidays. The waitress with the tropical orbs merely smiled at my efforts. The piano did not seem to wish to play, she said vaguely.

Ramon in rapid Spanish ordered the dinner, with numerous admonitions to each of which the waitress murmured, "Si, señor. . . ."

. . . *"Sopa de arroz, carne de puerco con chile verde, frijoles refritos con queso, tortillas, chocolate y pan de huevo."* . . . It sounded like an incantation and tasted like an offering to Zoroaster. Delicious fire-seasoned Mexican food!

Ramon told the señorita to serve us half portions, but she couldn't bring herself to do so. . . . "It seemed so little for the señors." But to the señors it seemed so much they couldn't move, even tho seats for Chaliapin awaited them after the *chocolate y pan de huevo*. . . .

The Face of a Don

WHENEVER I meet Ramon I make a new acquaintance. He has the sphinxian charm of being not quite knowable. Thru him I can readily believe that Mexico is a legendary land, "more various than Greece, more mysterious than Egypt."

When his interest is not outwardly engaged, he withdraws into his tower and hauls up the drawbridge, the lights in his eyes turned inward as behind drawn shades, his gaze apparently fixed on some vision on the inner stage.

Such was his initial mood at dinner, and I observed him as one does an extraordinary face seen for the first time. An aristocratic face, reminiscent of old Spanish paintings, a trifle long and somewhat out of drawing. The skin has the moonlight pallor that glows from out the backgrounds of Velasquez. Characteristic too, the black, slightly waving hair, the rapier lines of the brows and the swift brilliancy of eyes under thick lashes and fine-drawn lids.

For all the sculptural definition of the head and features, the decisive intelligence of the eyes and the imperiousness bordering on arrogance which is indicated in the line of the mouth and the poise of the head, a painter of sensitive perception more interested in the essence of character than in literal imagery would portray his features in a slight diffusion as if not quite tangible to the eye.

An expression of "heroic sweetness" combined with the childish simplicity of the Latin may lead superficial minds to expect a nature of sympathy, tenderness and even softness. It requires only a short association with Novarro to discover that beneath this gentle courtly mien you soon strike bronze. Indeed, the very qualities of tenderness and sympathy are the ones in which Novarro's nature is most wanting.

The Curtain Rises

I AM on the point of saying that Ramon in this rapt mood, the curtain down, is more typically himself. Then the curtain lifts. . . . The lights in his eyes dazzle on. . . . And a smile flashes into his face that expression of boyish eagerness. . . .

RAMON: Lubitsch was funny today. . . . He's never gotten used to Hollywood, quite. Pacing up and down the set, shaking his head over the idea of gold-diggers in Hollywood. . . . "What's a man to do with such womans like this?" he asked. . . . I said, "Bring over a wife as you did. . . ." "Ya," he agreed, "I think that is the only way. . . . And you, Novarro, will you get married soon?" . . . "No," I said, "Divorces are too expensive—I haven't saved even one million yet. . . ."

H. H. (*Sternly oratorical*): There are just as many happy homes in Hollywood as in any town. . . . Look at the . . . Look at the . . .

RAMON: I was telling Lubitsch that in Mexico when you see a girl thru the iron grille of a window you get a greater thrill than where . . .

H. H.: . . . Where she sits on your lap. (*Again oratorical*) There are just as many good girls in Hollywood. . . . There are good and bad girls everywhere. . . . But, oh, my God, how their technique differs!

RAMON: You know who is charming—so exquisitely feminine—Renée Adorée.

H. H.: Ah, we Latins!

RAMON: But no, really she is so modest—actually shy. And dont you think her a great actress?

H. H.: If you had been reading good literature, you would know I do. I told Renée today that I had informed an editor she was the world's greatest actress. "Ooh," gasped Renée, "and did he faint?" . . . "No," I said, "He sent a wreath to Bernhardt's tomb; he hadn't quite realized before that she was dead."

RAMON (*irrelevantly*): Hold your tortilla like this and the butter wont stripe your necktie. . . . Ump, too late!

H. H.: I'm too emotional to talk of Renée and eat tortillas at the same time.

RAMON: You know who is charming also, Frances Marion. I met her at lunch today. By the way, she suggested "The Life of Shelley" as a story for me. Do you think it has great screen possibilities?

H. H.: It has if Frances says so.

RAMON: Last night I was reading the Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. How I would like to play a character like that!

H. H.: Sure, with a gray beard. . . . You always want to play some patriarch.

In "Old Heidelberg" Philippe De Lacy appears for Novarro in the early sequence of the story, which finds him a lad of ten summers. Certainly he looks like a young edition of Ramon

It's too bad De Mille didn't cast you for Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

RAMON (*cheerfully*): I'll soon be old . . . I look forward to old age. It's admirable. Youth is insipid, empty of life. That's one trouble with the screen. . . . Youth, youth, the leading characters must always be young and beautiful. I see beauty with fine lines around the eyes, tolerance and wisdom, as in the face of your beloved Havelock Ellis. . . . But speaking of the Romance of Leonardo, it is filled with rare and touching pictures. Recall the scene of Leonardo with the golden child. It was after the banquet at which the child appeared as a gilded cherub. All the guests had withdrawn when Leonardo found him shivering by the fireplace. He took the little one in his arms—I can see Leonardo with his gray beard looking down on the baby. But the little fellow was ill. The gold with which they had painted his body had poisoned him. . . . He died shortly afterward. It seems strange to me that while Da Vinci is drawn with reference to Christ he could follow coldly and unemotionally the condemned to the gallows in order to study their dying expressions. . . .

H. H.: To him Love and Knowledge were synonymous.

RAMON: Grace gave me the poems of Michelangelo in Italian. *There* is feeling! He surges with it, and so does his work. The agonies of Hell and the ecstasies of Heaven you feel in him . . . as in Beethoven.

H. H.: Do you know that Darios predicts you will enter the priesthood?

RAMON: Good!

H. H.: I dont believe it. . . . The monastery, perhaps, when you have finished troubadouring—like Ramon Lull.

RAMON: He was more hermit than monk.

H. H.: More *sufi* than Christian hermit.

RAMON: Ah, there is a marvelous story —the "Life of Ramon Lull." If they would only do such things for the screen. What could be more pictorial, more inspiring, than Lull's story. You know how his conversion was brought about? He was a great lover, a poet, a worshiper of beauty in women. He fell madly in love with a beautiful woman of Palma to whom he addressed poems without success. One day while he was on horseback he saw her enter a church. Spurring his horse, he rode after her thru the doors. So horrified was she and determined to repel him that she took him aside and uncovered her breast. . . . It was eaten by cancer. In his revulsion the poet came to realize the mockery of all love of the flesh. He went on a pilgrimage and became a Franciscan. Of course, this is just one episode of his story. His attempt to convert Islam to Christianity, his vision of a continent on the other side of the world before Columbus sailed, his death at the hands of a mob to whom he was teaching Christ . . . all are moving pictures. It would be a service just to remind the world of Lull and his amazing books on so

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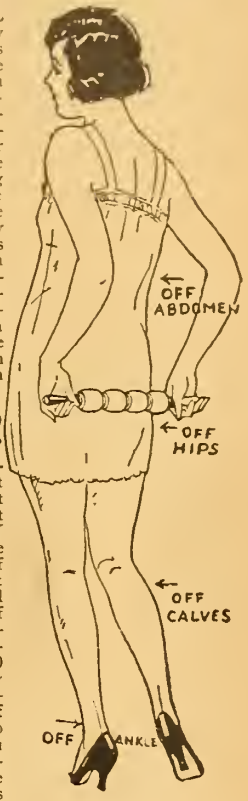

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many divers subjects, for I dont think many people know him.

H. H.: Unfortunately, Señor Novarro, the costume play is bad for the box-office. You might modernize it. Have Lull drive a Rolls-Royce into St. Patrick's cathedral after his beloved. . . . We could keep the touch where she opens her dress and shows her breast.

RAMON: In a modern version it certainly would already be showing. But you are sacrilegious. Like Voltaire—anything for wit.

H. H.: You are unjust toward Voltaire.

[The dialog is interrupted by the arrival of the waitress with cups of chocolate and the *pan de huevo*—a sugared bread resembling Danish pastry in shape.]

RAMON (*to the waitress with tropical eyes*): *Hagame el favor de traerme un jarro y un molinillo.*

H. H.: Am I in the way?

RAMON: No, I wasn't making love to her, I was asking her for . . . But here it is.

[It appears that the chocolate did not foam in true Mexican fashion, so Ramon pours it into a pottery bowl which the waitress brought and churns it with the *molinillo*—an instrument resembling a potato masher, the handle of which he rolls rapidly between the palms of his hands. Then he pours the chocolate back into the cups, regretting that the foam is not so iridescent as it should be. He explains that it is permissible to dip *pan de huevo* in the chocolate.]

RAMON: But not that way! Just a small pinch, and eat it all after dipping it, otherwise you offend the laws of etiquette which in Mexico are very strict.

H. H.: Do they drink out of their saucers down there?

[A polished silence.]

RAMON: I hope you did a lot of writing while you were away at your cabin.

H. H.: I've become a Taoist.

RAMON: What's that?

H. H.: Taoism you should know is the creed of Lao-Tze. The cardinal virtue is inactivity. "There's no greater guilt than to sanction ambition, neither is there any greater calamity than to be discontented with one's lot." The Chinese should send missionaries to Hollywood. . . .

RAMON: It isn't ambition that makes trouble, it is rivalry, which in small minds breeds envy and malice. Here in Hollywood the people who are struggling are happy; it is only those who have achieved that are discontented. When I was working as an extra and in small parts, I was always happy because I was always living in the future. Disappointments only came after I had achieved what then I considered as a success. I always looked forward to the time—which is now—when I could be free to do great things. But I am no freer to do them now than I was then. You cannot arraign the motion picture on any one charge; the fault, it seems to me, from the standpoint of art, is rather in its complexity. For instance, Thalberg outlines a great story which he has in mind for me. "But," he warns, "dont build too much hope on it. . . . I dont know how well the scenario writer will succeed in developing the idea. And I dont know whether the company at this time will be willing to do a costume play of that period. Thalberg wanted to do "Romeo and Juliet," but the Eastern offices had to be consulted and they consulted their salesmen, who consulted the exhibitors, who consulted I dont know whom. . . . Anyhow "Romeo and Juliet" is not being produced. You begin to feel after a few adventures in this maze that you are up against a monster without a head. No one person can definitely say "Yes" or "No." I'm happy just now. I have a charming story in "Old Heidelberg," I have a great director in Lubitsch, one in whom I have implicit faith—and without that you cant do good work, yet how rarely do you have it!—and I am under the supervision of the finest producer in the business. Yet what will the next picture be? Another "Ben-Hur" or another "Arab," another "Scaramouche" or another "Thy Name Is Woman"? It is true, you cannot build for tomorrow because tomorrow is without plan. Everything is—*Kismet*. No matter how hard you work improving your own little art, the combination of direction, story, photography, cutting is so overwhelmingly greater than your bit that you can be crushed to nothing, when actually you are at your best. On the other hand, you may be rotten but the story and direction so fine you are made to appear good. This to me is no more satisfying than to be placed at a disadvantage. The only genuine satisfaction is that which occurs within your own heart when you view your own work well done.

H. H.: I think it is a mistake to plume an industry with the name of art. No great work of art ever was created in collaboration of several people. That is, if we take music, sculpture, painting and literature as illustrative of our meaning; each is the expression of a single individual. They tell how Michelangelo, greatest of sculptors, would throw bricks at pope, priest and cardinal if any attempted supervision. And the cardinal who insisted that Michelangelo paint panties on the figures in Hell returned a few weeks later to find himself in Hell with jackass' ears.

RAMON: Yet faith in the motion picture as a medium is so great that you keep on struggling even tho you cant build hope on the tomorrow because of industrial exigencies. I think I am quite domineering. I am not content to be a participant. I want to create the whole show. That is why I love music so. Whatever I give to it I get back. And only I stand in the road of perfection. I come home from the studio thinking I'm exhausted. I go to work directing amateurs in my play on the stage of my little theater and within an hour I've forgotten weariness.

H. H.: I think the industry is simplifying. Even the great companies are dividing work into individual units with one man dominating.

RAMON: I hear that Eric Pommer predicts there will be no motion picture theaters in fifteen years. Pictures will be shown in the homes. What will poor Marcus Loew do then?

H. H.: Dont worry. He'll own the homes.

RAMON: Anyway, pictures will still be produced.

H. H.: And you'll still be in them, or do you think you'll give them up for the stage and music when you've finished this contract?

RAMON: I never want to give them up, but no more do I want to confine myself exclusively to them. The only real satisfaction in pictures, it seems to me, is in producing—to have the power of creating. But that commands all your time. It is a life-work. And tho I believe I could succeed with it, I will not confine myself to a life of pictures only. I want music, I want travel, I want time to develop *me* a real character, not just as a performer. The ideal of a true life is self-culture.

H. H.: And as for money?

RAMON: Oh, the truth about that has become so common it is considered trite. I like Marcus Aurelius' phrasing—"With

philosophy you can be happy even in a *palace.*"

H. H.: But speaking of the screen as a medium, it does offer larger scope than theater or concert hall.

RAMON: Yes, but as your audience is widened, your ideas are restricted—that is, if you are thinking of pleasing everyone. No artist should be concerned in pleasing anyone. He should express himself and if he pleases the whole world, fine! If he pleases no one but himself—fine also!

H. H.: But about his earning a living? . . .

RAMON: Oh, let him die! . . . He's miscast. . . .

The chocolate is drained from the cups. My Mexican cigar has been lifeless an hour. We tip the waitress with tropical eyes, who returns us a smile of twice the amount. Silently we drive to Ramon's home in Los Angeles, where with invariable courtesy he says, "Good night and thank you so much for a most enjoyable evening."

I drive on to my home in "aristocratic Beverly Hills," where Mayor Will Rogers, a lineal descendant of an Indian chief, even as Ramon, rules the town with a sense of humor. What the motion picture needs, I decide, is more Indians.

And so to bed with dreams of Michelangelo, The Pope, Renée Adorée, Bernhardt's Tomb, Da Vinci, Gilded Cherubs, Movie Producers, Headless Monsters, Ramon Lull, Horses in Church, Tropical Eyes, Cancered Breasts, Praying Peons, Holy Mary, Fires of Zoroaster, Voltaire, God and Me. . . .

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Prince Incognito

THE morning finds me, after a cold shower, still able to write——

On one point God and the Movie Producers seem agreed, and that is in casting Novarro for the rôle of Prince.

The title which he endows with princeliness in "Ben-Hur" and which he again ennobles in "Old Heidelburg" is a gift of nature distinguishing him as much in life as on the screen. . . .

Thus it is said he travels incognito.

If by that is meant he travels as himself rather than as a movie star, I can truthfully add that he also lives incognito.

He claims no royal prerogatives, wears no majestic airs, and his habitat is not a palace in Beverly Hills. (By the way, I wonder when that interest on that mortgage is due.)

The common expression on meeting Ramon is, Why there's nothing of the actor about him! This would seem trite were it not for the number of actors who wear their profession about them like a voluble perfume with gestures as recognizable as Brother Moose.

When Ramon leaves the studio he leaves his screen likeness with his costumes on the clothes-hangers. If it appeared at the door of his home it would be courteously turned away, like any pest.

To his family—none of whom has ever visited the studio—Novarro is still Ramon Gil Samaniego. For practical check-signing reasons he has legalized the name of Novarro but only as a middle name. The initials on his personal effects are R. N. S.

To Hollywood, on the other hand, Novarro is only a screen reality. He never attends opening nights. He rarely is seen at social functions. And all "personal appearances" are interdicted. Thus he appears to live a concealed life.

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Mexican Aristocracy

IN an artificial society, where pose and naturalness go topsy turvy, this way of living may appear a striving for exclusiveness, whereas with him it is an hereditary inclination.

By realizing Ramon you comprehend something of the Mexican character with its loyalty to tradition. Mexican aristocracy, as Lewis Spence observes, is chiefly remarkable for its exclusiveness or, more accurately, its self-sufficiency. Its members cling to the adage that there are no friends like the old friends, and thru the habit of living *en famille* they find the companionship of the home sufficient.

I once remarked to Ramon that Americans are quicker to receive you into their homes. "And quicker to throw you out!" he retorted with a laugh.

The Home of Ramon

WHEN Ramon came into his earned fortune, he did not scale the peaks of Beverly Hills to rear a monument to his achievement in the form of a hundred-thousand-dollar palace.

Instead, he purchased an old-fashioned roomy house in that section of Los Angeles known as the old exclusive; meaning by that, a section where families have lived long enough—together—to pay off the mortgages.

He renovated the house and added quarters for himself where he might pursue his musical studies and theatrical experiments without interrupting the family life. Here he lives with his parents, his brothers and sisters, a family life in the fullest traditional sense.

The creative ego is deemed incompatible with home ties. . . . Too unyielding for the necessary compromises. With Novarro it is great enough to overcome them and to live among many as one apart. Here again is aptitude for Aurelian philosophy—the ability to retire within that little field of self.

Not a Society Man

RAMON is not a society man for still another reason: He's too busy.

I dont know anyone whose life is so filled with varied interests. Neither the Spanish trait of indolence nor the artist's aversion to routine has any reference in him. He lives by schedule. A half hour each day he gives to music, two hours each week to instruction in it. He recently commenced the study of German, and he continues perfecting his French and Italian by the phonographic language method. Even his diversions have cultural aim. He attends the theater, opera and concert, and does a wide amount of discriminating reading. His chief recreation, as he has said, is producing plays on the stage of the little theater which he has constructed in his home.

We might venture to think him an egotist were it not for the blastful language which Balzac hurls at us on this point:

"Great men are the slaves of work," says he. "Their indifference to outer things, their devotion to their work, makes simpletons regard them as egotists, and they are expected to wear the same garb as the dandy who fulfils the trivial evolutions called social duties. Such men want the lions of Atlas to be combed and scented like a lady's poodle. These artists, who are too rarely matched to meet their fellows, fall into habits of solitary exclusiveness; they are inexplicable to the majority, which, as we know, consists mostly of fools—of the envious, the ignorant and the superficial."

A World of Imagination

RAMON is by no means an egotist, as the term implies thoughts of self. Ramon never thinks of self. But neither is he one of those who are "always thinking of others." He neither thinks of himself nor of others. His mind is filled to capacity with ideas—or rather the pictures which he instantly resolves from ideas.

Harry Carr has observed that Ramon never seems quite present, not quite of the world. The reason for this is that he lives so much more ardently in his imagination that he is more really alive in the unreal. He translates into pictorial symbols as instinctively as a writer of genius translates impressions into words—thus in reading Da Vinci he carries away the picture of Leonardo with his gray beard bending over the golden cherub, and the life of Lull the dramatic picture of the knight riding into a church to recoil before the cancered breast of his enchantress.

Knight of a Prolonged Romance

HIS environment has done its part in moulding an actor, a music-painter. Born into that prolonged romance which is Mexico, blended out of Spanish and Aztec traditions with Oriental antecedents, Ramon's daily life has been an intensely pictorial drama. From the patriarchal ceremonials of the home, where the son on departing never fails to kiss his father's hand and his mother's brow, he passes to the dramatic rituals of that other home so significantly called *Mother* Church.

Even had Ramon been born on the stark prairies of our Middle West he would have re-created a romantic life, a spontaneous energy driving him to self-forgetful gestures.

By nature an actor, he has been one in the theatrical sense from the day he converted the *sala* of his Mexican home into a theater for his marionettes. And today he makes of his home a theater and of the theater his home.

Teatro Novarro

TEATRO NOVARRO—or Teatro Intimo as Ramon terms it—is an integral part of the home, an intimate theater in the literal sense. The auditorium is slightly larger than a drawing-room. The walls are of cream-tinted plaster, and the floor is velveted in thick taupe carpets. There are comfortable opera chairs for sixty people. The stage is large enough to accommodate a company of thirty. There is an orchestra pit for twelve musicians, slightly below the floor elevation and so concealed by a parapet that the heads of the musicians are out of sight; thus you are not distracted by the increasing baldness of the pianist or the fascinating wen on the drummer's neck, and may enjoy a disembodied music such as that which gives an ethereal air to churches with choirs invisible.

A huge and complex switchboard in the wings of the stage has control over all the lighting effects known to the modern theater. It is with light that Ramon paints his scenes against a background of plain hangings.

If you expected to find a projection machine and a screen in Teatro Novarro you are disappointed. For, as I warned you, Ramon's screen likeness is not invited to the home. When he wishes to view pictures, he goes to a theater where he can feel the reaction of the spectators.

Teatro Intimo serves as training quarters for Novarro, whose ambition is not silenced by the screen. Here he is experimenting in ideas of stagecraft and the production of drama and musical plays.

Me Honro en Invitar a Ud.

I ATTENDED the opening performance of Teatro Novarro, for which invitations were issued on parchment scrolls lettered in crimson and gold. Ramon characteristically chose the wedding anniversary of his parents as the day of christening for his theater:

Me honro en invitar a Ud. a la inauguración de mi
Teatro Intimo
con la primera edición de la revista
Novarro
que para celebrar el 34 aniversario del enlace de los queridos autores demis dias:
Sr. Dr. don Mariano N. Samaniego
y
Sra. dona Leonor Gavilán de Samaniego
se verificará el 24 del presente Octubre, a las 8:30 p. m. (en punto)—
(autographed) Ramón Novarro.

The courtly charm of the Spanish language cannot be translated precisely in English, but in effect it is: "I am honored in inviting you to the inauguration of my little theater with the first edition of the Novarro revue which is given to celebrate the thirty-fourth wedding anniversary of the beloved authors of my days, Señor Doctor don Mariano N. Samaniego and Señora dona Leonor Gavilán de Samaniego; presented on the twenty-fourth of the current October at eight-thirty (prompt).

With the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr, myself and a few others, the guests were Mexican and Spanish, among them several priests, artists, musicians, a Mexican general and government officials who had, on behalf of President Calles, extended to Ramon an invitation to attend the opening of "Ben-Hur" in Mexico City.

La Revista Novarro

THE revue, entirely in Spanish, consisted of one-act plays, songs and dances, the company recruited from the younger members of Spanish and Mexican families residing in Los Angeles.

The entire show was so incredibly spontaneous, gay and polished—from the first lovely note of Mexican music to the last flower that was flung in the finale—that I didn't know whether young Mexicans are all born actors or whether, as each of them declared when congratulated, "All credit must be given Ramon, who directed us." Certainly the entire revue bore the impress of his personality.

Louis Graveure, whom many consider the greatest of our concert singers, has declared that Ramon may, if he chooses, establish an unrivaled place for himself in concert or opera as a dramatic tenor. And as I have previously observed, it is while singing Mexican songs that his personality is elicited most fully. The wit, the sparkle, the dash and intelligent subtlety all combine to insinuate a charm that can only be described as Novarro. He is a conjurer of song, creating pictures out of sound.

The Azotea

AFTER the performance Ramon conducted me by stairs leading up from the back of the stage to the *azotea*—a roof-garden such as old Aztec dwellings had, similar to those of Moorish houses and not unlike the roof-top of the house of Hur in "Ben-Hur." It is laid off in parterres of flowers and centered with an aviary where birds sing under the sky.

"You like it then, my revue?" he asks when we have taken seats along the parapet overlooking the lighted city.

"Immensely!"

"Now tell me its defects. . . ."

"The direction was too good, several of the company all but equaled the star."

A voice floats up from the stairs, "Ramon!"

His sister Carmen emerges out of light, the metal sheen of her dress in tone with her luster-pale skin. The pointed oval of her face, framed in night and gleaming hair drawn low, is such as Benda paints with Oriental eyes. There's a mistiness to her beauty. She speaks musically in Spanish.

"Will you pardon me?" asks Ramon, swiftly rising. "My mother wishes to speak with me."

Carmen lingers a moment, flowering out of the darkness. I congratulate her on the loveliness of her dancing in the revue.

"I hope you enjoyed the revue," she says in English that has the soft colored texture of Spanish shawls.

"It was great," I repeat, wishing to God for a miracle that would thrust a guitar into my hands and turn me into a troubadour.

"Then we did not seem too much like amateurs? . . . Ramon worked very hard directing us."

I am about to reply that the boy who turned Amateur Night into classic music has indeed the power of miracles.

But she has disappeared in the light by the stairs and I am left with the recollection of that scene in Santa Monica. . . . A boy leading Beethoven and Liszt and Chopin into a sweating, crunching mob of a tawdry theater. . . . Making that crowd see the visions of beauty he saw until they, like a mesmeric power bringing others, shouted: *Give him the prize!* . . .

A divining line sang thru my mind. . . . *None but the loftier spirits open to faith can discern Jacob's mystical stair.*

The Room That's Ramon

THE next afternoon just as Ramon had finished a lesson with Louis Graveure I visited his studio, above the auditorium of his theater and opening off the stairs that lead from the stage to the *azotea*.

Man creates in his own image, and his dwelling place is the distillation of his spirit. When you enter the room that is Ramon, you are affected not so much by its loftiness as by its inner glow serening the sense with that touch of mellow magic such as old cathedrals have.

Thru spired windows of pale amber tipped with sunset color the light strikes into the purple density of the hangings and gives a copper burnish to the carved wood of the ceiling. Playing over the monastic texture of the walls, it fastens here and there on the gold-leaf carving of a little door closed over a secret niche.

In an arched recess a fire burns on an Italian grate, bordered on either side by the mosaic pattern of books on shelves indented. A Tunisian *broderie* pours its aged color over a Venetian chest, and between the glow of fire and window stands the altar to which the place is dedicated—a great piano covered with a Roman cope.

Unless you visit the place with a reporting eye you are scarcely aware of size or details, but only of that personal glow which plays like a harmony over tints and textures. Later, leaning back in a deep-cushioned chair, you are conscious of the upward reaching lines, the slim aspiring windows, the long straight folds of heavy velvet, the high gleam of a processional crucifix, and over all, surmounting a canopy, the dim iron pattern of a crown of thorns. . . .

The last instalment of this romantic biography which appears next month presents shrewd and intimate accounts of several motion picture personalities.

"The Palmer Institute would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully

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"I RECALL writing my first short story," says Jim Tully, author of the brilliant novel, *Jarnegan,* and of work in *Pictorial Review, Vanity Fair, American Mercury, Liberty*. "It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton, president of the Palmer Institute, gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' I am certain had I known of the Palmer Institute sooner, it would have saved me years of labor."

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"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 74*)

Alice W., March 9:

Music seems the most promising field for you and as you have already had such splendid training in this work, it would seem to me quite foolish to begin all over again in something new that was really not so congenial for you. But, my dear girl, be practical. Consider the facts. You have to earn a living, do you not? Well, since this is so then you must adopt one of the ways in which it is possible to do this. You can teach music, or you can play accompaniments or you can enter some music publishing house. Dont sit back and say to yourself that because the detail is distasteful you wont do any of these things. We all have to make many compromises with life, and the quicker we accept its terms and learn to rise above them, the sooner we are successful.

John E. O'N., October 10:

This is one of the best charts for motion picture work that has come into this department to be examined. It is very much like that of Marion Davies, altho the two people are not born under the same signs at all—simply that the arrangement of planets is indicative of somewhat the same general activity and success in life. If we get many horoscopes like this, we will have to open a department here of photographs of future film stars, altho personal appearance has nothing whatever to do with my opinions in these interpretations.

Joan D. E., August 19:

You ought to do something which combines design or a sense of artistry with some very technical mechanical activity. Let's see, now; architectural draughtsmanship or something on that order. It would be a hard job to find, I fancy. You're not an actress; the present idea that you might go into the movies belongs strictly to the present.

Announcing the Winners in the "Crazy Quilt" Contest

(*Continued from page 99*)

The lives of celebrities are, at times, so brilliantly colorful, and yet so dark, and full of discouragement too; and frequently they experience so many emotions at once — love — happiness — fame — popularity —along with discontent, and the ever-present fear of losing their drawing power, whether it is youth, beauty, ability, or personality.

Always, while in the public eye, their lives are so filled with momentary obligations and pleasures that they are robbed of a natural and normal perspective of life.

In all of them you will find the great desire to enjoy life and prominence to the utmost, and to do this they generally travel with terrific speed on the roads marked fame, love, and money, because they think it will bring them to permanent happiness.

So, altogether, their lives are very hectic and intense. And if one could compare these lives to some material symbol, what could be more fitting, and appropriate than a crazy quilt, with its brilliant and dull colors, and odd-shaped pieces of material, all bound together by circumstances.

The Thing To Do

(*Continued from page* 83)

that such an arrangement goes far toward eliminating a great percentage of our modern marital difficulties. To a large extent, we can avoid many a useless unpleasantness during the first year if only we will realize that a trousseau can be made the means to this end. This is one of the main reasons of its existence, and it is a very foolish person indeed who fails to heed this fact but, instead, stocks up with a lot of perishable chiffons that cannot hope to survive more than a few cleanings.

And so, for those of you who are in the throes of shopping for the big event next June . . . a word. Dont buy that very attractive, bright orange, near-linen luncheon set so temptingly embroidered with blue forget-me-nots, but play safe and take that plainer set that is thrust just a little to one side. It may not be so gay as you would wish but it is real linen and will see you thru many and many a happy luncheon party freed from the anxiety of wondering how much longer it will last.

Next month Mrs. Moreno will write of the many perplexing problems of etiquette that arise in connection with a wedding.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

I cant tell you how glad I am you are going to write such lovely articles. I enjoyed your first one so much. Just what I have been longing to know.

May I make a suggestion that you write an article on calling cards, when to leave them and how many?

MARY, Norfolk, Va.

Thank you so much for your interest and helpful suggestion, which I will be delighted to take at the first opportunity I have.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Would you be kind enough to tell me what is the correct thing to wear at a formal afternoon wedding? Would my evening dress do?

E. S. T., Hartford, Conn.

It would never do to wear your evening dress. If you feel that you cannot afford an afternoon frock, I would suggest that you make a new one to suit the occasion or else "do over" one of your old ones with fresh lace or other suitable trimming.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

I am very anxious to know if it is customary for an engaged girl to lay out her trousseau for the inspection of her friends. Are "showers" for a future bride considered old-fashioned?

J. C. B., Towners, N. Y.

It is bad taste to make a display of a trousseau, and with the exception of a very few intimate friends, the trousseau should never be exhibited to anyone. The very pretty custom of a bride's shower might be thought old-fashioned by some, tho I personally think it one of the loveliest customs imaginable.

All letters must be signed with your full name and address, but, when it is requested, initials only will be published with Mrs. Moreno's answer. Address all communications to Mrs. Antonio Moreno, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patricia Avery in
Metro Goldwyn Pictures

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Follow the advertisements in this magazine. They will keep you up to date in smartness

Come Into the Kitchen

(*Continued from page* 95)

any corner or into any unused wall space. These are complete with hooks for brushes and a shelf for cleaning powder, wax for floors and oils for polishing. Here all of your cleaning material is kept out of the way until you need it and the odors are not allowed to mingle with the foodstuffs.

The ideal position for your sink is under a high window, but few kitchens can afford this location. However, any well-lit place is a convenient location. If you cant have a board on each side, you can make out very well if the drain-board on one side is wide and deep and grooved correctly for draining. Sinks are made in different heights these days, so that women need not break their backs while they wash dishes.

The ideal kitchen table is one with a porcelain top or one of the patented materials that resembles porcelain. Excepting that hot dishes cannot be put upon them, these tops are ideal in every way. It is easy to keep them spotless, they are convenient to use and always look well. I recommend them.

As I have said, linoleum is an ideal covering for a kitchen floor. Linoleum, waxed once a month and washed whenever necessary, always looks well and is easily kept in good condition.

In some of the new homes kitchen window-sills are of tile or marble. These are a luxury—and while luxuries are always good, they are not always necessary. However, if I were having my kitchen painted, I would have an extra coat of paint and then one of enamel put on my window-sills.

Many manufacturers are putting convenient ironing-board closets on the market. If you have room for one, you will like one of these, I know.

You will want a cabinet, of course, built-in or otherwise, and this cabinet should contain all of the staple materials. There should be bins for flour and sugar, a place for spices, a place for your rolling-pin and for the other kitchen necessities. In the cabinet or below a convenient shelf there should be a row of hooks where may be hung the smaller kitchen accessories—measuring cups and spoons, pastry brushes, pancake turners and the like, so that you wont have to scramble for these things when you need them.

Some housekeepers prefer to keep all of their cooking utensils in cabinets. Others like to have certain often-used utensils hanging on their walls so that they may get them when they wish. I know kitchens that are made most attractive because of rows of shining pots and pans, always in view. I know other kitchens that are equally good to look upon where every pot and pan is out of the way as soon as the meal is over. You must choose your own particular kind of kitchen—and after you have chosen, stick to it. There is nothing so ugly as a kitchen with one or two pans standing around when they are not supposed to be standing around. Keep in your kitchen only the furnishings that are actually needed there. A white-top table, built-in shelves, a stool that may or may not turn into a small ladder, according to your needs, one or two kitchen chairs for comfort, the right sort of stove.

Keep your curtains plain—for circulation in a kitchen is more necessary than frills. Use no curtain material excepting the simplest cloth. Use no auxiliary material, excepting perhaps oilcloth, and this comes today in so many charming colors. Use the lighter colors of paint with splashes of color for ornament, and I think you will find that your kitchen has become a charming place.

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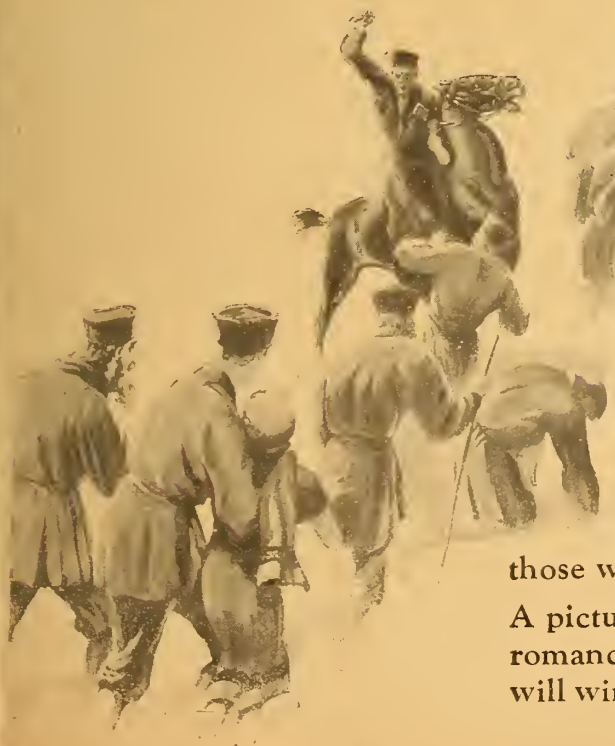

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At Your Theatre Soon—Watch for it!

They Thought I Was Trying to be Funny —

Until I Started to Play — Then I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives

THE crowd sat spellbound—fascinated with the rich full notes of Harry's violin. Yes, it was beautiful—for Harry was a brilliant performer. Yet I could not help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them. I waited until the last ripple of applause had stopped. Then with mock dignity I arose.

"With your kind permission," I announced, "I shall now charm you with a piano recital."

Everyone snickered, "Does he really play?" one girl asked. "Yes," Phil laughed, "he plays the Victrola—*beautifully!*" Someone behind me whispered: "Jim must have his little joke." "How about playing Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C Minor,' Jim!" another suggested. The room was in an uproar. They were sure I couldn't play a note.

With studied clumsiness, I fell over the piano stool and dropped the lid on my hand. Then with all the gravity of a master pianist, I proceeded to pick out "Chop Sticks" with one finger! The crowd roared with laughter. This was the dramatic moment for my surprise. Dropping the mask of the clown, I struck the first sweet chords of Wagner's lovely "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser."

The laughter died on their lips. The magic of my music cast a spell over everyone. As I played on with complete confidence, I forgot the room —the people—everything. I was alone—lost in the sheer beauty of the immortal master's tender melodies.

The Thrill of My Life

When the last haunting strain of the mellow notes had faded away, there was a dead silence. Had I failed? A roar of applause answered my question. Then I felt the thrill that comes with real success!

A perfect bedlam of questions and congratulations followed from my amazed and dumbfounded friends—"How long have you been playing?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"Where did you learn?"

"I know it is hard to believe," I replied happily, "but I learned at home—*and without a teacher!*"

How I Learned

They were too completely surprised to say anything so I told them the whole story.

"I have always wanted to play the piano. But I never had a chance to take lessons when I was a youngster and as time went on I reluctantly said good-bye to my ambition to play. Then I saw an interesting ad one day. It told about a new, easy way of learning music—right at home—without a teacher. It seemed too good to be true. But I *did* want to play and it certainly was worth investigating as long as it didn't cost me a cent. So I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet.

"When they arrived, I was amazed to see how easy playing the piano really was—easier than I dared hope. I knew right away that I could master it. So I decided that I would send for the course and practice secretly. Then I could surprise you all."

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Soap from Trees

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THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Horseshoes for luck and laughs! It'll be your lucky laugh day when you see

MONTY BANKS

in "Horse Shoes"

A feature comedy

"Horse Shoes" got 200 separate, deep-chested laughs from the big crowd at its preview in Los Angeles—that's almost a World's Record!

Now ready for YOUR entertainment!

Ask at your local Theatre when it will be shown.

Pathépicture

TRADE MARK

"SLIDE KELLY SLIDE"

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,
SPRINGTIME'S here, Oh boy!
BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter . . . .
REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?
THAT was one glorious football picture!
AND now this happy, handsome star appears in
THE epic picture of the great National pastime
WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!
MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the
MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.
FOLLOW the crowd!

Slide Kelly Slide
with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY
An Edward Sedgwick Production
An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER
Titles by JOE FARNHAM
Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Where are eyes the keenest?

North, South, East, West?

These rare prizes will decide it!

WHAT a difference there is in eyes—and between merely looking at things and actually seeing them. Thousands of people miss half the enjoyment M-G-M pictures could give them. They do not *see*—and, of course, can't remember—anywhere near all that producers put into settings and players into their characterizations.

Here's a test that'll help you discover how keen your eyes are. If they're as sharp as we hope, they'll win one of our prizes for you! Send us your answers to the six questions below. The possessor of the keenest woman's eyes shall receive the favorite "Aileen Pringle" choker necklace. The sharpest male optics will win the silver-topped "Lew Cody" cane used in "On Ze Boulevard."

To the 50 next best, we'll give our favorite portraits specially autographed. Luck and keen eyes to you all—North, South, East, West!

(Signed)

Harry D. Brown

Lew Cody

Here are the six questions!

1 In what recent M-G-M picture does Lon Chaney play the role of a son, a father and a grandfather?

2 With what type of picture has Reginald Barker been long identified?

3 Give your estimation of William Haines' work on the screen with particular reference to "Slide, Kelly, Slide." (Not more than 50 words.)

4 What M-G-M picture has for its background the Citizens' Military Training Camps?

5 Name six M-G-M pictures which will be shown at your local theatre in 1927. Give name of theatre and manager.

6 In what M-G-M picture does an imaginary island figure and what was the name given it?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE:—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Joan Crawford Contest of March:
HARRY D. BROWN, Mayor
Gillispie, Illinois
SADIE M. MOORHOUSE
815 Pacific Ave., Osawatonic, Kansas

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Volume XXXIII, No. 5 JUNE, 1927

Divorced Fiancées . . .

. . .ever heard of them? They are divorced ladies who prefer their erstwhile husbands' society to that of any other men.

It has become quite the smart thing, out Hollywood way, for divorced couples to trip the Black Bottom together—or sip the orange pekoe over softly lighted tea-tables.

"Leave' Em and Like 'Em," by Dorothy Manners, tells all about these friendly enemies.

F. Scott Fitzgerald Discusses Film Flappers

And if "Scotty" doesn't know what he's talking about, no one does. After all, he is responsible for the very term. He looks over the screen line-up of "girls with a talent for living," since that is what a flapper must be, above all else.

Did you know that an "old program" was an actor without any present engagement and talking about his old ones—that a yard and a half was $150 salary—that laughing soup was gin?

The movies have a language of their own. And Johnnie Walker has compiled an anthology of Hollywood slang. It will appear next month, and the chances are it will enlarge your vocabulary, even if it doesn't exactly improve it.

Read it and be a snappy number.

The July Motion Picture Magazine On News-Stands May 28

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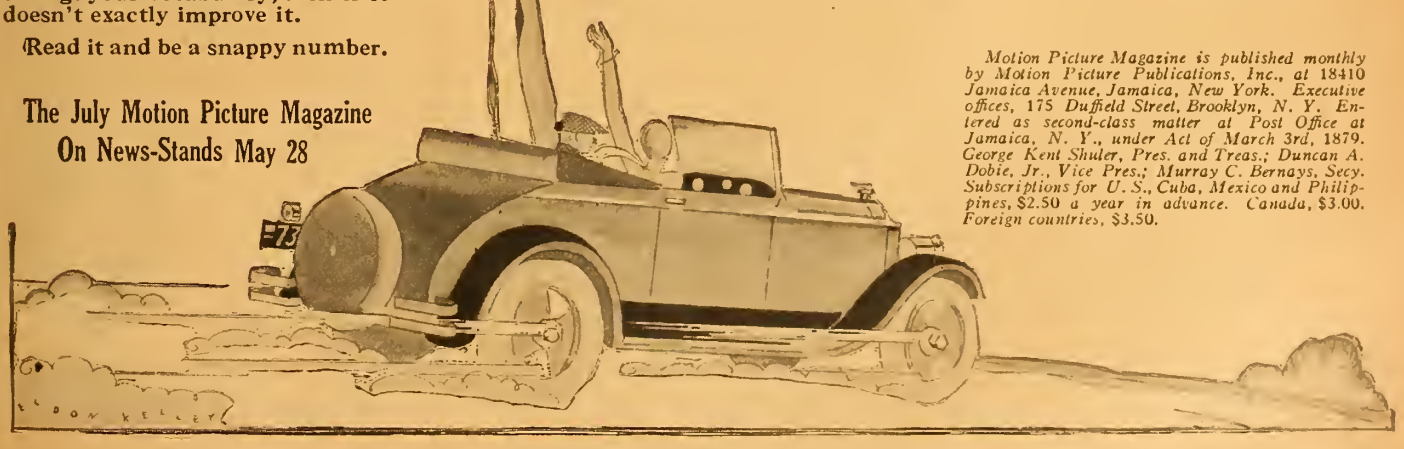

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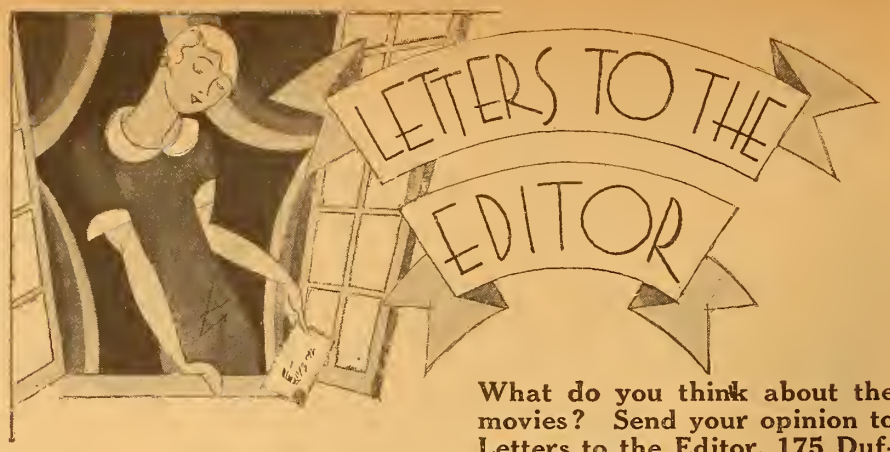
Another big Prize Picture Contest in July Motion Picture Magazine

Order Your Copy Now



What do you think about the movies? Send your opinion to Letters to the Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Are We Coming To?

DEAR EDITOR:

I FEEL like an erupting volcano, ready to spit fire, blow smoke, and all the rest. Something must be done, that's all. Greta Garbo wants to pout, Lois Wilson wants to vamp; imagine Lois Wilson vamping? Is our "Girl of the Golden West" gone? What are these movies coming to? Such castings, seventeen with fifty, dont we get enough of that in the papers? Where are all the good stories? Heroes dont save heroines any more, the modern girl takes care of herself. It's all right in its place, but what we are looking for is action, ACTION. Where are all the mystery stories? Give us some good newspaper stories (of course, I'm no flat tire) throw in a little romance on the side.

But cant we get away from these absolutely hectic love dramas? I know the end of every picture after I see the second reel. I'd like to see a picture that would give me something to think about a week after.

Furthermore, I want to see some of these new stars given a fair chance. It seems like casting directors insist on stars playing together picture after picture. There is Bill Haines, why couldn't Dorothy Sebastian have a chance to play with him? After seeing Dorothy's work in "Blue Beard's Seven Wives" and "You'd Be Surprised," I think she deserves a better chance. There are many other stars I'd like to speak for, but the lack of space forbids. However, I feel much relieved, to know that other fans can share my feelings.

Yours till Niagara Falls,
VIRGINIA THOMAS.

A Brickbat for Us

DEAR EDITOR:

THERE have been many varied views relating to the censorship of pictures, but may I be so bold as to censure your magazine?

For the last five years I have been a constant reader of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in fact, I picked it as my favorite of its class, but the April number provoked me to quite an extent.

"A Sunday Afternoon With Mrs. Falaise," by Faith Service, is the first object of my brickbat, and contrary to rules. I am not vexed with Gloria Swanson, but with Faith Service. On page 111 of this interview, there is a paragraph—"The inquiring voices are sharpened with some acridity. After all, we have given up Santa Claus and the God of Judgment. Are we, now, to be asked to give up love?"

Now, it seems as tho Miss Service is giving her own opinions as to the God of Judgment, and if she is an infidel, God help her! But, need she have these opinions printed? There are many youths who read your magazine, and is this the kind of trash and untruthfulness to teach and impress on the minds of young America? I should say not! We all know that Santa Claus is a myth, but we all are not infidels, Miss Service!

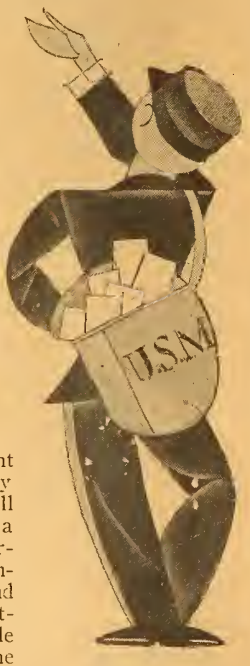
Trustfully hoping that you will take no offense from my outspoken words,

I am, respectfully,
MRS. A. J.,
Astoria, Oregon.

A Plea for Worse and Weaker Movies

DEAR EDITOR:

THIS is just a humble plea from a soul in torment. It may never reach the eyes of the powers that be, the directors, but if it should, I beg, implore, entreat and beseech them to give the public the pictures they understand. The Great Unwashed rule, and they, not the movies, are still in their infancy. The simple stories have sufficient appeal for them because they can understand the simple emotions. But give them a classic, or a tense little drama of human passions and it is beyond them.



For too long have we had to listen to the nit-wits make audible fun of a great picture. Is there ever absent the intolerable bore who smacks his lips loudly as the heroine kisses the heroine? His interest is evidently not in the picture if he has to create amusement so. And in every case I think you will find the play is a clear and true portrayal of what sensible people do and say in dramatic situations. Some people do not realize the

(*Continued on page* 8)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Yessir—Right On The Up and Up

YOU couldn't get away from the last CLASSIC, could you?

That April number, followed up by the May number, certainly aroused your interest, didn't it?

You were surprised, you say? Well, as Al Jolson would put it—*you ain't seen nothin' yet.*

Yes, indeed, the May CLASSIC made us feel that we're on the right tack in pleasing you. It had a variety of articles—it carried original ideas—expressed in its features, photographs and caricatures.

And the June CLASSIC is traveling in the same company.

When you saw that dazzling cover of Constance Howard—you knew that spring had arrived—spring blossoming with colors n'everything.

Well, summer is coming along with more color—and the CLASSIC will carry color, too. It will bloom with bright and appealing pages.

As usual, it will be off the beaten path in its array of glittering ideas. Novelty will be found thruout its contents.

What is the other side of the world doing? You will find the answer in John Grierson's article on the Movies in Russia.

Did you ever consider Religion and the Motion Pictures? You will become absorbed in an illuminating feature that concerns Broadway and Main Street.

Of course, you enjoyed reading the personality stories such as Paul Thompson wrote about Rube Goldberg. Mr. Thompson will entertain you next month with one about the kingpin of sports writers, Grantland Rice.

Yessir, the contents will be original — and filled with wit and sparkle. There are no dull moments around—not with the CLASSIC as your companion. Where you enjoy reading pithy stories you'll find them in this *diff'rent* magazine.

As for the pictorial pages, CLASSIC is in a class by itself. You will find a rich assortment of attractive photographs of established favorites and a host of newcomers.

Order your June CLASSIC now.

It's the MAGAZINE with The Personality.

Up the beanstalk

When Jack climbed the beanstalk, he got a new conception of his needs. No longer would just a hen do, but a golden-egg hen. No longer just a harp, but one that stood by itself and played. He didn't know what he wanted till he saw something better than what he had . . . tho he labored hand over hand to get hold of that point of view.

Advertisements give you a high point of view without any climbing at all. They spread world products before you—servants to serve you, conveniences to please—prices low because so many thousands are using the same. They give you a new conception of what you'd like to own. No longer will a watch or food chopper do—but the highest improved watch or food chopper. No longer just a radio—but one of purest transmission. They make you change your mind about what you started to choose, and choose something more pleasing at no higher price. They help you see the whole field of satisfying wares. They lift you to fresh joys.

Read the advertisements. Honest facts are in their news

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 6)

difficulty of portraying common, every-dav things. How hard it is, every budding novelist can say.

Perhaps the best example of this buffoonery was at that picture, that of all the pictures I have ever seen is the best acted —"Variety." When he learned of the liaison between his partner and his wife, Jannings, as the trapezist, gave the most realistic portrayal of a stricken man that I have ever seen on stage or screen. In his dressing-room, applying the greasepaint to his face, you could see incredulity, stark horror and rage, all combined into one deadened, masklike expression. The very foundations of the man's soul had been rocked, and Jannings showed it all in a most convincing way. But the fact that it was wonderful acting escaped the larger part of the audience. In fact, the whole picture seemed beyond their mental grasp. At the part I have just mentioned, pandemonium reigned. Loud comments, feet-shuffling and the high giggle of silly women was all the tribute that that great master of the art of the theater received.

So, please, Mr. Movie-Man, give us simple Idealism, thick and unadulterated, but desist from the excellent dramas of human emotions as they are that you have been giving us, until, at least, the masses grow up. Sincerely, E. D.

All Is Vanity

Knowing as they do that the average movie patron parts with his silver for the sheer purpose of being entertained, why do some picture producers and directors insist upon decorating their product with three or four credit lines for a single man? What I mean, more specifically, is the introductory titling which often reads similarly like this: Story and Continuity by J. Blipp Bloogan, Sr. And a moment later: Directed by J. Blipp Bloogan, Sr. Then again: Personally Supervised and Produced by J. Blipp Bloogan, Sr. And finally (?) note: A J. Blipp Bloogan, Sr., Production. Just think of the dull minutes we writhe away while footage is wasted by an egotistic producer, relative of the star, or the star himself, to exploit his unimpressive self.

Several months ago a certain company innovated the system of running credit titles at the end of the film, but it seems that representatives heard the seats snapping back when this important climax approached, and vanity overcame discretion. Cant we in front of the screen compromise with those behind it? For instance, announce that the eminent Mr. Bloogan wrote, directed and personally supervised (and deodorized) the production before it unreels and that it is a J. Blipp Bloogan production, produced by the J. Blipp Bloogan Film Company of America, when all is said and done. We deserve some kind of a break, dont we?

G. K., New York, N. Y.

"D. W." Is Slipping

Happily, Marie Corelli was "before my time," so I dont know whether the novel, the scenario or the director is responsible for that miserable concoction—"Sorrows of Satan." How this picture ran so long in New York cannot be conceived, unless it is that:

1. New York will stand (in line) for anything.

2. The audiences were lured by the attractive billboards of Adolphe Menjou sporting a neat set of horns, impersonating Satan.

D. W. Griffith directed the picture, and is certainly slipping. The director of "Way Down East" and "Broken Blossoms" had better stick to his calico and not dabble in pagan revels of nymphs and fauns, *au naturel*. Apropos of the nymphs, they had the clumsiest ankles ever seen, and must have been found in the elephant cage at the zoo.

At times Carol Dempster was charming and wistful, but at others peaked and witchlike. As for Lya de Putti . . . "the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be. . . ." Adolphe Menjou was excellent, as usual, but looked a trifle bored, I thought, at the whole affair.

The film attempts some grotesque shadow effects, and symbolism, imitating the German camera tricks, but this only cheapens the picture.

(Miss) E. M. B., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

"Owed" to Herbert Howe—My "Him" of Hate!

I

Herbert Howe, Herbert Howe,
Oh, *how* I hate you, Herbert Howe!
Because you went to Araby.
(A privilege not granted me.)
And yet, my fount of hatred springs
Not from old pyramids and things,
From dancing girls or sunny clime,
But that Novarro, all the time,
Was with you there, from week to week,
When I so want him for my "Sheik"!
Herbert Howe, Herbert Howe,
I think you see my quarrel now!

II

Herbert Howe, Herbert Howe,
Good Fortune is your friend, I vow!
In Italy, on "Ben-Hur's" ride
To vict'ry, *you* were *at his side;*
When *I* would gladly die, if he
Would drive his chariot *over me!*
What thrills you must have stumbled on,
Viewing, with "Scaramouche-Ra-MON,"
Great poets' tombs, in ecstasies!
(Whose verses were not quite like these.)
Herbert Howe, Herbert Howe,
That holiday was sure a Wow!

III

Herbert Howe, Herbert Howe,
You fall on all the luck, somehow!
When I just *read* the things you *write,*
I get so mad that I could bite.
Stopping at home (like good girls ought).
Gee! I've just had an awful thought!
Suppose you took my words to heart
And gave us no more of your art?!?!?!
Dont do that, *dear* Herbert Howe,
What should we do without you now?

Mary Lytton,
146 Norwood Rd., West Norwood, S. E. 27,
London, England.

Girl Shy

What is the matter with Ramon? Novarro is certainly a bashful man. I cant see how he ever got in pictures, unless it was for his looks, for he certainly acts as if he is afraid of women. If he was as full of pep as Jack Gilbert, he would be just as popular. He has the looks and the training, but he doesn't use it. Oh, Novarro was my best bet, but I think Jack Gilbert is going to lead them all in being popular. I would love to see Novarro in one play like the "Sheik," just to see if he would go to sleep on the job.

Kathyleen White, Los Angeles, Calif.

Elizabeth L. Jackson
Greensburg, Indiana

Estherea Mae George, Juneau, Alaska

Elna I. Harrington
Presque Isle, Maine

Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

Cow's milk contains all the nutritive elements necessary for maintenance and growth. If these elements were in the same proportions as in human milk and of the same character and as digestible, cow's milk as delivered to the household could be substituted for human milk with the assurance of successful results and the matter of the artificial feeding of infants would need no further thought.

However, while all the essential food elements are present in cow's milk, there is a marked difference in relative proportions, in physical character and in digestibility as compared with human milk and for these reasons cow's milk must be modified before it can be applied successfully as nourishment for the bottle-fed baby.

The purpose of Mellin's Food is to adjust these differences and this purpose is accomplished by following the plan which directs the use of Mellin's Food as a milk modifier.

The plan is a practical one, for the entire day's feeding may be prepared in a few minutes by simply dissolving Mellin's Food in water and then adding milk.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

". . . Like tropical flowers, in their brilliant frocks—how do the women of these exclusive cottage colonies take care of their skin?"

AT THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORTS

NEWPORT + BAR HARBOR + LAKE PLACID CLUB + THE MOUNT ROYAL IN MONTREAL +

Society women find it "a perfect soap for the skin"

NEWPORT, with its white palaces above the sea—Bar Harbor, where the yachts of millionaires flash back and forth like sea-gulls—Lake Placid Club and Mount Royal, with their wonderful winter sports—

Society has made these places her own.

Here, in the season, the most beautiful women in America are to be seen—riding, golfing, swimming, dancing—or, wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter, making the loveliest of pictures as they skate, ski, toboggan.

How do these women, accustomed to every luxury, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to keep the texture smooth, soft, exquisite?

In the fashionable cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor—three-fourths of the 193 women we questioned said they find Woodbury's Facial Soap best for their skin.

Among 208 women guests at Lake Placid Club—nearly two-thirds were using Woodbury's.

At beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal three out of every four women guests were enthusiastic Woodbury users: *"Truly the most cleansing and non-irritating soap," they said. "The only satisfactory soap for the face." "Perfect!"*

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1311 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial".

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Bull

ANNA MAY WONG

This Chinese flapper successfully combines the East and West, retaining the best features of each. On the screen Anna May is much in demand for all parts that are the least bit Asiatic. But at home in Hollywood she prefers to be 100 per cent. American. Her next picture is "All Aboard"

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire was made for clothes, no matter what their period. She wears petticoats and puffs with the same grace that she brings to modern attire. In "The Bugle Call," Claire will be Jackie Coogan's stepmother—but not the traditionally wicked kind, you may be sure

Ruth Harriet Louise

Mortensen

DOROTHY CUMMINGS

Buddie and Cobbie are the golden-haired sons of Frank Lloyd and Dorothy Cummings. They're too young to think much about screen careers—but no doubt they've helped their mother to understand her rôle as the Madonna in "The King of Kings"

Spurr

MARGARET MORRIS

Margaret made the leap from high-school theatricals to a movie contract in a very few years. F. B. O. has signed her to take the place of Alberta Vaughn, who wandered to wider fields. But if she keeps on at this rate, they'll be hanging out their "Girl Wanted" sign again soon. You will see her in "Moulders of Men"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick's pictures are becoming almost as infrequent as Charlie Chaplin's. A small daughter and a house at the beach can be very absorbing. But "The Patent Leather Kid" is well under way, and Dick promises it will be worth waiting for

Murdy

THOMAS MEIGHAN

"Go West, young man!" Paramount said firmly to Tommy, when they decided to close their Long Island Studio. And tho Tommy is a confirmed Easterner, he submitted gracefully and agreed to give Hollywood a trial. "We're All Gamblers" is the first of four Meighan pictures to be made there

Ruth Harriet Louise

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

Discord and disappointment clouded Eleanor's career—until she became Mrs. King Vidor. Now she wears the serene brow that seems to characterize the wives of our very best directors. She has the lead in Vidor's production of "The Crowd"

What Makes

Is It Make-up, or Magnetic

By
GRACE CORSON

IT is difficult for me, having met and liked so many of our "beauties," to discuss, impersonally, their rights to the title.

One statement I *shall* make, however, let the bricks fall where they may!

Not one, of a list of forty stars and near-stars, may be truthfully termed a *perfect* beauty.

Why?

Because, perfect physical beauty, leaving aside for the moment all beauties of character, is a composite of flawlessly symmetrical features and figure, and of naturally lovely coloring.

Edward Thayer Monroe

Very few may dare successfully, as did Laura La Plante when she decided that blondness would become her, to bleach their hair. On the right is an old picture of Laura with long and brunette tresses

Evans

. . . . . .

The majority of our exquisite ones, I am afraid, are largely synthetic! Make-up and the right clothes will do wonders to conceal defects and enhance whatever natural beauty one may be fortunate enough to possess. But—and here enters the most important part of all: Make-up cannot put beauty of expression into a face that is devoid of character and emotion—that unnameable something that endears, that inspires love and loyalty in our hearts.

Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Anna Q. Nilsson, Corinne Griffith, have all been stars for years and are still adored by fans the world over. . . . Take away that something that is called, for lack of a better word, personality, and how long would their mere physical attributes interest us?

. . . The compassion and tenderness of Mary, the understanding heart of Norma, the loyalty and sympathy for others that we feel behind all Bebe's glorious clowning, the good-fellowship of Anna Q.—these are the qualities that appeal to us; not simply their lovely features.

Mawkish sentimentality? Not a bit of it—it's true.

How many times have you thought, "I'd like to know her; I know she's genuine, real," when you have seen some personality on the screen?

We know that if they really were our friends, to know intimately, our joys and woes would not meet with indifference from them, and therein lies the real charm they hold for us.

Beauty may be of many kinds—gentle, flashing, mysterious, wistful, imperious, subtle—but the kind that endures is the beauty of heart.

I have seen Norma Talmadge *sans* make-up and "lighting," and she's not beautiful—but who cares? Certainly Norma didn't. She was too busy trying to divide her time among the host of genuinely devoted friends that were there.

I've seen Anna Q. at the end of a hard day at the studio, also minus make-up and lighting, but the charm of her is enough to discount the lack of mere cosmetics.

There was the night I wanted some stills of her in five costumes.

Did she kick? Not Anna Q.! She wheedled and kidded the electricians and others who growled, "Aw, gee! Anna, it's ha' past five!"—until she got them for me, and had them liking it, too, before she was thru! And she was probably more tired than any of them. And, again, she climbed out on the running-board of the limousine as we were driving home from the studio, to give a direction to her chauffeur and save distracting his attention from his

The irregularities of Gloria Swanson's features mean little when compared with the brilliance and intelligence of her face. And Gloria, regardless of the mode of the moment, wears long skirts and the clinging, fitted type of thing in order to give an impression of greater height

Edward Thayer Monroe

Women Beautiful . . .

Clothes, Personality?

driving. It's really not strange that she's a favorite with everyone from "props" to director.

Oh, there are so *many* things I could mention, it is impossible to go on and tell them all. But—Bebe, almost in a dead faint from exhaustion and illness in her dressing-room, but "life of the party" when down on the set . . . Eleanor Boardman, who is utterly uninterested in clothes, but whose conversation was interesting enough to keep us talking from four-thirty until eight in the evening, despite my efforts to remember our other engagements!

Kesslere

International Newsreel

Norma Talmadge is not beautiful, but who cares? Certainly not Norma. She is always too busy trying to divide her time among the host of genuinely devoted friends about her. On the left is a news picture of Norma, sans lighting and make-up, while above is a professional portrait

Eleanor is, I think, one of the few *real* beauties. Her skin is perfect, her features are exquisite, and her eyes are clear and compelling, but she cares nothing at all, as I've said before, for styles, or the impression she makes on others. If she *did* become interested in clothes, people would gasp with delight when she entered a room, that's certain, for she needs no trick lighting to enhance the cameo loveliness of her face.

Bebe, too, has a naturally lovely skin, and her eyes, teeth, lips and hair are enough to make most of us take to the river—but she is not always well-dressed.

To some, Gloria Swanson is neither beautiful nor lovable—merely fascinating. . . . To me, she is all three, because the irregularities of her features mean little compared with the brilliance and intelligence of her face; her figure is not perfect, but is nearly so, and she has learned to wear the lines that enhance its loveliness.

For instance, she is very small, but gives an impression of height by wearing, regardless of the mode of the day, rather long skirts, and the clinging, fitted type of thing. Her hats are generally small, as broad hats lessen the height.

Pola Negri, too, is dynamic, glittering, and, being possessed of much natural beauty, needs little adornment . . . hers is the arresting beauty of great emotional force and of so dominant a character that clothes become of secondary importance.

Beauty of heart and mind, then, are far more important than external attributes.

Test it yourself, for even I cannot be heartless enough to name those possessed of these defects, but there are stars who are burdened with thick ankles, large hands, "cast" eyes, bad figures, bad noses, short necks, round shoulders, big feet, poor skins, lack of coloring, long jaws, and a lot more—but their very flaws make them more human and lovable *and* they have learned the answer to the all-important question of how to "make the most of themselves."

The girls with big ankles or feet do not attract attention to them by wearing white, or light, shoes and hosiery.

Those with figures a bit too padded in spots avoid broad, widening effects and choose straight, slenderizing lines.

Those with long jaws rouge the edge of the chin lightly, giving it roundness; if the hands are too large, they are always well kept and used gracefully; if the neck is too short, a pointed neck-

Richee

Clothes become of secondary importance with Pola Negri because of her emotional force and dominant character. She is dynamic and glittering and needs little adornment

Beauty *is not* skin deep. And almost any woman who will give enough thought to her make-up, style and carriage may gain a reputation for beauty

Ruth Harriet Louise

line, V-shape, is worn, never a round one, or a square one, etc., etc.

In making up, one's whole appearance may be changed for the better *if* the make-up is wisely used. If not——!

Very few may dare successfully, as did Laura La Plante, who decided blondeness would become her — and bleached—with the most marvelous effect, but if a girl of naturally very dark complexion were to dye her hair black, the effect would no doubt be most striking and exotic—*but* this sort of advice is applicable only to "professionals" or orphans! I dont care to be deluged with indignant letters from mothers whose offspring have decided to bleach and dye for beauty!

These extreme examples are only to illustrate what may be done to create the illusion of striking good looks, but are rarely successful unless advised by some *real* expert in coloring and style, in which case the change will no doubt be remarkably effective.

In making up, this same care should be exercised, as the wrong color scheme, badly applied, instead of improving you, will ruin whatever looks you have.

Great care should be taken in applying the shading about the eyes and in using lip-rouge. If the mouth is well formed, drawing carefully over the natural curves, taking care not to smear over the edge, will bring out the beauty of the lips. The right shade of powder over a vanishing cream will give brightness and color to a sallow skin. Mascaro should not be used in the daytime; it is too artificial.

Perhaps it is well that perfection is rare. The very confidence that it would give would be likely to cause the possessor to cease striving for anything further, either physically or mentally. Such an attitude would be death to the very thing which gave it birth.

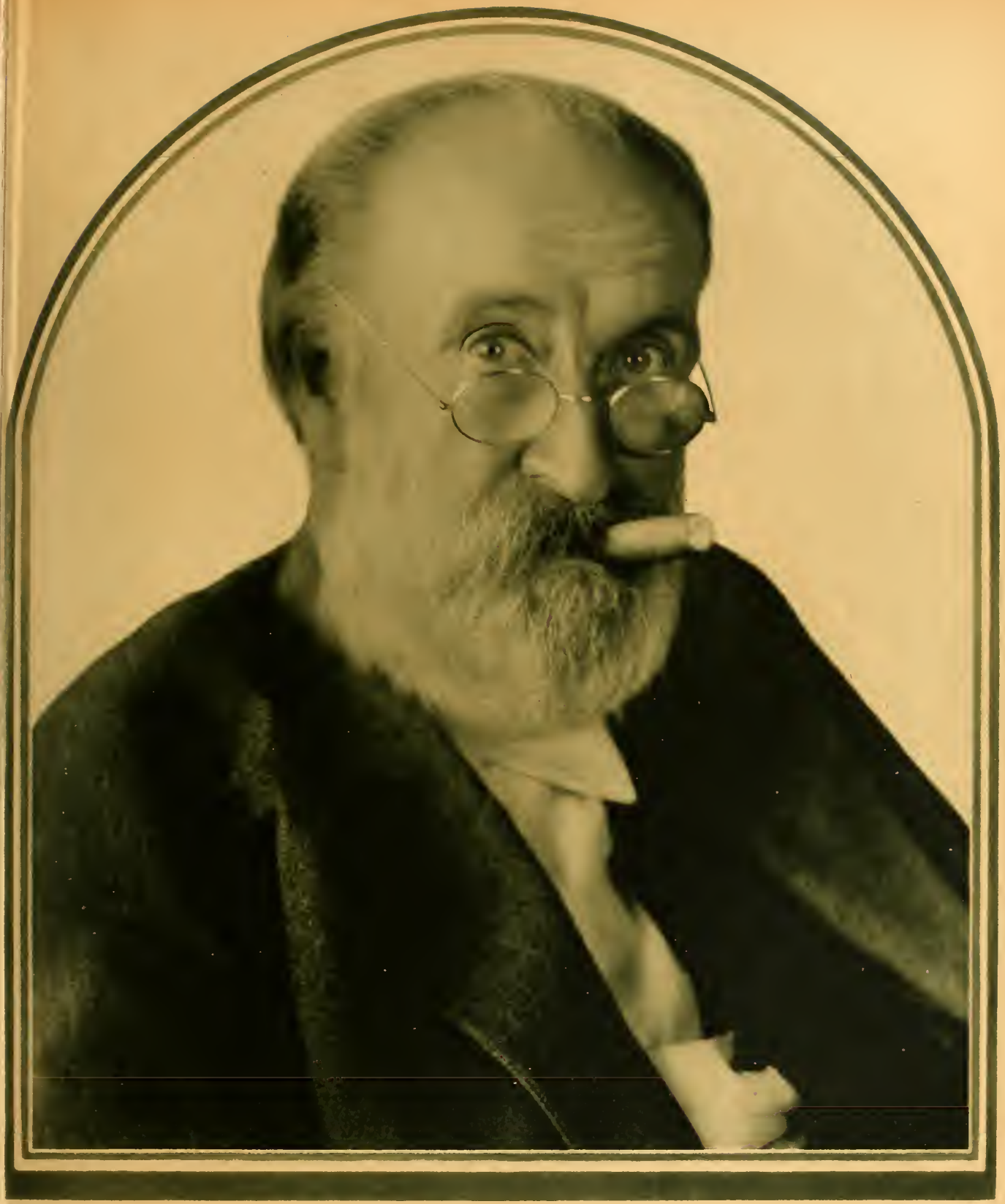
So more power to the "tricks of the trade" known to our beautiful stars. In my irrelevant ramblings, I've tried to bring out the fact that beauty *is not* skin deep, and that almost any girl or woman who will give enough study to her make-up, style and carriage, may, if she has or can acquire that charming something called personality, gain a reputation for beauty.

Bebe Daniels' skin, eyes and hair are enough to make most of us take to the river . . . but Bebe is not always well dressed

Edward Thayer Monroe

Eleanor Boardman is one of the few REAL beauties. Her features are exquisite, her skin perfect and her eyes clear and compelling. But she cares nothing at all for styles or the impression she makes on others

Minus make-up at the end of a hard day at the studio, the charm of Anna Nilsson is enough to discount the lack of cosmetics



Kenneth Alexander

The most charming thing to be seen in any studio is the affection in which Theodore Roberts is held. He is "Daddy" to everyone, from the property boys to the star reputed most temperamental and difficult. Theodore hasn't been appearing in any picture since he played in "The Cat's Pajamas," but he just cant keep away from the studios when he's home in California and not touring in vaudeville. After all, he's been in the game for a great many years now and, as he says himself, "what better have I to do than come over here and watch the young ones work?"

The Grand Old Man of the Studios

The beach house of Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, is one of the sights pointed out by the lecturers on the "rubberneck wagons." It is a palatial dwelling, built on the edge of the ocean. The cream stucco is brightened by the gay awnings and the green Spanish tiles which roof the house itself and the wide veranda, overlooking the Pacific. This house has become one of the most popular week-end rendezvous in the film colony

On the left is Mr. Mayer at the main doorway . . . and on the right are Mrs. Mayer and the two daughters, Edith and Irene

Photographs by Ruth Harriet Louise

The Beach House *of a* Movie Magnate

The living-room finds its charm in a luxurious informality. Couches are drawn invitingly near the large fireplace. Small smoking tables in beautiful woods complement easy chairs. And lamps shed a soft radiance when the curtains are drawn at dusk

In this study the fate of many a motion picture personality has been signed and sealed. There are book-shelves, tapestried with the colorful bindings of many interesting volumes . . . walnut-paneled walls . . . and everywhere that mellow luxury, compatible with men, prevails

Oh, for the boudoir of a movie magnate's daughter! The windows of this room, with its painted furniture, silken upholstery and bright chintzes, overlook the broad beach and the blue of the sea

Servants in this household will certainly find it difficult to come down to any future success they may have in their lives. For the servants' quarters look like that special house everyone has seen on one drive or another and dreamed of owning some day when their ship comes in. Gossip on this back stairway must be a pleasant affair

Hollywood

STORIES REMINISCENT FAIRY

By Betty

Illustrations by J. MacDonald

It's really quite a nice shoe that Mary Carr and all her children live in. It has a pink roof and geranium-trees in the front yard and a swimming pool in the back . . . and a southern exposure

The Little Prince With the Big Feet

ONCE upon a time a little prince was born in a beautiful palace that had solid gold window-panes and a roof studded with precious stones.

He was a beautiful little prince with great wistful eyes and a sad little smile that tugged at your heart-strings. The fairies came to his christening with magic gifts. One brought the gift of laughter and one the gift of tears, which may seem a funny sort of gift to you, but it really is a very great one, for it enriches the soul.

Everybody was having a merry time eating and drinking when suddenly the most wonderful music was heard. It sounded like an orchestra of nightingales and meadow larks. A sunbeam came dancing into the room carrying the tiniest fairy of all on its back and everybody held his breath as she flew to the baby's golden cradle and kissed him on the forehead.

"I bring you three gifts," said a voice that sounded like a butterfly's whisper. The fairy opened a bag made from a rose-leaf and took out a pair of shoes. As she pulled them on the baby's feet, they grew larger and larger until they not only fitted the little feet, but they looked as big as an elephant's bedroom slippers.

Everybody laughed as the wee one wiggled his feet and the young Queen, his mother, flew indignantly to him and tried to pull off the monstrous shoes. But the harder she pulled, the more securely they stayed on.

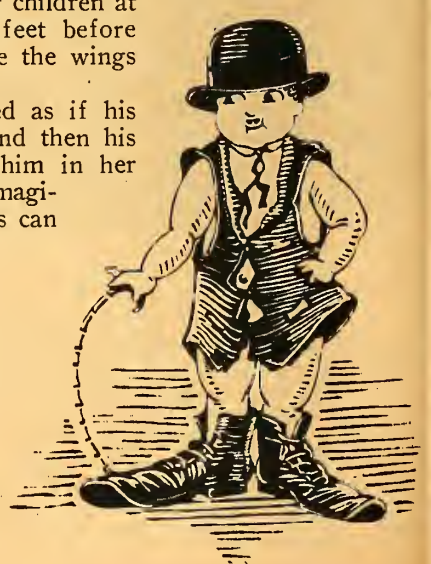
Then the tiny fairy drew a cane from under one of her golden wings and hung it on the little one's arm and with a laugh that sounded like the tinkle of blue bells put a little black derby hat on his head.

Somehow, the laugh broke the spell. The young mother sighed as she looked around the room that had changed so suddenly. The golden window-panes had become nothing but broken glass with the afternoon sun streaming thru and the turquoises and pearls in the ceiling were the sky and the clouds peeping in between the cracks.

Even the courtyard below that had been so gay with crimson banners and guards in armor had changed into a squalid slum close, crowded with ragged urchins. The castle turrets were only ugly London chimney-pots trailing wreaths of black smoke and the prancing Arabian steeds had been bewitched into sad-looking dogs and bedraggled alley cats.

And the baby wasn't a prince at all . . . just a little red-faced boy whose name was Charlie Chaplin and who had the funniest feet anyone had ever seen. For the bad fairy had bewitched him and when he grew older and began to toddle on the floor he didn't walk like other children at all, but flapped his feet before him as tho they were the wings of an aeroplane.

Sometimes he cried as if his heart would break and then his mother would take him in her arms . . . and how magically a mother's arms can drive a hurt away.



The baby wasn't a prince at all, just a little, red-faced boy named Charlie Chaplin. The bad fairy had bewitched him, and when he grew older his feet flapped as tho they were the wings of an aeroplane

Legends

OF THE BEST BELOVED TALES

"Oh dear, oh dear," Harold heard a tiny voice cry. "You've broken the magic glasses"

There were the queerest flowers the little girl had ever seen. They looked like beautiful little slippers suspended from a slender stalk . . . slippers of all colors, lavender, pink and pale yellow and gold

Peters

The years passed and the little boy grew to be a man. But you would have recognized him anywhere. Flip flap went his shoes and flip flap went his feet. Oh dear, people simply could not help laughing when they saw him.

He went out into the world to make his fortune and after many adventures his travels ended in the mighty Kingdom of Hollywood.

Now the Kingdom of Hollywood is a magical land where dreams come true if you know the secret password to success.

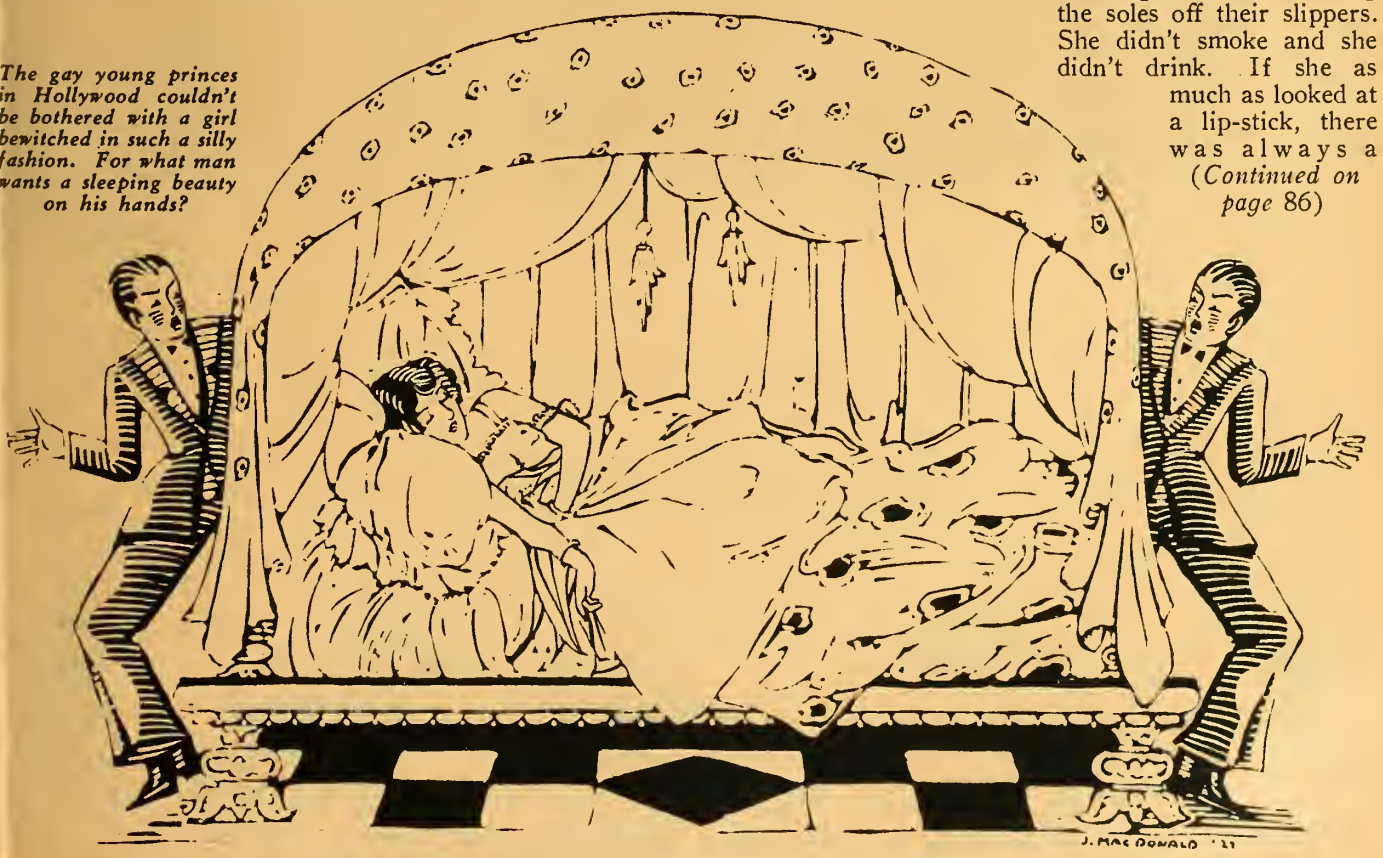
And soon Charlie Chaplin discovered that it was a good fairy who had bewitched him and not a wicked one as he had always thought. The funny feet and the cane and the derby hat that he had hated all his life brought the whole world to his feet. Everybody still laughed when they saw his funny feet, but the laughter was really the tinkling of golden coins falling into his strong box.

He built a real palace for the mother who had always believed in him and he wooed and won a beautiful princess . . . but alack and alas, they did not live happily forever after.

The Sleeping Beauty

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful princess who was known as the good girl of Hollywood. Nobody knew why she was so different from all the other damsels in Hollywood, nor why she wore little gingham dresses and sunbonnets instead of Paris gowns and chapeaux, nor why she was always at home reading and mending when other girls were dancing the soles off their slippers. She didn't smoke and she didn't drink. If she as much as looked at a lip-stick, there was always a (*Continued on page* 86)

The gay young princes in Hollywood couldn't be bothered with a girl bewitched in such a silly fashion. For what man wants a sleeping beauty on his hands?

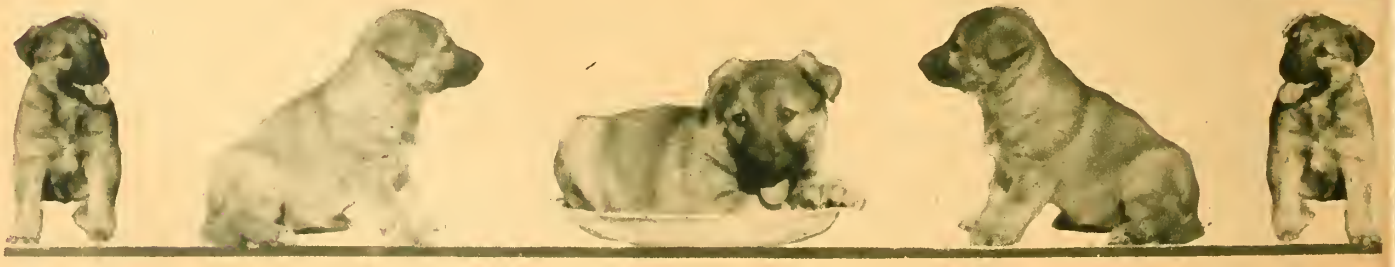


Preston Duncan

The Rin-Tin-Tins

Nanette, like so many of the stars, is going to combine motherhood with a career. The puppies are coming along beautifully, so she will play with Rin-Tin-Tin again in "Trapped by the Police"

Pacific & Atlantic



Motion Picture
MAGAZINE

June, 1927

Adele Whitely Fletcher, *Editor* Colin J. Cruickshank, *Art Director*

Major George K. Shuler

Movies in the Schoolroom

By

Major George Kent Shuler

Publisher

WE certainly hope that the movement to bring about a more extensive use of motion pictures as an educational medium in the school classroom will be carried on vigorously and successfully. An arrangement along this line is being considered, whereby various school boards thruout the country plan to tie up with picture producers to the end that a comprehensive program of educational films will be made available for distribution to all classes of educational institutions. There is a great future in store for educators, students and producers if this branch of the industry is developed along broad and progressive lines. The value of pictorial education to the pupil can readily be imagined, and if the producers view this development no farther than thru the window of the box-office, they certainly must realize that as the sand-lot players of today are the big leaguers of tomorrow, so the impression made on the minds of youth will naturally last, and there will be an ever-increasing multitude of movie fans as time goes on.

For Better

Often it is the dark and anxious hours the happy ones, born of success and

By ELIZABETH

When the Ray crash came, people wondered how the pampered little wife would take the sudden change in fortune. Would she be a good sport about it or would she whine and reproach him for his failure?

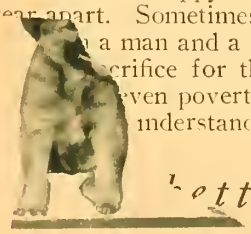
E. R. Richee

In the old lean days, Katherine Menjou listened encouragingly to the gallant plans of her husband . . . was thrilled when he was thrilled and comforting when he was sad
Then success came . . . and recently a divorce decree sealed the unhappy ending

"FOR better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or health, until death do us part."

What bride has not thrilled to the stern beauty of her marriage vows even while she trembled a little at the solemness of it all?

For better, for worse . . . it is always the worse she fears. Sickness, poverty, failure! They stand like dismal specters menacing the happiness of her marriage. And yet sometimes it is these, the dark, anxious things, that bind, and the happy ones, such as wealth and success, that tear apart. Sometimes failure is easier to bear.



n a man and a woman love each other, it is a privi- crifice for the other's sake, and what a gallant even poverty can be when there are two to dare nderstand!

But success . . . that may be harder.

There was Florence and King Vidor. What happy youngsters they were back in those careless, happy days in Texas when they laughed at prudence and married without a thought for worldly goods or anything else! But how rich they were in their dreams, their confident, youthful planning, their faith in each other!

She was so beautiful. There was something in her loveliness that set her apart from other women, an ethereal charm that suggested tall white candles burning before an altar.

It was not strange that the young husband who felt sorry for all other women because they seemed so plain beside her should dream that one day she would be known the world over. How her eyes would light with encouragement when, curled up beside him, she would listen to his plans for the future . . . success for both of them, wealth, adventure, joy undreamed of!

And because they believed in each other, they were richer than they would ever be again . . . but, of course, they did not know that.

Then came the day when they dared everything for the future and burned their bridges behind them. They started for Hollywood in their tried and trusted flivver, sleeping in country hotels or farmhouses, or, best of all, if the weather permitted, under the stars beside their campfire.

The thrilling happiness of that trip! Hours of blissful planning when it seemed that their dreams must come

etter for worse, for richer for poorer, in

or for Worse?

of marriage that foster love, while wealth, threaten the home itself

BENNECHE PETERSON

P. & A.

"If Jack loses his championship, he will lose his wife" was the gist of many newspaper stories. Then came the night that Jack Dempsey went down to defeat . . .

true, sudden breath-taking moments when they wondered at their own audacity, black periods of depression when it seemed that nothing but failure would come of their daring and when they reached out for each other's hands and clung a little fearfully, protesting that whatever might happen they would still have each other.

As they sat beside their camp-fire, there was always something for her to do, a button to be sewed on or a sock to be darned, some little service that she delighted in, for it pleased her to think that he was dependent on her for something.

And so they grew closer and closer together in their love and need of each other.

In Hollywood all their dreams came true . . . except one. They succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. The names of King Vidor, the director, and Florence Vidor, the gorgeous new star, were on every tongue. There wasn't a wish that could not be gratified. The old flivver had gone to make room for expensive foreign cars, there was a magnificent new home filled with rare antiques and costly furniture, their little daughter Suzanne had nurses and a governess and a doll's house that would have seemed a mansion in the old days back in Texas. It was no wonder that they were envied by the folks back home and that in Hollywood people counted them as the favored of the gods.

Back in Texas, Florence and King Vidor laughed at prudence and married without a thought for worldly goods. Then little Suzanne came. And because they believed in each other and the future, they were richer than they would ever be again. But, of course, they did not know that

Whenever a new divorce became the subject for studio gossip, someone would always mention the Vidors.

"You never can tell in Hollywood. Marriages dont seem to last somehow. But then, look at the Vidors. That's one happy marriage that wont go on the rocks."

The Vidors' happy marriage became almost a Hollywood legend. Everybody took a personal interest and even a pride in it. After all, when somebody criticized the old home town for its marital instability, it was something to be able to protest, "Why, how can you say such a thing! Look at the Vidors now. . . ."

But the impossible happened just the same. At first Hollywood refused to believe it, even when it saw with its own eyes that the Vidors had separated.

"It's just a marital vacation," everyone was quick to explain. "You know how it is when they each have their work to think about. Even the happiest married people like solitude once in a while."

Yet as the months sped by, there was no sign of a reconciliation—and yet reconciliation is hardly the word to use, as there had not seemed to be any quarrel or incriminations

(*Continued on page* 120)

sickness or health, until death doth us part"

$500 in Cash Prizes

Complete In This Issue

And in Succeeding Issues Until Further Notice

A Fascinating Picture Contest For Those Who Have Sharp Eyes

HERE is a contest for the whole family! The only thing you need to participate in this contest is a pair of sharp eyes. For it is those who find the greatest number of errors in the picture on the facing page who will win the generous prizes.

You do not have to have literary ability to win this contest. You do not have to be an inveterate movie fan and be able to list the names and casts of a hundred and one motion pictures. All you need do is to study the drawing carefully and list the mistakes that you find. Some of the errors are glaring, while others are not so obvious. But there is no trick to any of them.

Everybody from Little Billy to Grandmother and Grandfather ought to compete.

The best part of this fascinating picture contest is that each contest will be complete in the issue in which it appears. You will not have to buy a number of magazines or wait months and months for the awards.

The lucky winners in this month's contest will be announced in the September Motion Picture Magazine, which reaches the newsstands on August first. How is that for quick work?

However, even tho this contest concludes with this issue, there will be another contest in the July magazine, and so on until further notice. And we believe that the family will have so much fun discovering the errors in this picture of a motion picture scene that they will not be able to wait for the July issue, which will show a motion picture company taking a modern war scene.

Five hundred dollars in cash will be awarded monthly.

The Rules Are Simple and Insure Fairness

1. Prizes will be awarded to those who point out the largest number of actual mistakes in this picture, and who present their explanation of the errors in the clearest and most skilful manner. (The mistakes shall be in all cases interpreted to be errors appearing in the pictures about which there can be no question in the opinion of the judges.)

2. In the case of any ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each tying contestant.

3. Answers may be submitted on any kind of paper, but they must be typewritten or written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

4. Errors must be listed separately and numbered.

5. No corrections or changes will be allowed after an entry is submitted, but a contestant may submit as many separate entries as desired.

6. Address entries to Picture Contest Editor. Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street. Brooklyn. N. Y.

7. Write your name and address plainly on each sheet of your entry.

8. The publishers will not be responsible for delay, loss or non-deliveries of entries. And entries with insufficient postage cannot be accepted.

9. No contribution will be acknowledged and none will be returned. Neither will letters of inquiry regarding the contest be answered.

10. Entries in this contest must be mailed or delivered to the offices of the Motion Picture Magazine not later than the first day of June, 1927. No entry bearing a postmark after June first will be considered.

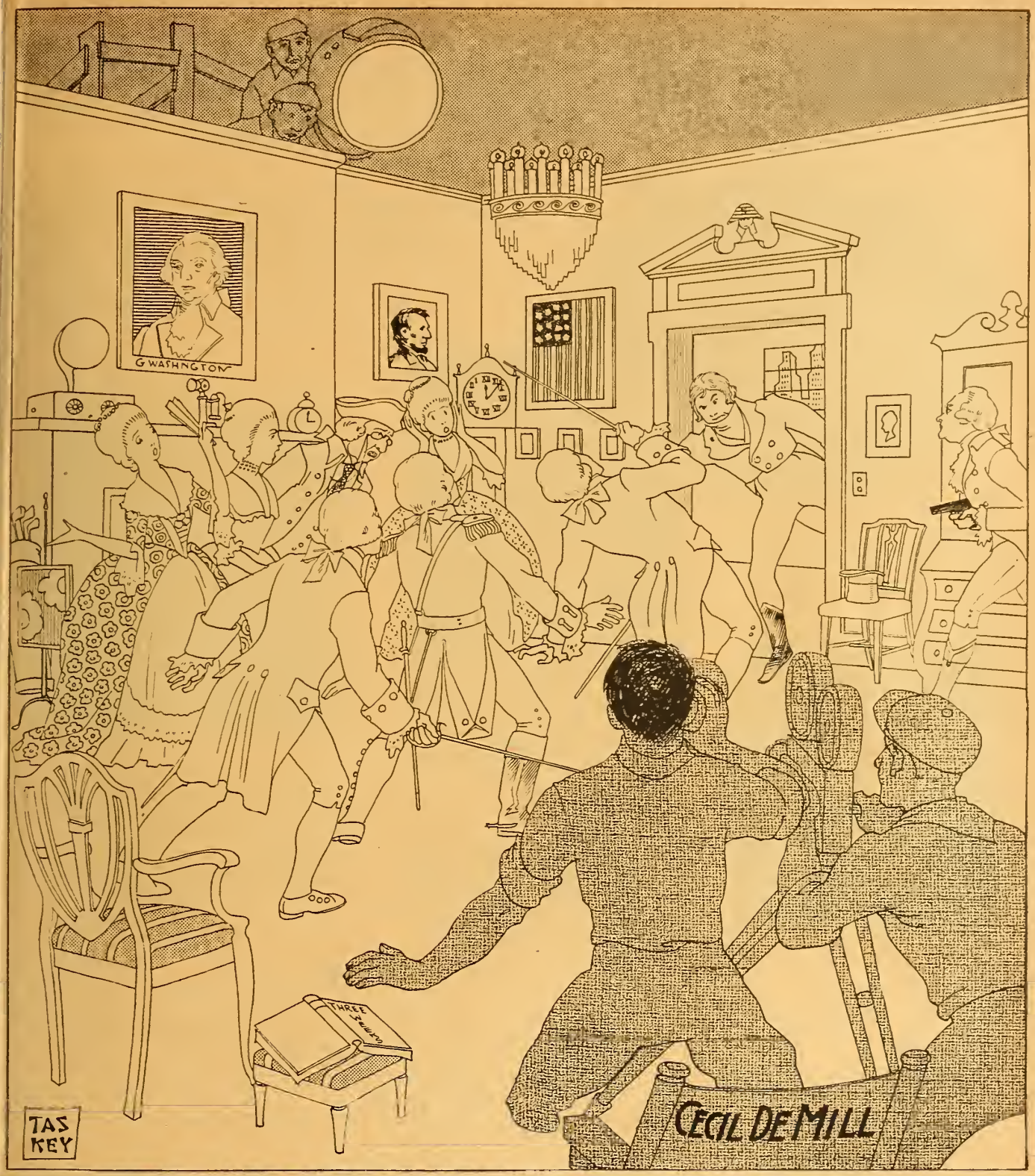
11. You do not have to buy Motion Picture Magazine to compete. You can borrow a copy from a friend or examine a copy at any of our offices or Public Libraries, free of charge.

12. The contest is open to everybody except employees of Motion Picture Publications and their families.

13. The editors of Motion Picture Magazine will act as judges and their decisions will be final. Complete acceptance of these rules is an implied condition of each entry.

48 Cash Prizes

1st Prize	$100
2nd Prize	50
3rd Prize	25
4th to 23rd Prize, inclusive, @ $10	200
24th to 48th Prize, inclusive, @ $5	125
Total of Prizes each month	$500



What Is Wrong With This Picture?

Here is a director, cameraman and cast at work in a motion picture studio. A Colonial scene of about 1780 is being filmed. They are doing a number of things incorrectly, in addition to a number of errors which the artist deliberately made in the drawing. For instance, there was no such a thing as a radio in Colonial times. Yet there one sits over the fireplace. And the soldier in the center of the picture has a boot on one leg and a legging on the other. How many errors can you find?

When We Will Really

The Big Guns of Motion favor on Talking Movies Statements

Jesse Lasky, pictured above with Adolph Zukor, says: "Talking movies would be impossible out of doors. How ridiculous a street scene would be in which the only sound was that of the actors speaking"

"I believe the so-called 'talking motion picture' will serve simply as one more item, or feature, upon a program which is striving for variety," says Hal Roach

Irving G. Thalberg, supervisor of the big Metro studios at Culver City, says that he believes the talking movie has its place just as colored photography has, but that neither of them will ever replace the silent black and whites that we enjoy today

Cecil B. De Mille has never been enough interested in this development to see a talking movie. He says "The King of Kings" was absorbing his attention when the Vitaphone had its big première in California. But the fact remains that he would have made time to hear the Vitaphone had he felt that this development was at all practical

TALKING pictures have caused about as much excitement in Hollywood as a murder in Herrin, Illinois. The majority of people engaged in the picture business, from the extras to the million-dollar producers, regard the new device with about as much alarm as a Californian does a good earthquake.

Four or five years ago there was much ado about colored photography revolutionizing the picture business. Two years later there was a scare from the inventor who had perfected a device that would give depth to the screen figures, thus adding another dimension to our drama. A month seldom passes in which the producers are not confronted with something new in the mechanical line of picture making. Yet they go ahead with their picture making without much disturbance.

Some of the Hollywood producers refused to comment. The Warner Brothers, who sponsored the Vitaphone, remained silent, evidently thinking the Vitaphone should speak for itself.

Many of the producers held back because of diplomatic reasons, but the following fearless Patrick Henrys should be complimented on their nerve to take a stand on the talking picture question.

JESSE L. LASKY
(Vice-President of Paramount)

MR. LASKY, who has been one of the greatest figures in the motion picture profession for many years, welcomes the perfection of the synchronization of sound with action, but not because he believes in the future of talking movies. He says:

"This synchronization of action and sound makes it possible for the small theater to offer divertissements and orchestrations which will help motion pictures. But I have grave doubts that we will ever have motion pictures with the cast speaking their lines. Now and then there will be a freak picture in which the players will render lines in one scene, perhaps. I doubt that there will be much more than this.

"Actual talking motion pictures would change the entire art. And not for the better. A motion picture carries action along much faster than the spoken drama. And pictures find their greatest effectiveness in suggestion. For instance:

"Here you and I sit at my desk. We are shown talking. There is one title given in which I say, dramatically, 'I

Have Talking Movies

Pictures Look With Dis- and Make Sensational Regarding Them

"There is so much money invested in present-day equipment that there is no danger of the companies throwing out everything and beginning again on a talking picture basis. Millions of dollars in investments would be worthless." Clarence Brown takes a frank and practical view-point on the subject

Douglas Fairbanks, always a leader in thought, feels certain that the present-day experiments will result in sound being combined with motion, but not for some time to come

"If screen characters were to talk," says Al Christie, producer of comedies, "the motion picture would lose most of its imaginative appeal. Most audiences play the parts as well as the actors. People unconsciously do their own thinking and talking"

"When the large figures on the screen start to talk, the illusion of reality is decreased rather than increased," says Samuel Goldwyn. With him is Frances Howard Goldwyn

cannot do it!' That is sufficient to the story. If we played that scene with lines, it would draw out to a boring length. And that would be true in every instance.

"If our players had to speak lines, it would limit our scene of action, since an actor would have to be well within range of the apparatus which recorded his voice at all times. That would be almost impossible in scenes filmed out of doors.

"And how ridiculous it would be to show a street scene in a city with the only sound synchronizing with the action that of the players speaking! It would suggest soundless automobiles and silent street-cars. Such conditions would entirely ruin the realism we enjoy in such scenes today.

"Frankly, I do not think that lines are at all compatible with the art that has been developed for the motion picture."

IRVING G. THALBERG
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios)

"The talking motion picture has its place, as has colored photography—but I do not believe the talking motion picture will ever replace the silent drama any more than I believe colored photography will ever replace entirely the present black and whites.

"The talking motion picture in all its many forms is a novelty that is a great asset to the motion picture industry and one that undoubtedly will make great strides for public favor within the next few years. The motion picture public has always demanded variety in its entertainment, and to date it has always had it. The talking picture has been one of the means of supplying this."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Within the next ten years we may expect many new developments in the picture business," said Mr. Fairbanks. "There is no doubt that music and sound will play a very important part in these developments. When I say sound, I do not necessarily mean talking motion pictures. Dialog may and may not be the ultimate result of experiments with sound in pictures. The proper synchronization of beautiful music may mark the end of all our present-day experiments in talking pictures.

"Along this line of new developments I believe we may expect much in the way of improved colored pictures. There is beauty in color, music, composition and

(*Continued on page 97*)

Where Are The Movie Villains

Slitting throats was the very least you expected of Victor McLaglen in "The Unholy Three." And now he's playing Escamillo, the romantic toreador, in "Carmen"

There was a time when you could count on George Siegmann being downright nasty all thru a picture. But in "Hotel Imperial" George has tamed down

OF YESTERYEAR?

By
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Hardest boiled of all heavies was Wally Beery. And now he's one of our funniest comedians! Here he is as a Swiss guide in his latest comedy, "Louie the Fourteenth"

Many a six-gun man has George Bancroft played in the old Westerns. But in "Old Ironsides" most of the comedy was furnished by this erstwhile killer

Ernest Torrence has been getting less and less wicked, more's the pity, in every rôle he has played since his dirty, mean moonshiner in "Tol'able David." His reformation is complete in "The King of Kings," for he plays Peter, the apostle!

One *of* These Charming

There is a Table at the Montmartre
They call the Arlen Table
And it's reserved only for Actors
Who Belong to the Arlen Crowd . . .
Like Baxter and Menjou
And when you Go to Lunch
With Warner . . .
The Captain bows and Takes you
Right to this Table

WHEN Warner Baxter
Asked me to . . .
Luncheon at the Montmartre
I Disguised myself as a
Lady of Fashion. . . .
One *does,* you know
When Going Anywhere with
Warner Baxter. . . .
He is so Handsome and
Distinguished Looking that
It's a Mark of Social Prestige
To be Seen Out
With him. . . .
Rather like Leading a
Cotillion with Ward McAllister in
The Good Old Days
When all the Girls wore their
Best Bustles . . . hoping he'd
Notice Them . . . (Now ask me if
I Mean the Bustles. . . .)

I joined the Crowd in the
Montmartre Lounge and helped
Two Flappers identify the Celebrities. . . .
Just to Get Even with . . .
Donald Ogden Stewart who has
Forgotten that he ever
Met Me . . . I told the Flappers he
Was an Extra Man who'd never
Get Far. . . . One said
"Not with that Face . . . he should
Trade it in for a
Bottle of Scotch. . . ."
"An Interesting Criticism" I
Murmured but just then one
Of them Clutched me and said:
"Here comes Warner Baxter. . . .
I just Loved him in 'The Great Gatsby.'
And Everything Else he's ever
Done . . . he's *so* sophisticated. . . .
Do you know *him?*"
"Oh Raw-ther," I replied,
"And I can Prove it. . . ."
Which I did.

The Captain bowed and took us
Right down to the Table where
Michael Arlen always sat
When he was here. . . . It is
Called The Arlen Table. . . .
And is reserved only for Actors
Who belong to The Arlen Crowd
Like Baxter and Menjou. . . .
"We thought we'd Lost
You. . . ." I told Warner. . . .
"You've been in New York so
Long. . . ."
"Ah, New York . . ." sighed Warner in

*"I'm just not the Type to
Settle down in Carpet Slippers
By the Fireside . . . Evenings . . .
I love life too much . . .
And Living it"*

People:

By HELEN CARLISLE

A Homesick Manner. . .
"New York . . . the life there . . . the
Gaiety . . . the Theaters . . . I saw Fifty
Plays . . . the Night Clubs. . . .
One isn't chaperoned by
Mr. Volstead in New York. . . ."
He gazed with acute distaste at
His Glass of Water. . . .
"I'm just not the Type to
Settle down in Carpet Slippers
By the Fireside . . . Evenings. . . .
I love life too much . . .
And Living it. . . .
And in New York
Living is an Art. . . .
As it should be."

My Flirtatious Flapper Friends
Came in and Sat at the Next
Table. . . . But they forgot their
Food in Trying to Catch
Warner's eye . . .
Well . . . if he gave them a
Smile or two . . . Why Not?
"You . . ." I said . . . "have Nothing
To Learn from the Latins . . ."
"Not even the language?"
Eyes . . . I told him . . . may
Speak any language. . . .
And he smiled and we recalled
The time when he was the Idol
Of the Morosco Stock Company. . . .
We never missed a Wednesday
Matinée . . . He was particularly
Fascinating as the Romantic
Young Italian in
"Lombardi, Ltd." . . .

"I feel most at home
In sophisticated rôles . .
It is the drama of the
Drawing-room that appeals to
Me. . . . I think I'll go to
Europe in two years . . . and
Live there . . . if I cant
Get the type of rôles
I want . . . Paris . . ."
"Paris . . ." I sighed, and Warner said:
"You might come . . . too . . .
I'll give you a job
Getting my pictures in
The magazines . . ."
That . . . I told him . . . is
The Sort of Job I've been
Looking for. . . . Something
With no Work attached
To It. . . .

"But for the present . . ." he
Said with a Stricken Look . . .
"I've been brought back here
To Hollywood to
Make a Western . . . it's called
'Drums of the Desert.' . . .

(*Continued on page* 89)

Hommel

When Warner Baxter
Asked me to . . .
Luncheon at the Montmartre
I Disguised myself as a
Lady of Fashion . . .
One DOES, you know,
When Going Anywhere with him

Our Unofficial

Above is Doug in Berlin with Dr. Karl Vallmoeller, the author of "The Miracle"

Mary and Doug with Mr. Maseryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia, in the garden of his summer home at Prague. They were also entertained by the President at dinner

If you are going abroad this summer . . . or wish you were . . . do not fail to read this

When Mary Pickford entered a theater in Berlin for the opening of her "Little Annie Rooney," the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the first time since the war . . . a gesture Germany had not yet had the courage to make for a diplomat or statesman

IF, as Emerson says, traveling is a fool's paradise, there are a lot of happy fools—and a lot more who are perfectly willing to become so, if Lady Luck would only give them a chance.

But there are ways and ways of traveling, and travelers and travelers. Some go just to "look see"—mainly to see how different everything is from the way it is at home. Some go for the educational advantages which they absorb with much determination and a conscientious spirit, others just go to kill time or to shop, but whatever their expressed purpose, the average American travels with a chip on his shoulder and a flag in his buttonhole, and no one will ever get the most a country has to give—will never thoroly understand or appreciate a foreign view-point while he holds so cock-sure to his own.

Douglas Fairbanks was telling me all about it—about his own reactions to the people and the countries he visited, and everything he said suggested breadth—a wide horizon, a deepening of understanding. Not once did he say, "They have such funny ideas over there," "The food is terrible," or "I didn't sleep in a comfortable bed in the whole of Europe," or anything about those "dinky little trains."

And I cant remember ever hearing a returned American traveler who didn't mention at least one or two of those things.

"Chips on their shoulders and flags in their buttonholes!" The expression is Douglas', not mine, and he considers it one of our most serious national mistakes in our personal relations with foreign countries.

I doubt if there is any person in the world more vibrant, more vital, more full of the joy of living than Douglas Fairbanks. I doubt if there is a more vivid personality. He returns from an eight months' study and tour of Europe that would prove a most exhausting experience for the average person—but is he tired or worn out or blasé? Not at all. He says travel is the most perfect relaxation, provided you assume a receptive attitude — provided you adapt yourself to the country you are in, and so far as possible live and think as the natives of that country do.

Our unofficial ambassadors in Paris . . . their car could not drive thru the streets because of the crowds that turned out to see them

"If you are exhausted," says Douglas, "a complete cessation of activity is fatal. You must go on, you must fill up your mind with new impressions, so that gradually the old ideas, the old habits of thought which have tired you and sapped your strength, fade away.

"It's the old idea that a cup can only hold so much, therefore when you pour

Ambassadors

By
DWINELLE BENTHALL

"If you are taken ill in a foreign country," says Doug, "the best way to get well is to eat the same sort of food the natives of that country eat. Instinctively, people adapt their appetites to climatic conditions"

When the Fairbankses travel, they take along a willingness to understand the other fellow's point of view

International Newsreel
The Fairbanks when they returned on the S. S. "Majestic" from their last trip abroad

Mary and Doug in Berlin
J. Zelenka "Ideal"

in new ideas, the old ones must give place to them—that is refreshment, revitalization, and that is why I travel. Nothing will accomplish the purpose so well—nothing is so restful. Traveling will rest anyone, provided he will travel in the right spirit—willing to give even the devil his due.

"But dont try to cling to all your own little pet ideas and fancies. Relax—be a sponge and soak up the strangeness.

"And if you are taken ill in a foreign country, the best way to get well is to eat the same sort of food the natives of that particular land do. Instinctively, people adapt their appetites to climatic conditions. So, to be specific, when in Spain eat as the Spaniards do, and you'll keep your liver right — and consequently your disposition.

"Traveling! There is nothing like it. Back of every trip I take is the thought I have been trying to express," continued Douglas, "revitalization! That is my fundamental reason for traveling. I respond physically and psychologically to each new set of circumstances, and gradually, as I go from country to country, I am made over—refreshed, strengthened—rested—but by change, not by calm inactivity. And, of course, I always travel for pleasure first, but our last trip had a lot of interesting business angles, and in many ways it turned out to be a most important business affair.

"We should all know more about the world. Pictures are international. They are a universal language. More and more the world is growing closer together We must understand each other. It is imperative that we should. Pictures are one of the greatest mediums for mutual understanding."

He put his glass down. It was tea we had—in tall, thin glasses — steaming, aromatic, with crushed lemon, and the inimitable fragrance of tea. Outside it was cold—very cold for California, and the new United Artists' lot was ankle-deep in very heavy, very black mud—sugges-

(*Continued on page 10*)

Their celebration at Naples, just a year ago this month
R. Carbone

The Great Scenes of the

The scene in "What Price Glory" where Captain Flagg's grandiose speech receives sarcastic applause from Sergeant Quirt was selected by Ben Lyon. "Flagg turns and tries to think of a suitable insulting answer, but cant," explains Ben. Everyone, sometime, has been unable to think of a crushing reply . . . McLaglen's acting was excellent

Edmund Lowe remembers the love scene in "Beau Brummel" in which John Barrymore and Mary Astor were together in the garden. "In this scene," he says, "they caught the precious, fleeting essence of love"

"Most of us," says John Gilbert, "dont know where we are going or how we are going to get there. But we make the best of it along the way. At the beginning of 'The Gold Rush,' where Charlie Chaplin comes blithely around the dangerous cracks and crevices of the mountain, I thought it symbolic of the naïve fearlessness of Man"

"Because of the magnificent acting of John Gilbert, I select this scene from 'The Big Parade' as the finest I have ever seen," says Irene Rich. "Jack portrays a sensitive boy thrown into the desperate mêlée of the World War. The horror of it sickens him. Yet he carries on. I'll never forget his expression as he crawled along over the dead bodies, until at last his shattered nerves broke and he threw his arms wildly towards Heaven and called on God to witness this infamy of Man"

"I've always contended that Farina was one of our greatest artistes," says Leatrice Joy. "I've never seen a finer bit of playing than in 'Love My Dog,' when the dog-catcher takes Farina's mongrel away to the pound in spite of her heart-breaking pleas"

things.

"Chips on their shou...

Movies: Selected by the Motion Picture Players

It is the scene in "Hotel Imperial" which Pola Negri plays with George Seigmann, trying not to arouse his vicious temper, yet elude him, that caused Emil Jannings to grip his chair. He mentioned the way in which Pola watched the officer with smiling lips and terror-stricken eyes while waiting for the deadening aftermath of liquor to creep upon him before it was too late

"Was there ever a love scene as beautiful as the one played between Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett in 'Robin Hood'?" asks Jobyna Ralston. "To me this seemed to embody all the romance in the world. It was screen poetry"

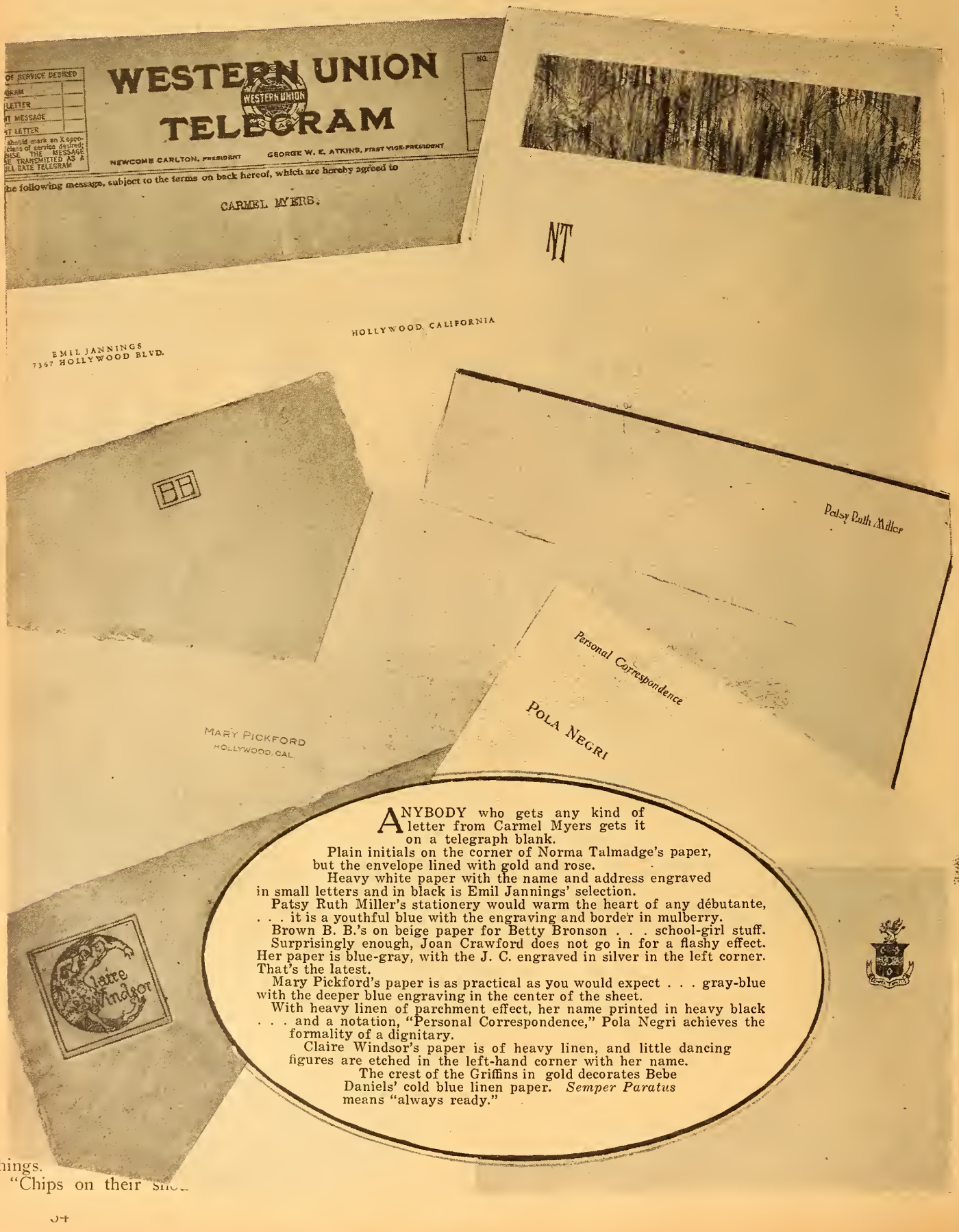
"The scene in 'The Lost World' where the explorers made their way thru the glades of the lost platean, felt the earth tremble, heard the crashing of trees, and then found themselves face to face with the monstrous prehistoric creatures, looming like mountains above them . . . that was a thrill I wont forget," says Colleen Moore

Bebe Daniels says a scene doesn't have to be tragic to be great. And she selects the scene in "The Freshman" where Harold Lloyd 'phoned madly to the tailor to come and sew him into his dinner suit. "Like all good comedy," explains Bebe, "it had its background of pathos"

... illustrious
(Page 85)

When the Stars Take Their Pen in Hand

Simplicity Seems the Thing They Desire in Their Stationery



ANYBODY who gets any kind of letter from Carmel Myers gets it on a telegraph blank.

Plain initials on the corner of Norma Talmadge's paper, but the envelope lined with gold and rose.

Heavy white paper with the name and address engraved in small letters and in black is Emil Jannings' selection.

Patsy Ruth Miller's stationery would warm the heart of any débutante, . . . it is a youthful blue with the engraving and border in mulberry.

Brown B. B.'s on beige paper for Betty Bronson . . . school-girl stuff.

Surprisingly enough, Joan Crawford does not go in for a flashy effect. Her paper is blue-gray, with the J. C. engraved in silver in the left corner. That's the latest.

Mary Pickford's paper is as practical as you would expect . . . gray-blue with the deeper blue engraving in the center of the sheet.

With heavy linen of parchment effect, her name printed in heavy black . . . and a notation, "Personal Correspondence," Pola Negri achieves the formality of a dignitary.

Claire Windsor's paper is of heavy linen, and little dancing figures are etched in the left-hand corner with her name.

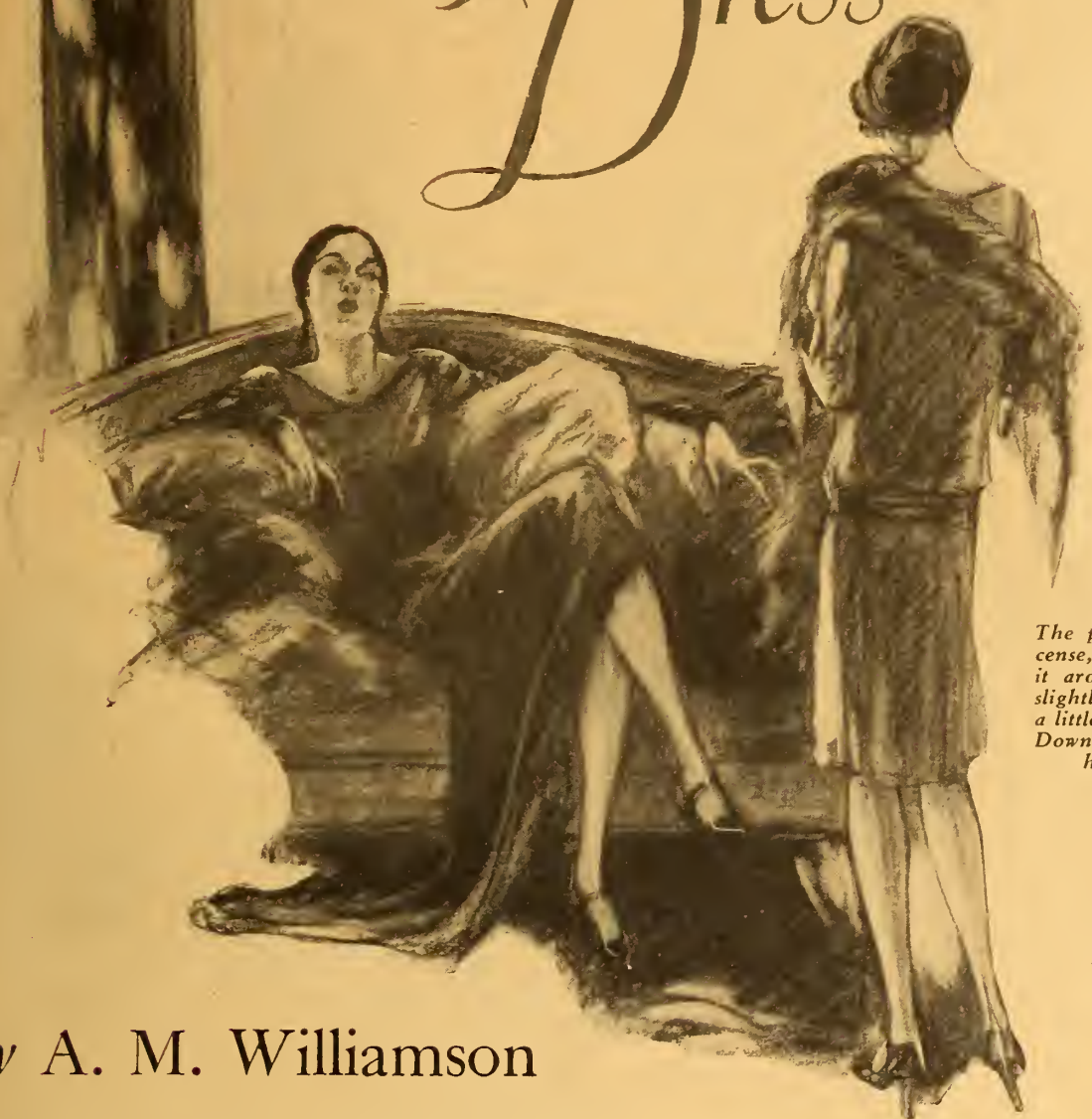
The crest of the Griffins in gold decorates Bebe Daniels' cold blue linen paper. *Semper Paratus* means "always ready."

things.

"Chips on their sho

The Girl with One Dress

Synopsis of First Chapters on Page 114



The perfume of that incense, with the memories it aroused, made Jolette slightly faint. She swayed a little as she stood. Mrs. Downing had not asked her to sit down

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig

By A. M. Williamson

JOLETTE was conscious of hearing no noise, yet suddenly she found herself sitting up in bed and listening. Her heart hammered against her side, and sounded in her ears.

In spite of the old black woman who had been her nurse, and had taught her a hundred stupid superstitions, Jolette had grown up a sensible girl enough, not afraid of the unseen; but tonight was different. A terrible tragedy had come into her life, and the fear of darkness had come upon her. There was a little blue bulb of a night light above the bed, that switched on when the other lights switched off. Jolette had been glad of it when she first lay down, but she was doubly glad now. She felt that she would have died of heart failure if the room had been totally dark; for as she sat up among the pillows, over the hard thumping of her heart rose another sound—perhaps the same sound that had wakened her out of a troubled sleep. It was a rustling of leaves on the balcony, and then the soft shuffle of a cautious foot.

The girl had left the balcony window wide open. Now she knew that in an instant a face would look in at her thru that window. What if there were such things as ghosts? What if the spirit of Oswald Downing had come to accuse her?

"I would rather have it a burglar, even if he shoots me," was the thought that flashed thru her mind.

She stared at the purple square of night sky framed by the window; and as she stared, the face appeared. But it was not the face of a ghost. Indeed, of all faces it was the last which Jolette could have expected.

...ued

A Mystery Story With Hollywood ...ected by their illustrious

...nued on page 83)

He saw blood on her silver slipper . . . while

It might have been one of Baynes Ashley's servants. It might even have been Ashley himself, whom the girl had not altogether trusted even at his kindest. But it was instead the face of Henry Broome, the mean little would-be "masher" who had given his name to a sour spinster, and allowed her to buy her own wedding ring. It was his fault that Eliza Broome had hated Jolette Jeffreys shrewishly and watched for a chance to turn her out of the boarding-house. Yet the more coldly Jolette had snubbed the man, the more fiercely had the woman's hatred flamed.

"Mr. Broome!" the girl gasped. "How dare you come here? Are you a thief as well as a cad? Go away, or I'll ring."

Instead of going, he ambled into the room.

"Dont be a goop, kid!" he advised. "Say, listen, didn't you see me when those fellers landed you in Baynes Ashley's limousine in front of our door? I was just on my way home from the lot—and a few other places. I was close by when you came along, and I stood behind the car till you drove off. I heard every word, and I was onto it that you was goin' to sleep here. Says I to myself in the language of Elinor Glyn, 'It's *my hour!*' Now, on your life, dont you touch that bell! Mr. Ashley's Jap butler or what-not may be smart, but he dont understand the American language well enough to get any explaining you can do about me bein' in this room. He'll think you're abusing his master's hospitality, and he'll consider it his duty to turn you an' me out together, like Adam and Eve up to date. Nothin' would suit me better, I'll tell the world!"

Jolette's first thought was of Belden. She couldn't let him be told, and chance his believing that she had encouraged a disgusting creature like this to pay her a night visit in Ashley Bayne's house. She dropped the hand that had hovered above the electric bell.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, involuntarily lowering her voice to a whisper. "You cant imagine that I——"

"Imagine, nothing!" Broome cut in. "These little bright eyes of mine seen you walk out of our palatial mansion this eve, dressed to kill, with Oswald Downing. And they seen you return about 1 A. M. with two very different gentlemen in a different limousine. In these circs, what does a guy that's nuts on a gal do? He looks at her shoes. That's why I follered like a faithful hound, to this place, and put myself to the trouble of hangin' around here (tho my wife's sure sitting up ready to read the riot act)—hangin' around, I say, till all the lights go out but one; this little blue light I spotted would be where Romeo'd find Miss Capulet."

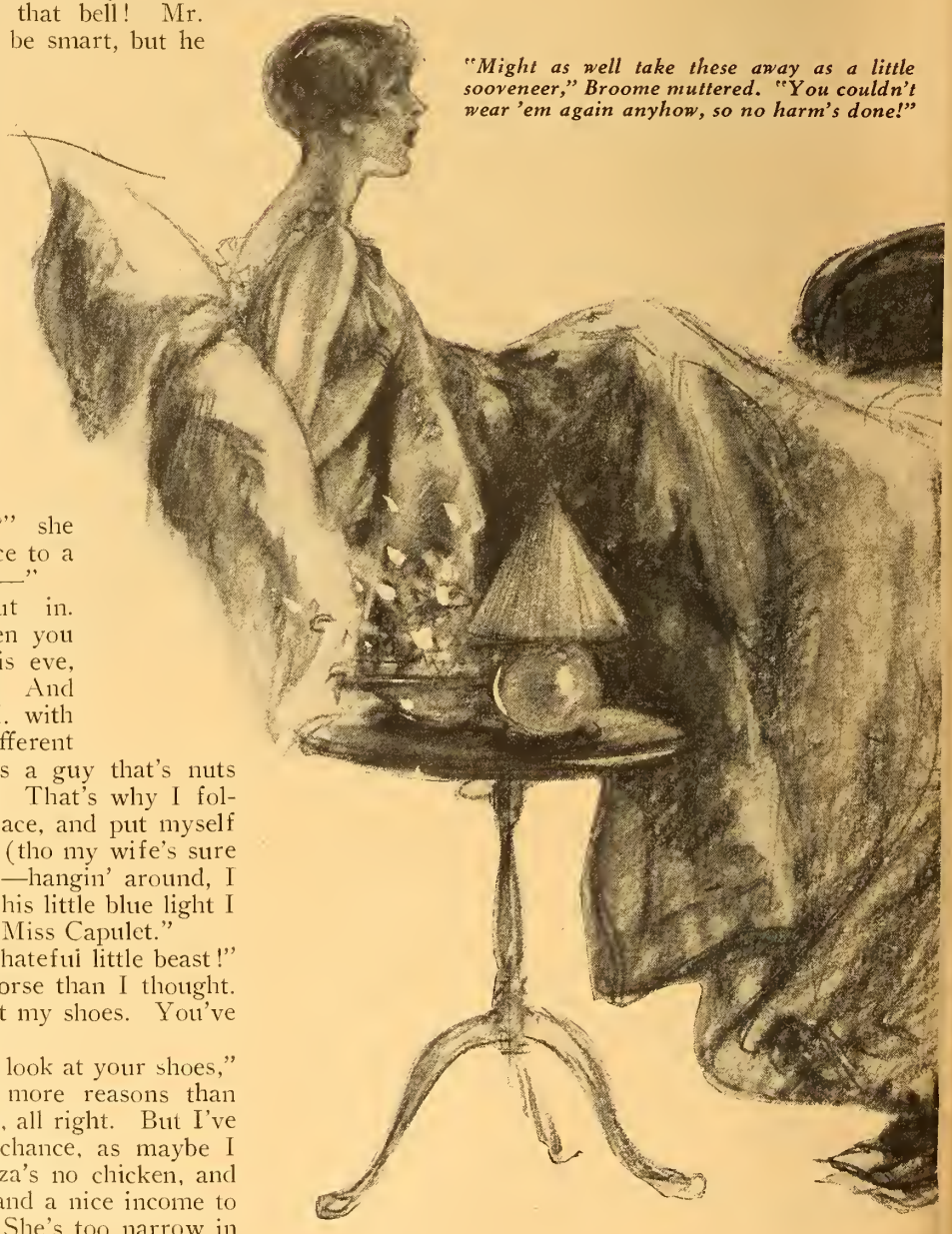
"I always knew you were a horrid, hatefui little beast!" Jolette flung at him. "But you're worse than I thought. It's a silly lie that you came to look at my shoes. You've got some wicked reason——"

"Say, lady, go slow! I did come to look at your shoes," Broome broke in, "tho maybe for more reasons than what you'd think. I *am* nutty on you, all right. But I've generally got an eye for the main chance, as maybe I [illegible] my choice of a wife. Eliza's no chicken, and things. [illegible] not a nice home and a nice income to "Chips on their [illegible] see? She's too narrow in her views tho, and when she gets her mad up, like now, she keeps a tight hand on the old pocketbook. So I have to look outside when I need a few loose bucks that I dont have to account for. Old Downing's got a big say over at the Perfection. He could get me small parts with my name on the program if he wanted to, instead of high hattin' me and not seein' that I exist when he passes by. If he takes a nice gal out, and she comes home in the mornin' hours, with her little silver slippers in holes, why, his wife might have a few things to say if she was told, maybe."

"You blackmailer!" Jolette panted.

"Say, you do use big words, baby," Broome reproached her. "Live and let live, that's my motter. You look out for Number One in your way. I look out for Number One in *mine*. My eyes are gettin' accustomed to this romantic blue starlight now, and—— Gee, if there ain't the very identical silver slippers!"

The man made a dart at the shoes, which Jolette had mechanically placed at the foot of a chair where her dress

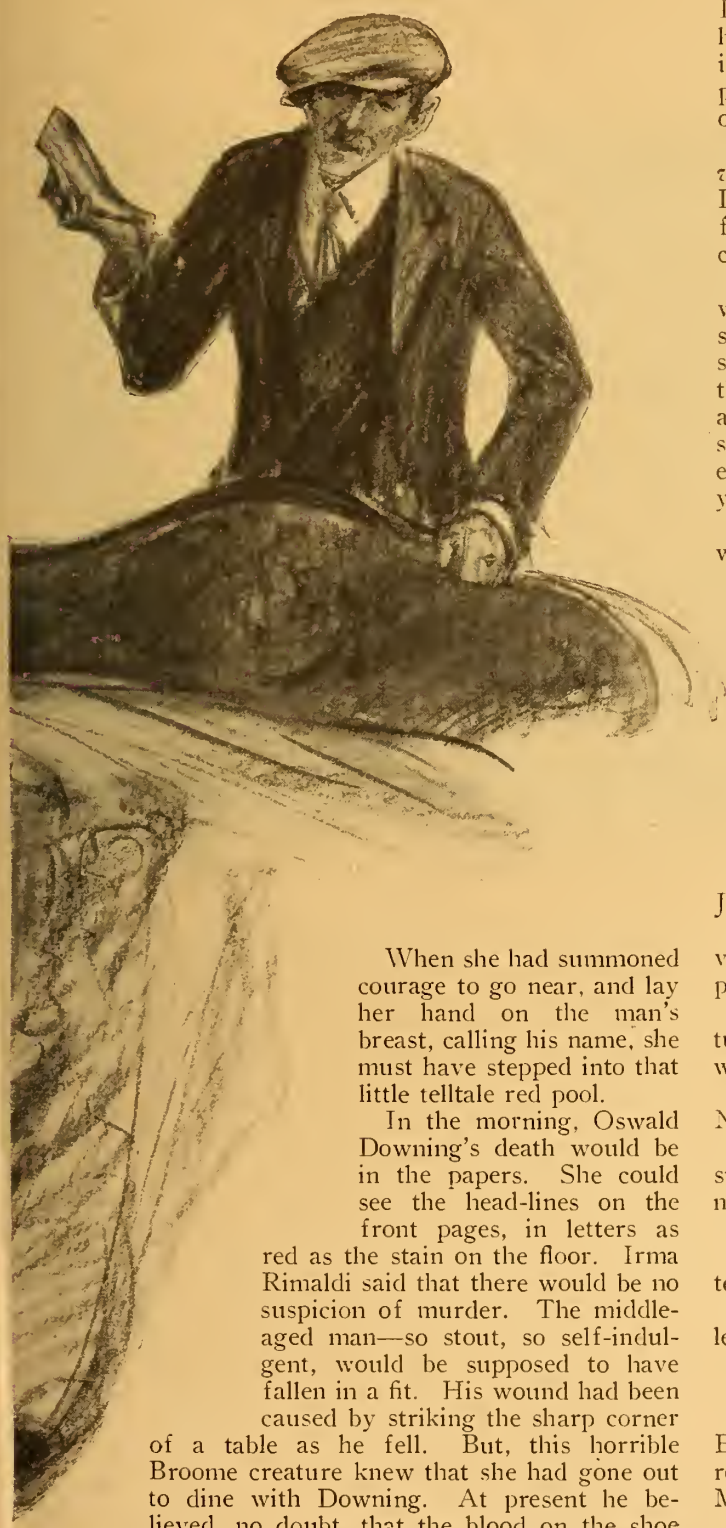


"Might as well take these away as a little sooveneer," Broome muttered. "You couldn't wear 'em again anyhow, so no harm's done!"

had been flung. "Great guns! They're in holes, I could stick a finger thru. And—gosh, what's this stain on one? My word, it's blood!"

Jolette gave a gasp, then choked back her breath.

Blood! She hadn't known that there was blood on one of the spoiled shoes. Her mind flashed back to the Downing bungalow. She saw again the sprawled form on the floor; the ugly bald head of the man so near the noble head of the white bear; the slow red stream that crawled and soaked the white fur with a crimson stain.



When she had summoned courage to go near, and lay her hand on the man's breast, calling his name, she must have stepped into that little telltale red pool.

In the morning, Oswald Downing's death would be in the papers. She could see the head-lines on the front pages, in letters as red as the stain on the floor. Irma Rimaldi said that there would be no suspicion of murder. The middle-aged man—so stout, so self-indulgent, would be supposed to have fallen in a fit. His wound had been caused by striking the sharp corner of a table as he fell. But, this horrible Broome creature knew that she had gone out to dine with Downing. At present he believed, no doubt, that the blood on the shoe was her own: that she had blistered, or struck her foot against a stone. In the morning, however, when he read the papers, his ratlike shrewdness would put two and two together. He would guess that Jolette Jeffreys had been with Oswald Downing when he died. She would be in the creature's power!

"Might as well take these away as a little sooveneer," Broome was muttering. "You couldn't wear 'em again anyhow, so no harm's done! I guess your bill to my missus will be paid tomorrow by your kind host or your other boy friend, or the two will club together. Then she'll have to part with your wardrobe; and seems to me I remember seein' those little tootsies of yours in several high-heeled affairs. But, gee, some holes in your stockings, too, ain't there? Old Santy Claus would have to pick out toys that wouldn't fall thru. Funny, no blood on them socks! How come? Did you step on a mouse?"

"I dont know what I stepped on," cried Jolette. "I *will* ring! I dont care what Mr. Ashley's servant thinks. Dont dare to take my shoes. Put them back where you found them, and the stockings, too. Then go away, as you came—this instant, or——"

Henry Broome ("Harry, pet," to his wife when she was in a loving mood) laughed at the girl's threat. He stuffed the thin silk stockings into one pocket, the silver shoes into another. "You dont know me, girlie, if you think you can frighten me like that!" he chuckled. "Just a little kiss!" he hummed a well-known air, and took a step towards the bed. But frantically Jolette pushed the electric bell, keeping her finger on the button, and its thin, yet clear note pealed thru the house.

Broome hadn't believed that the girl would keep her word; and he did not wish to be found and taken for a burglar by heaven-knew-how many Japanese servants of Baynes Ashley! Explanations would be as difficult for him as for Jolette Jeffreys, tho he had not said so to her; and hardly had the bell begun to sound than he was out of the room.

Again came the rustling of leaves on the balcony. The bungalow had but one floor and it was as easy to jump down the distance of a few feet as it had been to climb up.

* * * * * * * * *

"Miss has rung?" inquired a sleepy voice outside Jolette's locked door.

Scarcely three or four minutes had passed since the vanishing of Henry Broome, but already the girl, hard pressed, had made up her mind what to say.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she answered. "So sorry I disturbed you. I had—a very bad dream. I thought a man was in the room. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Would Miss wish I come in and look around?" asked Nono, still outside the door, which Jolette had not opened.

"Thank you, no," she answered. "It's all right. I'm sure that nobody is here. It was just—a dreadful nightmare."

"Miss wants me to go away now?" came the question.

"Yes. Go back to sleep, and I will try to sleep again, too," the girl said.

But there was no more rest for her during what was left of the night.

* * * * * * * * *

A long discussion took place between Jim Belden and Baynes Ashley, before they went to bed in adjoining rooms at the Ambassador, a discussion that concerned Miss Jeffreys, and what should be done for her.

As for Baynes, he kept back scor[illegible] are switched

(*Continued on page 83*)

[illegible] greeted by their illustrious

P. & A.

Mr. Coolidge

And Takes the Mrs. Along. Only to the East Room, Since the

By William

The President sends word to the producer, and on the appointed evening the picture of his choice, accompanied by a full orchestra and special score, arrives at the White House

Underwood & Underwood

Because the White House is surrounded by arc lights, the spacious windows of the East Room must be closely curtained to shut out the least ray of their glare; otherwise the President and his guests would be shown a screening that Mr. Moviefan would not tolerate

WE'VE always wondered why every boy starts life with the ambition to become President of the United States, and now we know. You'll understand what an enviable job the President has, when you learn how easy it is for him to go to the movies.

He looks over the papers, just the way you and I do, finds out what his favorite star is playing in, whether the critics gave the hero a hand, and decides he must see that picture.

And that's where the similarity ends between the common or garden movie fan and the President of the United States. Instead of hurrying thru dinner and fighting their way thru the throngs in the theater district, the President and the First Lady of the Land take their movies by their own fireside. Mr. Coolidge doesn't have to stand in a line that stretches around the block, waiting for tickets. He merely sends word to the producer, and on the appointed evening the picture of his choice, accompanied by a full orchestra and special score, arrives at the White House. Not because the President asks for this *de luxe* presentation, but because the producer wants him to see the film under the most favorable circumstances—in fact, under the same circumstances that you see it. With this difference.

While you are clinging to your hard-won seat in a picture palace and half the population of the town is crawling over you, the Coolidges take their ease in the East Room of the White House. In this famous and beautiful room the throw from the projection machine to the screen is about the same as in a very small theater. Well back in the room, at a point which is carefully calculated generally as the point at which the music of the orchestra [illegible] my choice the noise of the projection machine, things. [illegible] not a little and Mrs. Coolidge and "Chips on their shoulders [illegible]

their guests is placed across the room. At an afternoon rehearsal, the producer's representative, together with the orchestra leader, goes over the entire picture with its accompanying music, checking over every detail of the evening performance with the utmost care. The orchestra leader must test the acoustics of the room to be sure that he reduces the volume of sound from his orchestra from the full volume desirable in a theater to the muted quality necessary in such a comparatively small space.

For instance, those who have heard the tremendous din of factory whistles and tolling bells which accompanies the news of the declaration of war in "The Big Parade" might well think that such a tremendous blast of sound would very naturally drive the President and his guests out of the room with shattered eardrums. In the theater, this effect is gained by some small but nevertheless actual factory whistles adjusted to work from compressed air instead of steam. At the White House showing a muted effect of satisfactory volume was produced by the orchestra leader thru the use of several small deep-toned whistles of varying keys. By similar ingenuity, the trap-drummer found that on a cane-seated White House chair, he was able to reproduce with his drumsticks, a perfect but not deafening reproduction of the sound of machine-guns in action.

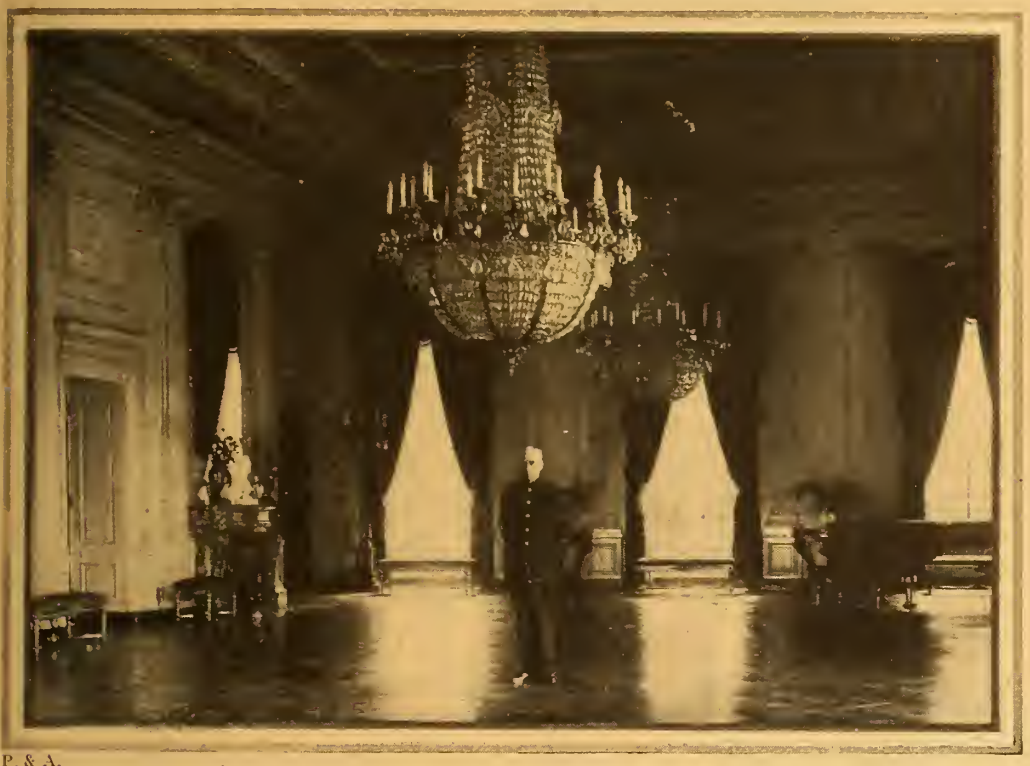
Goes *to the Movies*

They Merely Go Down-stairs Movies Actually Come to Them

A. Orr

P. & A.

Precisely on the minute the President and Mrs. Coolidge enter the room, all present rise. A quiet bow of greeting to the assembled company and the First Lady of the Land is seated



P. & A.

In the famous and beautiful East Room the throw from the projection machine to the screen is about the same as in a very small theater. Well back in the room, at a point carefully calculated to be the point at which the music will predominate over the noise of the projection machine, the chairs are placed

In the theater, where lighting systems are constructed so that by the use of certain switches there will be no distraction from the steadily projected light on the screen, there is no problem for the projectionist except the manipulation of his machine. At a White House showing, however, in a room designed for daily and nightly use, that problem must also be met and solved in a rehearsal. Because of the comparatively short length of the room, the orchestra must be placed close to and on one side of the screen.

The White House is surrounded by arc lights, and the spacious windows of the East Room must be closely curtained to shut out the least ray of their glare; otherwise the President and his guests would be shown a screening which Mr. Moviefan in the theater would not tolerate.

With lights, projection, music and film arranged for in this improvised picture theater, we then have to deal with certain special conditions incident to presentation in the White House. For instance, in a theater, if the house manager wishes to give a message to the projectionist, or the orchestra leader wants him to slow down or speed up the running of the picture, an usher or a messenger may go quickly and freely from one part of the house to the other. In the White House East Room, however, to have an usher or a messenger of any kind rushing back and forth or around would inevitably distract attention from the picture.

Call the White House electrician, Thomas; explain the necessity for a triple-action buzzer system running from orchestra leader to projectionist and to the producer's representative in charge of the presentation, and within fifteen minutes behold the wiring installed, buzzers placed and ready for use as a signal system.

With every possible equipment installed that will insure smooth presentation, the rehearsal is then gone thru with in its entirety for a last test of acoustics and best visibility, and the picture crew is instructed by Hoover, the White House major domo for thirty years past, as to the exact etiquette and custom which should govern their appearance and moves at the evening performance.

In the theater, the exhibitor announces what time he will begin his showing, and it's up to you to get there on the minute or miss part of the picture. In the White House, the President names the minute for the presentation to start. The orchestra and the projectionist are in their places, ready to begin, just as they are in the theater. The President's guests, whether they have been dining with him, or whether they've been invited in for the picture showing only, arrive and take their seats a few minutes before the hour set.

Precisely on the minute the President and his wife enter the room, while all present rise. A quiet bow of greeting to the assembled company and the First Lady of the Land is seated. The President takes his seat beside her, the guests resume their chairs, the lights are switched off, and the picture begins.

While the guests are being greeted by their illustrious

(*Continued on page 83*)

News of the

By ELIZABETH GREER

IN spite of the clubwomen and the censors, Fatty Arbuckle is going back into pictures. He has signed a five-year contract with Abe Carlos to make pictures in Germany, at a salary of $3,000 a week, and a percentage of the profits. His films will be released in America by an independent organization in no way connected with Will Hays's little group of right thinkers. He will sail for Berlin late in the summer, and meanwhile he is planning to tour in vaudeville on the Pantages circuit. Pantages has agreed, also, to show any pictures Arbuckle may make, in his houses.

We always felt that Arbuckle shouldn't have been banned from acting on the screen, and when we saw the picture he directed, we were sure of it. Fatty is very popular in Hollywood, and the prejudice against him, if there actually was any except in various hysterical organizations, seems to have died down.

VILMA BANKY and Rod La Rocque are engaged to be married. And Hollywood, thriving always on Romance, is agog with interest and talk. There is more talk than usual this time, since both Vilma and Rod have had little publicity given to their private affairs.

Mary Hay Barthelmess, the pride and joy of Richard, had a birthday . . . and a birthday party, at which she wore a fairy dress and fairy crown . . . and the list of her guests read like a junior "Who's Who in Hollywood"

GRETA GARBO'S weeks of sulking and refusing to appear at the Metro studios have availed her nothing. The immigration authorities decided that Greta would have to go to work or be deported. And then Greta appeared to awaken to the fact that America and a movie contract were better than deportation.

She will begin work on "Anna Karenina," the story that caused her final temperamental gesture and her desertion of the studios. It's to be directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki, and Ricardo Cortez was signed, after his recent break with Paramount, to play the male lead.

Difficulties seem to run in families this season in Hollywood. Ricardo's wife, Alma Rubens, is having her troubles, too. After leaving Fox, she was signed to play the lead in the United Artists' production of "Two Arabian Knights." But before any work was done, the director decided that Alma wasn't the type, and didn't hesitate to tell her so. Mary Astor was recruited to fill her place. And Alma is trying to collect some salary, on the strength of her four weeks' contract.

THE movies are going to help rid the country of one of its summer nuisances. College boys wont be appearing at your door in such large numbers, with magazines for sale, because a more lucrative way of spending their vacations is open to them—that is, to

A word about the action while the cameraman "loads up." Director John Robertson, Marceline Day and Lars Hanson on location for a scene in "Captain Salvation"

We'll bet anything we know what Gene Sarazen, the golf wizard, and Tommy Meighan, the movie star, were saying at about the time the news camera caught them thus on a Florida beach some time in early March. . . . "Imagine the folks up North being blown around in rainy winds." For it does seem as if the best part of a tropical holiday is the gloating that can be done over the less fortunate at home.

International Newsreel

Camera Coasts

AND MILTON HOWE

three hundred of them. First National is going to send out representatives to thirty-two universities, and from each one they will select ten boys who are promising types for the screen. These boys will be transported to Hollywood at the company's expense and given a chance to work before the camera for eight weeks, at a salary of $50 a week. The lucky ones whose work looks good enough to be taken seriously will be put under contract for five years, at a salary starting at a hundred a week and finally reaching $750. These long contracts aren't always a blessing, as many an embittered actor has discovered, but most aspiring youngsters are only too willing to sign them.

I'm told the universities are co-operating gladly in this scheme to give their pupils a chance for fame and fortune. But if I know anything about universities and their attitude toward moving pictures, their co-operation is rather lukewarm. Probably only seniors will be considered for the tests. First National at first intended to recruit both men and women in this way, but Will Hays, it seems, felt he would rather keep the college girls on the campus.

P. & A.

Among the recent visitors to New York who saw every play on Broadway . . . attended the six-day bike race, admired the recessional buildings, shopped extravagantly on Fifty-seventh Street, etc., etc., were Blanche Sweet and Mickey Neilan, star and director of films par excellence

GOING about with Adolphe Menjou quite constantly hasn't led Kathryn Hill into an engagement, as the gossips all expected. But it has led to her being signed to play opposite Menjou in his next picture, "The Head Waiter." The engagement may come later. Kathryn has changed her name to Kathryn Carver, inasmuch as she has recently been divorced from Ira Hill.

THOSE who are trying to uplift the public taste in one way or another will be interested in the progress they've made so far, as attested to by a theater manager in Albany. He had booked "Faust," the German picture starring Emil Jannings, for a week's engagement. But large numbers of his patrons protested that it was too highbrow, so after three days he removed it, and for the rest of the week its substitute, "Ankles Preferred," played to large houses.

TOURISTS visiting Southern California will find it increasingly hard to include a moving-picture studio in their list of sights. Directors have begun to resent the constant interruptions in their work by curious visitors, and at the Metro-Goldwyn studio visitors have been definitely barred. You wouldn't think a picture actor could possibly get stage-fright, surrounded as they always are by dozens of carpenters and what-nots. But it seems that staring strangers make them so nervous that scenes shot during visiting hours are markedly poor, and a great deal of time is wasted in taking them over again. The only way to get the tourists out was not to let them in, hence the new ruling.

The silent drama isn't so silent as it is reputed to be when Raymond Griffith is looking for a story. Raymond is in a position peculiar to a star, since he is largely responsible not only for his own work in a picture, but for the gags which go to make it as amusing as the Griffith pictures usually are. Ray agrees absolutely with old Will Shakespeare that the play's the thing. And when he cant find one, there is excitement on the Paramount lot

Likely as not, Leon Holmes's freckles will find him a fortune in the fillums, even as "Wes" Barry's did. Leon, who is playing in "Frisco Sally Levy," and "Cameo" are great pals

The Latest News and Photographs of

It's been a hard year for the extras in Hollywood. First came the crushing blow of the Central Casting Bureau. And then, with so many war pictures being made, another source of revenue for the extras was cut off when American soldiers, loaned for the purpose of representing our army on the screen, doubled as German troops. Now the American Federation of Labor has come to the rescue. It made a protest, which resulted in the War Department's refusing to allow any more soldiers to double for the movies. This practice had saved the producers a lot of money, and kept a lot of extras out of jobs. The ultimatum was delivered when the producers of "The Patent Leather Kid" asked for three thousand soldiers to double as Germans.

Douglas Fairbanks, having failed to find a story that suited him, wrote one himself, and is planning to start production right away. "The Gaucho" is the title of his original—a story based on the life of a cowboy in South America. Dolores del Rio will be his leading woman—just as soon as she finishes work as the star in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Trail of '98." Dolores' career has been phenomenal. Almost from the minute she reached Hollywood, she has been constantly in demand, rushing from one studio to another, her pictures overlapping each other.

Cecil De Mille is only awaiting permission from Will Hays to bring "The Shanghai Gesture" to the screen. He must have forgotten his recent controversy with Jetta Goudal, for he is anxious to star her in the sensational Chinese play. We hope Hays will not ban it, for that is one rôle Jetta might play most effectively—and there are so few.

P. & A.

William Surrey Hart, Jr.'s, custody was awarded Winifred Westover in Reno when the decree was granted. Bill is giving an imitation of a two-gun man

Most unexpected are the results of Paramount's decision to make all its future pictures on the Pacific Coast. Thomas Meighan has always had a clause in his contract providing that his pictures be made in the East. And it was quite a surprise when Tommy was most tractable and agreed to try a few pictures in Hollywood. Mal St. Clair, on the other hand, developed a sudden affection for New York, and found that he would rather terminate his contract with Famous Players than do all his directing in Hollywood. So their relations are severed.

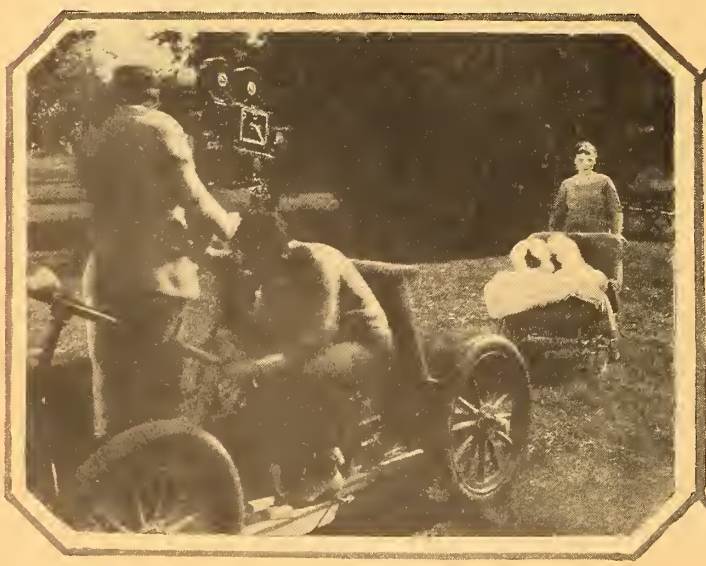
Mildred Davis will not be troubled again by the difficulty of finding suitable stories. That is, not till Mildred Gloria Lloyd is a lot older. Mildred returned to the screen in "Too Many Crooks," just to show she could do it. But evidently it didn't appeal to her, for she has announced that bringing up Gloria will be her profession from now on.

The Mayor of Beverly Hills, William Rogers, whose city houses the aristocrats, returned home after a sojourn thru this country and Europe, where he obtained a liberal education on government.

A large mass meeting was held at the Philharmonic Auditorium a few days after his arrival and I paid three dollars and fifty centimes to sit in the wings and listen to him. To me the lecture was worth ten times that amount because he supplied me with a number of good wisecracks which I can pass on without any additional cost.

Will spoke in laudatory terms of Charlie Chaplin, who, he said, is the greatest artist the screen has ever produced. He said it was a shame that Charlie should be forced to discontinue making screen comedies because of constant troubles with his wives. Will said that if necessary he would volunteer to keep

We have no explanation to offer for the contents of the double carriage which Louise Fazenda so nonchalantly pushes towards the camera, for the benefit of a laugh in "The Gay Old Bird"



Buster Keaton almost smiles! Extra . . . Extra!! This photograph was taken at his home, where he was hopefully trying to teach Joseph and Bobby to play billiards

the Players Both on the Set and Off

Charlie supplied with wives in order that he might continue with his screen work.

The mayor caught the eye of his old friend, Bill Hart, in a box near the stage and made the Westerner stand up and take a bow. After the applause had subsided, Hart yelled to Will, "And I paid good money for this seat, too, Will!"

"Then you must have been lyin' to us about all that alimony you had to pay!" retorted the mayor. Bill didn't have an answer for this one.

The city of Beverly Hills borders Hollywood on the west. During the course of his speech Will remarked, "Maybe some of you folks dont know where Beverly Hills is located. Well, it's what you might call the decent end of Hollywood."

Soon after the mayor's return to his municipality the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios announced that they would star Will Rogers in a special production, the story of which is to be based on the Roger's articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled, "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat."

Here's an idea. Colleen Moore has kept a scrapbook of unusual and artistic exteriors and interiors for years. And now that she is planning to build a home in Beverly Hills, she will have the effects which charmed her from time to time where she can refer to them

WHENEVER a picture is made in which the company finds it necessary to make use of the Navy, they must submit the story they are to film to the Navy Department in Washington for its approval. This applies to the Army and Marines, too. I dont know who gets the stories on farm relief and moral turpitude.

Al Christie, the comedy producer, submitted the script of one of his comedies for the Navy approval, but it came back with a rejection slip. This made Al mad, so he went out and built a dreadnaught deck on an old barge and hauled it up and down the harbor where all the warships were parked, taking his picture without going on a battle-ship. Of course, Al couldn't help getting the regular Navy ships in the background. But the ocean is a free spot and the motion picture companies can still do what they want even if the bootleggers cant.

MAYBE you didn't know it, but Al Christie is a Scotchman. He's not the type of Scotchman that wears his finger nails to the quick picking burnt matches off the sidewalks for firewood.

Al possesses one of two sets of books on "The Clans of Scottish Highlands," by James Logan. Jeanie McPherson, the screen scriptress, owns the other set. The books contain the names of every clan and pictures of the style of dress worn by the members of each clan. Those old boys were more careful of what they wore than any present-day débutante. They wouldn't wear a skirt that looked in any way like the rival clan's.

It was from this set of books that practically all the data for "Annie Laurie," in which Lillian Gish starred, was obtained. Brother Scotchmen must have lost all respect for Al when they learned that he had loaned his prized library to the rival clan of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer without collecting a cent. Speaking of Lillian Gish, it has, after months of discussion and indecision, been decided that her next screen appearance will be in "The Wind."

(*Continued on page* 102)

Helen of Troy at home . . . Maria Corda and her husband, Alexander Korda, at their Beverly Hills home. Maria was a European star and her husband a director over there. Now Maria is cast in the title rôle of the John Erskine novel, "Helen of Troy"

Because of a broken leg that needed a plaster cast, Dick Barthelmess had a difficult time getting on the set, where scenes were filmed that did not demand that he walk about. His physician and make-up artist and an assistant director worked overtime so that Dick could be on time

Without Benefit

The Dramatic Story of a the Carolina Mountains the Actors, and

Karl Brown, the cameraman who dreamed a dream . . . and had the courage and perseverance to make it come true, in spite of the terrific odds that were against him

They had to buy the cabins, since it was necessary to unroof them if they were to be used for studios. Below, Mr. Brown directing Forrest James and Helen Mundy in a cabin scene

HERE is a different story, so dramatic in its strangeness that there is real pleasure to be had in telling it.

For years a cameraman named Karl Brown planned to make a motion picture about the people living in the smoky recesses of the Carolina mountains.

He had listened to audiences "oh" and "ah" over the strange habits of the Fiji Islanders, of the Eskimos and of the Polynesians. Yet he knew them to be no more curious in their habits, judging habits by the average American standards, than these Southern mountaineers.

"These people," said Karl Brown, "live only a few miles away from Asheville and other Carolina cities . . . judging distance as the bird flies . . . but they are barred from the advantages that these cities might offer them, not only by the imprisoning mountains, but by the generation after generation of resentment of society as we understand it, felt by their progenitors. They are in some cases descendants of England's finest families, the aftermath of youngest sons who came to the Colonies years ago."

Well then, why not such a picture? . . .

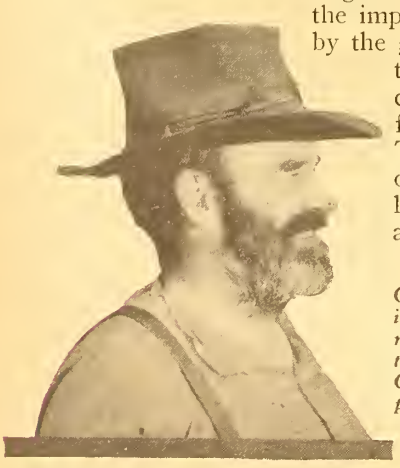
One thing Brown knew it would be difficult to get to these people. They mistrust strangers and have no liking for the publicity that the few who have come to know them would give their lives.

For another thing, a large sum of money was necessary and Karl Brown did not possess it. Still he continued to dream his dream of making such a picture.

There came a day when he could no longer bear to stand behind his camera and photograph painted men and women enacting synthetic emotions. Asking for a leave of absence, he entrained for Carolina and worked his way into the mountains.

By being a good Roman, or a good mountaineer—as you will—he gained the friendship of these people. They opened their crude

A mountaineer woman. . . . It is the women who do all the work, being virtually animals of burden, worn out after a decade of maturity, heavily patterned with manual labor and one baby after another



Casting was difficult because it was not possible to let the natives know the story that the film would finally tell. On the left is the man who plays the father in this unusual film

A little girl who plays a small part in "Stark Love"

# of Grease-Paint

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Movie That Was Made With for a Stage, the Natives for Truth for a Scenario

cabin doors to him when he knocked at twilight, asking for food and shelter.

Hospitality must, of necessity, be one of their laws. Where they live and as they live, men must stand together against the elements, wild animals and feudal enemies on the other side of the range.

For a week or two, Karl Brown observed the mountaineers in their daily lives, fraught with drama, yet appearing quite commonplace to them. He listened to their frugal talk. He grasped their standards. And he was more than ever convinced that there was an extraordinary motion picture to be made with them and about them if he possessed sufficient diplomacy and patience and . . . if he could get sufficient money.

So he went to Jesse Lasky of the Paramount organization with his plan. Finally . . . and that word spans many months—anxious months for Karl Brown . . . Lasky was convinced. And evidently Adolph Zukor was convinced, too, for the appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars was forthcoming.

Karl Brown must have talked with a golden eloquence born of his dream. The making of movies has come to be essentially a business proposition. Bankers have poured gold into the movie coffers, and what banker gives of his gold without assuring himself of a generous return? Stars with great popularity and stories that have been best-sellers between the covers of a novel are the only things believed to insure box-office receipts.

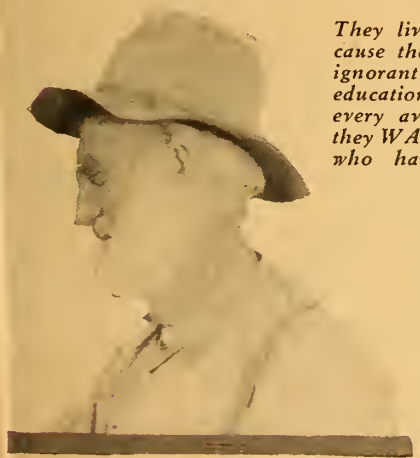
But be all this as it may . . . and is . . . Karl Brown won. He was given the money to make a motion picture with the mountains for his stage, the natives for his cast, and truth for his scenario.

"I didn't have any story in mind up to this time," Karl Brown explained. "I knew my story had to come from the people . . . out of one of those one-room cabins that cling to the rocky mountainsides, set to one side of a little patch of farmland.

"So Captain Wing, a West Pointer, who was my assistant, and I went back to the mountains ahead of the rest of the company. By company I mean our cameraman, propertymen and others in technical capacities. We scoured the settlement which we had selected as ideal for our locale, being neither better nor worse than the average, for a cast.

"Casting was difficult. We could not permit the people to have any idea of what we were going to do, further than the obvious fact that we wished to take pictures. Had they

(*Continued on page* 100)



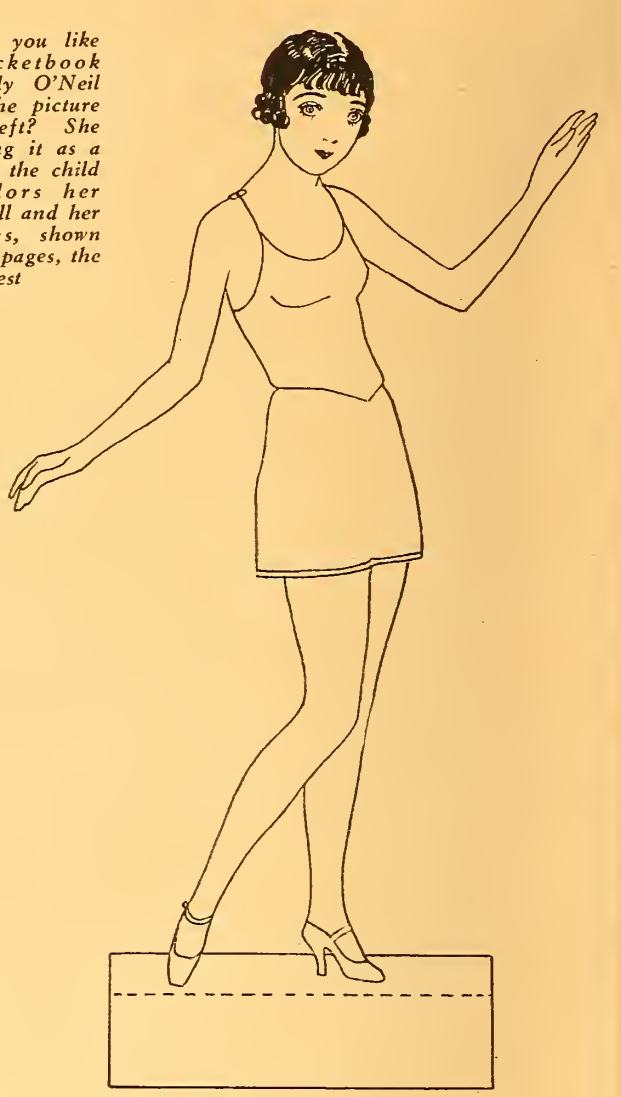
They live in one-room cabins because they WANT to. They are ignorant because they REFUSE education. They deny themselves every avenue of progress because they WANT to. They are a people who have voluntarily ostracized themselves

On the left is another mountaineer in this film, while on the right are Forrest James and Helen Mundy, the only two members of the cast who had any idea what the story was about

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. III — June, 1927

How do you like the pocketbook that Sally O'Neil has in the picture on the left? She is offering it as a prize for the child who colors her paper doll and her costumes, shown on these pages, the best



If you will place a piece of carbon-paper between this doll and her costumes and another blank sheet of paper . . . and draw carefully and neatly over all the lines, you'll be able to make another Sally O'Neil paper doll

WIN A PRIZE

Sally O'Neil will make a perfect addition to any paper-doll family.

Here she is with five costumes that just beg for the beautiful colors that crayons or paints can give them.

The middy blouse and pleated skirt . . . the frilly party dress . . . get out the box of colors and see what beautiful clothes you can make for little Sally.

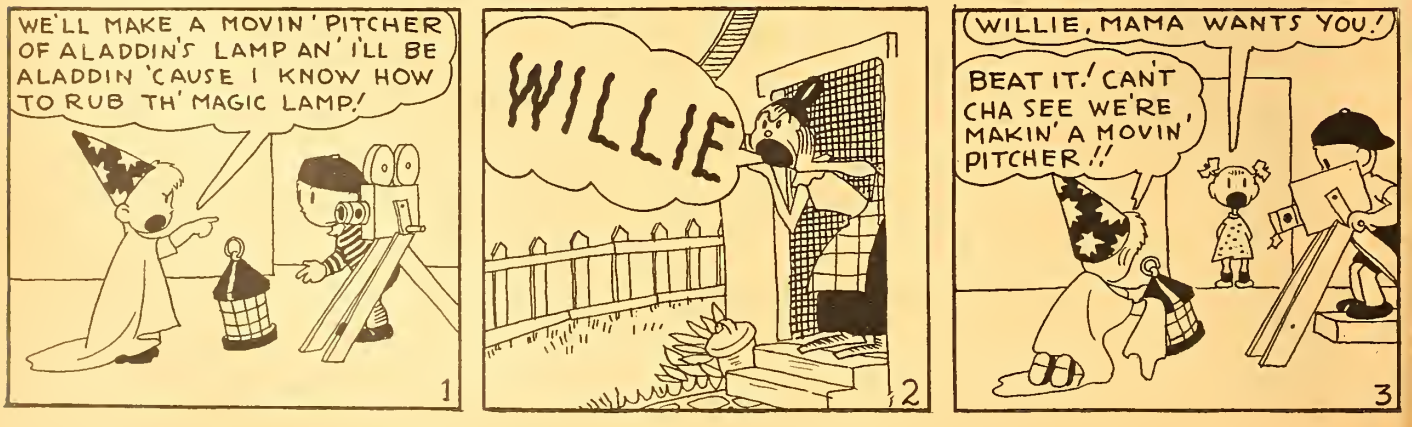
There is a prize offered by Sally for the child who colors her clothes most beautifully. It is the bright-red pocketbook that she shows you in the picture above. Who wouldn't like to own that purse? It has a mirror . . . a little change bag and plenty of room for the fresh handkerchief that mother is always so particular about.

The ten children who color the paper doll and dresses next best will receive autograph pictures of Sally. And, in the event that there is a tie . . . two people coloring the doll and clothes equally well, two prizes will be given.

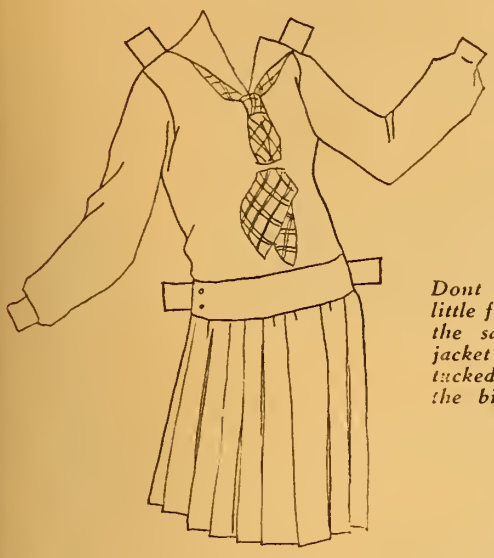
All paper dolls must be mailed by May 20. Address the envelope in which you enclose them to Sally O'Neil Paper Doll, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. And be sure to wrap the doll in a piece of paper on which you have written your name and address plainly.

Sally herself will judge the entries.

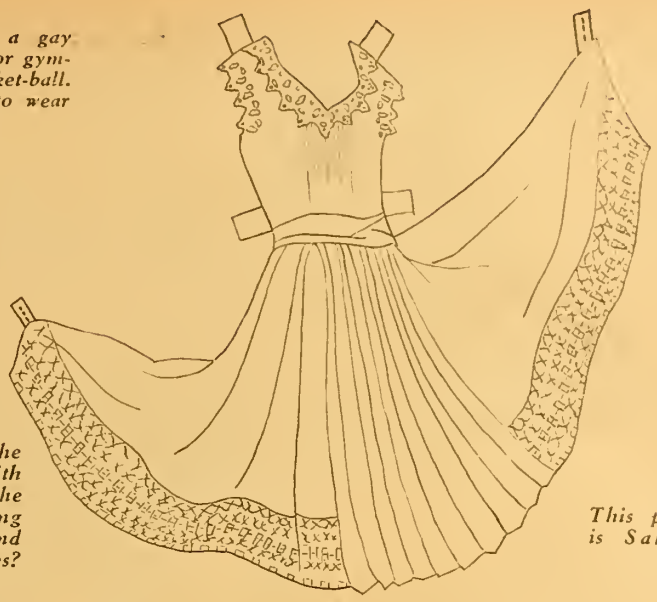
JUNIOR REELS


WE'LL MAKE A MOVIN' PITCHER OF ALADDIN'S LAMP AN' I'LL BE ALADDIN 'CAUSE I KNOW HOW TO RUB TH' MAGIC LAMP!
1
WILLIE
2
WILLIE, MAMA WANTS YOU!
BEAT IT! CAN'T CHA SEE WE'RE MAKIN' A MOVIN' PITCHER!!
3

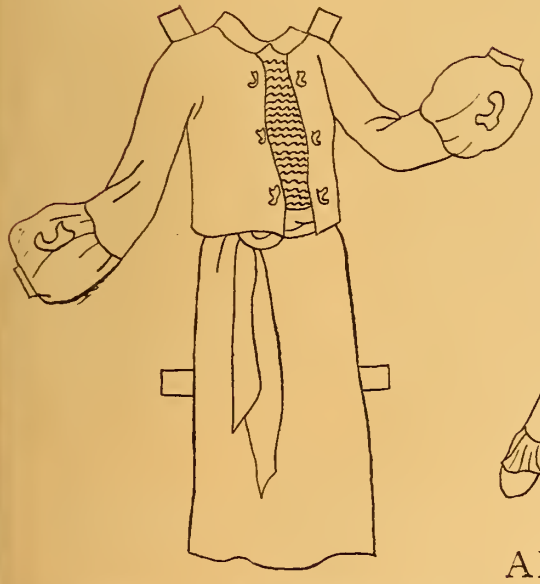
A middy blouse, with a gay tie and a pleated skirt, for gymnasium in school or basket-ball. . . . Also a sport hat to wear with this costume

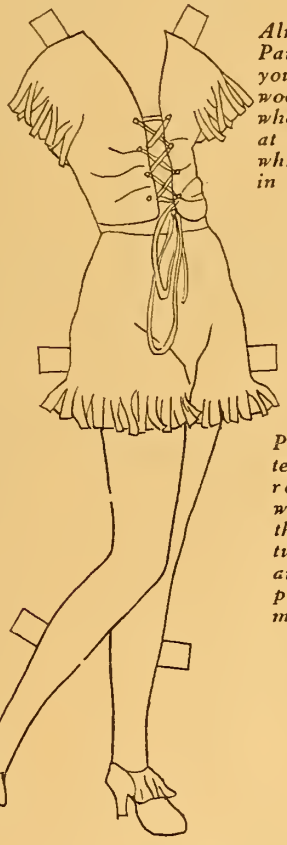


Dont you love the little frock below, with the sash under the jacket . . . the darling tucked vest . . . and the big puff sleeves?

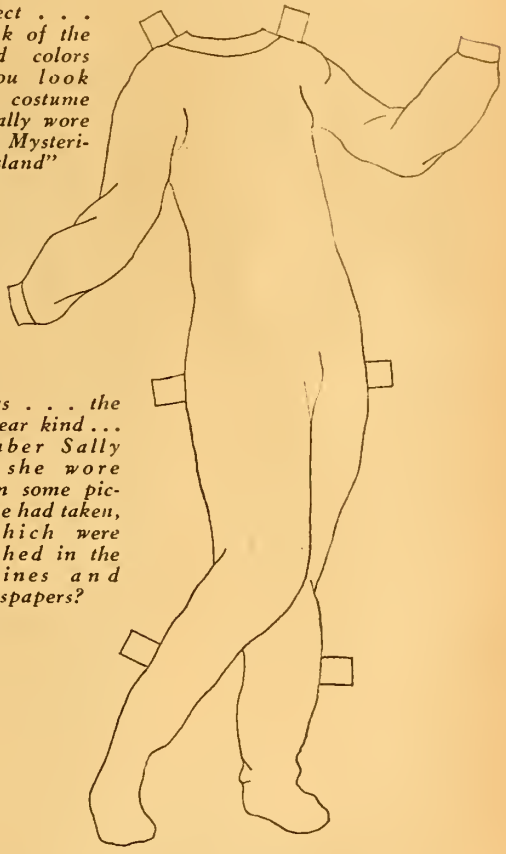


This party dress is Sally's very own





Almost a Peter Pan effect . . . you think of the woodland colors when you look at this costume which Sally wore in "The Mysterious Island"



Pajamas . . . the teddy-bear kind . . . remember Sally when she wore these in some pictures she had taken, and which were published in the magazines and newspapers?

ALADDIN'S LAMP

Scandinavian Hospitality

By Rilla Page Palmborg

The Lars Hansons are charming and informal people . . . when they are alone at dinner, they prefer the coziness of a small table in the sun-room

WHY NOT A SWEDISH DINNER FOR A CHANGE?

MENU

Smörgårdsbord

Ärtsoppa

Pork Tenderloin with Vegetables

Plättar

Coffee

"AND now we shall see if you like real Swedish cooking," said Lars Hanson, as he escorted us across the velvety green lawn of his walled garden, where for the past hour we had sat enthralled by the tales he and his charming wife had told us of their native land.

Their lovely house, which proudly lifts its head in one of the newest and most exclusive subdivisions out Santa Monica way, as yet has very few neighbors. "We like all of this open space to ourselves," smiled Mr. Hanson, with a broad sweep of his arms. "Here we get the sea breeze fresh and clean as it comes from the ocean over there."

Tall and slim, with manners easy and perfect, this stranger from a foreign land—for it is less than a year since Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lured the star of the Royal Dramatic Theater of Stockholm into its fold—was as completely at home as a native son.

Like a true Californian, he pointed out the rare blossoms in his garden. He called attention to the interesting wall fountain as we walked thru the flagged patio. His clear gray eyes, which pleaded so eloquently as the *Reverend Dimmesdale* in the "Scarlet Letter," flashed with pride as he swung open the door that led into his spacious, homey living-room where the big, deep fireplace crackled with blazing logs, for the chill of a California night was gathering.

This was a Sunday supper to which we had been invited. "My wife prepared everything when I told her that I had promised you real Swedish cooking," said Mr. Hanson, as we took our places at a long refectory table in a long, rather narrow and dignified dining-room.

"What we have tonight is best in a cold country. But we like it here and I hope you will also," smiled Mrs. Hanson. The supper proved that this dainty little blonde who has won fame as Karin Nolander, the Swedish actress, has other accomplishments besides acting.

"In Stockholm we would first serve Swedish punch, a

(*Continued on page* 103)

Their house is at Santa Monica, where they get the sea breeze fresh and clean as it comes in from the ocean

An excerpt of film showing the boys leaving for war . . . note the perspective

A scene from "The American," which features Charlie Ray and Bessie Love

Now Comes the Natural Vision Movie

WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE PICTURES YOU USED TO SEE THRU THE STEREOSCOPE

WE have had "natural vision" motion pictures before, but they have been short-length subjects and freak affairs in which the stereoscopic effect was gained by audiences viewing the screen thru glasses supplied each individual seat in the theater.

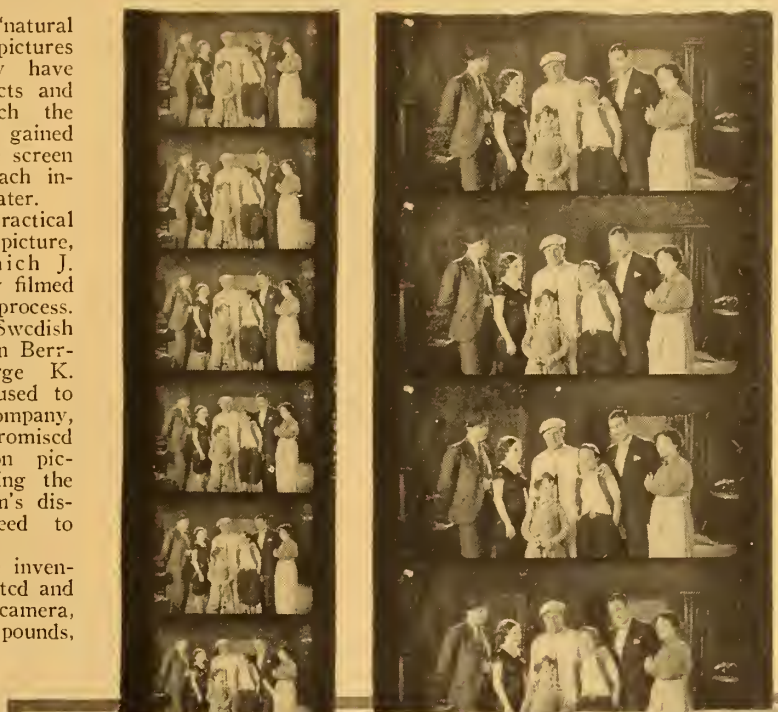
Now we come to a practical stereoscopic motion picture, "The American," which J. Stuart Blackton recently filmed with an amazing new process.

Some time ago a Swedish inventor, Doctor P. John Berrgerm, came to George K. Spoor, the man who used to head the old Essanay Company, with an invention that promised "natural vision" motion pictures. Mr. Spoor, seeing the possibilities of Berrgerm's discovery, at once agreed to finance him.

Some months ago the invention was deemed completed and the large stereoscopic camera, weighing two hundred pounds, was shipped to California.

To use this camera in the photography of a feature photoplay entailed great difficulty and risk. For one thing, a special projection machine is necessary to project the film taken with this camera on the screen. And there was no such projection machine in California nor was it practical to ship one there from Chicago. This meant that every scene had to be filmed by two cameras in order that the rushes of a day's work could be shown and it be ascertained that everything in the scenes was as it should be.

If you go to see this picture in the theater, you will see a production every scene of which will have actual depth. The figures will stand out as pictures used to when you looked at two identical pictures thru a stereoscope and they became one picture with another dimension to it.



Above are two scenes of the company of "The American," including J. Stuart Blackton, the producer. The small strip of film was taken with the regular camera and the large strip is the stereoscopic film

The stereoscopic camera which promises to change radically the motion picture. As can be seen, it is twice the size of the regulation motion picture camera

What Every Should

About Hats and and Gowns and

Clarence S. Bull

A bridegroom might object to this spring hat of rose beige faille that Carmel Myers is wearing, on the grounds that it is too provocative for street wear. But, if it was worn sedately, there would be no point to it at all. The band is of black velvet ribbon

Here comes the bride . . . wearing a period frock of tulle over a slip of white satin and silver lace. The snug bodice ends near the hip-line, where the bouffant skirt sheds its cascade of tulle. A Russian crown of pearls and rhinestones holds the ten-yard tulle veil. The bouquet Louise Brooks carries finds its fragrance in white roses, lilies-of-the-valley and white orchids

Pour le sport, as Michael Arlen so successfully wrote . . . this frock of blue French flannel, with one of the new African turbans. Pauline Starke's double skirt is box pleated and one belt of gray kid appears a little below the waist-line, while another encircles the hips

Coats which give the effect of a suit are the pièce de résistance of the spring mode. Gilda Gray's coat on the right is of beige moiré, featuring the small tucks over the hips and the deep and deceptive tuck at the knee. Gilda affects a large silk flower and shoes and stockings of a deep brown

June Bride Know

Wraps and Suits Wedding Veils

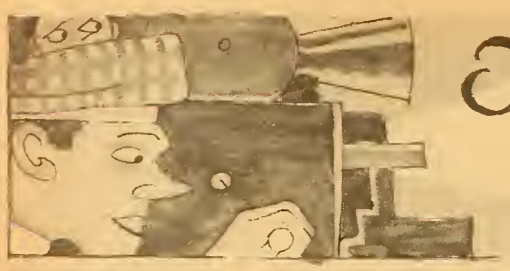
At a recent première performance in Los Angeles, Mary Brian and Margaret Morris wore charming summer evening wraps, either or both of which would be perfect in a trousseau. Mary's was of flesh crêpe, with a shawl collar and banded cuffs of ermine. It was made simply, with kimono sleeves that permitted it to be slipped on and off with ease. Margaret's wrap, on the other hand, turned its pale green satin back to excellent effect as a tuxedo collar . . . in contrast to the dull crêpe

Dorothy Phillips' smart suit is of navy blue serge and trimmed with black silk braid. The coat falls open and affords a note of contrast in the fawn felt vest, which complements her gloves and stockings in color

Eugene R. Richee

This afternoon dress, which came to Gilda Gray on the last liner from Paris that docked, is of twilight-blue crêpe Roma and trimmed with a braiding of silver thread and tiny silver buttons. Her hat is in felt, of the same blue. Her stockings gray and her slippers black

On the Riviera the white sport frock has been voted the one essential garment in the wardrobe of the well-groomed woman. Lil Dagover, who came from Europe to play with Emil Jannings, favors the pleated skirt and the simple blouse, which fits close about the hips and ties in a loose knot at the throat



The Picture

METROPOLIS

REMINISCENT of "RUR" is the plot of the latest wonder from the German film studios. But its plot is its least important feature, and in fact, as a drama the picture is very poor, even boring. The drama lies in each separate scene, each "effect" more amazing and frightful than the last. It imagines a mechanistic age in which, paradoxically, human beings are more than ever the slaves of their machines. There is a magnificent conception of the city of the future, but to us the picture seems more like a symbol of the age we live in than a prophecy. It makes you see subways, crowds, buildings, all the automatic devices by which we are shoved in masses thru our daily lives, in a new and dreadful light. The fantastic sets, the gruesome conception of the underground city, the flood, the handling of the mobs, and the measured feeling of doom hanging over it all, are as thrilling as any dramatic story, and much more apt to haunt you afterwards—if you live in a city.—*Paramount.*

STARK LOVE

WE have had motion pictures showing the Eskimos carrying on in their igloos . . . intimate screenings of the African bushmen in their strange dwellings . . . and pictorial text-books about other foreign people. But here is a film which tells us of the mountaineers of North Carolina, who appear quite as strange as the far-off Eskimos and bushmen.

Furthermore, this time the educational flavor is cloaked by a really absorbing story. We were going to say sugar coated by the story, but this is hardly the truth, since there is nothing sweet or sugary about any part of it.

Karl Brown, the director of this amazing motion picture, took the story from an unbelievable incident which he observed in the intimate living conditions which prevail in these mountain cabins.

So you find the North Carolina mountaineers' lives unfolding as starkly dramatic as the title suggests.—*Paramount.*

THE LOVE OF SUNYA

THIS story is the "Eyes of Youth" theme.

A girl pauses to decide whether she will marry her humble sweetheart, forego marriage to accept an impresario's offer to study for an operatic career, or marry a wealthy suitor who can save her father from bankruptcy. A seer bids her look into his crystal ball in order to ascertain the outcome of these three choices, and it is that which she sees in the crystal which comprises the story.

This, of course, curtails the suspense, which must, perforce, be divided between three climaxes instead of one.

The production has been adeptly directed and photographed, with camera angles and scene compositions the beauty of which hold your interest equally with the dramatic values.

Gloria Swanson is framed to both pictorial and dramatic advantage in this story, which offers her a wide sway for an undeniable versatility.—*United Artists.*

THREE HOURS

CORINNE GRIFFITH is adorning as lugubrious a little piece as has found its way to the screen in many months. She is the wife of a jealous old tyrant, the mother of a beloved golden-curled babe. The result is that she is driven from the house, deprived of her child, who is life itself to her. At the end of years of misery and deprivation, during which her one aim has been to see the baby again, she is granted one last look at it by her husband. And after stealing, lying and committing all but the major sins to put up a good front before her chee-ild, she finds—but we mustn't give it away. Just picture the most gruesome thing you can think of, and you will have guessed it. There is a depressing, musty atmosphere about the whole performance, and only Corinne's great charm saves it. John Bowers goes thru his part with extreme solemnity and a respectful hush.—*First National.*

Parade

CABARET

A STORY laid behind the scenes in one of the gayest night clubs could scarcely fail to have a colorful and fast-stepping interest.

Gilda Gray is *Gloria Trask,* the star dancer in a cabaret. There is the weakling brother and her grand old Irish mother and father who refuse to move from the tenement in which the children were born in spite of *Gloria's* affluence. And there is the detective who wants *Gloria* to marry him.

We have always looked upon Gilda as more of a dancer than an actress. In this picture, she dances as she never danced before, not even in the spotlight of the Follies stage. And she acts as many of our out-and-out screen stars have never acted.

Her supporting cast, with the exception of Tom Moore and Chester Conklin, is weak. But the action moves along with suspense always in the air and with a pictorial interest and beauty that make amends for any thespian lack.—*Paramount.*

THE ROUGH RIDERS

OF all the battles that have been commemorated on the screen, the incident at San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War is the most entertaining, tho perhaps not the most exalting. And that's because there's a minimum of warfare and a maximum of humor and human interest. Charles Farrell and Mary Astor are the pair who live out their romance against a background of Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. A great deal of pains were expended in gathering accurate historical data for this, but fortunately you'd never guess it. The first part turned out to be as joyous and spontaneous a bit of clowning as George Bancroft and Noah Beery ever participated in. And the second part is full of humor, thrills, and pathos. And Charles Farrell is very winning and capable. We alternately roared with laughter and sobbed our little heart out. If cowardice and the conquest of it thrill you, this should have a strong appeal. We really cant imagine anyone's not enjoying it hugely.—*Paramount.*

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE

THE business of being timely and going baseball shows good showmanship on the part of the sponsors of this picture—which is an excursion into diamond pastures as well as into the fields of hokum. Carrying a provocative title as well as a star who is the most adaptable person on the screen in the expression of exaggerated self-importance, it easily promotes an enjoyable hour. Now the theme is that ancient but honorable device—the making over of a fresh boob into a regular fellow. And how William Haines colors the character, a rookie pitcher—who is just too smart to live. He comes up from the "sticks" to join the Yankees and proceeds to show up the old-timers with practical jokes and an assortment of curves. Of course, he is eventually tamed. The piece is punctuated with authentic doings of ball-tossers, their days in training camp and on the diamond. It goes hokum—but the hokum is never out of place. The ball-players help to provide a realistic atmosphere.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

THE DEMI-BRIDE

A VERY lively French farce has been directed by Robert Z. Leonard with a sure hand, and a humorous eye, which rests not only on each separate scene, but always sees straight thru to the end of the picture. Which is no ordinary achievement in the handling of these flippant complexities. Each scene is very nicely turned, and the whole is original, utterly ridiculous, and highly entertaining. It's about a not at all timorous little French girl of fourteen or thereabouts who sees what she wants of life over the convent wall, and proceeds to vault. Lew Cody is the unhappy aim of her existence, and he hasn't a chance against the relentless tactics she employs. Norma Shearer makes of this simpering infant as objectionable a child as we've met since Little Mildred. Her performance is clever, consistent, and delightful. Lew Cody's version of the ultra-sophisticated Frenchman is rather apathetic, but he gets his effect. It's worth seeing.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Unbiased Reviews which will Serve as Guides to the

THE BELOVED ROGUE

THE great Barrymore at play is on view again in another story of medieval France. He goes thru the first portion of this little piece with a hop, skip, and a jump. How he does caper and romp, how roguish he is, how mischievous—and how unkempt! Any maiden who has learned to love a well-scrubbed and scented John will shrink from this ragged disguise. The middle theme consists of variations on the Barrymore profile. And the end is, as usual, torture—writhing, panting, transfixed gaze and straining muscles. No one else can suffer so beautifully. It is the story of François Villon, the vagabond poet, and how he saved his own life and, incidentally, France, by playing slyly upon the superstitions of Louis XI. Marceline Day contributes a pair of large gray eyes to the proceedings. And for the rest, there are as many drawbridges, horsemen, mobs and mammoth sets as you can reasonably demand of a costume spectacle.—*United Artists.*

WHITE FLANNELS

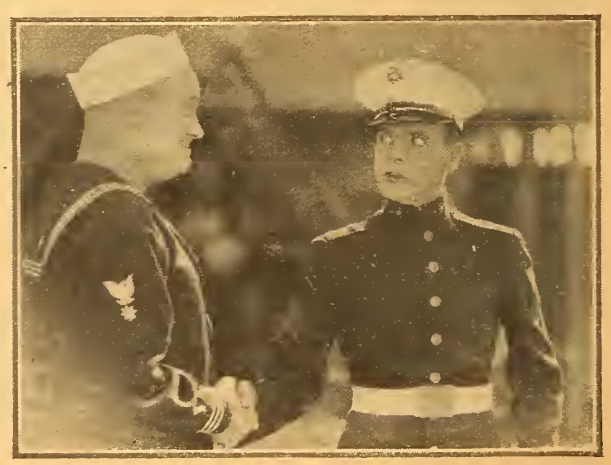
A RATHER distressing story of coal-mines and colleges gives Louise Dresser a chance to do some really good acting and to lift an otherwise less than mediocre picture into the class of films you can sit thru without flinching. The story starts out in the sordid, menacing atmosphere of the coal-mines. Miss Dresser, the wife of a Polack miner, is determined that her son shall not live his life under the ground, in dirt and danger. Her resolve to put him thru college in white flannels, and start him in business in a white collar, is the driving force of her life. Her son's love for the waitress across the street is the first obstacle in her path. The second is the snobbery and hypocrisy of the white-collared class. We did wince a little at the college episode, which is the worst thing of its kind to reach the screen, and took every semblance of rationality from the story. A poor picture, except for Louise Dresser's performance, which, while not always consistent, was strong and impressive.—*Warner Brothers.*

LET IT RAIN

"LET IT RAIN" is as pleasant to watch as the smile of its star, Douglas MacLean, and just as light-hearted. It has three themes—one is the time-honored enmity between the sailors and the marines, and that's the excuse for a lot of good-natured slap-stick comedy. Douglas is a marine wearing as natty a uniform as has been seen on the screen since the days of Erich von Stroheim. And he is ably aided by Wade Boteler, a very funny fellow. The second theme is a mail robbery, involving three unidentified men, Douglas, and his girl. Suspense, thrills, and danger. And the last—and best—is Love. That's where Shirley Mason comes in, and what a pity it is that Shirley doesn't do this a lot more often. Shirley is winning, or winsome, or something that very few girls are, and her pretty figure and pretty ways make their foolish romance a delight—especially now that spring is here. All these things are mingled to make an extremely agreeable picture, which asks nothing of you and gives a good measure of entertainment.—*Paramount.*

THE SENSATION SEEKERS

BILLIE DOVE tries her hand at being a voluptuous, jazz-mad, modern girl, disillusioned and daring. She scandalizes the small-town society set of which she is a member and all but breaks the heart of her poor old mother. But that isn't the worst. Billie tries to break down the resistance of a minister who has *It*—(so many do)—and comes out of the skirmish with a bad case of religion herself. The picture is full of Huntly Gordon as a sportive, sinful man-about-a-very-small-town, any number of wild parties, police raids, and village gossips, in the order named. And then, of course, the storm at sea. For it takes the elements at their wildest to show these two conflicting souls the strength of their love for each other. They have a bad half-hour in the studio tank—a fierce and fitting climax to this rather synthetic picture. Some cameraman is not doing right by Billie Dove, and she is rather badly miscast. But she still has an unusual and lovely personality.—*Universal.*



Pictures that Appear at Your Neighborhood Theater

BLIND ALLEYS

THERE is a certain elegance in the opening scenes of Thomas Meighan's latest picture. A certain style and charm that gives promise of something far better than what actually follows. It was almost impossible for us to believe that what did follow was meant, in all seriousness, to be the bulk, the drama of the picture. Tommy and his young and tender South American bride arrive in New York, where, except for her husband, she is quite, quite friendless. He ventures out into the street on an errand, and is knocked down by a car and taken to a hospital. What with one thing and another, he and his bride lose each other. And for six or eight reels they are shown searching distractedly for each other. At first it's a rather painful experience to watch them, but finally they find each other. There is a wistful performance by Greta Nissen turned brunette. And very good work by Evelyn Brent and Thomas Meighan.—*Paramount.*

THE TAXI DANCER

JOAN CRAWFORD seems to be quite at home in a story about a young girl who comes to the city with ambitions to be a dancer. She spends most of the footage learning whom you can and cannot trust among the assorted men-about-town. And strangely enough, after many experiences with murder, seduction, and other gentleman's crimes, she pins her faith to a crook. Owen Moore is this unscrupulous fellow with a heart of gold, and he plays with his usual languid charm. Douglas Gilmore, shorn of his mustache, looks and acts the part of the lily-livered young villain. Joan Crawford is getting to be a better actress all the time, and in the earlier scenes she looks almost beautiful, but she should never, never wear a hat. This is a harmless picture that probably wont bore you acutely or give you any very lively pleasure.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

EVENING CLOTHES

THIS joyless piece was concocted from the stage play, "The Man in Evening Clothes," which ran for exactly one week on Broadway—and no wonder. We cant imagine who went to see it during the last five days—and still more unfathomable is the reason why the genial Mr. Menjou should have allowed it to be bound up with his heretofore merry and successful career. It starts off well enough, introducing Adolphe—a bearded and night-shirted Adolphe—as a country gentleman who has learned to ignore the refinements of sophistication and knows more about horses than he does about women. His young bride—Virginia Valli—awakens him to his shortcomings, and in an effort to win her love he flees to Paris. Then comes the transformation—he becomes a gilded youth, a very Brummel, and embraces all the pleasures and perils of Paris. But this episode, in spite of Lilyan Tashman and Louise Brooks, is more stupid than amusing. If you're a Menjou fan, you'll see this, of course, but you'll like it only because Adolphe is so unfailingly expert and engaging.—*Paramount.*

MOTHER

BELLE BENNETT and Louise Dresser are running a neck-and-neck race for honors as the screen's most self-sacrificing mother. They are all but crowding Mary Carr off the field—after all her years of suffering and unselfishness. Miss Dresser seems to have a bit the best of it this month, altho Belle Bennett puts up a valiant fight. In "Mother," Belle sews and cooks, exhorts and sacrifices, is the very sun around which the little family revolves—and receives her full share of credit and affection, so long as there is no other way for papa and the children to gratify their whims. But prosperity changes everything. What with infidelity, dissipation, and other deadly sins, *Mother* finds herself quite deserted, and it takes nothing short of a railroad wreck to make them realize her true worth. Miss Bennett plays all this with a brave smile and a tear in her eye. We are afraid she is guilty of sentimentality. But we saw a lot of mothers in the audience nodding sympathetic heads, and there is undoubtedly a great deal of basic truth underneath it all.—*Film Booking Offices.*

Dusnong

Roxy Does His

To the Tune of the $157,611 in Into the Box-Office the Week His New

Roxy himself was on hand . . . genial, as he always is "on the air." "Hello, everybody," he grinned, looking around at the splendor of the big New York theater which bears his name . . . "Hope you like it"

International Newsreel

The big rotunda, with its bronze gold and gray marble pillars, was banked with flowers. Below is the mob surging to the entrance of the theater on the night of the premiere

International Newsreel

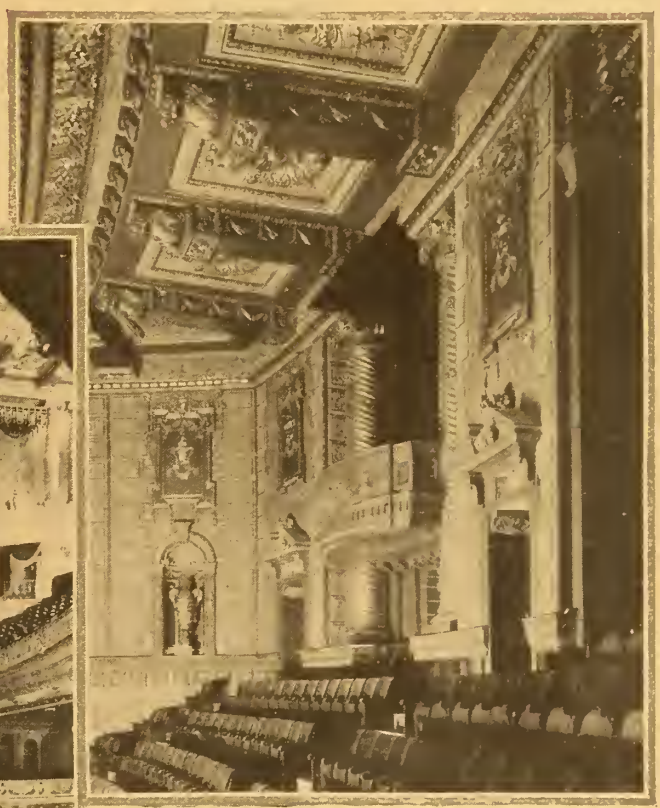
There was crowding that dismayed the police reserves when Gloria Swanson alighted from her motor and walked into the theater. Gloria's "The Love of Sunya" was the film that opened this de luxe playhouse

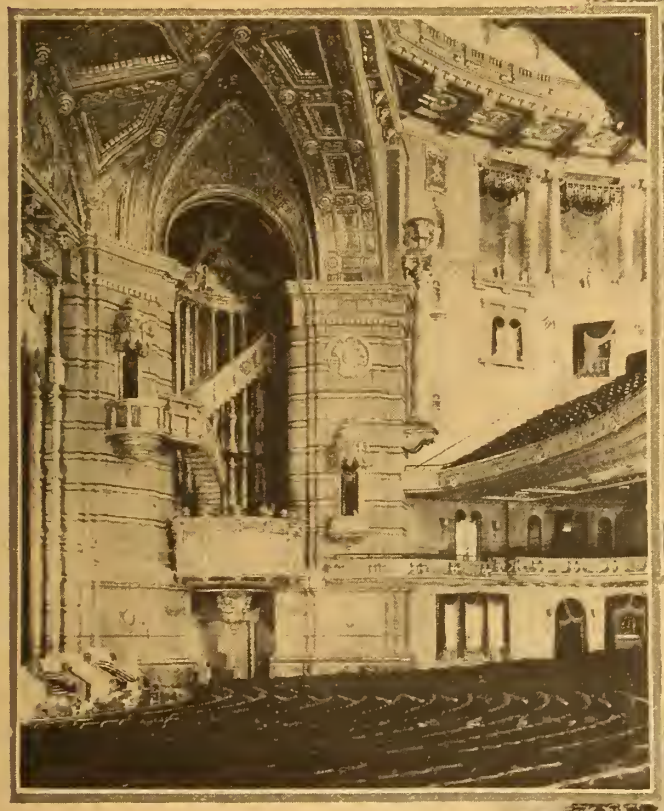
Stuff

Admissions That Jingled York Theater Opened

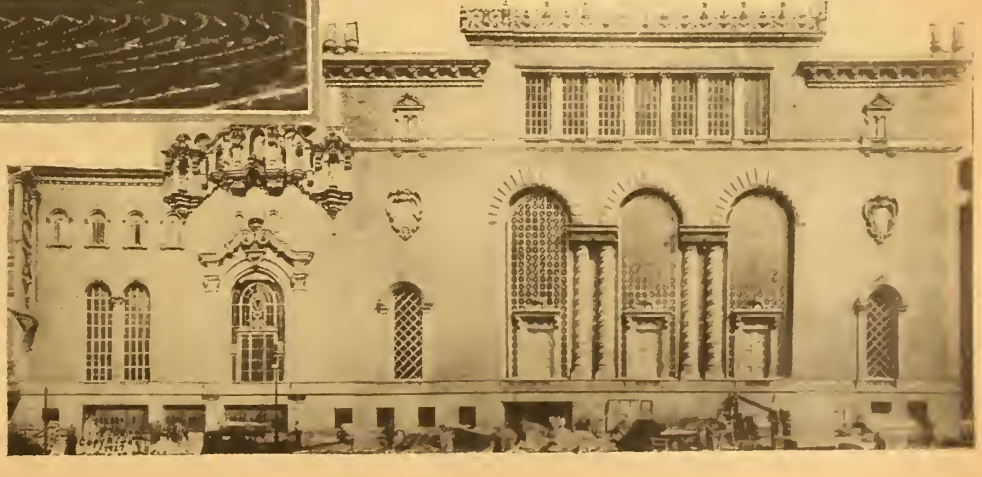
The tickets for opening night were listed at eleven dollars. If you dont believe it, there's a ticket above in proof. But that's not the half of it. An hour before the doors were opened, confirmed "first nighters" were offering twenty-five dollars apiece for orchestra seats . . . and nobody lucky enough to have any would sell them

Tebbs & Knell, Inc.





To the left is a comprehensive view of the orchestra. Above is the top balcony. The decorations are bronze gold with red upholstery. Over six thousand people can be accommodated at each performance



Outside, the theater is equally beautiful . . . a fitting tribute to S. Rothapfel, the man who has brought joy to hundreds of thousands with his theaters and his broadcasting. And, even in the excitement of opening night, Roxy didn't forget the wounded marines with whom he served in the war. Seats were held for them, and the proceeds of the first performance went to buy radios for marines in hospitals. Long may Roxy do his stuff . . .

On the Road

Ideals *do* count. According to biography, it is because of stars not only have won

Ruth Harriet Louise

Mary Pickford has so far transcended her position as a screen favorite as to be recognized among the great women of this age

In all that Harold Lloyd does there is sweetness, cleanliness and a modesty that is irresistible

Ramon as he appears in the early sequences of "Old Heidelberg"

The Road of the Future

I WAS lying boastfully on the beach in swimming trunks. Boastfully, because it is something of a feat to lie on a beach in the winter in California, no matter what the advertisements say.

A pelican was swimming in the air overhead. I was wishing to be a pelican in the next life. I love travel, and the pelican takes it so easy, lying down as it were. One beat of his wings carries him a greater distance than a man can negotiate with five hundred movements of his legs. And the pelican takes his food where he finds it. He can eat anything. One almost swallowed a whale the other day. I was worried as I saw the one overhead make a swoop toward my brother's cabin where the community Ford was standing. I wonder how a Ford would digest.

"Mr. Howe, telephone!" *Mein* friend, the German innkeeper, who serves me sauces and philosophy with my steaks, was calling me from the embankment. I draped a towel over as much of me as possible, wondering what pest had gotten on my trail, for my hermitage among the rocks is not easy of access even by telephone.

"Long distance, Los Angeles," said the Inn Philosopher. "Mr. Novarro calling you."

"Hello, Ramon."

"Hello, Herb. . . . Say, Herb, would you like to go to Cuba?"

"No."

"You wouldn't?"

"No. The swimming is good here, and the islands across are full of bootleggers, so why Cuba?"

"Oh, I see. Well, how about Quebec?"

"Quebec? That's where it snows in the winter. . . . I'd like Quebec."

"All right, then we'll leave Sunday."

"Fine. I'll be in Saturday and give you a ring."

"Fine."

"Fine."

"I'm going to Quebec," I said to the innkeeper, as he prepared me a steak with one of his secret sauces which put you in a Lucullian mood.

"Quebec's a nice place," he said. "All French."

Then I recalled a little French girl from Quebec whom I had met on my first trip to Europe after the war. She was on her honeymoon. Her husband was a good scout. We had cocktails together every evening before dinner. She always took just two in a precise, charming little way. "Ze first," she said, "ees for appetite, ze second to drive eet home." She drove home much faster than her husband and I.

Quebec . . . French girls . . . snow.

You get to longing for snow in California, especially if you happen to have been born in a Dakota igloo during a blizzard. Remember the blizzard of 1860?

As for French girls . . . remember the war of 1918?

At Home on the Wing

WHEN the train porter had stacked our bags around us in the train compartment, Ramon relapsed with a sigh of contentment. "Well, home again," he said.

"It's a nice old covered wagon," I said looking around.

Just then a reporter broke in. He wanted Mr. Novarro's opinion of the train. It was the first flyer in a new service out of Los Angeles. Ramon spoke enthusiastically of it. He hadn't been outside the compartment, but he knew he liked trains in general. Most people do who live in Hollywood.

With Ramon

By Herbert Howe

this last chapter in the Novarro their ideals that the greatest their high places but held them

Norma Talmadge typifies the womanly ideal. And she is in herself a very lovely portrait of Woman

Doug once said that he had set out deliberately at the beginning of his career to preach the doctrines of youth, which are activity, clean living and the pursuit of ideals. He has done this more effectively by suggestion than it could ever be done by "educational" films

"You look more at home in a train or a boat than in your house in Beverly," he said to me.

"You dont look out of place yourself," I rejoined.

When you consider that the Road of Ramon has taken us half a million miles in the past three years, you can understand why we, like the pelicans, are more at home on the wing.

When Ramon signed a contract with Marcus Loew more than three years ago, he specified a vacation of two months every year. Every actor of Hollywood ought to get away for that space of time each year, if only to get a perspective on his little self.

"When I've finished this contract in two years, I'm going to Europe and stay as long as I like," mused Ramon. "I'll do Spain and the Riviera—and Italy again, of course. And I'm anxious to go to Berlin. I want to study music there, and I'd like to do my first concerts in Europe. Over here I'm afraid they'd come to see a movie star—out of curiosity. The Germans are not moved by publicity where music is concerned. You are judged on your merits."

What's in a Name—$2.00

We arrived in Quebec at night. Lights were beaming from the little shop windows as we drove thru the twisting streets. The place had for us a charm as instantaneous as that of Miss Garbo upon the American public. We decided unanimously to remain a week instead of three days.

Usually Ramon does not register his name at a hotel But he did at Château Frontenac. The clerk had said the rooms would be ten dollars a day. When he read the name on the register, he looked up with a smile and extended his hand. "We are glad to have you, Mr. Novarro," he said. "The rooms will be eight dollars a day."

"So the name of Novarro must be worth two dollars," laughed Ramon

Quebec

Quebec is one of the most charming cities of the Road. Ramon considers it with Annapolis among the typical places of America. Annapolis, where he made "The Midshipman," is one of his favorite spots in the world. "This," he declared, "is America—the United States." Quiet and culture and courtesy were everywhere. The officers of the Academy entertained Ramon in their homes, but there was none of the fanfare or insistence which so often accompanies the hospitality accorded a picture star.

The same spirit permeated old Quebec, the genuine

(*Continued on page* 88)

Visiting day on the set of "Old Heidelberg." Ernst Lubitsch, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro and Mary Pickford

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $40.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before May 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

See Prize-Winning Limericks on Page 82

If Karl were the last man on earth,
You still couldn't call it a dearth,
For with such great dimensions
Four could share his attentions

No wonder that Monty's dismayed
As his girl hears the parrot's tirade,
For he taught every word
To this blasphemous bird

Tho Chester's abundant mustache
Is apt to get mixed with his hash,
He simply wont harbor
The thought of a barber

A gold-digger's likely to lock
Her receipts in the top of her sock.
As her legs are quite bare,
Sally's bank is her hair.

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

The DUQUESA DE ALBA
The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

DISTINGUISHED and beautiful, high in the ranks of European society are the Duquesa de Alba and the Princesse Eugène Murat.

The Duquesa de Alba, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts, receives from all Europe tribute to her romantic youth and beauty.

Princesse Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, wife of a leading prince of the historic Murat family, is vigorous, original, dominating—French to the backbone.

Different though they are, both have the same pride in maintaining high standards, both believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way," says the Princesse Murat, "than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, my skin receives the sum of all good care."

Your skin, too, will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

Cleansed, Refreshed, Supple

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, and remove all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

The DUQUESA DE ALBA, *fourteen times a Spanish grandee, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. She is, perhaps, the most beautiful woman at the Spanish Court today*

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT, *whose great estate near Versailles, where the exclusive ones of French society delight to visit, is one of the most beautiful in France*

Women of beauty and high position in every land choose these Two Creams

A Cool, Fresh Radiance

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives you unfailing protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot.

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon for free sample of Pond's Two Creams*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. T,
113 Hudson Street, New York

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State _____

A Sure Enough Cowboy

From Extra Man to Star In One Year—*That's Garry Cooper*

By JOAN CROSS

He hails from the Northwest, Helena, Montana. There his father had a ranch of a couple hundred acres. And it was when he palled around with an Indian trapper of the Carlisle gang, who sometimes went in for sheep stealing, that he was sent to England . . . for safety's sake, and an education

Until he played Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Garry was an extra . . . in the movies, because he had not been able to make a go of commercial art . . . but when that picture was released, he shared honors with Miss Banky and Ronald Colman. And four leading film producers offered him lucrative contracts

Eugene R. Richee

I CAN'T recall when, if ever, the Famous Players-Lasky company has done this before. They've made a star of a young man who, aside from a year of extra work, had appeared in just one feature picture before joining them.

The young man is Garry Cooper; the picture which brought him a starring contract was "The Winning of Barbara Worth." You, no doubt, recall him as *Abe Lee*, the desert youth who loved but did not win the heroine, Vilma Banky. Young Mr. Cooper shared honors with Miss Banky and Ronald Colman when "Barbara" was released, and four leading film producers offered him lucrative contracts.

He chose the Famous Players-Lasky contract, and is now working in his first starring picture, "Arizona Bound." Studio officials believe that he has that combination of personality and talent which will attract film fans to the box-office wherever his name goes up in electric lights.

I'm inclined to agree. For "Barbara" proved that Garry Cooper has appeal. He arouses your interest and sympathy. Women see in the Garry Cooper who appears on the screen a boy whom they would like to mother. Girls see in him their first sweetheart. Men like his rugged masculinity.

(*Continued on page* 96)

Here is a way to sparkling loveliness

Youthful Beauty instantly

with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

USED together, these two toiletries give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity, and for its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian Beauty Powder Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares must be your very own.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.

60¢

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder
and Bloom

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2910 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer—enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade wanted _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Norma Talmadge
May 2

Jack Holt
May 1

WHAT THE STARS FORECAST FOR YOU IN A CAREER

By Marion Meyer Drew

Send your date of birth, year of birth, city or nearest town and county of birth, your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born if you wish a reading.

Because inaccurate date is sometimes furnished, we assume no responsibility for any statements made in this department.

THE EDITOR.

Estelle Taylor
May 20

Virginia J. B., May 20:

You have a beautiful horoscope for either stage or screen work—a little stronger for the latter, perhaps, but good for almost any kind of artistic and emotional expression. The year 1928 will be very fortunate for you and you will have opportunities either to marry advantageously or to take up your desired type of work at that time. Choose carefully, for you are one of the rare individuals to whom success is possible in widely varying lines of work, and you can also do very well indeed in financial fields.

Mary Lou, November 13:

Executive work is the best bet for you—almost any managerial capacity providing you with an opportunity to exercise your most evident characteristics. Why not study secretarial work and plan to go into the editorial offices of some magazine? I think your talents will develop most easily along literary lines. I cannot help saying before I end your paragraph that you have a very difficult influence in the parts of your chart which will be stimulated by your marriage. Dont marry hastily; dont expect very much from any man—not that I hold a brief against men, but that you are one of the women who gets more satisfaction from other women.

Douglas Fairbanks
May 23

F. F. H., March 1:

Something technical for you, preferably with a chance to do some traveling or plenty of moving about, and not too much sameness in the detail of the day's work. It's too bad you haven't an opportunity to learn camera work, for I think you'd make a good cameraman. My next choice of a career for you would be something to do with ocean travel.

Sylvia B. G., February 16:

Writing for the movies is really about the hardest field of motion picture work to enter. The story that you or anyone else views on the screen is usually bought in synopsis form from some well-known writer who has won his or her laurels as a fiction writer. Then the scenario writer puts it into a sequence which the director can follow more or less closely. The directors with whose work I am most familiar usually work on the story with the scenarist, however, and sometimes write practically all of the story themselves. For a newcomer to break into scenario writing with a complete draft of a story is virtually unknown.

You did not give me your year of birth, consequently I am unable to tell you whether or not you possess talent for plot construction.

A. V. S., October 2:

Your letter interests me greatly. No matter what I might advise nor you might decide to do regardless of my advice, you would have to buckle down and acquire some technical training. I would suggest to you that you enter the printing or publishing business. If this does not appeal to you, then consider going on with your music. As a third choice, I would name the study of medicine. I do not think you would be happy in theatrical work and you would meet with severe disappointments therein.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

② True protection — 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By Ellen J. Buckland, *Registered Nurse*

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

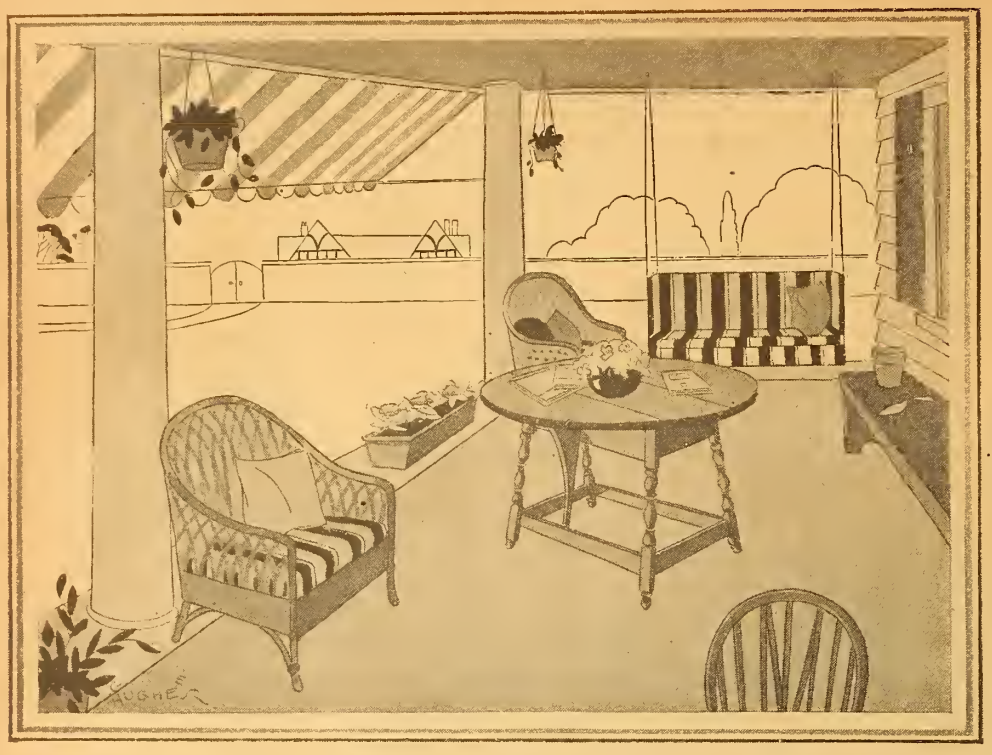
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



For an open porch, you need at least one bench or settle . . . complement this with a pair of wicker chairs . . . and a sturdy wooden table, painted in some gay color that harmonizes with the upholstery of cushions and awnings

The Living-Room Out-of-Doors

Suggestions for Gardens and Open Porches

By Stephen Goosson

(Interior Decorator, First National Pictures)

WHEN days are fair, there is nothing lovelier than to be able to spend hours out-of-doors. Yet I am amazed, every time I visit many of my friends, to find how they neglect to make the best of their gardens and porches. Porches are there—but in many cases there is no comfort on them. Gardens are good to look at and to walk around in for a few minutes, but there isn't a place for rest and relaxation. Make your gardens and your porches livable.

If folks only realized it, gardens and porches could be auxiliary living-rooms. How seldom they really are! Oh, I know that all of you are making good use of your sun porches. That is as it should be. To be sure, I have seen a number of sun porches that have been furnished too heavily—that have been more like living rooms than like porches. Even so, sun rooms, on the whole, are adequately furnished.

I have given advice on them before, so I shall only repeat a little of it here. It is this: in furnishing a sun room, make it as comfortable and as informal as possible. Use gay chintzes. Use bright wicker. Keep your heavy furnishings for other rooms. Use brilliant and even, if you like, bizarre colorings. Use tile or linoleum for floor covering, with grass rugs over this, wicker or cane for furniture, with an occasional table of enameled wood. Make your hangings gay and bright. See that your chairs are comfortable as well as good-looking. Yes, that's enough for sun rooms just here.

Keep your garden simple! A metal table with chairs that need not be carried in every time a cloud darkens the summer sky. And a gay marquee. A fitting place for tea or supper out-of-doors

Porches first. We have done a lot of things with sun rooms in the past few years. Cant we do some things with porches, too? You cant do elaborate things with your porches, for most porches are unprotected from the rain. To tell you to furnish them with a lot of fancy furnishings that have to be gathered in the house the minute a shower comes up, would be absolutely ridiculous. However, there are dozens of things that can be done to make them livable and yet not quite impervious to bad weather.

If I were furnishing a porch, I would get, first of all, some comfortable porch-furniture and I would paint this myself or have it done, following my own directions. There is some wicker furniture that will last for years out-of-doors. I have known the most delightful chairs of

(*Continued on page* 105)

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"

Frances Raviart, R. D No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
1266 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted within 30 days, I will return it and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

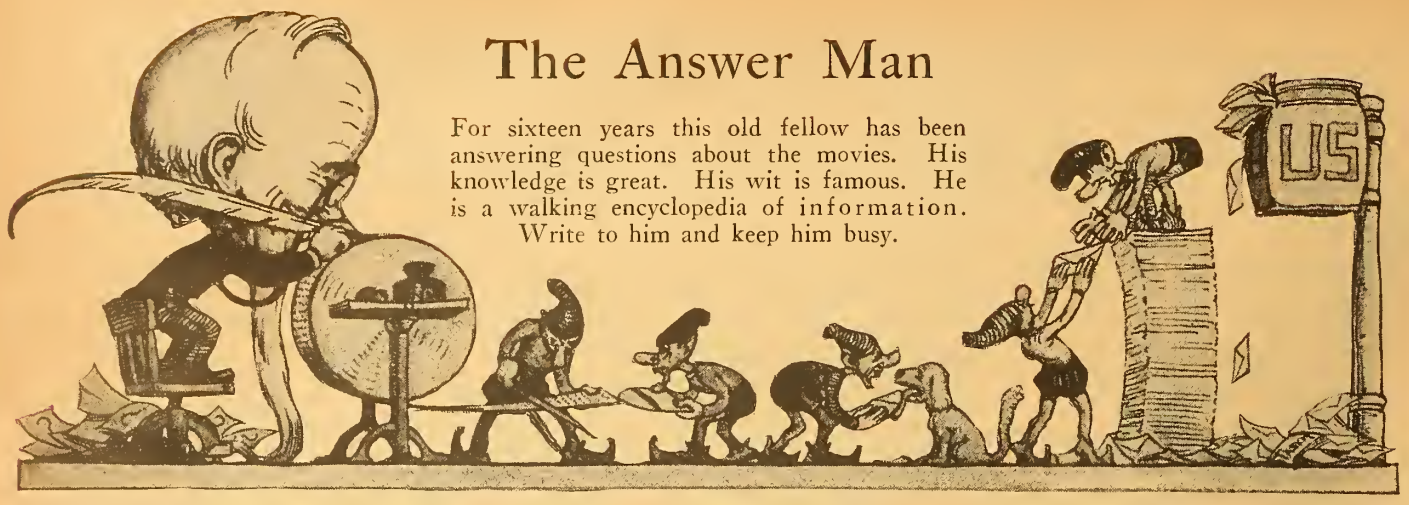
Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

Lucille Young

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

The Answer Man

For sixteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His knowledge is great. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information. Write to him and keep him busy.



Spring time is "glad time"
When Nature's at her best
When children play and grown-ups smile,
And robin shows his vest.

We're glad to be alive in May,
We're glad for skies so blue,
We're glad for memories, glad for friends,
We're glad that we know YOU.

SUZANNE.—Come on in! It wasn't as painful to write to me as you thought it was. "Old Heidelberg" isn't finished at this writing. Ernst Lubitsch may take the long shots of the university scenes in Europe. The picture is reported to cost about $850,000. Heidelberg was founded by the Elector Rupert in 1385.

EDITH M. K.—You say I must be a woman, because I lie about Clara Kimball Young, Mary Pickford and Mae Murray's ages. Not so, my dear, I'm too much of a gentleman to dispute a woman's age. Why dont you send your script to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, for Norma Shearer.

A PARAMOUNT STENO.—The reason that some women cant make the same success as men. is because they cant prop their feet up on the desk. Yes, Donald Hughes is the son of Lloyd Hughes. Dont know of any player born on that date.

A DEL RIO FAN.—Marriage is like using the telephone; you dont always get the right party. Mae Murray has had four husbands, William Schwencker, Jay O'Brien, Robert Leonard and now Prince David M'Divani. Dolores Del Rio was born August 3, 1905.

WALTER J. H.—Thank you, Walter, you sure have respect for my gray whiskers. Most young men respect old age only when it comes in bottles, and that's very seldom these days. Valentino died of Septic-Endocarditis. Pauline Frederick is playing in "Madame X" in London on the stage. See you later.

DOROTHY DEE.—Thanks for all the kind things you say about this department, Dorothy. Theodore Kosloff was born in Moscow, Russia, and he is a ballet dancer, you know. That was Norma Talmadge in "Ashes of Vengeance." Lois Wilson in F. B. O's "The Gingham Girl."

LUCY A. S.—No, I haven't felt the pest as yet. The mosquito is like a child. When he stops making a noise, you know he is getting into something. The lady mosquitoes are the only ones that bite,

THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in this department, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

says Major Skinner. Andres De Segurola, the famous Metropolitan Opera star, made his first appearance in pictures in Gloria Swanson's "The Love of Sunya," which opened the new Roxy Theater in New York City.

MARGARET S.—Yes, I am still a bachelor. Love is like hash; you never know what you are likely to strike in it. Raymond Keane is with Universal, Charlie Rogers with Famous Players. Oscar Shaw is playing on Broadway in "Oh, Kay!" the musical comedy with Gertrude Lawrence.

RED.—No, I dont read the newspapers these days—one might go color blind reading about the blue laws, yellow peril and red menace. So you think it is about time I put my beard away in moth balls. Sure 'nuff, summer's coming. Harrison Ford is with the Metropolitan Pictures, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California. Lewis Stone is with First National, Burbank, California.

LEONORA W.—That's a hot one! You want to know if Ronald Colman is any relation to the Colman mustard people in England. Ronald was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9, 1891, but I dont know anything about the mustard factory. He is divorced from Thelma Ray.

MISS NELLIE A.—"Flash" is the name of the Famous Players horse to be filmed with Gary Cooper in "Arizona Bound." "Stonewall Jackson" got his nickname because at the first battle of Bull Run, Jackson refused to retreat under fire, and another officer rallied his men by saying: "Look at Jackson, standing there like a stone wall." Eddie Cantor and Clara Bow in "Rough House Rosie."

DOROTHY M.—You say there ought to be a fellow feeling between a woman with a mustache and a baldheaded man. I say so too. Address Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle will abandon the megaphone, after directing Eddie Cantor in "Special Delivery" and tour in vaudeville at a salary of $3,000 a week.

HARRIET F.—Of course, it is pretty hard to get into pictures, but on the other hand, look at Goldie Flynn, who has been playing in Fred Stone's chorus, when the President of F. B. O. discovered that she had screen possibilities, gave her a five-year contract, and her name henceforth will be Elinor King. That's what I call getting into the movies right! John Gilbert is playing in "Twelve Miles Out" and Ronald Colman in "King Harlequin."

JACK L.—No, I dont mind looking up your questions. Most of my research work is looking for my spectacles. Insects have been on the earth for 500,000,000 years, while the human race is only 500,000 years old. Mary Pickford weighs 105 pounds, Antonio Moreno was born in 1888, and Richard Dix is five feet ten inches.

BILLY Z.—Well, if all our prayers were answered, what a lazy lot most of us would be. That is Norma Shearer's real name. I know, many a man finds the current turned off when he tries to use his will-power.

DOT, TEXAS.—You think the movies pay huge salaries. Yes, so do I. Mine is fifteen dollars per, you know. Think of Clarence Brown, director for "Flesh and the Devil," for Metro has just had his salary raised from $3,000 a week to $5,000 a week, for 52 weeks. F. W. Murnau has also signed a contract with Fox at $5,000 a week, directing. After all, directing pays a little more than answering. Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin in "Show Boat" for Universal.

WINIFRED W.—They do say that the slow motion pictures started when two Scotchmen were dining and they both reached for the bill. You cant prove it by me. Billie Dove is to replace Corinne Griffith at First National. She will play in "American Beauty." Betty Compson in "The Midnight Rose" for Universal. Run in again some time.

COOPER, LONDON.—Cherio, Old Top! Nothing has happened to Ernest Torrence. He is playing in "Twelve Miles Out," for Metro. Creighton Hale is also with Metro. Lowell Sherman is playing in "Lawful Larceny," on the stage in Chicago at this writing. He is married to Pauline Garon. Your letter was a gem; write to me again.

(*Continued on page* 78)

Number three of the Princess Pat informative Series giving women really valuable and scientific facts about complexion care. Here we tell something about skin cleansing which will be news to 99 women out of 100.

How CLEANSING *with the* RIGHT CREAM *performs a new marvel of Beauty Science.*

CAN THE RIGHT CREAM do more than cleanse? Indeed yes, infinitely more! It can have exactly the same wonderful effect upon the complexion that a warm bath has upon a tired body—and for the same *little known* reasons.

Everyone has experienced the sensation of stepping dead tired into the warm bath, and emerging fresh as a daisy. Not many know *why*. Physicians call it the "reflex arc." Simply stated there is stimulation to the nerves and blood vessels which *does not stop at the surface*. It is carried along underlying nerves to deeper centers. (Clear down through the tissues may go this impulse *started at the skin surface*). Opening and cleansing the pores, stimulating the skin—that has been the sole cause of revived life.

But You Cannot Possibly Scrub Your Face As You Do Your Body

No. But Princess Pat Cleansing Cream does for your *complexion* precisely what a vigorous bath does for your *body*—and with the necessary gentleness. It does this in a wholly different, *scientific* way. For Princess Pat Cleansing Cream removes *pore film*, which resists ordinary creams.

Leading skin specialists will tell you what pore film is—an invisible film which forms on *every* skin *every* day. Your face is covered night and morning. Pore film is acid and irritating. You cannot see it, but it is present, causing blackheads, oily skin, coarse pores, eruptions, etc. Perspiration and oil from the skin cause pore film. And sooner or later the skin suffers its effects.

Very well. When you use Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (scientifically formulated for the purpose) you *remove* pore film, as well as the customary dust and dirt which ordinary creams remove. Then, for the first time in your life perhaps, the pores of your skin will be *completely* cleansed, completely freed of invisible, choking pore film.

And what happens? Thousands upon thousands of tiny nerves within the skin telegraph to the deeper nerves, "we're free, we're free." Countless little blood vessels sleepily relaxed respond to the message, awaken and contract. They expel their sluggish, poisoned contents and rush fresh, pure blood to the skin, making it tingle and glow with new health and life. Through the "reflex arc," all of nature's magic forces are concentrated to benefit the skin.

You Do Nothing New, But Your Cream Does

You apply Princess Pat Cleansing Cream just as you would any other cold cream. No new habits to form. But how different the results! A few days free from *pore film*, a few days with the pores really cleansed and awakened, and you *could not be persuaded* to go back to creams which do not remove the injurious acid film. Too, Princess Pat Cleansing Cream is delightful to *use*—entirely free from objectionable "stickiness." It is utterly free of any ingredient that could promote hair growth. You cannot help but delight in its use.

You cannot reasonably deny yourself the advantages of pore film removal. One jar of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser will convince—or your dealer will refund its cost.

Get This Week End Set— SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is NOW offered you for this coupon and 25c [coin]. Set beautifully boxed, contains easily a month's supply of powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including Skin Cleanser. Please act promptly.

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Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: Princess Pat Cream Skinfood and Ice Astringent (the famous Twin Cream Treatment), Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, Almond Base Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Two-Purpose Talc, Perfume, Toilet Water.

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Face powder appearances streak and spot and must be constantly "touched up." The "24 hour complexion" ends this messy annoyance at once. It renders an enchanting touch of pearly beauty that remains fresh and unaltered throughout the day. Just try

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and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream does far more than any face powder. Its astringent and antiseptic properties are very helpful in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness and rough, muddy skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

For a better appearance, start its use today.

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Send 10c for Trial Size

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New York
N.Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

A LITTLE BUCKEYE.—Well, a pretty girl is like a catchy air. When you first hear it, you go around everywhere humming it, but the first new one knocks it out of your head. J. Warren Kerrigan is living in Hollywood, California. Marion Davies is playing in Barrie's "Quality Street," which Maude Adams portrayed for the stage. Conrad Nagel opposite Miss Davies, and Emma Dunn also in the cast.

PHIL.—Yes, I do admire Thackeray. No doubt that was the one and only Octavia Handworth in "The Cradle Snatchers." Dont forget that there are very few original things under the sun.

HORSENECK.—Yes, I saw where Gilbert Roland says the Charleston is a polite dance because the knees tip their caps. He is playing with Norma Talmadge in "The Dove," and so is Harry Myers. Gilbert is to play in United Artists' "Cellini," an original story on the life of Cellini. Valentino was to have played that part.

BETTY W. W.—No, I never heard that there was anything marvelous about Jack Gilbert's hair cut. Guess you are referring to Jackie Coogan. Tod Browning usually directs mystery plays. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer says a Taxi-dancer is an instructress in a dance hall—you buy tickets to dance with her. No, I never read "Who's He and Vot's He Got" by Bradstreet. Are you spoofing me?

M. P., MIRAFLORES.—Greetings! In the olden days we use to get dizzy looking off the roof, now we get dizzy looking around the cellar. Your letter was great. No, Corinne Griffith has no brother. It is very difficult to sell original scripts these days. Herbert Rawlinson and Claire Windsor in Jackie Coogan's "The Bugle Call."

VAPORUB.—There is no marriage in heaven—the angels know better. No, I never give the religion of the players. Mae Murray was born May 10, 1893. Vilma Banky born January 9, 1902. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick.

FAR AWAY—You say every time you stop and stare at success, it gets up and leaves the room. Cheer up—that's one thing we all have to keep after. Yes, Esther Ralston is married to George Frey. They were married on December 25, 1925. Virginia Brown Faire is to play in Rin-Tin-Tin's "Tracked by the Police."

Corinne Griffith has just had her trip abroad. She traveled not as the blasé movie star, but even as you and I . . . with a movie camera . . . a diary of "My Trip Abroad," . . . and the romantic hope that everything the guides told her was true.

This picture shows her and her husband, Walter Morosco, on the deck of the S. S. Leviathan on which they returned to America in time for Corinne to start work on "The Garden of Eden."

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Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick Easy Way to Play The Piano—*Without a Teacher!*

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened!

Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets — unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing — others talking — all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—*but didn't have!* I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially:

"Hello, Dick, glad to see you."

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It doesn't happen very often," I answered.

"Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said: "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

The New Way to Learn Music

Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You played real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could master it!

The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued, they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites almost before I knew it. Nothing stopped me. I soon could play by note jazz, balads, classical numbers, all with equal ease!

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here? What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up:

"I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

Quietly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard the applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. O too glad, I played piece after piece. My h was filled with joy—for I—who had been outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

* * * * *

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand.

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If you really want to learn to play if new friends, good times, social popularity, and increased income appeal to you take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 606 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Piano	**Violin**
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Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Have you above instrument?.....

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City.....State.....

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Hair Unruly - - ?

To keep it in place use the dressing more people rely on than any other

Outdoors, indoors, hair in place, well-kept, *right!* . . .

Once you may have thought this impossible. Try what you would, your stubborn hair got out of place an hour or so after you combed it—looked even worse than before.

But now!—Thousands of men and women, today, keep their hair in order easily, delightfully. The dressing which they use—which more people now use than any other! is—*Stacomb.*

Your hair will never look gummy, with Stacomb. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. Stacomb keeps your hair in condition. Helps to counteract dandruff.

Stacomb now comes not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

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Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. O-40, 113 W. 18th Street, New York.
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:—
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

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A "different" vacation, with the charm of a trip to Europe.

8-Day Tours $97.00

and up including every expense for steamer, Hotel and side trips. Longer Tours at proportionate rates.

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to this quaint little foreign land. A happy sea voyage and a real vacation with all sports.

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The St. George Hotel, in historic old St. Georges, with its beautiful location, excellent service, and large tiled swimming pool, offers the last word in modern hotel luxury.

By MARION MARTONE

Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Alden, Mary—playing in *The Joy Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Arthur, George K.—playing in *Rookies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *The Sunset Derby*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banks, Monty—playing in *A Perfect Gentleman*—Pathé production, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Magic Flower*—Samuel Goldwyn Production—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barnes, T. Roy—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Patent Leather Kid*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Drums of the Desert*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Bell—playing in *The Man Who Forgot God*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *The Black Diamond Express*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Crowd*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Borden, Olive—playing in *The Secret Studio*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Rough House Rosie*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Two Arabian Knights*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Underworld*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed her work in *Knockout Riley*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Brockwell, Gladys—playing in *Seventh Heaven*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Bronson, Betty—playing in *Ritzy*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brooks, Louise—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Special Delivery*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaney, Lon—playing in *The Unknown*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *On ze Boulevard*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Magic Flower*—Samuel Goldwyn Production—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Cheating Cheaters*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Conklin, Chester—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Coogan, Jackie—playing in *The Bugle Call*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *Arizona Bound*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Anna Karenina*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Heart of Maryland*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Unknown*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Snappy Jane*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dane, Karl—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Señorita*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
De Putti, Lya—playing in *Polish Blood*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Dwan, Dorothy—recently finished work in *The Land Beyond the Law*—First National, Burbank, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *The Gaucho*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Simple Sis*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Forbes, Ralph—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Fox, Earle—playing in *The Grandflapper*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Karenina*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Seventh Heaven*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Gerard, Charles—playing in *Diamonds in the Rough*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Nine Points of the Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *12 Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Wind*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Grange, "Red"—playing in *The Motor Maniac*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Raymond—playing in *Wedding Bells*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hanson, Lars—playing in *Captain Salvation*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hardy, Sam—playing in *Dance Magic*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hines, Johnny—playing in *White Pants Willie*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—recently completed, *The Mysterious Rider*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Gareth—playing in *The Whirlwind of Youth*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed work in *Too Many Crooks*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jannings, Emil—playing in *The Way of All Flesh*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Vanity*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *The Unknown*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Thanks for the Buggy Ride*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *The Butter and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Rocque, Rod—playing in *Resurrection*—Edwin Carewe Prod., 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—recently completed *The Kid Brother*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in *The King of Kings*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Rich But Honest*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Stolen Bride*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacLean, Douglas—playing in *See You Later*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Marchal, Arlette—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
McAvoy, May—playing in *Irish Hearts*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *We're All Gamblers*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Head Waiter*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *The First Auto*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Mix, Tom—playing in *The Outlaws of Red River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in *Naughty, But Nice*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Whirlwind of Youth*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *Mme. Pompadour*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Poor Nut*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Murray, Mae—playing in *Diamond Handcuffs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Negri, Pola—playing in *The Woman on Trial*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *Lonely Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *We're All Gamblers*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Tom—playing in *Rookies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
O'Hara, George—playing in *Ladies Beware*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in *Becky*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Callahans and Murphys*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *The Crimson Hour*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *The Shop Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Night Bride*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Pringle, Aileen—playing in *The Branding Iron*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Ten Modern Commandments*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ray, Charles—playing in *The Flag Maker*—Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *The Climbers*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Roland, Gilbert—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The Heart Thief*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Old Heidelberg*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *Diamonds in the Rough*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Starke, Pauline—playing in *Captain Salvation*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Lonely Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—recently finished work on *Venus of Venice*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Terry, Alice—playing in *The Garden of Allah*—Rex Ingram Production, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *The Romantic Age*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Vidor, Florence—playing in *The World at Her Feet*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Broadway Nights*—Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Windsor, Claire—playing in *The Bugle Call*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

The gracious gift of Franc

Smooth Ski

You need only one
m — Ingram's
ed Cream.
our

By this very method the finest French toilet soap is made

"MAKE a new toilet soap as marvelous as French soap—but not so costly," you begged us!

So we made the soap you wanted—made Lux Toilet Soap—by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

For years the world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be smooth, exquisite for true loveliness. So Lux Toilet Soap is made quite differently from other white soaps you are used to.

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YESTERDAY 50c *for a French toilet soap*
TODAY—*the same luxury for* 10c

Instant lather even in hard water

France's passion for perfection—America's genius for achievement! Lux Toilet Soap, generous, long wearing, is just 10c! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Already America has bought tens of millions of cakes

LUX TOILET SOAP

Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties help to keep the skin soft and healthy

DUST, dirt, steam—a combination sure to have disastrous effects on the complexion of the housewife who is not ever watchful to prevent them. "But how can I take time for long, systematic beauty treatments," says the busy woman, "when I have countless household duties to perform or superintend?"

There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive *Resinol* properties found only in Resinol Soap make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and *soothes* at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

Read what some of its enthusiastic users write about Resinol Soap:

"It has a very soothing effect on my skin—all other soaps I've used irritated it."

"Use this soap continually, it makes my skin so soft."

"Am 50 years old—my skin is clear and without a wrinkle. Give Resinol Soap the credit—I've used it for 20 years."

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and try the easy Resinol way of caring for your skin.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years.

Dept. 6-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

P. & A.

As a conqueror comes. . . . Gloria Swanson's return to Hollywood was marked with pomp. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks headed the contingent that met Gloria's private car. She was adorned with a lai of orange blossoms and orchids. On Gloria's left is the Marquis

Prize-Winning Last Lines for Limericks Published in April Issue

Swimming pools are safe, people say,
But a siren like Julia Faye
Brings more swimmers to grief
Than waves, sharks, or a reef,
When appeal grips the buoys (boys), it's good-day!

JOHN STEEN,
Cleveland, O.

Leatrice Joy thinks the easiest way
To keep fit is by playing croquet.
It permits of repose,
Isn't hard on the clothes . . .
And prevents the lawn's turning to hay.

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG,
Traverse City, Mich.

Bessie Love can make strong men forget
That the country is dry and not wet;
They're content with a bar
On her uke or guitar,
But the notes are all "liquid," we'll bet.

LEXIE DAVIS,
McConnellsville, O.

Mildred Davis has only one aim—
It's to beat Harold Lloyd at this game.
She says that would fill up
The well-known Davis Cup,
So she "serves" him a "highball"—some dame!

MRS. R. N. WHEELER,
Norwalk, O.

The Ladies Who Will Be First

A celebrated critic has chosen five actresses who he believes will be the next popular idols of the screen. Giving a slight edge to Corinne Griffith as the one destined to achieve the highest honors, he names Dolores Costello, Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer and Florence Vidor.

Their charm, the critic contends, lies in the delicacy of their appeal. Fundamentally, they are ladies.

Other critics disagree with this writer. They claim that refinement, like olives, is a cultivated taste. They claim that what the first critic claims as an asset is a liability.

Which reminds us of what Harry Carr, probably the wisest of all motion picture writers, said of Norma Shearer: "She is a young lady who would be gracious about someone using the wrong fork, but make a mental note of it just the same."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Mr. Coolidge Goes to the Movies

(*Continued from page 47*)

host, four or five unobtrusive men have quietly entered the room by another door at the rear. One of them has seated himself at each end of the row of chairs in which the President and Mrs. Coolidge are seated. Another has taken his stand at the door by which the President entered. Others are on guard outside the room, so that from no direction could any person gain access to the President without their approval. These men of the Secret Service may never lose sight of the President and those about him, not even in the privacy of an intimate and small gathering of this nature.

For the next two hours in the darkened room the President and his wife might be you or I. They see and hear the same presentation of a big picture that you hear in your own theater. Furthermore, they share your most cherished privilege—they can walk out on the picture if they dont like it. Hoover, with his thirty years of White House reminiscences, can recall more than one occasion when a President, disgusted or bored, has left the room in the middle of the picture.

When that happens, the lights are switched on as the President rises from his chair, the orchestra leader gets a signal to stop, the whir of the projection machine is stilled. And the guests have to leave, too, even tho they're dying to know what happens in the last reel.

Obviously, being a presidential guest is a privilege in name only. Whether they are fascinated or bored by a picture—they must take it or leave it, as the President wishes, for they may not leave the room until after he and Mrs. Coolidge leave.

The true joys of his office come to the President at the end of one of these performances. For he can tell the producer just exactly what he thinks of the picture. And the producer has to take it and like it. *Now* do you understand why every boy wants to be President?

The Answer Man Asks You

1. What was the first feature motion picture?
2. What director goes to the Bible for his big themes? Which of his productions have had Biblical backgrounds?
3. What American actress has been chosen for two of the biggest rôles in British pictures? What are the pictures?
4. Name five of the leading motion picture companies.
5. What stars are affectionately known as "The Little Colonel" and "America's Sweetheart"?
6. What director has a reputation for taking the longest length of time to turn out his excellent motion pictures?
7. What famous brothers are named Wally and Noah?
8. How many actresses have made "Camille" for the screen? Name them.
9. What actress has been voted the favorite at Princeton for the last two years?
10. Who produced "Intolerance"?

(Answers Appear on page 122)

five simple ways to improve your skin NOW

Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven.

Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you).

Use sweets sparingly.

You need only one cream — Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

You can do your own facials—beauty treatments — at home. We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size, $1.75.

BEAUTIFUL ARMS *and* HANDS NEED *NIGHTLY* CARE

Milkweed Cream shows amazing results often in two short weeks

HOUSEWORK and office-work . . . the grime of city streets often mar the precious beauty of your hands and arms!

One year from now—5 years — 10 — will their beauty be completely gone? Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your hands and arms constant, scientific care. And here's the best way—the *easiest and quickest.*

First—read the five common-sense beauty rules given here. They are sound, workable rules easy to follow.

Then . . . . buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and start treating your arms and hands today.

Women often write us that in two short weeks they notice the difference . . . lovely soft whiteness that lies hidden in the skin. Over a million jars used last year by beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars, who care enough for their arms and hands to care for them properly. You can start caring now. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 221 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge - Hand Made - One Shade - For Any Maid - 50c

When women confide

—complete and exact knowledge may be lacking

THERE is a natural bond of womanhood which leads to certain confidences, but it should be remembered that wrong information may be worse than no information at all.

Ask your physician for enlightenment concerning the practice of feminine hygiene and especially the effects of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Unfortunately countless women unwittingly run the risks which follow the use of these compounds—the deadening of membranes, the scarring of delicate tissues. This is especially regrettable when it is understood that such risks are entirely unnecessary.

Zonite the new way in feminine hygiene

During the World War a great antiseptic was discovered, comparable in strength with the old poisonous preparations but non-poisonous and harmless to human beings. And today this product, under the name Zonite, is obtainable in practically every drugstore on American soil.

Zonite will not injure delicate tissues. And it can be used confidently. For, despite its non-poisonous nature, it is an extremely powerful germicide. In fact Zonite is *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied safely to the body. Compared with peroxide of hydrogen it will be found *more than forty times* as effective.

Free booklet for women

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed by women. Vast numbers of them have written for the attractive booklet giving concise, scientific and accurate information on the practice of feminine hygiene. Every self-respecting woman ought to have a copy, to read and to pass on to a friend. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite

At all drugstores

In bottles: 25c, 50c and $1

Full directions with every package

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY 18-F
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

THE THING TO DO

Weddings

By

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO

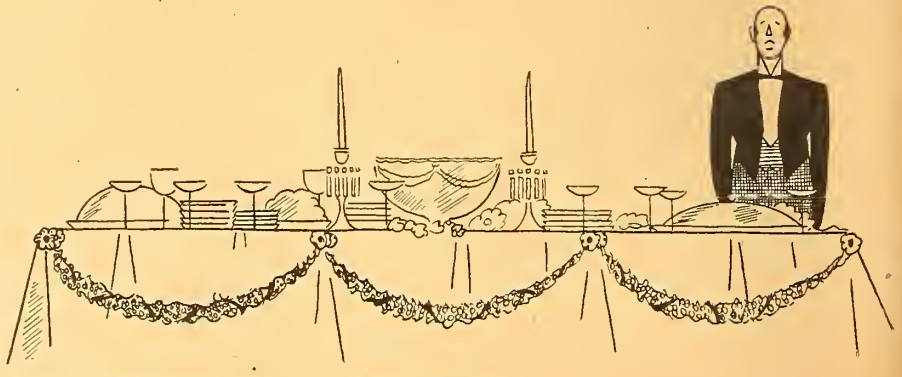
(Etiquette Editor)

IT has been said that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but by the following spring it is likely that his thoughts and those of the girl turn to June and weddings! All of which goes to show that after all the young man's fancy is not quite so "light" as the ballad would have us believe.

With the exception of numerous diplomatic functions, a wedding necessitates the strictest adherence to the conventions, and to think that any detail is too small for consideration is a most erroneous deduction to make.

In the first place, every religion, be it Catholic, Protestant or Hebraic, has its own standardized customs that govern the entry of the bride and groom, the processional down the aisle and, in fact, the entire ceremony. Each in its way is widely different but at the same time perfectly correct according to the regulations of the Church, and none is dependent upon or governed by "etiquette." Therefore, it would be sheer folly on my part to attempt to set forth in this short space any special procedure for a wedding, as the logical thing for the prospective participants to do is to acquaint themselves thoroly with the customs of their own church and follow these to the last detail.

Except for the bride's gown and her attendant's dresses, no wedding should vary in the slightest from the ones that have preceded it or from the ones that will succeed it. Personal innovations are unheard of and should be abandoned at the moment of inception. However, a distinct differentiation between good taste and bad taste can be made, and it is up to the bride to see that it is made in her favor. As she alone is responsible for the selection of not only her own gown but also those of her attendants, great care should be taken in her choice so that the ensemble is perfectly harmonious and in keeping with the surroundings as well as with her parent's pocketbook. How utterly incongruous it would be, for instance, for a bride to blaze forth in an elaborate gown of silvercloth



Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

in surroundings that literally demanded simplicity, such as a country church, or, more logical still, in a small community where everyone present was well aware of the fact that her father could ill afford such an extravagance. Cloth of silver wedding gowns are very beautiful indeed, but they should never be worn except at the most lavishly expensive ceremonies imaginable.

The same thing holds true of the veil and head-dress. The loveliest brides I have ever seen have been those that have clung to the old-fashioned custom of wearing either tulle or lace veils gracefully draped over the head and caught up on each side by a cluster of the proverbial orange blossoms. It is equally correct to wear the veil over the face during the march down the aisle or thrown back, as the greater majority of girls seem to prefer to do.

As I have already said, and I feel I cannot stress this point too strenuously, extreme care should be exercised in the selection of the maid's dresses. Anyone who is the least bit familiar with weddings . . . and who isn't? . . . knows that the bride is entirely responsible for the creation of that particular picture, and to have the whole effect spoiled by an inharmonious blotch of color will, quite naturally, reflect directly back upon her own taste.

You will do well to follow the colors of the flowers that are blooming during the month of your wedding. Unless you are expert enough to blend all the colors of spring into one beautiful effect, dont think of attempting it without the advice of some professional. If such advice is not procurable, then select some particular flower, say sweet peas, and, after making a thoro study of its perfectly blending tones, proceed to design your dresses as nearly like it as possible. In this way you cannot go wrong in your grouping of colors because you will be copying the work of a Master who has never been known to create an inharmonious effect.

The first thing to consider when you start to plan for the reception is, strangely enough, the four walls of each room you intend to use. If your house is small, then you simply MUST limit the guests to a number that will fit into your rooms with some degree of comfort. If you overlook this fact, you not only overlook something that is vitally important, but you also run the risk of turning your home into a glorified sardine box. Everyone will surely accept your invitation and, with similar promptitude, regret it the moment they get caught in the jam. Therefore, if your house cannot possibly accommodate the many people you feel you must invite, the best thing to do is to hire a large room at some hotel or else hold the reception out of doors.

The most convenient method of serving guests at a house reception is found in what is known as the buffet. Here everything is placed upon the dining-room table and, altho such an arrangement must be superintended by two or three capable attendants, each guest is able to help himself to whatever is desired. Of course, too much food profusely piled upon overloaded platters will completely spoil this excellent idea, so extreme care should be taken in setting out just the right amount of salad bowls and sandwich plates. Such an amount is entirely dependent upon the size of the table and your own good judgment which, in this case, is imperative that you use in order not to have your dining-room resemble a thriving cafeteria.

Hot chocolate may be served in their tall, graceful cups if desired, but demi-tasses, passed by either your own servant or a caterer's man, is really all that is neces-

(*Continued on page* 90)

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Cleanse Teeth of Dingy Film

To Brighten Smiles Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1079, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. 2451

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin **50¢**

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK

Instead of unsightly hollows

Don't let sunken cheeks, hollow temples or a drawn, skinny neck keep you looking thin, peaked, old, worn out. Science offers you a sure, delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tiresome exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks and under-developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as tho by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but pay postman $3.00 plus few cents postage when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES
1127C Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

MOVIE STARS

ORIGINAL PHOTOS BEAUTIFUL—LIFE-LIKE

Post Card Size, 15c each, 3 for 30c or 12 for $1; 8x10 size, 50c each, 3 for $1.25, 6 for $2. FREE One 8x10 Photo of your Favorite Star in Oil Colors with each order amounting to $3. Illustrated catalog and sample post card of VALENTINO for 10c. We are headquarters for Movie Star Photos; Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ARTS & CRAFTS CO., 3668 S. Mich. Ave., Dept. A, Chicago

Hollywood Legends

(Continued from page 25)

fairy close at hand to snatch it from her fingers and grind it to pieces under her heels.

For a wicked producer of pictures, who was really an ogre, had cast a spell over the princess. She was to sleep for a hundred years while the world spun on without her, until one day a prince would wake her with a kiss.

Now a year in Hollywood is as a week anywhere else, for there is so much gaiety to take up the time that it is gone before anyone realizes it.

The gay young princes in Hollywood couldn't be bothered with a girl who had been bewitched in such a silly fashion. If the spell had been a sensible one, such as having to kiss every man she met, it wouldn't have been so bad. But what man wants a sleeping beauty on his hands?

And so the princess slept while other girls were having good times and gaiety.

Years passed, dozens and dozens of them, tho in another land they would only be counted as weeks. The sleeping beauty became famous thru the land and mothers seized upon her as a wonderful lesson for their daughters.

"Look at Lois Wilson" . . . for that was the princess' name . . . they would say. "You dont see her smoking and making eyes at every man she sees. And she's in pictures, too! You can see for yourself you dont have to be a flapper to have a good time."

It really cant be wondered at that the things people were saying floated back to the princess and troubled her dreams. She tossed violently and even talked in her sleep. "I dont want to be a good girl! I want to be alive and awake."

At first everybody was terribly shocked at the thought of the princess rebelling against the powerful ogre. But after a while one of the young princes took heart, and when she wasn't looking, one day, kissed her just on the tip of the ear—but it was enough to break the spell.

Nobody would have known the sleeping beauty after that. She got dresses so short and slim and low in the neck that it hardly took any material at all to make them, and as if that was not enough she had her hair shingled and marcelled.

She was the gayest of them all at parties, and she snubbed the wicked producer frightfully and broke her contract right under his very nose. It was really quite dreadful.

And the Prince Charming who was the cause of it all looked on in amazement. To think one little kiss could cause all that fuss! Pretty soon people began to whisper and link their names together, and tho nothing was admitted, nothing was denied, and so there you are. The best part of this whole story is that the outcome of it all is so delightfully uncertain that you can write your own ending to it.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Now, you couldn't exactly call Mary Carr old, altho when you saw her in pictures you would swear she had the edge on Methuselah. But when you saw her leaving the studio with an old rose hat on her brown hair and a twinkle in her blue eyes, you would have sworn she was her own daughter.

But she certainly did have a lot of children. So many that I couldn't even begin to count them.

It really was quite a nice shoe she lived in tho; what with its pink roof and the geranium-trees in the front yard and a swimming pool in the back. And it had a southern exposure.

The children swarmed all over the place. You could see their faces in every window, and if you didn't watch out, you'd stumble on them as you walked up the nice white gravel path.

But any woman who doesn't know what to do with her children in Hollywood is just plain loco . . . there is only one thing you can do and Mary Carr did it. She put them in the movies. And if that isn't a nice ending to this story, you dont know your Hollywood.

The Fairy Slippers

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Mae Murray and who had lost her shoes and was afraid to go home. She cried so bitterly that the birds and the flowers felt so sorry for her that they put their heads together and held a conference as to what they could do to help her.

"She can sleep on us," said a bed of violets, and a shower of rose petals promised to cover her so that she would be snug and warm.

"I'll sing her a lullaby," said a thrush, and a wise old owl promised to watch over her as she slept.

But the little girl refused to be comforted and only cried louder than ever.

A little humming-bird, who had not been allowed into the conference because he was too small, called to the little girl.

"Come with me," he cried, "and I will show you a place where you can find all the slippers you want."

So the little girl followed him into the heart of the forest, where all sorts of lovely and exotic flowers were growing. The humming-bird stopped before a cluster of the queerest flowers the little girl had ever seen. They looked like beautiful little slippers suspended from a slender stalk.

They were all colors . . . lavender and pink and pale yellow and gold.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. Never before had she seen such beautiful shoes.

"This is the fairy shoe store," said the little bird, "but I am sure they wont mind if you take one pair."

The little girl chose a pair so golden that they looked like the sunbeams themselves, and when she slipped them on her feet, they shone like fairy fires.

"How beautiful they are," she cried, clapping her hands.

She started to walk, but try as she would, her feet refused to obey as she wanted them to. Instead, they danced gaily off and she had to follow them willy-nilly.

The golden slippers danced out of the forest and down the long lane carpeted with violets and primroses; past the little red schoolhouse, where she heard the children at their lessons; past her home, where she saw her mother watching for her at the window; past the gates of the town, and out into the wide world.

Thru the years she danced, until one day the golden slippers led her straight into the "Follies" and from there to Hollywood, where the whole world heard of her. And one day a prince came courting her from the little Kingdom of Georgia. He married the little girl with the golden slippers who couldn't stop dancing, and so

far as anyone knows they are living happily in the great Kingdom of Hollywood, where dreams sometimes come true.

The Rose-colored Glasses

Once upon a time there was a young man who was feeling frightfully blue. He was a comedian, but no one would have thought it to hear him bemoaning his fate.

"If only I could think of something new," he said to himself one day as he walked down Hollywood Boulevard. "That's the only way to get on in pictures . . . to think of some new business that's never been done before."

As he walked along, his eyes were attracted by something bright and glittering that was lying in his path. It rather annoyed him that anything should be so sparkling when he was in such an angry mood, and he kicked the thing out of his way.

"Oh, dear . . . oh, dear!" he heard a tiny voice cry. "You've broken the magic glasses."

He paused as a tiny figure in white flew towards him and perched on his shoulder.

"How could you be so careless," the little voice went on indignantly. "Now you've broken your whole future, Harold Lloyd."

The young man tried to reason with the fairy, but it is rather difficult to argue with anyone perched right on your shoulder and shouting in your ear.

He was hoping he wouldn't meet anyone he knew in such an embarrassing moment, and he was wishing the fairy would have the decency to let him alone when another little figure flew on his other shoulder.

"Dont pay any attention to the little woman," said the newcomer. "She's a frightfully obstinate creature once she gets her mind made up to anything and these glasses are her especial pride. You see, her father invented them and she's been trying to get some movie actor to wear them ever since, but all they do is to kick them out of the road when she leaves them there for somebody to pick up."

Then he went on in a sotto voice:

"I wonder if you would do me a favor, old man, and wear the blamed things? It's rather trying for a man to have his wife toting a pair of glasses all over Hollywood every day instead of cooking his dinner."

The young man was glad to do the other a good turn, so he picked up the glasses, which weren't badly damaged after all, and put them on.

"How do I look?" he asked. "S'funny I should be wearing tortoise-shell glasses after kidding about them the way I have."

But the little man and his troublesome wife had flown.

"That's gratitude," reflected Harold, trying his best to be sore. But, try as he would, he couldn't be really angry. The most uncontrollable impulse to laugh had come over him.

It really was funny, but his whole outlook on life had changed. He was looking at things thru rose-colored glasses, you see. When he wore them, all that was ugly and sad and disappointing faded into nothingness and only the beautiful, gay things remained. And because he saw only happiness, he spread sunshine wherever he went.

It really is surprising to see how your own outlook on life can affect the people you come in contact with. Everybody enjoyed the happy way Harold went about things so much that pretty soon they paid money just to see him laugh, and when people begin paying money to see you, your future is assured.

Now Every Woman Can Wear Chiffon Hose

THE hair that looks so unsightly underneath chiffon hose; superfluous hair that looks so untidy when you are dressed in evening attire, sheer summer clothing or bathing suit —remove it quickly, easily and comfortably with the Sani-Clip. Don't tolerate the razor, depilatories or methods that make the hair grow coarse and stiff. The hair fairly melts in the path of the lighting-fast, smooth action of the Sani-Clip.

The Sani-Clip Home Electric Hair Clipper

The Sani-Clip operates from any light socket, direct or alternating current. Simply slip in the plug, press the button and the Sani-Clip begins its steady, business-like purr. It fits the hand perfectly. Positively cannot cut the flesh or harm the most delicate skin. Built of the finest material, by old, experienced clipper manufacturers. Does work equal to the finest electric barbers' clipper. Rigidly guaranteed.

Fits Any Light Socket

Any One Can Operate it for a Variety of Uses

It is equally practical for clipping hair on the forearms or under the arms, and it is fitted with a patented tapering comb that enables anyone to do an artistic job of tapering at the back and sides of the hair. Use it also for clipping the neck, the children's hair, for shortening bangs, bobbing; in fact any use for which clippers are intended. It cuts close and doesn't clog or pull. Requires no adjustment. Booklet describes its uses and shows many ways to use the Sani-Clip as a personal beautifier.

Allover Mfg. Co.
Racine, Wis, U. S. A.

Ten Days FREE TRIAL

This clipper must sell itself to you. See how smoothly it glides over the skin and how the hair disappears like magic. Use it for Ten Days, then if it does not prove a wonderful convenience, a beautifier, a money-saver, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Use the coupon today. There is no risk whatever.

A Live Proposition for AGENTS

Here is an article that is new, practical and attractive as an exclusive agent's line, as a side line, or for part time employment, for men or women. It will find a ready reception the year around, and net you a worthwhile profit. Write today for complete description and agents' plan.

MONEY-BACK ORDER COUPON

Allover Mfg. Co.,
Dept. 10 , Racine, Wis.

Enclosed find M. O. for $8.75. ☐ Or, I will pay postman on delivery. ☐ Please mail me a Sani-Clip Home Electric Hair Clipper and booklet of Sani-Clip beauty methods. Check Voltage Required—110 ☐ 220 ☐ 32 ☐. It is understood that after 10 days' trial, I am privileged to return it in good condition and have my money refunded.

Please send descriptive literature on the Sani-Clip. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Eyes like the Stars

FAMOUS stars of stage and screen in Europe and America use Rimmel's Cosmetique in preference to other eyelash or brow beautifiers. There is a reason, of course! Rimmel's frames your eyes with long luxuriant lashes — without that unwanted "made-up" appearance, bringing you new beauty—truly fascinating. And—it is absolutely harmless. Insist on Rimmel's.

In black or brown at Drug or Dept. Stores —or send one dollar to Scales & Lisner, Inc., Importers, 1 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

RIMMEL'S
Cosmetique
MADE IN FRANCE SINCE 1834

DOES GRAY HAIR *with a Young Face* MAKE ONE BEAUTIFUL?

SOME say Yes—others say No. Answer it for yourself. Gray hair makes anyone look ten to twenty years older. If a young face with gray hair is beautiful, just picture how beautiful this same person would be with a young face and hair of a natural color.

Gray hair is faded hair that has lost the beauty of its natural color. It means that the pigments have gone from the hair. When the cheeks of our lady fair become pallid, we expect her to use a touch of rouge. When her hair becomes gray, we expect her to restore the charm of her youthful appearance. Woman was meant to be beautiful. It is her duty to use every means to create and preserve this attractiveness.

YOU CAN DO IT

Are those gray streaks appearing in your hair? Whether it has just started or has completely faded, you may now cease to worry. Wm. J. Brandt's EAU DE HENNA will surely restore it. You can do it yourself in the privacy of your home.

You can also make your hair ever so soft and pretty. Yes, you can bring back all its natural color and at the same time improve the very texture of the hair itself. Just a few moments at the mirror. No mess—no pack. We give you complete outfit and full instructions. The rest is simple.

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We absolutely guarantee satisfaction or we refund your money at once. EAU DE HENNA is not affected by bathing, curling, or anything. It will not rub off. Its use does not interfere with permanent waving. The price is so moderate that it is almost ridiculous—$2.50 cash with order or $2.77 mailed C. O. D. It comes in Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond and Auburn. Be sure and mention the shade when you order. Remember, we guarantee to satisfy. You take no chance, so why hesitate to restore that youthful appearance. You owe it to yourself to order today.

HAIR SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 519F **112 East 23rd Street, New York**

Ramon and Norma Shearer as Karl Heinrich and Kathi in "Old Heidelberg".

On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page 67*)

aristocracy of the New World. The theater managers called but did not ask for personal appearances; however, Ramon made one in behalf of a church charity. The editor of *Le Solcil,* the French newspaper, offered to show us the town and each day published bulletins on Ramon's activities.

The premier extended an invitation to Novarro to visit the parliament buildings, and afterward the minister of agriculture took us for lunch at the old club. There were no cameras grinding when the premier received Ramon. It was not a publicity stunt, but a gesture of real hospitality. "We regard you," he said, "as an aristocrat of pictures. *Ben-Hur* is a true nobleman."

French Girls and Autographs

INSTEAD of requests for pictures, Ramon was besieged for his autograph. People located his room in the hotel and came up unannounced with autograph books in hand. He had to change his room three times in order to get sleep.

"But they are so charming you cant turn them away," he said.

I understood when on a few occasions I went to the door and found gasping little French girls with their books open and their fountain pens ready.

"Mr. Novarro is sleeping," I told one of them. "I will take the book and have him autograph it. You may call for it later."

She hesitated a moment and then said shyly, "Pleas' but I would wish to see him also." I assured her that when she returned she would see the hand that wrote the magic name.

Music Hath Charms

RAMON spent hours in a music store getting old Canadian and French songs. *Le Soleil* made note of the fact in its columns. The next day several people called offering him music. "And imagine, I had the bad taste to ask the price when the first one called," said Ramon. "I thought of coure he was a salesman. What gracious people these Quebec-ers are!"

There was no piano in our rooms, so at midnight, when everyone had left the hotel, we would go down to the ballroom. Mounting to the stage, Ramon would sit down at the grand piano in the darkness and play for the benefit of me, the janitor and the scrub ladies, who sat trancelike over their mop pails in the outer lighted room.

Cameras did not click until Ramon waved adieu to Quebec from the train platform. Back in the compartment on the way to New York, he wrote telegrams of appreciation to all Quebec. . . .

Prophets Predict

EVERYONE is interested in a woman's past and a man's future.

Dareos the Seer predicts that Ramon will quit the screen to become a priest.

That would be a new drama for Hollywood, tho old in the world of literature where romantic characters often turn from the flesh-pots to a life of the spirit. It is indeed the story of the greatest characters that have shadowed this world screen—philosophers, artists and men who later were made saints and gods.

A still more remarkable story would be for Novarro to become a priest and remain on the screen. I hasten to add that I speak figuratively, not heretically.

The Gospel of Art

IT is true that Ramon is religious. But I believe the expression of his ideals will be thru pictures and music rather than by sermons. Music is the ritual of his devotion. . . . Music affects our feelings directly and not thru the medium of ideas. Schopenhauer points out: it speaks to something subtler than the intellect. And so with masterpieces of human likeness, he says, "That peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable con-

(*Continued on page 93*)

One Of These Charming People

(*Continued from page 37*)

And I'll probably have to
Kiss Horses and call them
My Old Pal. . . ."
"My God . . ." I sighed with
Girlish sympathy. . . .
"I once had . . ." said Warner
"An Unfortunate Experience with
A Horse . . . I wore a suit of
Medieval Armor and the Horse
Threw me back into the
Seventeenth Century. . . .
Now when I gaze on a
Horse all I can think of is
. . . Hospital Bills. . . .
But let's forget that and
Talk of New York . . . and Paris. . . ."

So we did . . . and the Orchestra
Played . . . and the Flappers flirted . . .
And on the Way Home I bought
A Green Hat. . . . One may
Find use for it
Even in Hollywood. . . .
For all The Charming Men are
Not in Michael Arlen's
Books. . . .

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 72*)

C. G. M., October 28:

I daresay a great many people are disappointed in not having the answers to their letters printed in the issue of the magazine that they specify, but magazines are made up for the printer several weeks earlier than most readers suppose and I can seldom promise to get an answer in as quickly as my correspondents would like. Your horoscope indicates success as a salesman. You might use this ability in some capacity in the business end of pictures.

A. M., November 9:

Your best chance in either stage or screen work is in character parts. Inasmuch as you have had experience in dramatic work, it is possible that this will not be news to you, but in such a case let it come as extra corroboration of what you have already learned. The day of the sweet young thing has pretty well passed by, anyway, in pictures—notice the mature stars who have just reached the heights of their glory! Dont be afraid to frowzle your hair, dress yourself in rags and enact the part of a denizen of the gutter. The reason that things have not come more quickly for you in the recent past is that you, like all November people, have been under a very depressing and delaying planetary influence. It's over now, however, and good luck to you.

Cecile N., July 21:

The reason I did not answer your earlier letters was because of the incompleteness of your data. You see, when anyone asks a technical question like that of yours and then cannot give me all the information I need in order to calculate an accurate horoscope, I usually pass up that particular query to give the space to someone who can supply me with the necessary data. I can only tell you that the latter half of 1927 looks rather favorable for you and that you should try to place your writings at that time.

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

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Address.....

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So many more women have taken advantage of this generous offer than we expected, we cannot say how much longer we can continue it. But if you want to know what many tell us is the only really pleasant depilatory they ever used, *if you'll send at once*, you may still have a package FREE.

Del-a-tone Cream removes unwanted hair from under arms, face, limbs, back of neck below that trim bob, in only 3 minutes. It's snowy white, pleasantly fragrant, and ready for immediate use. Far better than razor, pulling out hair roots or other methods.

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HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!

M. Trilety's new lipshaper together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

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is neater than unsightly white plaster and bulky bandages, and it will not soil so quickly. Sticks instantly. Easily removed. Keeps indefinitely.

Send for This Roll

Send 40c in stamps and we will mail postpaid a 5 yard roll (one inch width) of this new and better plaster.

The Seamless Rubber Company
New Haven, Conn.

Fine Rubber Goods Since 1877

The Thing To Do

(*Continued from page* 85)

sary. Never serve large cups of coffee at a wedding reception.

Invitations should be sent not later than two weeks before the day set for the wedding. They must always be engraved either in block or Old English script, and no variation from the conventional form can be taken. This invitation is enclosed with the one to the reception in a plain white envelope upon which is written the name but not the address of the guest invited, and the whole is again enclosed in an identical envelope which is sealed and addressed.

Instead of attempting to write in full the customs relative to the average wedding, I have appended an itemized list which covers in a general way the usual conventionalities.

CLOTHES FOR THE AFTERNOON WEDDING

The Bride: A wedding gown made of white satin or other appropriate material. The wedding veil, long white kid gloves, white slippers and stockings and the bridal bouquet.

The Groom: The conventional cutaway coat with dark striped gray trousers, black waistcoat, and black and white striped silk tie. Gray suède gloves, gray spats and high silk hat.

The Best Man and Ushers:
All wear precisely the same outfit as the groom, the only possible difference being that the groom's boutonnière is a trifle larger in size.

The Bridesmaids:
Gowns, hats, slippers, stockings and bouquets are all designed by the bride or a modiste and should be identical in material and cut and varying only in the tone or color.

The Maid or Matron of Honor:
The exact same model as the Maids' is worn, the only difference being that her gown must be of an entirely different shade. For instance, if the bridesmaids are in pink, then this gown should be blue, orchid or some harmonizing tone.

CLOTHES FOR AN EVENING WEDDING

The Bride: The white gown is, of course, worn, tho, if desired, it is correct to have it made along more elaborate lines. The same thing applies to the bridesmaids and maid of honor.

The Groom, Ushers and Best Man:
All wear full evening clothes. Swallow-tailed coats, white ties and vests, black shoes and white kid gloves and high silk hats.

WHAT THE PARENTS OF THE BRIDE PROVIDE

Invitations.
Decorations for the church.
The Reception.
Carriages for the bridal party to and from the church.

WHAT THE GROOM PROVIDES

The marriage license.
The minister's fee.
The wedding ring.
Gifts to best man and ushers, and also their ties, spats, gloves and boutonnières.
The bride's bouquet.
(It is distinctly bad form and, in fact, almost unheard of for the groom to "give" the wedding.)

CARRIAGE ARRANGEMENTS

Motors should be ready and waiting to take the bridal party from the house to the church. The mother should go in the first car, the maid of honor and bridesmaids follow, with the bride and her father bringing up the rear. This car remains standing at the entrance of the church to carry back the bride and groom, while the other vehicles form into a line behind this for the remainder of the bridal party.

* * *

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

After a dance, when the gentleman thanks the lady for the dance, what should she reply, or is any answer necessary?

A. M. F., Del Monte, California.

It is not necessary that you should actually reply, but it is quite obvious that you must do something to acknowledge the gentleman's courtesy. Therefore, as it is quite impossible for you to thank him in return, you might easily manage to convey the fact that you have enjoyed the dance by a bright smile or some appropriate remark.

DEAR MADAM:

I will be obliged if you will enlighten me on the following subjects:

1. If one is engaged to a young lady, how should he introduce her to his friends? Should he use her surname each time . . . I mean if they meet someone the fellow knows but not the lady, should he say "Miss ———, may I present, etc., etc.," or just "May I present Mr. or Mrs. ———?"

2. When you meet somebody whom the lady does not know, whom should you introduce first . . . your own young lady or the person you have just met?

Williams, Ontario, Canada.

1. You should always use the surname of the lady when making an introduction. If you merely say "may I present Mr. or Mrs. ———?" you leave the stranger in ignorance of your fiancée's name and create a situation that can easily lead to awkward confusion.

2. If the two ladies being introduced are of contemporary ages, it would make no difference who was introduced first. However, if the lady you have just met is considerably older, then, by all means, present your fiancée to her.

DEAR MADAM:

Your discussion on etiquette in the recent MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has prompted me to ask this question about something that has been under heated debate among my set. I am writing you to see if I am right in my opinion regarding whether the girl should precede her escort while entering the movies or theater. Is it correct to rise when someone is trying to pass them in order to be seated?

E. R. T., Huntsville, Alabama.

Your opinion is quite correct. The lady always enters before her escort, who should follow directly behind with the tickets. The matter of rising is purely optional. It seems, however, infinitely better to rise and make room for the latecomers than to have them literally crawling over your lap.

All letters must be signed with your full name and address, but, when it is requested, initials only will be published with Mrs. Moreno's answer. Address all communications to Mrs. Antonio Moreno, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

H A V E A C A M E L

To you—experienced smokers . . .

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity—your vote—shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them, Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful —smoke invitation ever spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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Among the most sought-after girls

NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Carmined lips — a splash of color on one's hat — a bag that's like the sunset.

Yet — if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat.

Drab, mousy hair is not exactly—er—stimulating, is it? Still—it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days.

Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will re-appear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

It's not a dye—it's a glint o' gold for blondes—a bronze sheen for the darker heads. And one feels so—right! 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. * * * J. W. KOBI CO., 604-E Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo

— that magic luster for every shade of hair

On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page* 88)

fidence and serenity . . . as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel."

Novarro is an actor, a musician, a mystic and something of a poet, but over all he is a spiritual symbol to the imagination. . . . "The friend of man," says Harry Carr of him. "The friend of that clean, fine thing inside your soul that never quite surrenders even in the worst of us."

The screen offers an opportunity—unrealized as yet—for a man to be the Artist of Himself, as Raphael and Correggio were the painters of others.

Peter the Hermit

I STOPPED recently at a photographer's shop on Hollywood Boulevard to get some prints of Novarro's photographs for an Eastern publication. While I was waiting, the door flew open and in blazed Peter the Hermit.

"Soul!" shouted Peter, pointing to a portrait of Ramon in the window. Peter himself was the picture of a prophet standing there, barefooted, staff in hand, his rock-hewn face in a halo of silver locks. . . . I thought of that other Peter as painted by Guido Reni; here, too, was one of life's masterpieces.

"Soul!" he repeated fervently, then turning to Mandeville, the photographer, "God bless ye, my man, ye have shown the lad's soul. I have known him since the day he came a lad to Rex Ingram, and I've been waitin' and waitin' for a great artist to bring it out. And there it is. I tell ye it is a fine face. The whole world will be the better for a-gazin' on it. God bless ye, too, dear sir!"

With a wave of his hand, he pattered off, followed by his shepherd dog, the old philosopher of the mountain top whom all Hollywood knows and often consults.

"The whole world will be a-better for a-gazin' on it," mused Mandeville with a smile. "Strange old Peter."

In echo I heard the words of Shelley spoken of his friend. . . . "On whose countenance I have sometimes gazed till I fancied the whole world could be reformed by gazing too. . . ."

It was a noble lament, for Shelley had just learned how that friend had deceived him. Perhaps the great poet saw more than was actually present in his friend's face. But I'd rather think it was the friend's failure to appreciate the power within himself which Shelley saw envisaged.

It is a tragedy common to pictures, the failure of a man to create his life in the image which the world holds of him.

Evangelizing Faces

IF words can evangelize, why not faces? I left the shop thinking of idealized Faces worshiped by people in temples all over the world. . . . Faces of Christ . . . of Mary . . . of Gautama the Buddha . . . of Krishna . . . Confucius . . . Mohammed . . . Lao-Tze. . . . Faces of saints and sages and prophets who once were men.

I wondered impiously if they were actually adored as much as those other faces so miraculously filling the world of today; the faces of film gods and goddesses.

Men Made Gods

FAMILIARITY rarely begets veneration. Rome is an irreligious city and a star is not without honor save in Hollywood.

We do not appreciate, nor do we fear, the influence of our idols as do people at a distance. We take them lightly. Yet a foreign critic of far perspective asks if we are not on the eve of a new religion with men made gods as in the days of imperial Rome.

The answer comes from still more distant Russia, where old gods have been thrown from the churches and in their places the images of men enshrined—Tolstoy, Turgenev and, among others, we're told, Charlie Chaplin.

"Better the people should worship men of accomplished good than mere idols and fetishes," so argues the government.

Even the church itself reaches down now and then to elevate a worshiper to a place with the worshiped.

All this I cite as evidence that the passion for sublimating a hero until he is made more than mortal is common to the human race.

The unconscious deification of picture idols is evinced in the very intolerance toward their human frailties. They are sentenced for deeds which a minister of the gospel might get away with. And this not thru malice but thru love of them.

The Art of Acting

WHEN a screen star is dethroned for reasons of personal nature, the invariable cry goes up, "Why cant a film artist be judged by his art alone?"

The answer is, because he *is* his art.

The sculptor works in clay, the writer in words, but the movie artist in terms of self. His is the most personal of all the crafts.

Pearl White once gave a classic definition to the art of screen acting. She said it was "the bunk."

D. W. Griffith long ago declared that the camera penetrates to the soul. "Everyone can act except an actor," said he, meaning that self-conscious histrionic gestures are not permissible on the screen where a player must be as real as the scenery in which he appears.

The art of screen acting at its best is the art of being. When we cease trying to judge it in the light of the stage and realize this fact, we will have comprehended much.

The variety of characters which a man can play depends upon the variety of his own nature, the conjuring power of his imagination and his physical appearance.

"I wonder sometimes when people congratulate me upon my performance in 'Ben-Hur' how much that performance would have mattered had I had a fat stomach," muses Novarro ironically.

It would have mattered for less than nothing had he had a fat head. Still less had he possessed a small soul.

Ramon's Infinite Variety

NOVARRO is a versatile actor. He was the witty, diabolical *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the lyric pagan youth in "Where the Pavement Ends," the dashing impertinent *Scaramouche*, the sly sardonic dragoman of "The Arab," the princely and fine-souled *Judah of* "Ben-Hur."

All these are distinct characters, yet each is Novarro. The difference in them is simply in the emphasis placed on his own characteristics. His art as an actor lies in his ability to project from his own nature those phases which the author has stressed in the fictional character.

Novarro exemplifies my definition of the

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Further insure personal daintiness by using IMMAC—the dainty white cream that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor. Your NEET dealer has IMMAC.

art of screen acting—the translation of character in terms of self.

Because he is himself a complex and versatile nature, he can play many parts with fidelity, there are writers who can write with authority on many subjects and there are those, equally great, who specialize on one. A writer cannot compose beyond the zone of his own mind, no more can an actor create beyond the horizon of his heart.

Life's Masterpieces

In arguing of the art of the screen we overlook the fact that the screen is a medium for something more than story-telling. It is a conveyance of the gods, a means by which exceptional personalities are presented to the world.

Certainly it is not the art of Greta Garbo that has cast an immediate spell upon the public, and it is not the high merit of the stuff in which she has appeared. It is—Greta Garbo, a singularly strange and interesting specimen of the human species.

And it is the mesmeric power of character, personality, soul or whatever you choose to term the Real of a human being, that has exalted such favorites as Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Douglas Fairbanks, Emil Jannings, Harold Lloyd.

Wilde says, thru the painter in "Dorian Grey": "I sometimes think there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. . . ."

And further, as tho apropos of the screen: "Now and then a complex personality takes the place and assumes the office of art, is indeed in its way a real work of art, life having its elaborate masterpieces, just as poetry has, or sculpture or painting."

In the screen we have the first exhibition place for these masterpieces. And with the discovery of this new medium for art came the discovery of new personalities for art also.

Will the Screen Yield a Leonardo?

The masterpieces of life to which Wilde alludes are also cited by the Italian historian, Vasari. "Occasionally," says he, "Heaven bestows upon a single individual grace and ability, so that every action is so divine that he distances all other men and clearly displays how his genius is the gift of God and not an acquirement of human art."

Such a man, says Vasari, was Leonardo da Vinci, "whose personal beauty and grace cannot be exaggerated, whose abilities were so extraordinary he could readily solve every difficulty that presented itself. His charming conversation won all hearts, we are told; with his right hand he could twist a horseshoe as if it were made of lead, yet to the strength of a giant and the courage of a lion he added the gentleness of the dove."

Thus Leonardo lives more vividly by the force of his own character than by his works as an artist, and he will continue to live in the love of man when those works have perished from their canvases.

It is not without the bounds of reason to suppose that the screen may one day yield such a personality. It already has produced unusual ones.

Why Stars Fall

Stars fall from popularity for two reasons: one is poor story material that obscures their personal worth in trash; the other is change in personal character. I have yet to observe one who fell because he had forgotten his "art" of pantomime.

"Praise is the most insidious of all methods of treachery known to the world," says Balzac. "The policy of intriguing schemers knows how to stifle every kind of talent at its birth by heaping laurels on its cradle."

Many is the starry cradle that has been heaped with laurel until it took the appearance and served the purpose of a coffin.

Lon Chaney is up to his old tricks again. One rôle in "Tell It to the Marines," sans make-up of an extraordinary nature, was enough for Lon. In "The Unknown," he plays Alonzo, an armless freak in a side-show. At the left he enjoys a smoke, with his toes as a novel cigaret holder

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Hollywood's Amon-Ra

It was the custom of Alexander the Great to propitiate the gods of each country he conquered and so to bring the people into a willing subserviency. When, master of the world, he came as a ruler to Egypt, his first move was a visit to the temple of Amon-Ra containing an image of the god which could speak and move. Before Alexander had a chance to bow down before the god, the god approached and flattered him—"Alexander, thou art thyself a god!" So it was that the priests of Egypt conquered their conqueror.

Under the influence of Aristotle, his tutor, Alexander became a great and magnanimous ruler—master of all the world with the opportunity of becoming a veritable god. Under the influence of flatterers he was made to believe in his own godship before he had attained it, and at the age of thirty-three he died after a drinking debauch.

Hollywood has its Amon-Ra and Alexander repeats himself.

Doug the Evangelist

The exceptions prove the rule.

Douglas Fairbanks is one of them. Doug has been an evangelist of youth, spreading the gospel of never say die, dare to live dangerously, keep young your ideals of courage, hope and romance.

Doug once told me that he set out deliberately at the beginning of his career to preach the doctrines of youth, which are activity, clean living and the pursuit of ideals. He hasn't done this by "educational" films. He has done it far more effectively by suggestion. Not a preacher, but an exemplar, he has backed up his screen ideal by his daily living. Thus he endures not by any esoteric gift for "acting" but by the greater gift of *being*.

Mary . . .

Mary Pickford has so far transcended her position as a screen favorite as to be recognized among the great women of this age. Perhaps that is the reason her screen children seem to have a lesser appeal. Her own womanly character overshadows them. She is greater than any specialized work she can do.

Norma, the Woman

Norma Talmadge goes wherever the *Ladies Home Journal* goes—and farther. This reception of her is not based on her art as a pantomimist but upon her typification of womanly ideal. She is in herself a very lovely portrait of Woman.

Harold, the Boy

Harold Lloyd exists for much the same reason as Doug. His screen characters are at one with his own. There is sweetness, cleanliness and a modesty that is irresistible. He is, in fact, the Kid Brother and Grandma's Boy.

Novarro's Future

Novarro has not stood the test of time as these great favorites have. He is just coming into his own. His rise has been rapid enough to dizzy an ordinary mortal. Tho an established favorite, he has appeared in only ten pictures: "The Lover's Oath," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," "Thy Name is Woman," "The Red Lily," "The Arab," "The Midshipman" and "Ben-Hur." His next is "Lovers" from Echegaray's great drama, "El Gran Galeoto." This will be followed by "Old Heidelberg."

Thus he is interesting mainly in terms of his potentialities.

Externally the omens are in his favor. He is with a successful organization. He is under the supervision of Irving Thalberg, whose particular gift is a shrewd insight to character values combined with the ability to match like elements in story, director and star. His belief in Novarro is manifest in a remarkable schedule of stories and directors.

"Young Hercules"

I visited the studio recently to see Novarro working under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. It appeared to be visitors' day on the set. Mary Pickford and Marion Davies had called, and in the sidelines was an old Indian gazing raptly at Novarro. He wore the make-up and the feathers of a chief. He was playing a part in one of Colonel Tim McCoy's Western pictures on a neighboring stage.

"Hello there!" cried Ramon coming out of the scene and gripping the old chief's hand. "How have you been?"

"Fine," said the chief. "And you—you are as strong as ever, hunh?" He placed a hand on Ramon's arm. "Yep, strong as ever. Some fighter you are!"

Ramon laughed and explained that the Indian had played extra with him in his first picture, "The Lover's Oath," a pictorial version of the "Rubaiyat." In one scene Ramon was taken captive by two strong-armed Persians, one of them played by the Indian. The director told Ramon to struggle with them in a futile attempt to free himself. Ramon's attempt was not futile. He hurled the Indian over the edge of the cliff on which they were working and all but hurled him into the Happy Hunting Ground.

"Some boy," grunted the chief, who since that day has been a warm admirer of Novarro, never failing to visit him on the set when opportunity offers.

. . . A worshiper to whom Ramon is "Young Hercules."

Lubitsch's Forecast

Lubitsch came over to speak to me and I left Ramon chatting with his Arapahoe friend.

"How does Novarro like the picture; he is happy, yes?" asked Lubitsch with solicitude.

"In seventh heaven," I replied.

"Ya? So. I am glad," replied the expansive little German. "I tell you the truth, that boy is giving a great—a marvelous performance If this picture is big with popularity, he should be the outstanding man on the screen. Ya, he should be. . . ." He paced a few steps, then quickly turned. "This is not masquerade romance. No big gestures—so and so. That is acting. This is heart. He is just a simple boy who is a prince. A boy with a clean fine heart. I think that is like as Novarro, not?"

I agreed.

Ingram's Faith in Ramon

Like every star who has responded quickly to a fine director, Novarro has been considered a director's creation. This is a mistake. Neither Rex Ingram nor anyone else made a star of Novarro. He excited the enthusiasm of Ingram, who has a rare instinct for gift in an individual. Rex had an eliciting faith in Ramon and he worked with furious determination to justify it to the world. Novarro could not have started his career under a finer more discerning master. And he might well enjoy a glow of honest satisfaction—

(*Continued on page* 118)

Angelus
ROUGE INCARNAT

The popularity of Angelus Rouge Incarnat—the famous paste-rouge for lips and cheeks—and Angelus Lip Stick, is due to their marvelously flattering colors and wonderful indelibility. They *stay on*. In the lipstick, Louis Philippe has created two fascinating new shades—Sun-Orange and Framboise (Raspberry). The smartest women everywhere use and *adore* Angelus Rouges!

Angelus

LIP STICK

Especially during Spring and Summer when you are exposed to sun, wind and dust, your skin *needs* Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream. Its whitening effect, its thorough cleansing of the pores, protect and promote the youthful beauty of the complexion. And its lemon odor is so gloriously refreshing. Angelus Beauty Aids will be found at all drug and department stores.

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Quickly transforms your gray or faded hair to its original color IN ONE BRIEF APPLICATION giving it a lovely radiance and youthful allurement. Do not hesitate to try this marvelous preparation of Herbs Henna and other harmless ingredients prepared by Monsieur B. Paul, French hair coloring specialist. Used 12 years by millions of fastidious women. Absolutely uniform and dependable. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. Not affected by sea or Turkish baths, sun, waving, or previous dyes. 14 shades, from blonde to black. $1.60 P. P. White Henna for lightening blonde hair grown dark $2.25. Free Advice and Booklet.

B. PAUL, Dept. 2-A, 21 W. 39th St., N. Y.

A Sure Enough Cowboy

(*Continued from page 70*)

Off screen he is not so easily cataloged. When I first met him, I thought he was a desert boy, shy, awkward, silent. This was during the filming of "Barbara," when I spent some time with the company up on the Black Rock Desert in Nevada. Cooper, at mealtime, would slip into his place at the principals' table, eat in silence and depart. Aside from a brief greeting, he took little part in the conversation. I would see him often, clad in checked shirt, overalls and high boots, riding with the cowboys. He's a gorgeous rider. I knew that and nothing else about him.

Recently, while working in his first starring picture, I spent an afternoon on location with the company. Cooper was working almost continuously and there was little opportunity for an interview. Between scenes he would sprawl on the grass and obligingly answer questions. He was dressed in the paraphernalia of a cowboy, and his speech and manner matched his costume.

"They've padded me out around the waist," he said disgustedly. "I kicked, but it didn't do any good. I'm supposed to be a cowhand with lots of guts."

I had heard that he was from the Northwest.

"Yes. Montana. We lived in Helena," he told me. "My father had a ranch of a couple hundred acres. Just a small ranch, you know, with about five hundred head of cattle. I learned to ride when I was just a kid. I can ride anything with hair on it," he grinned. "That's how I first got into pictures, riding in Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson pictures."

"Tell me something of your life on the ranch," I suggested.

"Well," said Mr. Cooper obligingly, "an old Indian trapper up there was a great friend of mine. I used to go on long hunting trips with him and his son. But my particular pal was a fellow who had belonged to the Carlisle gang.

"This Carlisle broke out of prison and with his gang held up a mail train and killed the guards. He was a notorious outlaw.

"One of his men later worked for my father. He was quite a hero to me. He used to steal sheep whenever he wanted fresh meat. He'd kill the sheep and clean them down at a creek which—ah—washed away the remains. I was with him one night on one of his forays. We were about twenty miles from home. It was moonlight, and as we went over the crest of a hill the sheep-herder saw us and took a couple of shots at us. Believe me, we burned leather riding back to the ranch. I didn't try stealing sheep after that.

"Later he wanted me to help him round up a couple of hundred head of cattle and drive south with them. I was going to do it, too, but I backed out. You see, my father was on the Bench at the time, so I decided it wasn't a good idea for me to become a cattle rustler."

"Your father was a judge?"

"Yes, of the Supreme Court of Montana," said Mr. Cooper casually.

The interview with this surprising young man was then interrupted until the following day, as some "running shots" which would take the star and cameramen all over the Lasky ranch were now ordered by the director.

I had somewhat altered my original impression of Garry Cooper. Here was no shy desert boy. Rather, a lanky young cowman who had, in his earlier youth, chosen rather strange companions. Well, at least he was picturesque, I admitted.

But Garry Cooper had another surprise in store for me. At the hour appointed, next morning, a handsome youth, perfectly groomed, entered the studio publicity office. He was dressed in that very correct manner which many men strive for and few attain. He was poised and very much at ease. To say that I stared at him in astonishment is no lie.

"Perhaps," he said, "you received the impression yesterday that I am a rather rough person. I dont want you to think that."

"I dont, now," I replied. "I'm beginning to believe that you are most versatile." And it came to me that Cooper may be a true artist. That he may, when playing a rôle, submerge himself in that rôle, living it off screen as well as on.

"Let us," I suggested, "go on with the story."

As Garry Cooper talked, I noted that his was a charming, cultured voice. "My elder brother and I were sent to England for our elementary education," he said, "attending school at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. I've often wished that my father had permitted me to remain in school over there. Their educational system is quite different from our own. I was studying Latin and English history when I was nine years old. We received excellent military training, too, from the time we entered school.

"We were near London, and were taken to see historical places in connection with our studies. I particularly remember the Tower of London. The crown jewels are kept there. They are a gorgeous sight. The Kohinoor diamond is also in the collection.

"We saw the armor of the different kings. There was one that Henry the Eighth wore when he was eighteen, and another worn by him when he was fifty. The latter was as big as a barrel.

"I saw the funeral procession of King Edward VII and the coronation procession of George V. Of course, I didn't appreciate their historical significance at the time.

"I wanted to enter Oxford, but father brought us back to America. That was rather hard on us. The boys in Helena made fun of our English accent, our manners and the clothes we wore. Life wasn't endurable, especially on Sunday when we put on our Eton jackets. So we Americanized ourselves rapidly."

Garry Cooper smiled as he said this, but there was something rather wistful in his smile. Childhood wounds do not always heal. Perhaps, I reflected, a group of taunting boys drove Garry to a somewhat reckless youth.

"If I ever have any sons," he continued, "I shall send them to school in England, but not until they are about sixteen.

"I graduated from Grinnell, and decided to be a commercial artist. It isn't easy to get a start at that, tho. Presently my parents came to Los Angeles and I joined them here. I tried selling theatrical equipment, but I found that work discouraging too. Sometimes when I see men sitting on the benches in Pershing Square, I think of the times I used to do that, down at Long Beach. I wished I were dead, for it didn't seem that I'd ever amount to anything.

"Then someone suggested that I try the movies. I got work as an extra, usually in Western pictures, because I ride well. But, do you know, the extra people are so —so strange, somehow. They seem to be

content just to drift along, never getting anywhere."

The young actor looked up with puzzled eyes. He cannot understand a drifter on the shoals of life. So he put his intelligence to work. He got into casting offices, managed to arrange appointments for interviews with casting directors.

"So many extras make the mistake of lying to casting directors, of pretending they've played important rôles in pictures or on the stage," he said. "I cant see why they dont understand that casting directors are intelligent men, and that there is no chance for bluff with them.

"I told the truth, that I had done nothing but extra work, but that I felt I could do something if given a chance. Bob McIntyre told me recently that he had never forgotten me because I was honest when I first asked him for a part."

Since Mr. McIntyre is the gentleman who, with Samuel Goldwyn, chose the cast for "Barbara Worth," you can figure for yourself that Garry Cooper's honesty reacted in his favor. He was given a test as *Abe Lee*, and he was *Abe Lee*.

After completing this picture, Cooper signed with Famous Players-Lasky and was loaned to Frank Lloyd for one picture, "Children of Divorce," in which he played a very emotional rôle.

"I hope it's good," he said. "I dont want to play Westerns all the time. But it's not for me to say what I'll do. I've been lucky."

Extra man to star in one year. Yes, Garry Cooper has been lucky. But once given an opportunity, he made the most of it. Even with the interviewer he did that—giving me three contrasting characterizations for one story.

I suspect Mr. Garry Cooper of being a rather subtle young man.

When We Will Really Have Talking Movies

(*Continued from page* 33)

movement, and these things may all be combined.

"These changes represent definite forecasts as to what can be expected of pictures ten years hence. No one can say for sure that all these things will take place, but it is reasonable to assume that they will. I feel certain that present-day experiments will result in sound being combined with motion, but this will not become the commonplace thing for some time.

"Of course, production methods will have to be changed as new devices are introduced, and new stars will have arisen by the time many radical changes are made permanent. Inventions cannot be perfected overnight, so we may not expect a revolution in the picture business. It will be a slow process of development of new scientific ideals."

JOHN McCORMICK
(First National Studio)

"TALKING pictures will not displace our present-day black and white silent pictures," declares John McCormick. "When you say 'talking pictures,' I presume you refer to dialog. There is a possibility that we may develop orchestration of pictures thru the talking picture devices.

"I believe the regular talking pictures with dialog will last for one cycle of pictures. They are a novelty that the public will go to see, but it will not be lasting. People will go to see them once, but I doubt very much if they will continue to patronize them."

(*Continued on page* 98)

No wonder this is the favorite luxury of gentlewomen

When a prominent magazine recently asked a number of well-known women to name their favorite luxury, a great majority answered it was the perfumed bath of softened water.

To bathe amid the sweet fragrance of a flower garden, in water so soft and limpid that it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin—to step from your tub with an almost imperceptible perfume clinging to you—what luxury could vie with this?

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Nothing helps more to keep the skin soft and dainty than truly softened water. Just sprinkle Bathasweet into your tub and wash-bowl regularly for a few weeks, and inevitably you will notice your skin take on a softer beauty that is particularly charming because it speaks so clearly of the care you have taken of your skin.

The "Scentless" personal fragrance

Bathasweet does not cover up body odors. But by softening the water it cleanses the pores more completely, washing away every trace of odor and leaving a dainty, almost scentless fragrance that is indescribably lovely.

And Bathasweet costs so little. For over 20 years it has been one of the least expensive of the good things of life. At all good Drug and Department Stores, 25c, 50c, $1, and $1.50.

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Instant Relief

MANY people, after any long and unusual exertion, such as golfing, dancing, a brisk walk, or standing hours at a time, experience distressing pains and aches in their feet. They swell, burn, and make one feel all tired out.

At such times Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm brings immediate and grateful relief. It puts you right back on your feet with comfort. You can walk or work, dance or play and have really happy feet.

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Fifteen Years Ago in Motion Pictures

1. Mary Pickford was lured away from D. W. Griffith to play in Imp Pictures at the then stupendous salary of $175 a week.
2. "The Tale of Two Cities" was filmed, with Norma Talmadge in the cast and the idol of the day, "Cos" (Maurice Costello), as *Sidney Carton.* It was a Vitagraph picture.
3. The first colored movie, the Kinemacolor, was shown in Madison Square Garden.
4. Good scenarios were bringing as high as one hundred dollars each.
5. Sarah Bernhardt played in "Queen Elizabeth," and Adolph Zukor got his idea of "famous players in famous plays," which he called "Famous Players."
6. Tom Mix, a marshal in Oklahoma, saw a company taking movies and, becoming interested in the outfit, played an extra part. It was this casual episode which changed his entire life.

When We Will Really Have Talking Movies

(*Continued from page* 97)

I asked Mr. McCormick if the companies would permit an immediate revolution in the methods of production, providing the talking picture did supplant our present movies.

"Altho I am firm in the belief that such a thing could never occur, I am sure there would be no haste in making the transfer. Millions of dollars in equipment could not be thrown out overnight to make room for talking pictures."

CECIL B. DE MILLE

MR. DE MILLE'S representatives told me that Mr. De Mille had never seen nor heard the Vitaphone or any other talking picture. Therefore, Mr. De Mille does not feel that he is in a position to comment on the merits or demerits, whichever the case might be, of the talking moving picture.

When the Vitaphone was holding sway at Grauman's Egyptian theater in Hollywood, Mr. De Mille was in the throes of developing his next big picture, "The King of Kings," which is the story of the greatest orator that ever lived, Jesus Christ.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

ALTHO talking pictures such as the Vitaphone and other devices have a real and very definite place in cinema presentation, it is rather as a prolog than as a distinct entity, in the opinion of Samuel Goldwyn.

"When the large figures on the screen start to talk, the illusion of reality is decreased rather than increased, in my opinion," said Mr. Goldwyn. "And for that reason I am quite confident that talking pictures will never replace entirely the silent drama.

"For another reason, many people feel that the most attractive feature of the motion picture theater is the silence, quiet and comfort, which the advocates of the talking picture would disrupt. In darkness and quiet it is much easier to get one's self in tune with the drama that is being unfolded on the screen."

AL CHRISTIE

"WE will always have the present-day movies," says Al Christie. "Talking pictures will not become the popular style of motion picture entertainment. I think the talking picture will be invaluable as a means of education. Students in surgical classes, for instance, will be in a position to hear and witness world-famous physicians engaged in making difficult operations.

"It would be impossible for us to make talking comedies under our present production system. In filming one of our two-reel pictures we will take approximately from ten to forty thousand feet of film. This is cut down to the regular two-reel length. We cut out the things which do not get the laughs. The ultimate story comes from the cutting room. If all this film were to carry the voice as well as the action, it would be impossible for us to cut the film. We can match up the action, but we could never match up the conversation.

"The present-day talking picture is far from being perfect. It is too phonographic. The voice is properly synchronized with the action, but it has that hollow, hornlike sound that wouldn't be natural for the man talking out on the prairies.

"If screen characters were to talk, the motion picture would lose most of its imaginative appeal. Most audiences play the parts as well as the actors. People place themselves in the position of the hero or heroine and unconsciously they do their own thinking and talking. The subtitles in most cases are merely explanatory dialog.

"It will be many, many years before talking pictures become the common thing. If they ever do, motion pictures will not be produced in the same manner that they are now, and most of the present-day stars will be mere memories."

HAL ROACH

"THE various auditory devices for motion picture presentation will not have a great effect upon the future of the industry," claims Hal Roach, the comedy producer.

"The average motion picture theater is constantly reaching out for more and more of a variety in entertainment. The most successful are those which vary their performances the most intelligently, rather than those which depend upon the individual efforts of one star or the entertainment qualities of one picture." (Sounds like Hal is talking for more short-reel subjects in which he is financially interested. At that, I'd rather see Farina than any other star on the hemisphere.)

"I believe the so-called 'talking motion picture' will simply serve as one more item, or one more feature, upon a program which is striving for variety," continued Roach.

"I do not believe all pictures, or even a

small portion of any picture theater program, will be confined to the talking pictures."

CLARENCE BROWN

"Colored pictures, talking pictures, and we are right back on the stage." That is the way Clarence Brown summed up the question.

"There is so much money invested in present-day equipment that there is no danger of the companies throwing out everything and beginning anew on a talking picture basis. If there were inventions that would positively combine color, voice and movement, I do not believe the big companies would permit an immediate change. To take a concern that has millions of dollars invested in it and turn it bottom side up would result in a tremendous loss of money.

"If talking and colored pictures were perfected, I believe we would still have the present-day black and white picture. When color and voice are introduced, we shall be dealing in an entirely new medium, a medium that corresponds to the stage. Our present black and white pictures are as far removed from a talking picture as an etching is from an oil painting. Motion pictures allow much to be filled in by the imagination. When this is removed, we are dealing in a new medium of expression."

FRED NIBLO

"Talking pictures will never take the place of the present-day silent drama," declares Fred Niblo. "They are merely a passing novelty that will last but a short time. I have witnessed several demonstrations of talking pictures, and I am firm in the belief that they can never be perfected to the point of supplanting the present-day picture.

"It is impossible to give the voice that sweet, human, soft intonation that is necessary for the spoken drama. The sound emanating from the talking device is a harsh mechanical crackling. The present-day use of the loud-speaker will illustrate my point.

"I have listened to talks thru loud-speakers, and I have found it utterly impossible for the speaker to get over the finer qualities of his voice. Charlie Murray, as you know, is one of the most entertaining after-dinner speakers in Hollywood. I have heard him talk over the loud-speaker, and that lovely charm of his voice is entirely missing.

"If the present-day stars were to talk their lines from the screen, the audiences would be entirely disillusioned in their favorites. Not because the star cant talk his lines, but because of the mere imperfections of the voice when it is brought thru this mechanism.

"Try and make pictures too realistic and you lose the very charm that makes them appealing. If talking pictures were possible, it would be the greatest benefit in the world for the stage producer. There would be no reason for pictures at all.

"Talking pictures, like color photography, will never become the common form of motion picture entertainment in this country for many, many years."

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

"The talking picture will never supplant the present-day pantomimic photoplay," says Douglas MacLean.

"Pantomime, in its purest form, dates back to the beginning of the human race.

"The talking motion pictures will have a very useful field in educational circles, but it is my personal guess that it will never dominate the entertainment field."

The Standard
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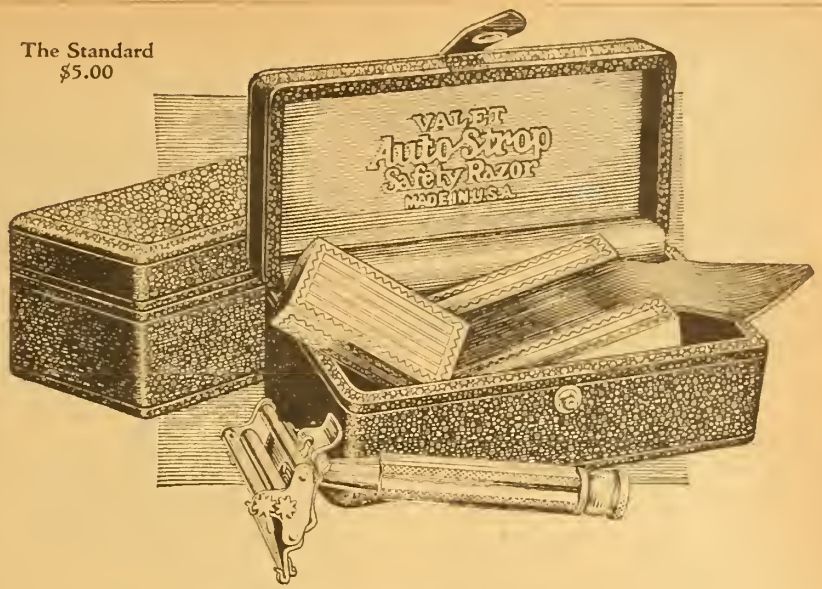

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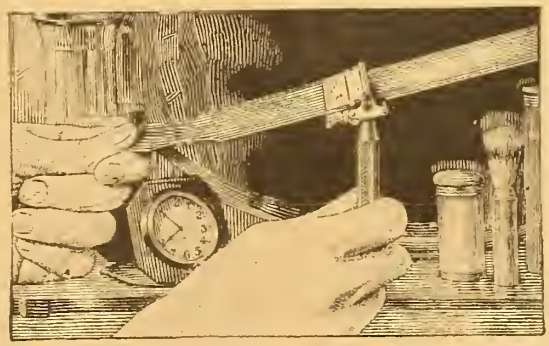

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They thought the beef served at camp very bad indeed. They know meat only as pork. The men go out and shoot wild hogs, but it is the women who skin them and prepare them for cooking

Without Benefit of Grease-Paint

(*Continued from page* 53)

had any idea of what our real purpose was, we would have been chased out of those mountains to the sound of guns exploding in quick succession.

"The first girl and boy we selected for our leads would have nothing to do with us. So we had to go over into Tennessee and there we found a mountaineer boy (Forrest James) and a mountaineer girl (Helen Mundy), who had come into a 'settlement' for learning. They agreed to go back to Carolina with us and play in the picture. And they were the only members of the entire cast who ever had any idea as to what the film would show when it was finally cut and assembled in its proper sequence."

His story did come from the people, just as he knew it must. One night he and Captain Wing applied at a cabin for shelter. It was, like all the cabins, a one-room affair.

"That night," said Karl Brown, "I saw how easily a married son, living with his father, might come to love his father's wife.

"Fifteen people lived in the cabin in which we were put up. There was the married son and his wife, who was older than the father's third wife.

"Captain Wing and I, knowing the intimacy of living conditions in these parts and in a sense prepared for the general disrobing, were nevertheless embarrassed when bedtime came. I have to laugh now when I remember how we removed only our outer layer of clothing and jumped into bed while the family, men and women, girls and boys, undressed leisurely before the open fire . . . pausing now and then to pick ticks out of each other's backs.

"They were as unconcerned as children in a nursery.

"Nevertheless, while this state of affairs may not embarrass them, it does sometimes complicate their emotional lives. Witnessing one example of this, I found in it the basic theme for my motion picture which turned out to be 'Stark Love.'"

It was shortly after this experience that the company arrived at a near-by city, ready to burrow their way into the mountains and equipped for a long stay. Weeks passed before camp was established, since the paraphernalia had to be trucked in and roads had to be both cleared and blasted open.

While this was being done, and while the camp tents were finally being pitched, Mr. Brown set about to buy a few cabins. It was necessary to purchase them since they had to be unroofed in order to permit them to be used for sets. In the cabin, normally, there is only the light that comes in thru the doorway. Windows in a feudal country are hardly desirable.

"Our greatest difficulty lay in the fact that you cannot bribe the mountaineer," Mr. Brown said. "They have no need in the world for any large sum of money. They took pay when they worked for us because they have an intense sense of fairness and pay for work . . . so much for so much, is fair enough. But it meant that if they didn't want to do a thing, you couldn't resort to bribing them with a sum of money they couldn't afford to refuse, since they are rather enviable in the fact that they can refuse any sum."

All of this done, the actual shooting of scenes began. And then Mr. Brown found that literally the worst was yet to come. Working against odds more terrific than he had realized they would be . . . quelling a drunken riot over an old vinegar barrel . . . taking precaution against a mild epidemic of typhoid which threatened his entire camp . . . and trying to get the stolid natives to act . . . he often must have wished that the one hundred thousand dollars was safely back in the company's safe and that he was again behind a camera.

"It would have been bad enough if I could have explained the story to them and filmed

the scenes in something like their proper sequence so that they could, in a small way, have felt the action. But I knew that was out of the question, and we made up our schedule so that there was no connection whatever between the scenes filmed within days of each other.

"At first the actors couldn't do anything. They were frozen, stiff and immobile . . . that is to say, more immobile than ever. They eyed the camera suspiciously. Hour after hour we would rehearse a scene. It was like teaching an animal tricks.

"No one in the company was happier to see the last scene filmed than I was. Two or three times, when things were at their worst, and the worst was pretty bad, I can tell you, I thought of admitting failure. But the next morning, refreshed by sleep, my courage would return, and again we would set out to conquer the frightful odds that were against us."

The camp amazed the natives. They thought the beef very bad, knowing meat only as pork, and the sanitary arrangements appeared to them extremely amusing.

It was the men who comprised the greater percentage of the camp's visitors, since the women were usually too busy to get away from their cabins and farms and babies. They do all the work. They farm, clean the hogs the men shoot, tote the corn to the primitive mill where it is turned into meal. They are virtually animals of burden, and it is small wonder that they are worn out after a decade of maturity, heavily patterned with work and one baby after another.

However, a wife's death appears to be of small moment. There is always a young girl to be had if the widower will give a father a promise to marry his daughter the next time the preacher comes around. What of it if there is a baby to be nursed when the ceremony is performed months later?

"They are fatalists and stoics," said Karl Brown. "A woman has her baby without any fuss. Husbands and wives and children are buried without any wailing or gnashing of teeth. They are careful, however, to cover their graves with rough huts, since wild animals in those parts forage graves left exposed.

"Actually, I never knew them to admit pain and I saw some of them subjected to minor operations, performed in a manner so crude and unsanitary that a modern doctor would deny the patient could survive.

"After all, they live in one-room cabins because they *want* to. They are ignorant because they *refuse* education. They deny themselves every avenue of progress because they *want* to. They are a people who have voluntarily ostracized themselves."

Does all of this come from some physical lack that we perhaps do not understand . . . a lack emphasized by each generation from the first colonial settler who went back into the mountains because he found himself unable to compete with the colonists in the towns?

There's the story about the mountaineer who was sitting outside of his cabin one afternoon when a straggling funeral procession went past.

"They're burying Minnie Penny," he said to his wife, who sat in the doorway with her back to the path down which the procession came.

"Yes?" she answered without turning her head. "Many people?"

"Quite a few," the mountaineer answered. "That's a fair-sized box they've got Minnie in."

"Fie," said the wife, "I wish I was facing the other way so I could see."

Actually, the Fiji Islanders might be easier for the average up-and-doing American to understand.

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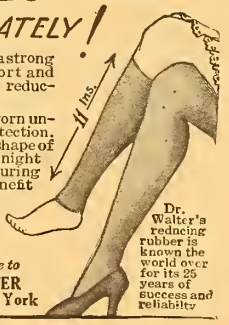

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 51)

HERE'S an autograph that adorns a picture of John Gilbert which hangs in Clarence Brown's office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"For Clarence . . .

"With my sincere appreciation of his genius and his help, and his ability to play cupid so magnificently.

"Mizpah,
"JACK."

Clarence Brown directed Gilbert and Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil." The above autograph is proof that something must have been going on, what with cupid, John, Greta, the flesh and the devil all mixed up on one set!

OVER the studio back fence comes the hot breath of gossip with the news that Ronald Colman is quite attentive to Lady Diana Manners. The story of attentiveness is about to break into a full blooming engagement rumor.

Lady Diana Manners has been playing in the Los Angeles production of "The Miracle." Ronald is said to have been the principal stage-door Johnnie during the run of the show.

ONE night it was decided that something should be done to put a little pep into the "Miracle" production. A benefit performance was given and good actors who had been doing the same show for hundreds of nights were thrown out to make room for a number of movie stars.

I have forgotten the names of all the motion picture celebrities who appeared in the piece that night. Marion Davies and Claire Windsor were in it, which is sufficient beauty to make anyone want to go. But just what Tom Mix did in a show of that kind is a mystery to me. I cant picture Tom as a choir boy. Maybe he rang chime bells. There was only one cow in the show, as I remember it, and that was a dead one hanging on a pole. Maybe Tom was supposed to have killed it, so he didn't have to appear.

WE dont hear so much about Betty and Hattie any more. They still maintain the best eating place in Hollywood. A few years ago, before the advent of the Montmartre, Henry's, Layfette and other eating resorts, Betty and Hattie had a corner on all the movie trade. On the walls of their eating house are autographed pictures of hundreds of bygone celebrities mixed with those now in their ascendancy. There is hardly a notable in the picture business who hasn't pushed his feet under one of Betty's tables.

A prominent female star bounced into Betty's establishment the other night. "How are ya this evenin,' Mrs. So-and-so?" was Betty's warm greeting.

"I beg your pardon, but my name isn't Mrs. So-and-so," replied the indignant actress.

"What is it, then?" asked Betty.

"It's Mrs. Whoosis!"

"That's the third time you've changed this year. What's the matter, cant you hold 'em or do you marry 'em in the dark of the moon?'"

LITA GREY CHAPLIN may return to the screen!

She says she must make money to pay for the support of her two babies. According to Lita, Charlie hasn't provided for the children's support, with the exception of $100 per week which is paid her by his attorney out of the lawyer's own personal income.

(*Continued on page* 107)

Scandinavian Hospitality

(*Continued from page* 56)

very sweet liqueur," laughed Mr. Hanson. "Here we will start with *Smögardsbord.*"

I will give you the menu and recipes of the delicious Swedish repast that followed.

Smörgardsbord means *Hors-d'œuvres.* Mrs. Hanson first served Pickled Herring: Wash and clean six medium-sized salt herring. Cover with cold water and let stand overnight. In the morning, drain and wash again. Cut into pieces about an inch long. To one cup of strong cider vinegar and one-half cup of water, add a teaspoonful of whole black peppers, three bay-leaves, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar and one large onion sliced very thin. Pour this over the fish and let stand at least four hours before serving.

Silta: Put thru a fine food chopper two pounds of cold boiled veal and one pound of lean boiled pork. Mix well, adding two tablespoonfuls of the veal jelly. Season with salt and pepper. Pack in a long, narrow mold and let stand at least two hours. Cut in thin slices to serve.

Anchovies on Toast: Unroll canned Swedish anchovies. Squeeze lemon-juice over them and set in the ice-box to chill. Lay one anchovy on a small oblong piece of toast. Mrs. Hanson served a large plate of these.

Ärtsoppa: Two cupfuls of dried yellow split peas, two pounds of pork tenderloin, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, three allspice berries and one bay-leaf. Soak the peas overnight in cold water. The next day boil slowly until tender—about two hours. Then add the tenderloin cut in pieces about an inch thick. Add salt, allspice and bay-leaf. Cook for an hour or more, adding water if the soup cooks down too much. Serve the soup in soup-plates, with the meat as the main supper dish.

Mrs. Hanson served the tenderloin garnished with small pats of boiled chopped spinach, topped with a slice of hard-boiled egg and bread cases filled with green peas.

Plättar: Mrs. Hanson showed me the *plättjärn* which she brought from Sweden, in which the *plättar* is baked. It looks like our hot-cake griddle except that it has seven small saucerlike wells about one-eighth of an inch deep and about three and one-half inches in diameter where the *plättar* is baked or fried. However, an ordinary griddle iron will serve the purpose, but due to the very thin batter the cakes will not be perfectly round when cooked upon a flat surface. To make *plättar,* beat three eggs to a very light foam. Add four cupfuls of sweet cream, then one and one-third cupfuls of flour. Next one-fourth cupful of water, one teaspoonful of salt and last two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Let the batter stand for an hour in a cool place before using. Pour by small tablespoonfuls onto a hot griddle swimming with melted butter and cook like hot cakes. Serve with jam. Mrs. Hanson used lingon-berry, but she says raspberry or strawberry jam is often used.

The coffee was served in large cups with sugar and cream.

INTERVIEW WORDS

Culled at random from any interview with Constance Talmadge: savoir faire . . . naïvete . . . peppy . . . charm . . . simplicity . . . ennui . . . individualism . . . blashing . . . bored . . . enthusiasm.

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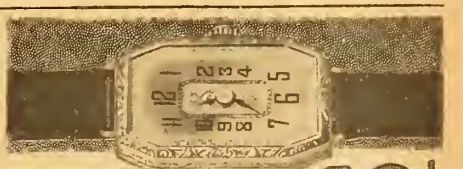

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Our Unofficial Ambassadors

(*Continued from page* 39)

tive of France in war-time—or a detour somewhere in Kansas—anyway, it was *not* sunny California.

And as anecdote succeeded anecdote, we hopped all over Europe. Now it was Italy—"a new Italy," said Douglas enthusiastically. "There are no more beggars!"

Welcome news for travelers that, for memories of Italy to the average American tripper are a succession of cathedrals and art galleries, permanently and entirely overrun with pleaders for charity—arguments about money in which the American was always suavely defeated—an uncomfortable sense of being "done."

So much we have gathered from other travelers.

"And you mean that Italy is not like that any more?" we asked hopefully.

"Absolutely not," laughed Douglas. "For instance, while we were there, we had a place up in the hills on a branch railroad, and every night our car had to be switched from the main line to the little jerk water. It took a number of men to do it, and I usually left some money with the yardmaster to be distributed among them—probably it amounted to five or ten dollars, I dont remember exactly, but it wasn't much. Anyway, one morning as we went thru, the yardmaster came to me and gave me back the money, saying that he couldn't find out just which men switched the car the night before! And that in Italy!

"It's a little thing perhaps, but it is typical of the general change which has come over the country—a progressive, square-shooting attitude.

"Mussolini has done a tremendous thing for Italy," he continued seriously. "He has begun with the most crying needs, the most obvious reforms—roads, industries, public ultilities."

"And how does he feel about pictures?" we inquired.

"He needs theaters first," said Doug. "I told him that. Modern, comfortable theaters. What good are the best pictures in the world if you haven't decent theaters to show them in? We talked to Mussolini several times. He is a powerful personality, a Cæsar, really," said Douglas.

"And another interesting man is Maseryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia—wait a minute, I have a picture of him, and these are interesting—Prague, that picturesque old Bohemian city, which is having such a vital reincarnation—Czecho-Slovakia is one of the most progressive countries in the world."

"Is that why Rin-Tin-Tin is their film favorite?" we couldn't resist asking.

But Douglas' sense of humor is even more apparent when the joke is on him—and when we saw the pictures of the crowds gathered in the streets of Prague, and realized that those thousands of people had gathered to catch a glimpse of two American screen stars—even tho their picture statistics said a dog was their favorite—well, we felt rather like sticking a flag in our buttonhole too.

And we recalled the newspaper accounts of things that happened during that tour and of the vast crowds that gathered wherever they went. Of the holidays Swedish cities declared in their honor—of the decorated streets—how humanity packed itself in dense throngs about the hotels. Indeed, their progress from country to country was attended by such adulation, such public enthusiasm and honor as was once given only to Royalty. Certainly no private American citizens were ever greeted and fêted on such a grand scale.

And thinking of this—aside from the glory of it—the whole thing takes on a deep significance—for America, for Americans, and particularly for Hollywood.

Pictures carry our thought and our ideals to every country on the globe—picture personalities are our unofficial ambassadors.

We probably never will know just how much good Douglas Fairbanks' last trip to Europe did for American pictures, speaking from a business standpoint, and for American picture people, to be more specific.

The spirit of friendliness in which they were received—and the spirit of friendliness they gave, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. No one wants to, but it bears thinking about.

"Every country is getting into the game," continued Douglas, not realizing how far afield my thoughts had been wandering. "We have a long start and we have immense capital, but we're going to have increasing competition in the world market, there is no doubt about that. And the better we understand other countries

(*Continued on page* 116)

Fotolegie Spol, S. R. O., Praha

The crowd that thronged the streets surrounding the railway station at Prague, waiting to catch a glimpse of Mary and Doug on their arrival

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The hour-glass chairs which Clarence Brown, the director, uses in the patio of his Mexican-style California home are particularly adaptable for open porches . . . gardens and other out-of-door uses

The Living-Room Out-of-Doors

(*Continued from page* 74)

the hour-glass variety—and these chairs are so artistic that illustrators are constantly using them—to be used for seven seasons out-of-doors before they fell to pieces. They were taken in only when bad weather came and were brought out again in early spring. They probably would have lasted even longer on a roofed porch. There are many varieties of wooden chairs that will last even better than wicker—that will last a lifetime if proper care is taken of them.

For an open porch you will need at least one bench or settle. If I were furnishing a porch, I would buy a wooden settle of the Windsor variety with thin spindles in the back and a wood seat. I would buy a pair of wicker chairs to go with this—no rockers!—and a couple of wicker chairs as auxiliary chairs. I would pick out wicker chairs that were strong and sturdy—either one of the closely woven grass chairs, the usual wicker chairs, or the hour-glass variety. To go with these I would choose a wooden table. This table might be one of the ordinary kitchen tables with drop-leaves that are so attractive or a well-made, sturdy gate-leg table.

Now I would give these pieces of furniture several coats of paint. I would pick out paint that is used on the exteriors of buildings or on ships. "Deck paint" is a paint that is most lasting. Any ordinary house paint is good and as it is made for the exteriors of buildings, you can feel certain that it will last well on furniture that is to be used out-of-doors too. I would pick out colors that complemented the exterior of my home or the awnings.

Last summer I saw an elaborate country home that was most artistic—and the final touch was the color of the porch furniture. The house was of gray stucco, the awnings were orange-and-cream-striped. The porch furniture was orange, which was touched with black, and the effect was most pleasing. Many potted plants stood on the porch and, of course, the outside greenery added its color. The complete color scheme then was gray, orange and green, with touches of black for emphasis. With the blue of the sky, this made a complete color scheme, and the scene was always a charming one. The furniture was comfortable in itself and because it was good in color it made the house seem hospitable, even as you approached it from a distance.

Another lovely home which I was fortunate enough to visit last year was of white clapboard. It was near the water, and the long, open porch had furniture painted a dull blue-green—almost a sea-

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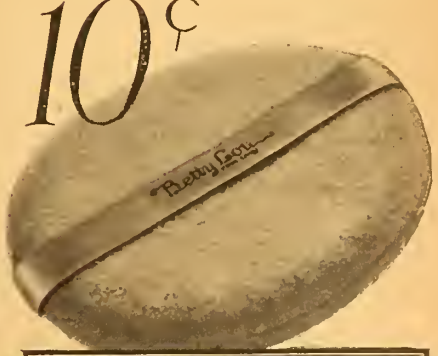

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green. Against the white clapboard this was especially attractive, and taking into consideration the brighter green of the foliage and again the blue of the sky—for foliage and sky must be considered in out-of-door colorings—the color scheme was blue-green, blue and white, and it was most satisfying.

Yellow is good for porch furniture, especially for a white or a gray house. For a tan house blue would be smarter, I think.

Be sure that your table is one that will hold books and magazines in safety. The porch which has no table is only half as convenient as it should be. Besides the table, a low stool will prove good. This can be used as an extra seat if the porch is crowded, or as a stand for the always-welcome tray of tea things.

You will want porch accessories, too. I wouldn't put curtains of any sort on an open porch, if I were you. I would keep my gay chintzes and linens for a sun room or glassed porch. For an open porch, if I needed shade, I would use Venetian blinds. These are very smart and the sun looks most attractive when it filters thru. Awnings are always good and may be used, as I have shown, as part of the color scheme. You must regard everything that goes into your picture as part of your color scheme and while this adds several new elements when your scene is out-of-doors, there is no reason why your ensemble cannot be just as correct as if you were doing an inside room.

Oilcloth or sailcloth are perhaps the most satisfactory materials to use for cushions on your porch. Both of these materials are water-proof. Both are strong.

If you want to add a few more accessories to your porch, I would get cigaret boxes of strong tin and enamel them to match your other porch furnishings. A magazine rack of wood could be made at home and painted in the same way.

You may want a swing on your porch. If so, I would get a fairly expensive one, for the cheap ones last no time at all and a good one lasts for many years. See that the springs are strong and that the upholstery is of sturdy fabric. If you get your swing first of all, you can match up the rest of your furnishings so that they will go with it. If your swing is bought last, see to it that the color is one that will blend in with the rest of your "outside view."

Now for the garden. I am not a landscape gardener and the few rules that I have learned about gardening thru many years of decoration and planning sets of all sorts are not the sort of rules to give here, for they apply mostly to formal gardens built for large estates. If you have a large garden, I know that you will have a landscape gardener to lay it out properly. If you have a small garden, I am sure you will study the garden magazines and plan for it properly, too. However, I have found that most gardens haven't enough places to relax in. Landscape gardeners and landscape architects alike seem to make their gardens for show more than for comfort. If you have a landscape architect, tell him that you want a bit of your garden for comfort, and I am sure he will provide the comfort for you.

There are few things lovelier than tea out-of-doors in summer. Some of my happiest moments have been spent at tea-time in American and English gardens.

English people know how to do these things! The simplest English home in the country has a charming spot for tea. It may be—and usually is—without pretention. Yet the tea hour is one so lovely and so full of memories that I dont see

why it cant become more of a habit here. We have got over our ridiculous idea that tea is effeminate and that tea-time is a sort of ladies' affair. Even American gentlemen like to take time for a cup of tea now and then. Have a place for tea in your garden. Even if you cant always use it at tea-time, you can do the next best thing and use it for supper.

Keep your garden simple! Dont clutter it up with useless things. First of all you will want a table as the nucleus of your garden furnishings. This table may be of of wood or metal. I have seen delightful round tables of metal that are so strong that they may stay out-of-doors for a lifetime. Some have plain tops, some have a hole in the center of the top to hold a large marquee, or umbrella. A huge striped marquee at tea-time adds just the necessary bit of color to your garden and gives necessary shade as well. Luckily, these large umbrellas are no longer extravagant fads. You can get sturdy and well-made ones at most reasonable figures. They may be left out-of-doors almost all summer and, of course, are taken in when the weather gets bad in the fall.

A bench is the next thing you will want in your tea garden. This may be of hickory, of painted wood, or of metal. I think that the painted wood benches are splendid. I like those painted white best of all, for with a dark-green foliage they make a lovely picture of your garden. A couple of chairs to match and pillows for folks to sit on who like to sit on the ground, and your garden furnishings are complete. Some people will like the grass, but pillows are so comfortable that I would make a lot of these. They may be made of sailcloth or oilcloth and may be of any of the gay colors that you choose, just as long as the colors harmonize with the sky and the green of your garden.

A painted tea-tray, perhaps a tea-cart or a muffin stand, a "curate," full of tea dainties, and your setting is finished. You wont have to serve elaborate food in this garden. Your green background, your white bench and chairs, your hospitable table—these will be enough in themselves to make the simplest sandwiches and ten most exquisite refreshments. Iced drinks in some of the lovely sets that are now on the market, sandwiches and dainty tea cakes, and you have a party fit for the gods—and likely as not envied by the gods if your background is correct.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 102)

We'll report the third round in this interesting little match next month. Stand by!

It looks very much as if the Universal company was using Mary Philbin as the "Patsy" of the publicity department. Every time the company contemplates a new picture an announcement is made that Mary is to play the stellar rôle. Later they tell us that they were only kidding. That Mary wasn't to play it at all.

Mary hasn't made a picture since last May, and the company has been paying her big money all the time. As a matter of fact, it is the biggest sum on record ever paid an individual for press-agenting a series of pictures.

Clarence Brown, the director of "Flesh and the Devil" and many other successes, awoke one morning from a deep dream of peace to be handed a handful of divorce papers. His wife accused him of being "cold and indifferent; remaining away from meals; not speaking for days; accused her of extravagance and gave public indication that she bored him." Probably the only contemptible thing this man didn't do was to use her tooth brush by mistake.

After three days' work with Ricardo Cortez on her new picture, "A Woman on Trial," Pola Negri suddenly changed leading men and substituted Einar Hanson.

The rumors circulated fast. One stated that Pola threw a fit of temperament. Another story gave the impression that Ricardo didn't look sickly enough for the part of the poor artist of the Montmartre, so Hanson was substituted. This latter rumor wasn't lasting, because Hanson is a more virile-looking chap than Ricardo. It was tough to think up a graceful alibi for removing Cortez.

Paramount isn't taking up its option on Ricardo's contract this year, and he will be turned loose to roam the free-lance paths. He plans to go to Europe with his wife, Alma Rubens, who recently left the Fox company.

Kathleen Norris is writing a story especially for Mary Pickford. The story is to be entitled, "The Shop Girl."

Following the filming of this picture, Mary has in mind a story of a show girl who inherits a large estate in New England, and finds herself none too popular with the other members of the family.

The third picture that our Mary has in mind is a story in which she will appear with her brother, Jack Pickford. This production will not be made until the other two have been completed.

Greta Garbo has at last settled her long controversy with Metro-Goldwyn. Instead of playing a very minor rôle in "Her Brother from Brazil," in which Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody are co-starred, she will after all play the lead in "Anna Karenina." Greta's salary during this picture will be $3,000 a week—quite a contrast to the $450 which her old contract called for. After this picture, a new contract with a new salary will be drawn up. Ricardo Cortez will be Greta's leading man in "Anna Karenina," and Dimitri Buchowetzki will direct. The end of Greta's quarrel will leave a lot of blank space in the newspapers and magazines.

Dorothy Gish has finished the series of pictures in which she was starred by British National Films, ending with "Madame Pompadour." She has returned to the United States and is discussing her future plans with Inspiration Pictures, who have her under a long-term contract. Dorothy will soon journey to Hollywood to join her mother and Lillian. Lillian, by the way, has just begun work on "The Wind," under the direction of Victor Seastrom. Lars Hanson will again be her leading man.

Maybe the government is tired of having the various branches of its service celebrated by the movies. Anyway, Metro-Goldwyn's plans for glorifying the Air Service in a picture, "War Birds," to rival Paramount's "Wings," have been abandoned because they couldn't get government officials to co-operate. A picture on the enormous scale that Metro-Goldwyn contemplated could not possibly be made without the aid of the Air Service, but the

(*Continued on page* 117)

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The Girl With One Dress

(*Continued from page* 45)

thru fear of annoying his valued friend, who had been as fine a soldier in the war as he was now an actor on the screen. If Belden knew half as well as he did these little gold-diggers living on their wits and the outside edge of Hollywood, he wouldn't be so absurdly squeamish. Maybe the type didn't exist, or wasn't so marked in England. Anyhow, Baynes was comfortably sure that what the girl wanted was the wherewithal to pay up at her boarding-house, and if possible to procure a new wardrobe rather than obtain the old and passée one. Yet here was this poor simp, Belden, fussing about ways and means to save her feelings! There it *was*, however! One might as well humor the chap, and keep him sweet.

Jim proposed, at last, that a trustworthy messenger should be dispatched to Mrs. Broome, as if from Miss Jeffreys herself, with plenty of money to meet extortionate charges (there couldn't be more than a few weeks' board in arrears, at worst!) and an order to fetch away all the girl's possessions. Baynes agreed, with compliments upon the brilliance of his friend's "bean-stuffing." Great idea, it was! They would go halves, and——

But Belden vetoed this suggestion. No, he had got an idea. The girl had talked very little about herself, but she was in Hollywood and she was penniless. That meant, she had come to the place hoping to break into the movies, and it was *she* who had been broken! "I may be able to get her a small part. In fact, I'm pretty sure I can," he said. "I'll lend her this money myself and she can pay me back out of her salary. That would be less complicated than the other way. I think I'll explain, and she'll see that it will be all right."

"Very well!" Baynes Ashley shrugged his shoulders. "I seem to remember an old saying: 'A man can't serve two masters.' Your version is, 'Two men can't serve the same girl.' Do you expect Irma Rimaldi to give your protégée something to do in the new picture?"

"Yes," Belden admitted. "She read me the continuity in the train. There are several small parts for girls. You see, there are scenes on the stage of an Italian Theater where I go to find my runaway sister, and where I meet my fate. Sounds silly, but it's not so bad. Mrs. Downing's as clever as she is handsome."

"She was a raving beauty a few years ago, when she married old Downing," said Baynes. "Hard luck on her! She married him for his money, and then she made such a hit with that weird book, 'Seeds of Sin,' and the movie of it which followed, that she began to pile up dollars of her own. She used to be on the stage, you know, and an actress gets to understand what the public wants. Two or three years ago she put on fat, the way women of Latin blood often do in their thirties, and she took some stuff or other to reduce. Well, it worked, but it reduced her good looks, too. And since then she's never had a kind word to say of any woman younger or prettier than herself. That's why she writes for men stars, not girls. So 'ware how you try to stuff this chicken of yours down the fair Irma's throat."

"Oh, Tommyrot, my dear chap!" was all that Belden deigned to reply. Yet the advice did leave some impression upon his mind, and he woke next morning with a resolve to ask the favor before he described his candidate in detail to Irma.

"I'll tell her casually I'd like her to do something for a deserving sort of case,"

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he decided; "young woman I've seen only once, for a few minutes last night, but hear she has talent and has been in hard luck. I dont care what Ash says, Irma strikes me as a jolly good sort, and as kind-hearted as they make 'em."

A number of other good-looking young men had also held this opinion of Irma Rimaldi, for a certain length of time.

"My sacred aunt, old Downing's dead!" Ashley shouted as he dashed open the door on which he had forgotten to knock. "Look at this!" and he thrust a newspaper under Belden's sleepy eyes.

"'Sudden death of well-known millionaire and club man. Oswald Downing found dead in strange circumstances by Japanese servant in bungalow belonging to his wife, Irma Rimaldi, popular novelist and society woman.' Gosh, I knew that bungalow well! I've often dined at the place. Was Irma going there when she parted from you, and got out of the train at Pasadena?"

"No, she was planning to spend the night with a friend. She told me that," Belden answered. "By Jove, I had an appointment with her in the studio at eleven o'clock this morning! She offered to show me round and introduce me to the man who helps her direct all the pictures that are made from her books."

"Whom *she* hinders when *he* directs. That's what Vaughan would say, I'm afraid," corrected Baynes. "Well, that appointment's likely to be off! She'll ring you up at West Winds, no doubt, as of course you told her you were visiting me till you found a place to suit you. Nono'll put her onto the Ambassador; and she——"

Even as he spoke the telephone began to sound.

It was Irma Rimaldi calling Sir James Belden.

"You've seen the papers?" she asked, when Jim, in purple pajamas, had leapt out of bed and caught up the receiver. "Then you understand. I cant be at the studio this morning, of course. . . . No, I'm not at Pasadena. My Japanese servant, Ito, called me up very early at my friend's house, and I drove at once to the bungalow in my car. I'm calling from there now. You may think from things I said to you in New York and in the train that I'll be glad of what's happened. But I cant feel like that now. There was no love lost between us, still it's a great shock. . . . No, I'm not alone. Ito phoned for a doctor (a man Oswald often consulted) before he called me at Pasadena. Nothing could be done. Oswald had evidently been dead for hours before Ito found him. My Pasadena friend is on her way over now, to be with me and take me back to her place. But it would *help* me a lot just to see you. Would you mind coming over to Pasadena this evening? I'll give you the address."

There were few errands which Belden would have liked less than calling upon Irma on the first day of her widowhood. However, she had said yesterday that she had few real friends, and wanted him to stand at the top of the list. If she needed him at this crisis, she must have him, of course!

"Wonder if there's any suspicion of foul play?" he heard Baynes Ashley muttering. A lot of poppas and hubbies and brothers must have a bad grouch against that old sugar daddy!"

But this sort of sensational stuff was nonsense! From Irma's description, her husband might have been expected to drop dead of a stroke or a fit of apoplexy at any moment. And that was what had happened to him, no doubt.

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CHAPTER IX

JOLETTE JEFFREYS!—Sir James Belden was asking her to "use her influence" to get Jolette Jeffreys a small part in "Venice Nights."

That girl, of all the other girls in Hollywood!

The coincidence was almost too much for Irma Rimaldi, in the mood of that moment. It seemed like a touch from the cold finger of Fate.

She had expected to be immensely happy and relieved when Oswald Downing was out of her way, but instead, she had a harried, haunted feeling, as if the man were alive and in the room with her this evening, following her about, always just behind her back. That was her Latin blood! she told herself. She was proud of being "temperamental," and attributed her success as a writer to that quality whenever she was interviewed by a journalist. But this mood was an exaggeration.

She had not been able to sleep, and when Ito called her up at her friend's house, to announce the sudden death of Downing, it was difficult to seem amazed and shocked. She was afraid of betraying by some inadvertent word that the news hadn't come as a surprise. But Irma had been an actress. She had learned to control herself well; and even tonight, when Belden asked his favor, she didn't cry out or turn pale.

To do the latter would have been difficult, under a thick coating of "Magnolia Balm"; but it was all she could manage not to exclaim aloud the name that repeated itself in her mind. "Jolette Jeffreys!"

"The girl is a friend of some friend of yours, I suppose, who has asked you to do something for her with me?" Irma suggested, hiding anxiety.

"Baynes Ashley knows her," Jim answered, making a note to tell Ash how his name had been used in this conversation.

"She's pretty?" Irma inquired, her eyes fixed on Belden's face, watchful for any change of expression.

But Baynes had put him more or less upon his guard.

"Quite," he replied casually. "She ought to screen well. I hope you dont think I've got colossal cheek to ask you a favor the first thing, and at such a time as this. But you've been so jolly nice to me. I'm afraid I'm inclined to presume——"

"Oh, dont apologize! I shall be delighted!" Irma cut him gently short.

Perhaps he was speaking the truth, and Baynes Ashley *had* put him up to this request. But how strange that he had met the girl *last night!* Irma's curiosity got the better of her caution.

"Where did you see this Miss—what is it?—Jeffreys?" she catechized him. "Was she dining at Baynes Ashley's house?"

"Now, if he lies to me, I shall be able to judge him," was the thought that ran parallel with the question spoken aloud. And as a matter of fact, Jim had intended telling her a white fib. It would have been so easy and simple to say, "Yes, Baynes had a little dinner-party for me, and Miss Jeffreys came." Why he stopped with this neat fiction on the end of his tongue, he couldn't have explained. But there was a peculiar, piercing look in Irma's immense dark eyes that was like a danger signal seen in a fog. He couldn't read it clearly, yet he felt it was there!

"Maybe she happens to know that Ash hadn't a party," he reflected hastily. And he remembered that, when in doubt (like playing trumps) it was a safe bid to tell the truth, or part.

"Well, no, we met Miss Jeffreys after

dinner," he exclaimed. "Ash was motoring me to a road-house—is that what you call the thing?—and the girl was—er—walking. She'd had a row, I fancy, with someone. Anyhow, there she was! And Ash said 'How do you do,' and picked her up. When we'd—er—left her at home, he and I talked about her a bit. I knew you had a few girls' parts still up your sleeve for 'Venice Nights,' and I thought it would do no harm to sound you on the subject."

"Oh!" murmured Irma. She saw it all—that girl, tramping along the road, in the middle of the night, and Baynes Ashley—of course he had all sorts of acquaintances! It spoke well for the girl's strength of character, at least, that after what she'd gone thru she could accept a lift from a couple of young men without "giving herself away," or even breaking down.

There was perhaps nothing much in the affair, where Jim Belden was concerned. His story sounded plausible. All the same, if she (Irma) had dreamed of such an encounter she would not have turned the girl loose in the way she had. Better to have taken her somewhere in the car, and— However, it was too late to think of that now.

Irma's first impulse was to find an excuse for refusing Belden's request. She could say that she must consult Mr. Vaughan; that most likely he had given out all the small parts by this time. There were so many girls awaiting their turn for a chance! But a second thought came. Wouldn't it be wise to keep the girl under her own eyes, and see whether Jim Belden took more interest in Jolette Jeffreys than he admitted? Certainly that would be the quickest and most direct method of finding out anything there was to find out. Irma would show no suspicion and arouse none. Besides, if she befriended Jolette Jeffreys, she would gain credit with Jim as a generous kind-hearted woman.

"All right!" she exclaimed, good naturedly. "Introduce the girl to me. I'll look her over, and if I think there is any hope, I'll send her to Vaughan with a letter asking him to have a test made. Now, *am* I being nice?"

"More than nice," said Belden warmly, a little too warmly perhaps, considering the subject of his enthusiasm. "But just what I expected of you! I—er—I'll tell Ash, and between the two of us, Miss Jeffreys wont be long in learning what cause she has for being grateful to you."

Irma could have screamed with wild laughter at the last phrase. "Cause to be grateful!" What would he say if he knew? But she did not laugh. She looked more like weeping.

"After the funeral," she said. "Even to please you, I cant see strangers till then. I'm shaken! I wouldn't have believed it of myself. But I shall pull myself together, and by the first of next week there'll be business as usual!—I promise you that. And really I thank you, my dear, dear boy, for coming so far to see your poor, tired friend. You wont think me a hypocrite for being upset, even after all the horrid things I told you about—the man who's dead. I feel you understand me, dont you?"

"I'm sure I do," said Belden. And again Irma could have laughed. How fortunate it was that he *didn't* understand. With some men it would make no difference, but it would with this one. There was something old-fashioned about Jim she felt, where women were concerned, and in her heart she liked him all the better for that. She liked him, in fact,

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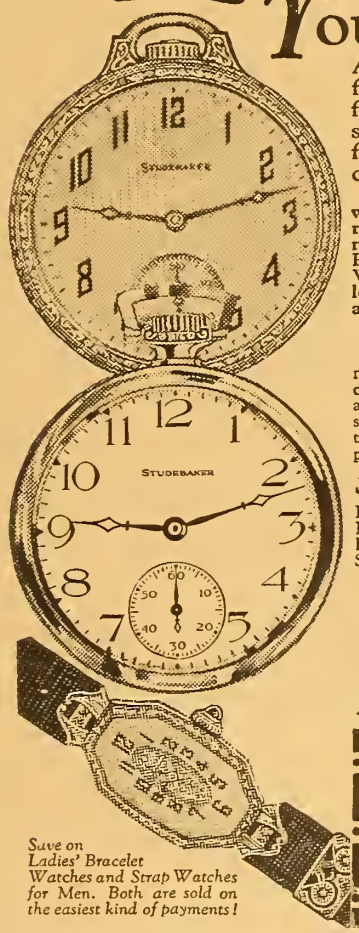

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better than any man she had ever known. He was handsome in the way that appealed to her most; brown, and hard, with Irish blue eyes that had humor as well as a hint of passionate fire in them. His smooth hair was jet black, and so were his eyelashes. His chin was firm or obstinate, whichever you liked to call it. He looked as if he could be dangerous; he had made a name as a soldier; all together not at all the conventional ideal of a moving picture star. But he was one—and the greatest success. Women liked him—adored him. He'd be a triumph in this play of hers. What a pair they would make, married! She wished that she were ten years younger, and a girl-star, instead of a particularly sophisticated writer of novels and scenarios. But she knew she was handsome still and that Belden admired her. She didn't think she looked much, if any, older than he, especially at night. She would make him grateful to her, for the biggest screen chance of his career. With any luck, she would be Lady Belden twelve months from this day!

CHAPTER X

BELDEN went straight from Irma Rimaldi to see Jolette Jeffreys, who was already out of Baynes Ashley's bungalow, West Winds, and at a boarding-house of a better class than Mrs. Broome's.

It was also more expensive, of course, but in a letter sent early that morning Belden had made everything seem beautifully right.

Everything, that is, except that the promised chance to earn money and repay the loan ("friendly loan," he had called it, in a reassuring way) was to come from Oswald Downing's widow.

That part was terrible! But Jolette had not ventured to protest. There was the old proverb that "beggars mustn't be choosers." And after all, Irma Rimaldi had already been very kind to her, after a fashion. Irma hadn't loved her husband. Far from that! Very much to the contrary, gossip said, Mrs. Downing had no real cause of quarrel then with a person who inadvertently—in self-defense—had put an obstacle out of her path.

Jolette must have money to pay her debts and go on with life. If it had to come thru Irma Rimaldi, so be it!

Jolette had obeyed all Belden's suggestions; and in his absence his friend Baynes Ashley had been helpful—kind, too, tho with a queer, cynical glint in his eyes. When Sir James Belden impressed her fellow boarders by calling the first evening at a time he had suggested, Jolette had schooled herself into accepting her fate. She ought to be mentally on her knees in thanksgiving to heaven that the word "murder" hadn't been suggested by the newspapers in connection with Oswald Downing's sudden death. Mrs. Downing could safely keep her word—and the secret. Jolette was guilty only by accident. She wasn't going to let herself *feel* guilty! She couldn't go on suffering so and live. The only thing she had really to fear in future, she thought, was the malice of Henry Broome; and at worst, it would be hard for him to prove that she had killed Downing, just because there was no blood on her stocking to match a stain on a spoilt, broken shoe.

She would have powerful defenders against him, too, she consoled herself, because Jim Belden was going to be her friend. And it would not please Irma Rimaldi to have a story of murder raked up. The widow would want the dead man's body to rest in peace.

Altogether, when Belden called, to give

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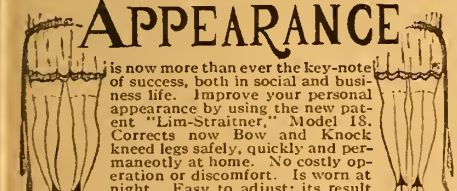

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Miss Jeffreys in her new boarding-house the good news from Irma Rimaldi, the girl was outwardly calm and grateful.

Of course, she said, she would go to see Mrs. Downing at any time and on any day she was sent for.

The letter that came from Irma Rimaldi later appointed a meeting at the studio—the huge "Perfection" studio where only a short time ago Jolette had hoped for an opening from the man she had seen lying dead. She was to be there at five-thirty on a Monday afternoon—towards twilight at that time of year, September.

Irma Rimaldi had a charming bungalow for her workroom on the "lot." She had designed all the decorations herself, in violent yet attractive Russian colorings, and in her dead-black dress as a widow she was more effective against that background than she had ever been.

She received Jolette in the room where she was supposed to think out, and write down with the help of a secretary her successful scenarios. But when the girl was ushered in, after much ceremony of telephoning, the beautiful mourning figure was not at the conspicuous desk. It reclined on a wide divan, clearly outlined against cushions of emerald green, bright blue, and scarlet. A window was open behind the back of the sofa, and a gentle breeze waved the blue, gold-shot tissue curtains gently back and forth. Already lights had been turned on, becomingly shaded.

In spite of the breeze, however, a fragrance in incense hung heavily in the air—the same kind of incense Jolette had smelled at the bungalow. The perfume and the memory turned her slightly faint. But Mrs. Downing had not asked the visitor to sit down. She swayed a little as she stood.

"You have two quite loyal friends in the persons of Mr. Baynes Ashley and Sir James Belden," Irma said taking no notice of the girl's unsteadiness. Then, before Jolette could answer, she dropped her voice to a low tone.

"I suppose to neither of these men, nor anyone else, have you given a hint of where you were—*that night!*"

"Oh no," the girl answered.

"I speak for your own sake, of course. No matter what may come out." Irma spoke slowly. "I have nothing to fear! Did you suggest to Sir James that I should be asked to give you a part?"

"Please dont imagine that I did!" Jolette exclaimed. Sir Jim Belden—I mean, *they* (she had been warned by Jim to use Baynes Ashley's name as well as his)—"they both knew I was in some kind of trouble about—money and everything. He—they—thought that you——"

"That's enough! I understand now!" Jolette wondered why Mrs. Downing suddenly spoke with sharpness.

"Wait!" Irma ordered. "I must think. I must think what I can do for you—to please *them.*"

She thought very quickly, and with intense concentration.

Tho she had pretended, on the night when they met at the bungalow, never to have seen Jolette Jeffreys, or to have heard her name before, in reality Irma knew all about the girl—as much as could be learned of her life in Hollywood, and of Oswald Downing's pursuit. But she had never seen Jolette until that night, and then there were more pressing matters to think of than a young girl's looks.

Now she saw that this Miss Jeffreys was very pretty indeed; more than pretty; beautiful, with that subtle appeal of sex which even a woman, and a hostile woman, can judge. Jolette Jeffreys had something unusual about her. Irma would have won-

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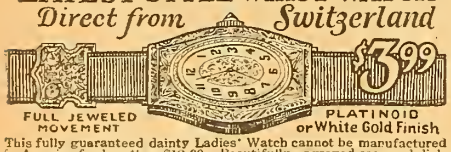

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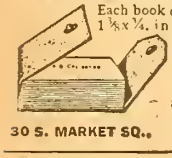

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Synopsis of First Chapters of
THE GIRL WITH ONE DRESS

Jolette Jeffreys leaves her small-town home in Kentucky and goes to Hollywood to get into the movies. She is stranded there with no work and practically no money. She meets Oswald Downing, a financial power in the movie world. He invites her to dine at his house by the sea, and in desperation she accepts, willing to take any risk in the hope of getting a job. She wears her only good dress, a silver evening gown. She is repelled by his advances, and in the struggle that follows she shoves him violently, his head strikes against a heavy table, and she realizes she has killed him. Just then Downing's wife, Irma Rimaldi, a writer and director, enters. She has just returned from New York. She realizes Jolette is innocent, but fears she herself may be blamed for the murder, as it is common knowledge that she and Downing were unfriendly. She induces Ito, the servant, to tell the police Downing has had a stroke. She goes to the house of a friend in Pasadena, as if she had just come from the train. She tells Jolette to get home as best she can, and to say nothing. Jolette starts to walk the seven miles to Hollywood. She realizes she has left her cloak and bag, but cant bring herself to go back. She is given a lift home by two young men who introduce themselves as Baynes Ashley, Los Angeles society man, and his guest Sir James Belden, who has just arrived from England to be starred in Rimaldi's picture. Belden is tactful and considerate. They take her to her boarding-house, where the landlady refuses to admit her. She has no money to go to a hotel, the men realize she would not accept any from them, so they go to a hotel and leave her in Ashley's house in the hills for the night. Jolette is too tired and horrified by the events of the night to be surprised that Ashley's house is well equipped with a nightgown, negligée, and everything she needs. She goes to sleep at once. As the clock strikes two, something moves on the balcony outside her window.

dered a little why she had not been more lucky at Hollywood, if she hadn't known that "luck" in the moving picture world seldom depends upon beauty alone, or even beauty combined with talent. There were so many pretty girls camped on the field, and each man near those in authority had his own ideal, if not the girl he wanted to push. Besides, Downing had doubtless kept Jolette Jeffreys back until he could be sure of profiting by any benefit conferred on her. At last he had seemed to be on the eve of success, and then—well, then death had stepped between him and his pleasure. At the bungalow, Irma had promised the girl to let her go free, in certain circumstances, and she had planned to have her watched, so that if any hint of trouble threatened she could easily be traced. But she had had no idea of bringing Jolette Jeffreys into the Perfection studio.

She had the power to send the girl away, saying that there was nothing suitable in "Venice Nights" for her or to have a test made, and get an unfavorable report. But if she did that, Jim Belden was quite shrewd enough to guess the reason why. Unluckily, she had read him the whole script. He knew that Jolette Jeffreys could perfectly well play any one of the five or six girls' parts which were still free. He would be annoyed and resentful if his protégée were turned away. And then, Irma wasn't even yet definitely sure that Jolette didn't matter more to Baynes Ashley than to Jim. Belden had certainly tried to give that impression. Maybe for once a man had told the truth!

On the whole, Irma decided to give the girl a chance on a condition which she would explain to her frankly at once.

"I dont as a rule use my influence for girls recommended to me by leading men in my pictures," she said to Jolette. "That sort of thing doesn't work well! But you—one doesn't wish to speak evil of the dead! Still I know what Oswald Downing was. You had a hand in that tragedy at the bungalow. Only you and I, and my servant, can tell how big a part you played in it. I dont say you hadn't provocation! I was sorry for you then when you pleaded with me, and I'm sorry for you still. Perhaps it wasn't the best of taste to come to me, but——"

"Oh, I *wouldn't* have come of my *own* accord!" Jolette broke in. "You see, I couldn't explain to Sir—to Sir Jim or Mr. Ashley why *not,* and so——"

"Let me go on," Irma stopped her. "Anyhow, you *did* come. I'll overlook the question of taste. But remember this, Miss Jeffreys, if your test is all right, and as a favor to the star of my play I see that you get a plan in it, I expect you not to take advantage either of *my* kindness or—of Sir James Belden's."

"I wouldn't dream of doing so," said the girl eagerly. "And even now, if——"

Again Irma cut her short. "If I preferred not to have you, I *wouldn't* have you! Except for the rather bizarre fact of what happened at my bungalow, you are of no importance to me."

"Why, she hates me!" the girl thought. "Yet, that night when she found me there at the bungalow, she spared me. She made her Japanese servant tell a lie for my sake, and pretend that his master had died in a fit. Why has she changed since then?"

But Jolette had learned a few lessons in human nature since leaving her small home town in the South, and coming to seek her fortune in Hollywood. Now she was not long in springing to a conclusion. Mrs. Downing had fallen in love with Jim Belden, and was furious because he had sent a girl to her. Irma would have refused to do anything if she hadn't preferred to run some risk rather than let Belden imagine she was jealous.

"I'll have to go thru with this," Jolette resolved, and controlling her deep humiliation, she sought wildly for words in which to answer a speech meant to be insulting. She faced Irma with forced composure. But a movement of the thin blue and gold curtains behind Mrs. Downing's head caught her startled notice at that instant.

It wasn't the wind. Someone had deliberately listened, and must have heard what Irma Rimaldi had said about that night at the bungalow.

Dont miss the developments in the next instalment of this thrilling mystery story which will appear in the July* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *on the newsstands June 1st.

Ruth Harriet Louise

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of one of the screen's most sincere artists, Charles Emmett Mack. Mr. Mack was killed instantly in a motor collision while driving to Riverside, California

In Memoriam

Charles Emmett Mack

By

Faith Baldwin

Youth is a swift uprush of flame;
A gallant song; a glamoured star;
A fleet-winged bird no peril may tame,
No flight may daunt—however far.
If he has gone beyond our sight,
The fire dark, the music dim,
The star at setting; and the flight
Of wings beyond the world's last rim.

Remember that in Eden's air
A flame or star shall brighter burn,
A song the voice of heaven bear,
And happy birds to nesting turn.
He has not perished. Death's a door
To gardens of green Paradise,
And hearts like his live, evermore,
Forever young . . . and gay . . . and wise.

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Refreshing tonics to revive wilting, fatigued skins—sunproof creams that prevent freckles and tan—a special liquid to absorb excess oiliness and shine on nose—a cream to smooth away "squint lines"... all these and more, Helena Rubinstein, the internationally famous beauty scientist, has originated to protect and beautify the skin during warm weather!

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( ) Blackheads	( ) Hollows

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Our Unofficial Ambassadors

(*Continued from page* 104)

and their tastes, the better position we're going to be in to make and sell them our pictures. And the better we understand their aims and their problems—well, it works both ways.

"Take England, for example. She is awakening to the immense importance of pictures. Sometimes I think the solution of the English problem is for them to produce in America.

"If you want to buy coal, you go to Newcastle—well, when you want to make pictures, why not come to Hollywood? It's perfectly logical, isn't it? Here we have everything, every possible facility, and it doesn't follow that an English organization, with English minds, would have to make an American picture just because they took advantage of California sunshine, does it?

"They would be free to manufacture any sort of product they wanted to, under the most favorable conditions. Their climate is terribly against them—it's a terrific handicap."

"What about German pictures?" we asked, not feeling equal to England's problem just then. "Are they all masterpieces?"

"Indeed they are not," said Douglas emphatically, "any more than every American picture is a masterpiece.

"We found Germany very active in picture production, as well as in everything else. They make a lot of terrible pictures —but then, they also make a 'Variety' now and then, super-pictures, which we see, and by which we are apt to judge their whole output."

"Is it true that 'The Thief of Bagdad' played in thirty-one theaters in Berlin at one time?" we asked.

"Something like that—it was very popular, and so was 'Annie Rooney.' We were there for the opening, and they even outdid a Hollywood First Night."

He told me about the famous people who were there, and about the theater and the beauty of Berlin—he even told me what Mary wore, when I, with feminine curiosity, asked for this particular detail.

The pomp and the ceremony, the glittering vision of uniforms and gold lace—impressive uniforms and miles of decorations seemed somewhat overwhelming—I wondered just what a mere American woman would wear under such circumstances.

But Douglas was not impressed by that aspect of the case at all.

"Oh, Mary is always prepared for emergencies," he said. "She had trunks of things." He spoke with the most absolute faith in Mary's ability to meet any situation. Whatever his state of mind and wardrobe might have been—hers was adequate—he hadn't a doubt of that.

"Was it white—her gown?" we suggested hopefully.

"Yes, I think it was," he said with alacrity.

But he didn't tell, what was really the most important thing that happened that night—a fact of the deepest significance.

When Mary and Douglas entered that theater in Berlin for the opening of "Little Annie Rooney," the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the first time since the war.

The gesture of friendship which Germany had not yet found the courage to make for diplomats and statesmen, she made for our unofficial ambassadors.

The tension was broken. In "Little

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Annie Rooney" Mary made them laugh and cry. In "Bagdad" Douglas led them into the fairy world of fantasy and idealism. War was forgotten—enmity cannot survive when good friends laugh together!

So whatever it was Douglas started out to do—whether it was to find Emerson's "Fool's Paradise" or to benefit the state of his liver by Spanish peppers, when he went to Europe the last time—what he actually did do was to insure a more friendly feeling for America and for American pictures from one end of Europe to the other.

And what he used are the three qualities which are so inevitably his—friendliness and enthusiasm and a willingness to understand the other fellow's point of view.

It's something to think about——

He was telling me about the Gardens of the Crillon in Paris when the door opened and Mrs. Fairbanks came in—gracious, charming. Her air of sweet serenity always seems just the exact counterbalance for his fire and exuberance.

Douglas went to get some personal pictures he had promised us. The opportunity was not to be resisted. "Mr. Fairbanks was telling me about the opening of 'Annie Rooney' in Berlin. I asked him about your gown."

"And what did he say?" she asked smilingly.

"He said you were always prepared for any emergency."

"Oh, wasn't that sweet of him, he is such a dear——"

"He thought it was white," we said. And Mary laughed—— "He knows about as much about clothes as most husbands do. It was pink," she said, "watermelon pink, trimmed with ostrich—and silver——"

Lovely intimate details followed.

Then Douglas came back with the pictures—and it was past dinner-time—past anyone's dinner-time, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fairbanks had suggested it, by so much as a covert glance at a watch.

Charming and gracious, enthusiastic and real, loving and human, the world's most famous travelers—oh, yes, they are, in spite of the popularity of Rin-Tin-Tin in Czecho-Slovakia, the best loved couple in the world—Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 107)

War Department didn't seem to be interested.

THERE have been so many versions of "Carmen" in the history of motion pictures that Raoul Walsh has decided to release his newest edition disguised in a new title. This is the Fox production starring Dolores del Rio and Victor McLaglen. No one has thought of a good title yet, but the contest is on, and it's not hard to guess what sort of thing it will be.

They say that the folks back home in London, where Victor McLaglen hails from, feel very strongly that now that he's such a success, Victor should go back and contribute to the glory of the English cinema. They've forgotten completely that when Victor was looking for work in London years ago, no one would do anything but ignore him completely.

IT'S amazing how short the road to stardom in Hollywood has become. Here are Ralph Forbes and Dolores del Rio, who a year ago were unknown to film fans, starring in Clarence Brown's production of "The Trail of '98." Ralph Forbes made his first screen appearance in "Beau Geste," and his performance in that marked him as a star right away. Of course, Dolores' breath-taking career is well known to everyone. And Gary Cooper, who has only been in pictures a year, is now a Paramount star.

WILLIAM HAINES' first starring picture will be "Spring Fever." Sam Taylor was borrowed from Mary Pickford to direct this, but in the meantime Mary decided on her next picture and recalled him. So Hobart Henley will guide Bill thru his first starring venture.

AS soon as Metro-Goldwyn made up their minds to bar all unnecessary visitors from the studio, Warner Brothers followed suit, and probably all the big studios will adopt this policy, so that only those who have legitimate business will see the inside of a studio.

THERE are few rôles which give Renée Adorée a chance to display all her talents and charms. Perhaps "Rose-Marie" will be one of them. It sounds more like Renée than "The Flaming Forest" or some of the other atrocities she's been in recently. Will Nigh, who made "The Fire Brigade," will direct this story of the French-Canadian girl. No leading man has been selected.

LENORE COFFEE, the scenario writer, is very active these days. It was she who wrote the scripts of "The Volga Boatman" and "The Night of Love." She is now furnishing Gloria Swanson with her next story, "The Battalion of Death," and is also writing an original for First National, called "Bed and Board."

ERICH VON STROHEIM has finished "The Wedding March" and is up against the same situation which greeted the completion of his other pictures. He insists that his picture cannot be cut to less than six-

(*Continued on page* 119)

THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1926

Judged by the Votes of Motion Picture Critics

Every year The Film Year Book asks the leading motion picture critics all over the country to vote on the ten best pictures of the previous year. Here are the results for last year:

"Variety."
"Ben Hur."
"The Black Pirate."
"The Big Parade."
"Beau Geste."
"Stella Dallas."
"The Volga Boatman."
"What Price Glory?"
"The Sea Beast."
"La Bohême."

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Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to whiten hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at bedtime. See what a remarkable improvement just three days make.

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Here is a powder of ideal weight and substance, mating smoothly with the skin, unworried by wind or weather —*lasting—perfecting—unseen.*

Women admire Tre-Jur Compacts for their beauty—praise them for their fragrance—but inevitably choose them for their marvelous powder.

There's the "THINEST"—the "Purse-Size Twin"—the "Little One"—each a gem of convenience. We sketch them on this page.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.

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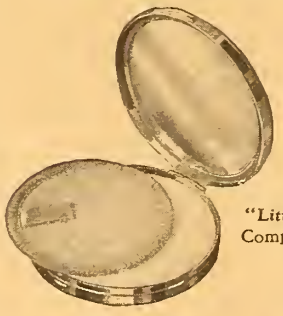

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TRE-JUR

On the Road With Ramon

(*Continued from page* 95)

along with a lot of gratitude—upon the receipt of that telegram from Ingram, after the director had seen "Ben-Hur" in New York. It read simply: "You give a great performance, Ramon. I am very proud of you."

"The Coming Great Tenor"

NOVARRO inspires a like faith in another of his masters, Louis Graveur, celebrated concert barytone, who has tutored him in voice. In an interview in *Musical America,* Mr. Graveur says: "In addition to possessing a *tenore robusto* voice of exceptional quality, Mr. Novarro is a thoro musician and an accomplished pianist. *He is the coming great tenor.*"

The Rôle of Ramon

PERSONALLY I believe that destiny has outlined an heroic rôle in life for Ramon Novarro and equipped him with all the gifts that are needed for playing of it. Whether its chief expression will be thru the medium of the screen or thru the medium of music, I do not know. It may be simply thru the art of living without the handicap of fame.

The best forecast of Novarro's future lies in the faith which others have in him. It is his business to take the cue and see what they see in him, but always as an ideal which is just beyond.

He has the gifts. Everything depends upon his treatment of them.

. . . In the way he lives, in the direction his mind takes, there lies the Road of Ramon.

May it lead—Ever Upward!

THE END

Goldie Flynn was a chorus girl in Fred Stone's show, "Criss Cross." She looked like this. Then one night a movie magnate attended the theater . . . saw Goldie . . . thought she had screen possibilities . . . gave her a screen test and . . .
(see the facing page)

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 117)

teen reels, and he wants it to be released in two parts. Pat Powers, his producer, is trying to sell this idea to Paramount officials. But it seems most unlikely that they will agree to it, and in that case it will simply mean another butchered picture.

UFA's next production will be based on the story, "From Nine to Nine." It will be made in Germany, with funds provided by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. F. W. Murnau will leave the Fox studios and return to Germany to direct it, and Lars Hanson is to be sent to Berlin to play the lead.

Now that Raymond Hatton has settled his differences with Famous Players, Wallace Beery has begun to get dissatisfied. He has offered Famous $50,000 for release from his contract. The main cause of his discontent seems to be that he objects to teaming with Raymond Hatton. He claims he had an understanding with Jesse Lasky that after "Casey at the Bat" was completed he would not be co-starred with Hatton again. Then came Hatton's quarrel with B. P. Schulberg and his removal from the cast of "Casey." Now that Raymond has made his peace, the officials are all for putting this popular comedy team to work together again. Production on "Fireman, Save My Child," is scheduled to start at once, but Beery refuses to work until the situation is settled to his satisfaction. Walter Wanger has gone out to the Coast and hopes to smooth out all these difficulties.

MAE MURRAY is suing Jack Donovan, a real-estate agent, who sold her a Spanish house on San Vicente Boulevard. Mae evidently has no further use for the house, for she charges that he misrepresented conditions and that the place is full of flaws. She says it is only worth $25,000, whereas she paid $50,000. Mae's complaint covers twenty pages, and at least one of them is devoted to what Mae seems to consider one of the worst injustices of all—that is that Mr. Donovan's mother basely resorted to flattery in selling the house to her.

Phyfe

. . . Goldie filmed like a million dollars. She was signed to a five-year contract which soon finds her a star . . . her name was changed to Elinor King . . . and the beauty specialists and modistes got busy. . . . Allow us, Elinor King, of the films

WHEN Bill Hart left his wife, Winifred Westover, he agreed to settle $100,000 on her. But he imposed some rather dreadful conditions at the same time. He forbade her to appear on the screen, or even to pose for a snap-shot, for five years. A woman will do anything for a large enough recompense. But the five years of hardship are over. Winifred is planning to return to the screen, and probably a large portion of the $100,000, which she came into possession of last week, will be paid to photographers.

ROD LA ROCQUE would like to cancel his contract with Cecil De Mille, as he feels he is not getting the finest opportunities in that company. But so far he has failed to get a release, and he will soon be starred in "Brigadier Gerard," a story of the days of Napoleon. Julia Faye will play opposite him, and Donald Crisp will direct.

Leatrice Joy has signed with De Mille for another year. Mr. De Mille came East to witness the world première of his picture, "The King of Kings," which opened in New York on April 15th.

WHEN Ramon Novarro finishes work on "Old Heidelberg," he will be starred in "Romance," a picture to be directed by John Robertson. Joan Crawford will play opposite him.

Jean Hersholt, who is now playing in "Old Heidelberg" with Novarro, has signed with Universal for another year.

BETTY COMPSON and her husband, James Cruze, are threatening to divorce each other again. This has happened periodically in the two years that they've been married, but as this is the third time, perhaps something will come of it this time.

ROD LA ROQUE, formerly one of the Negri suitors, is reported falling rapidly for the quaint charms of Vilma Banky. He spends most of his days watching her at work at the De Mille studio and most of his nights beau-ing her about Hollywood. Vilma has announced that she's looking for a husband, and Vilma is a very determined lady. So if Rod isn't careful, he's likely to find himself married one of these days.

WILLIAM FOX has bought a controlling interest in the new Roxy Theater in New York. Samuel Rothapfel will still preside over the theater, manage it and plan its programs. But William Fox will own it, as well as a chain of theaters to be built in New York and other cities. This is the first time that the Fox Films have had control of a first-run house on Broadway. Their special production, "Sunrise," directed by Murnau, will probably be shown there after its run at the New Amsterdam Theater, which is scheduled to begin late in the summer.

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MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

For Better or for Worse

(*Continued from page* 29)

or reproaches. Perhaps it would have been better had the breach been some sudden volcanic thing.

The Vidors met often, and when they did there was always a friendly interest in what each had been doing.

"Sometimes I think the whole trouble with the Vidors is that everything has come too easy for them. They've stopped needing each other," an interested onlooker declared. "They've both been so terribly successful and there isn't a thing they cant have if they want it. There's just nothing left to happen, nothing to plan for, nothing to dream about. But just let some misfortune happen to either one and you'll see them go hurtling back to each other again."

Nothing did happen, and the Vidor separation was made permanent by a divorce. King Vidor married Eleanor Boardman and it is rumored that Florence Vidor is seriously considering marriage with George Fitzmaurice, the director.

I wonder what would have happened had they never left Texas and had their dreams never come true.

Just before a certain fateful night in September some newspapers were using up a lot of space printing stories about the Dempseys. Of course, the sporting pages were filled with articles and anecdotes about the champion, but some of the stories were of anything but a "sporting" nature. They were really vicious attacks upon Estelle Taylor's loyalty and her love for her husband.

"If Jack loses his championship he will lose his wife," was the gist of these unwarranted attacks.

Then came the night when Jack Dempsey went down to defeat. There are those who insist that it wasn't Jack Dempsey who was fighting that night in Philadelphia, that the real Jack Dempsey was a thousand miles away with his wife.

Estelle, as a matter of fact, was not in Hollywood at all, but on her way to her husband. Her train was somewhere in Indiana when the hour of defeat struck for the champion.

She had asked that no news of the fight be given to her, for she wanted to be with Jack when she knew what had happened. But news so important as that of the champion losing his title couldn't be kept from anyone. An excited trainman shouted the news to her as she sat in her drawing-room trying to concentrate on a book.

Her husband was in trouble and she so far away! All that she could think of was his need for her, his loneliness in his defeat, that he had been hurt and she was not with him.

The hours dragged wearily. The spinning train wheels sang, "He wants you, he wants you, he wants you." At every stop reporters climbed into her train for a statement for their newspapers, to ask what she thought of the defeat, so that they could bare her soul and write feature stories with her heart's blood.

"I just want to be alone," she begged them. "Dont you understand that I *cant* talk to anyone now?"

On her arrival in Philadelphia the station was thronged with a curious mob and there were more reporters to hurry to her side and detain her when she wanted so much to fly away. A friend met her and took her to the hotel where the former champion was stopping. Even then she was not alone. Reporters and curious bell-

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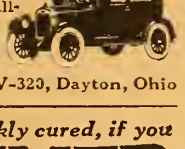

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hops were close at her heels as the door of the suite opened and Dempsey stood there.

There was a pregnant silence. The mob pressed closer. What was going to happen? Would there be incriminations . . . disappointed reproaches . . . angry tears?

A little sob broke from Estelle's lips as her arms went out to the man in front of her.

"Oh, my dear! Your poor eye!"

Her hands flew to the ugly bruise like little white birds. For a moment they lingered there caressingly while the man swept her to him in a fierce embrace.

There was a rueful smile on his lips as he whispered against her hair, "I forgot to duck, Honey."

Perhaps in that second they were closer together than they had ever been before. Moments like that are God given, to be remembered and blessed always.

When the Menjou divorce was granted a few months ago, Hollywood was not at all surprised. There had been too many rumors floating about for that, and Katherine Menjou had stated her side of the case with amazing frankness to all who would listen.

Of course you've read the rehash of the case in the newspapers—how Mrs. Menjou had flown into a tirade at a dinner party, accusing her husband of conceit and intolerable egotism.

The suave Adolphe had kept his composure thru it all, but sometimes there came a look in his eye, the look—for all his elegant sophistication—of a wistful little boy who cannot understand why his mother was scolding him for mimicking a neighbor when the day before she had laughed at him for doing the very same thing.

And sometimes I wondered what the newspaper woman who married the returning soldier whose sole possession in the world was his discharge papers would have thought of the way the wife of the successful actor was carrying on.

When bitterness creeps into a marriage are *all* the other things forgotten, the gay inconsequential things that were laughed over and the sad things and the anxious things and the happy things . . . are they all cast away like so much rubbish that has no intrinsical value at all?

In the old lean days, Katherine Menjou had listened encouragingly to the gallant plans of her husband, and had been thrilled when he was thrilled and comforting when he was sad and encouraging when he was despondent.

Then came success, almost overnight, and the Menjous moved into a new big house and there were servants and a lovely garden and all sorts of beautiful and frivolous happenings. For a while things moved smoothly. When Menjou came home from the studio there was his wife waiting to hear all about what had happened and what the director had said about his work and the wonderful contract that was waiting his signature and how many fan letters he had received that day.

I doubt if the wife herself could tell when the break came, when the boyish enthusiasm she had adored so in her husband seemed to become unbearable boasting instead. Her nerves snapped and the little dinner party became the rock on which their marriage was wrecked.

And yet had Menjou's dreams never come true, I wonder would things have happened as they did, or, if instead, an indulgent wife had not patted him on the head, motherwise, when his mood seemed to soar to dangerous heights.

There was a time when the Charlie Rays were riding on the crest of the wave. They lived in a lavish way, entertaining and traveling and spending money with the

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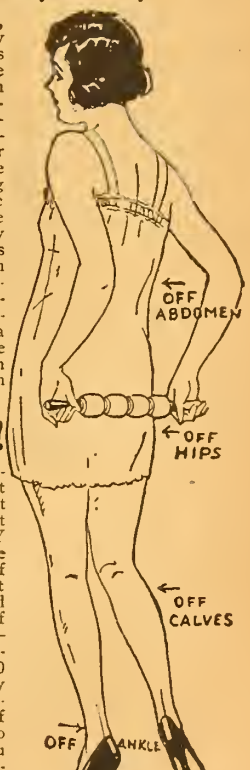

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If you wish, you may enclose $6.50 with this coupon and we will prepay postage.

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved.
(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publications witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.
(Signed) Edward J. Cook
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.
Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public

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BE FREE—free from slavery to your hair, from the tyranny of the hot iron, the expense of the beauty shop, the inconvenient "appointments"

Of course, you're weary of your unceasing slavery to your hair. You are sick of the endless round of beauty shop appointments, the indifferent operators, the difficulty of appointments, the disastrous results of hot irons, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense.

But, more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble, if they can afford the money, to keep their hair constantly waved, then I must, too." And you go the weary round again.

End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining, "beauty shop" habit

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately and permanently free from all the nuisance of hot iron marcels, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn't mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkempt locks. Far from it!

A More Beautiful Marcel Than You Have Ever Known

You can have the most gloriously waved hair you have ever had—a coiffure of smooth, loose, becoming waves framing your face, showing off your hair in all the beauty of its natural lustre, giving new grace to your shapely head. *Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers once a week—at home—gives you this marcel of unbelievable loveliness.*

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

You know how appallingly your waving expense mounts up. The Maison Marcellers save all this expense and worry. Just the price of a marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new hat or frock.

Be the Envy of All Your Friends

Think how your friends will envy you your constant good grooming! Think what a reputation you will earn for unfailing smartness, with hair never straggly and unkempt, but always in the loveliest of soft, becoming waves!

It Waves While You Dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you dress, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in a wave as utterly charming as the one pictured above. Does it sound too good to be true? Let your mirror decide. It will prove the almost unbelievable wonder of the Maison Marceller results.

Bring Back Your Hair's Natural Beauty

No matter how ruined your hair has been by previous waving methods, your Maison Marcellers give it a chance to regain its own soft, silky lustre.

Once you are freed from the tyranny of hot irons that burn, break and discolor the hair and dry the scalp, the hot blast of water-wave "setting" that makes the hair so dry and brittle, or other waving method that takes out all the life and lustre, and makes the hair harsh and kinky, your hair begins to return to health and vigor.

Ideal for Any Type of Hair—Any Arrangement

It doesn't matter how you wear your hair, in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part, the Maison Marcellers give it the correct line for that style. And it doesn't matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—you will have a wave that is utterly lovely.

You can marcel your whole head, or you can simply reset the difficult side locks or a few unruly strands in the back. You can sleep with the Maison Marcellers on, if you want. They are made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

A Wonderful Offer—For a Limited Time

We know that the quickest, surest way to give this revolutionary new invention complete supremacy over all other waving methods is to place it in the hands of women who will use it. Their enthusiastic endorsement will give this new device country-wide popularity in record time. That is why we are making this special, limited-time offer: *A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only $2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.*

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a perfectly defined wave in my hair, I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

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free hands of those who had earned it easily.

Strangely enough, it was Charlie Ray's unsophisticated, rather *gauche* country-boy rôles that gave him the means of living in the extravagant manner that amazed even luxurious Hollywood.

They were building a million-dollar home, one of the first to boast a swimming pool in the Movie Colony. Some people spoke a little disparagingly of the jewels worn by Mrs. Ray, who was pretty and talented enough to be a star, but who contented herself with being Charlie's wife. They bought all sorts of rare and exotic furnishings, costly antiques and expensive reproductions. The money that was pouring into their coffers in such a golden stream poured out again just as steadily.

Of course, the crash came when Ray's adventure as a producer was a failure. Everything went—the house, the furnishings, even most of the friends who had been so eager to partake of their hospitality.

People wondered how the pampered little wife would take the sudden change in fortune. Would she be a good sport about it all or would she whine and reproach him for failing?

Those who knew her best were not at all surprised when she made her decision, altho some lesser natures wondered a little at her courage. The jewels that she had been criticized for delighting so in went to pay creditors and to make a little nest-egg for a new start. The best part of it was that she gave them up without a sigh, even as she had given up her home, her servants and all the other luxuries that had become a part of her very existence.

Now Mrs. Ray takes a trolley car to a Los Angeles school where she is studying dramatics.

Is it any wonder that Charlie Ray is coming back with such a helpmate to spur him on?

"For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or health, until death do us part."

Immortal words fraught with a deep wisdom that sees further than mortal mind and finds that it is sometimes the best that is really the worse and the worse that is the best.

The Answers to Questions on page 83

What Do You Rate?

Alice Joyce answered these questions with 90%

1. The Great Train Robbery.
2. Cecil B. De Mille. The Ten Commandments and The King of Kings.
3. Dorothy Gish. Nell Gwynne and Madame Pompadour.
4. Any five of these: Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, First National Pictures, United Artists, Pathé, Fox, Universal, Producers Distributing Corporation, Warner Brothers.
5. Henry B. Walthall and Mary Pickford.
6. Eric von Stroheim.
7. Beery.
8. Five. Clara Kimball Young, Theda Bara, Mae Busch, Sarah Bernhardt and Norma Talmadge.
9. Norma Shearer.
10. David Wark Griffith.

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Do You Know the Inside Story About "Abie's Irish Rose," the Play That Has Already Made Ten Million Dollars?

Film history was made several weeks ago when the screen rights to "Abie's Irish Rose" were bought for two million dollars. Yet not so long ago Ann Nichols, the author of this play, walked up and down Broadway looking for someone to produce it, and she could find no one.

The inside story of "Abie's Irish Rose" is one of the most unbelievable stories ever told.

Speaking of Wild Contrasts . . .

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Street Car. . . .

Helen Carlisle speaks with feeling and from experience in this delightful treatise on that strange animal, "The Movie Interviewer."

75c and a Made-Over Dress

Some novelist should take Olive Borden's life to date and make a best-seller out of it. Certainly it has all the ingredients of the popular novel. You'll think so when you read how she managed to get that which she wanted without pull, without an "angel" and without experience.

Reserve Your Copy of the July Motion Picture Magazine at Your Local Newsdealer's Now!

Enter: the baby!

ACCOMPANIED by his faithful stork, the Bitner baby arrived this morning. There was a great deal of rushing around, but things have quieted down now, and advice is pouring in!

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC.,
JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

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"Very novel, but very chic, is this season's fad—a hat for every costume. It need not be expensive, either—thanks to Colorite.

"I was amazed at the cost of my straw hats—I had to have so many new ones—to be worn once or twice before the camera—then forgotten. That was before I discovered Colorite!

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E.&U.

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Motion Picture

JULY

25 CENTS

. Scott Fitzgerald
on Film Flappers

$500.00 in Cash Prizes
Complete in this Issue

"YOUTH WEAVES ITS DREAMS · · TO MUSIC OF THE BAND"

FROM the blare of the herald's trumpet . . . through every crowded minute of the glittering pageant . . . flying acrobats . . . elephants . . . clowns . . . to the last furious dash of the charioteers, *every thrill in the circus is timed to the music of the band!*

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Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
E-1267 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted within 30 days, I will return it and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Horseshoes for luck and laughs! It'll be your lucky laugh day when you see

MONTY BANKS

in "Horse Shoes"

A feature comedy

"Horse Shoes" got 200 separate, deep-chested laughs from the big crowd at its preview in Los Angeles—that's almost a World's Record!

Now ready for YOUR entertainment!

Ask at your local Theatre when it will be shown.

Pathépicture

TRADE MARK

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director*

Coming to You in the August Issue

"GOD BLESS THE MOVIES"

David Warfield, eminent dramatic star of a few years ago, pays high tribute to the motion picture. "God Bless the Movies Because They Are Clean," says this venerable artist who attained the heights of dramatic interpretation in "The Music Master," "The Auctioneer" and "The Return of Peter Grimm."

"YOUNGER THAN APRIL"

Janet Gaynor, whose overnight rise to stardom has been the sensation of the studios, tells Dorothy Manners what she thinks about the gifts the gods have showered upon her. From a meager part to the coveted feminine rôles in "Sunrise" and "Seventh Heaven," this dainty miss remains her modest and retiring self.

"ALL OVER THE LOT"

By Gerald K. Rudulph

Beginning with the August issue, our new editor will inaugurate a department that will hereafter be a feature in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Injecting his own personality into that which he writes, Mr. Rudulph will discuss subjects of interest to all who endeavor to keep pace with the continued and always amazing growth of the motion picture industry. Thru his frank discussions he hopes to attract many new friends to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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cruise this summer on the D&C lake lines

Mackinac Island The Summer Wonderland
Chicago...Detroit
Cleveland..Buffalo
Niagara Falls

On business, pleasure, orvacation, sail between the above points on the luxurious D&C liners—the fastest ships on the Great Lakes. Swift, restful, refreshing, dustless traveling. First class accommodations exclusively. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

Over-Night Service

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet of D & C Tours

between Cleveland and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit, and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

Round Trip Fares

between	
*CHICAGO and DETROIT	$60
*MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT	$30 $79
*BUFFALO and CHICAGO	

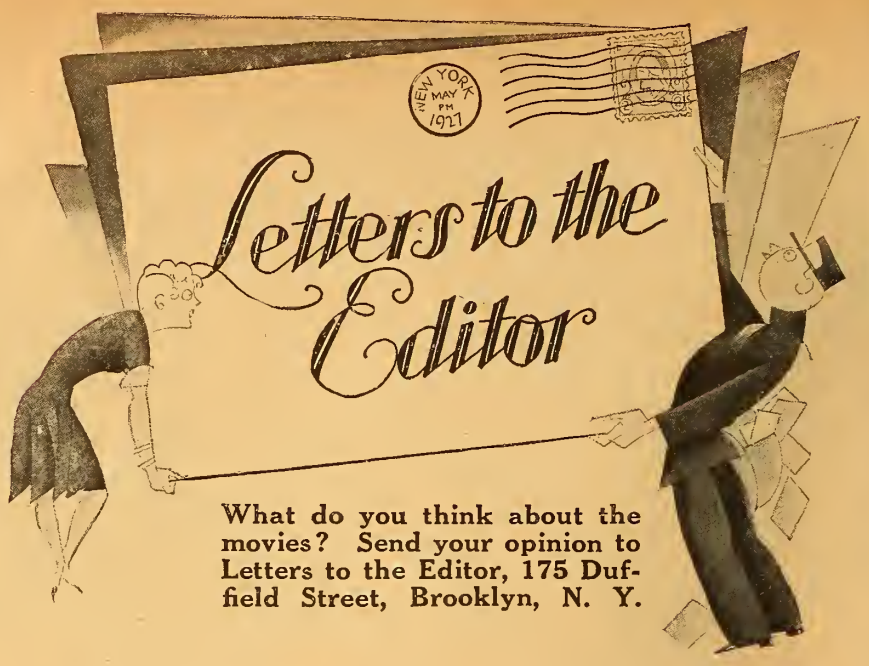
	One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	$3.50	$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT	$6.00	$11.00

*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra

On the Mackinac Island and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT and CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.



What do you think about the movies? Send your opinion to Letters to the Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ungrateful Ronald

DEAR EDITOR:

AFTER reading Ronald Colman's article—"Are Actors People?"—I am sorry to say that he has lost one erstwhile admirer—his picture has been removed from my vanity—his flashing eyes from my thoughts! And why? Because he loves us not! Then why should we adore him? He speaks of the public as tho it were a herd of cattle, stampeding across the threshold of his private life.

We stand in the waiting line for an hour and a half to see one of his wonderful pictures—contribute generously to his popularity and success—admire him so much that we desire to know the *Man* as well as the actor—and—he slams his door in our faces!

Poor old Ronald—are we to remember you as *Montero*—gazing in rapt adoration at the statue of our Blessed Virgin? Or sitting on the grass with a baby in your arms—as we saw you in the fadeouts of "The Winning of Barbara Worth"? No, dearie, we want something more substantial than such romantic memories as these.

I love his acting, adore his beauty—respect his modesty—but oh—how I despise his conceit.

AUDREY FARINACCI,
Henderson, Colorado.

Better and Truer Articles

DEAR EDITOR:

WHY cant the Movie Magazine give us more interesting stories instead of the continual interviews? In the April number of MOTION PICTURE was a story by Herbert Howe telling of some of Ramon Novarro's adventures. *That* was a *story!!* Why cant we have more like it? It is rather boring to read month after month how lovely So-and-so is, and how polite So-and-so is, etc. Or else to hear that So-and-so thinks Mr. ——— is our greatest director.

On the other hand, it is a pleasure to read such a story as Mr. Howe's "On the Road with Ramon," telling of the different incidents of interest in a most amusing and absorbing way.

Yours for Better Articles,
SUZANNE RULE,
625 B Avenue,
Coronado, California.

No More Battle Scenes

DEAR EDITOR:

I AGREE with my fellow countryman who suggests that America and Britain should exchange films. But, please, *not* war films! I had three years' experience of the trenches, and you may take it from me that the people who love screen battles are those who have never been near the genuine article. Nevertheless, "What Price Glory" is good because it puts war in its proper place, there are no mock heroes, and the battle scenes are realistic. "The Big Parade" is all right as a picture, but the fighting episodes are the bunk, and any soldier who behaved in the line like John Gilbert would have been suspected of rum-running.

However, I am no respecter of nationalities where war films are concerned. The British effort, "Mlle. From Armentières," is quite good up to a point, but after that it gives me a severe pain. A girl goes into the trenches, right up to the front line—and the soldiers let her, and dont even seem surprised! In reality, such a thing would have caused as big a sensation as the sudden appearance of Kaiser Bill himself in full war-paint!

I have seen poor boys, not out of their teens, torn by shell-fire as no wild beasts could have torn them—their young blood running into the filthy mud. For their sakes, I object to martial "Flag-wagging" and the type of patriotism which applauds feats of arms. I can always hear the death-rattle behind the cheers. But you dont want to hear this.

I've just seen Elinor Glyn's "Love's Blindness"—and I reckon that's about the world's worst! A banal story, an unconvincing aristocracy, portentous and foolish subtitles! The spectacle of poor Antonio Moreno drinking in order to screw up courage to enter the bridal chamber and casting, meanwhile, envious glances at a portrait of his ancestors IN ARMOR (?) was too much for me! In the morning, when the wine is out of his head, he gives his sleeping bride a "behold-it-was-Leah" kind of look and sneaks out of bed. This episode would be nasty if it was not comic. I felt sorry for Pauline Starke and Moreno. They did their best.

I'm sorry this letter is so long. I thought I'd just like to speak my little piece. I got chummy with some Americans over

(*Continued on page* 8)

"ALL ABOARD is the best thing Johnny has done!"

—says the New York Telegraph

No matter how much fun you've had at Johnny Hines' previous hits, expect still more at "ALL ABOARD" — his latest.

Johnny starts out to see the world—and ends up sittin' on it!

As a tourist guide the only route he knows is the Road to Romance.

And as a Substitute Sheik he has all the Desert Girls walking miles to meet him!

Be on the lookout for this leading adventure-comedy of the year . . . It will give you a chance to join millions of other Johnny Hines fans in the heartiest laughs of the season!

Tune in!

For real Radio entertainment tune in on the FIRST NATIONAL TO-BE-WEDS every Tuesday at 7:45 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. Millions call them one of the best features on the air. Stations WJZ, KYW, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA.

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Another Big Prize Picture Contest Complete in August Motion Picture Magazine

Order Your Copy Now

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

here last summer. You can tell America I like her—she'll be frightfully bucked, of course! Shake.

Yours, etc.,
W. GILBERT.

Where is the John of Yesteryear?

I HOPE this letter wont seem to be too full of protests, but it has been occasioned by certain recent events.

Really, there are so many things I should like to say to Edward Hodgson, of England, whose letter appeared in the May number.

How can he say that the American public is not *fair* because it does not *demand* to see English pictures? That is not the point of the cinema—to be fair to everyone, it is easy to bring entertainments and art to the public. We want the best pictures—and English pictures are not these. Some of them are good—but there is usually an American star present somewhere. If your pictures are good ones, we'll be glad to have them, but is there anything to force us to see the poor ones?

What, oh what, *can* have happened to Broadway's own John Barrymore? In every picture he becomes worse and is handing all the honors over to Dolores—who deserves them, no doubt. But if only Mr. Barrymore could be persuaded to think less of his profile and figure, and more of his acting—he *might* become a good screen actor.

Sincerely,
NEIL ROY.

What Women Love

I HAVE come to the conclusion that a film fan is better able to criticise an actor of his or her own sex, than any one of the opposite sex.

An actress like Greta Garbo would never appeal to a woman fan, because her "tricks-in-trade" are too apparent to the experienced feminine eye—*e.g.*, her anxiety to show off her beautiful eyelashes, her way of flaunting her clothes, as if she has never been so well dressed in her life before. She is one of many actresses whom the feminine public may envy, and even imitate, but never really love. Gloria Swanson, Alice Joyce, Lillian Gish, Alice Terry and Aileen Pringle are just a few of the others who, however beautiful and historically perfect they may be, do not possess the qualities that appeal to women. They are either too cold, too selfish, or too calculating to be worthy representatives of the feminine sex.

Women adore in an actress the qualities of tenderness, sweetness, and self-sacrifice, provided they do not interfere with the actress's smartness and sophistication. To name a few, Pola Negri, Mary Pickford and Lois Wilson, are *real* women and none the less attractive for it. They are warm, sensitive, and maternal. And above all, they are sincere.

I wish some gentlemen would criticise my favorite masculine stars from the masculine view-point. Are there any faults and failings in Richard Dix, Reginald Denny, Tom More and William Haines that do not appear to my worshipful eyes?

I should like to know.

AGNES F. ALEXANDER,
Toward View,
31 Ardleg Road,
Rothesay, Bube, Scotland.

Hot Stuff

AS practically everything from food to films is now rated in accordance with its respective degree Fahrenheit, 'tis but proper that we reduce the leading citizens and citizenesses of Yesland to their common denominators in Heat, Light and Power.

There's Vilma—The pure, fascinating flame of a slow-burning candle.

Lillian Gish—Just as beautiful, but alas, synthetic. An electric candle.

Mary Pickford—The candle in mother's window, lighting the way home.

Bebe Daniels—Bonfire celebrations.

Greta Garbo—The white-hot comet, whose icy heat consumes as it passes.

Renée Adorée—Most precious of all fire—the campfire . . . glowing . . . warming . . . lovable . . . near to earth.

And Ronald—Anthracite . . . clean . . . hard. Slow to ignite but heat-holding.

Doug—The lighthouse.

Uncle Will Hays—Highly powered search-light.

Adolphe Menjou—A patent cigar-lighter that ALWAYS lights.

Roy D'Arcy—150 W. globe (circular) before the mirror.

Thomas Meighan—Great-grandmother's foot-warmer.

Tony Moreno—This one never heard there *was* a fire!

Richard Barthelmess—10 watts.

Conway Tearle—Hot-water bottle.

Lowell Sherman—No smoking. Powder magazine.

Ramon Novarro—The stained-glass window.

John the Barrymore—Tinkling prismatic chandelier effect. . . . Pretty!

Rex the Wild-Horse—Dynamite—and HOW!

John the Gilbert—Turn in all four alarms in advance. Spontaneous combustion.

Rudolph Schildkraut—Santa Claus with his beard on fire. Exploding with "IT!"

D. DUNNIVE,
3030¼ Ninth Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

State Your Reasons, Please

DEAR EDITOR:

I CAN remember when Belle Bennett was buried in hopeless rôles. Sam Goldwyn gave her a big chance, and made her a star. Cecil De Mille practically "made" Rod La Rocque. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a queen of Greta Garbo. Where would Lois Wilson have been without Paramount, or Dorothy Mackaill without First National? We wonder!

And yet they revolt! Of course, we fans dont know all the circumstances, but just the same, it seems selfish to us. When someone takes you from obscurity and gives you fame and fortune, how are you going to rebel with a clear conscience? You may have your reasons, but the public cant see thru them, and you know that the public tries to know everything, and we try so hard to be broad-minded.

So come on, La Rocque, Garbo, Wilson, Mackaill, Bennett, Gibson, Gilbert, McAvoy and Dix, let us keep on liking you!

Respectfully, J. S. R.,
Tampa, Florida.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

THE BIG PARADE OF STARS

AGAIN the lion leads
THE most dazzling constellation
OF talent in all screendom

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Who Said That Brown Eyes Are Sharpest?

These PRIZES will decide it!

COME on, you blue and hazel and gray eyes—and brown ones too. Which *are* the keenest? Which eyes really *see* motion pictures—and which merely look at them? Which catch the vivid details of plot and acting that increase so much your enjoyment of an M-G-M classic and help you remember it?

We would like to know. These prizes and the six questions below will tell! For the answers that reveal the sharpest feminine eyes, George K. Arthur will give his favorite cigarette case and a cash prize of $50.

And to the lucky possessor of the keenest male optics, Karl Dane will award his personal wrist watch and a cash prize of $50.

To the next 50 best, our favorite portraits specially autographed will be sent.

Let's go! And may yours prove the prize eyes!

George K Arthur

Karl Dane

Our Six Questions!

1 What M-G-M picture has a scene laid on a Patagonian island and where is Patagonia?

2 How many laughs did you get out of "Rookies"? Name the author and director.

3 What do you think of the newly formed co-starring team of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody? (not over 50 words).

4 In what M-G-M picture does the star soak the old apple for a circuit clout? Name the star.

5 Name two individual stars M-G-M developed this year.

6 How many M-G-M pictures did your local theatre show in the first six months of 1927? Give titles and names of theatre.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the William Haines Contest of April

MISS MARTHA MANSKI
547 Main Street Webster, Mass.

WILLIAM E. JARY
1505 Grand Ave. Ft. Worth, Texas

Autographed pictures of William Haines have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

At the LAKE · PLACID · CLUB

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

133 women guests tell how this soap has helped to improve their skin

". . . through the green gloom of Adirondack forest —driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—"

SHE is tireless as Diana—the wonderful woman of 1927.

Tramping through the green gloom of Adirondack forests—driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—

And at night—fresh, unruffled, with a skin of rose and pearl, dancing to the last beat of the orchestra.

One sees her in her perfection at the Lake Placid Club, this loveliest of American types: vital, exquisite, with the arrow-like simplicity which is the finest flower of wealth and cultivation.

How do these women who spend half their fortunate lives in the out-of-doors, care for that soft, smooth skin of theirs—keep it delicately flawless in spite of wind and weather?

We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the outdoor exposure.

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

"It seems to protect my skin from the effects of outdoors, keeping it very smooth."

"It keeps my skin so soft."

"The only satisfactory soap for the face I've ever used."

"I never could use soap on my face until I used Woodbury's. Other soaps always left my skin smarting and uncomfortable."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1313 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1313 Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ont.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

MARCELINE DAY

The script of "Captain Salvation" called for a minister's daughter, and who could qualify more perfectly than Marceline, so prim and so demure? Just a further proof that she can act—for the real Marceline is as gay and frolicsome as the breeze

Richee

ADOLPHE MENJOU

A few years ago Adolphe made villainy so charming that he became a hero in spite of himself. Now he accomplishes the feat of making even virtue alluring, by savoring each upstanding performance with a hint of wickedness

Richee

FLORENCE VIDOR

Florence is a living denial of the old saying that you cant have everything. Her delicate beauty alone would have been enough. And that it should be combined with intelligence and humor is almost too good to be true. She will star in "Ten Modern Commandments"

MARION DAVIES

Marion, the versatile, is attempting Barrie for the first time. She comes to "Quality Street" armed with all the whimsicality and charm that tradition demands of those who would follow in the footsteps of Maude Adams

Ruth Harriet Louise

Richee

CLARA BOW

When Clara tilts her lashes at that Garbo-ish angle, you know that love is in the air. This is what comes of associating with Elinor Glyn. Clara is perfectly fitted by nature to play the title rôle in "The Red Haired Girl," the latest from Madame's pen

Autrey

JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL

"Seventh Heaven" is the picture for which Janet and Charles were finally chosen after many had been rejected. And in the seventh heaven is where the fans are going to be when they see Charles and Janet enact this and other tender scenes. Charles is strangely stirring to the feminine heart

Russell Ball

GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria staked her future on the success or failure of "The Love of Sunya." Indications are that it was a good gamble, and Gloria and her troupe have gone West to make a picture in the desert

"LEAVE 'EM AND LIKE 'EM" SEEMS THE BY-WORD OF MODERN HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Divorced

Divorced couples no their way to avoid pass- same side of the street.

HAVE you ever heard of a divorced fiancé?

On second thought, *fiancé* is hardly the word. "The very best of friends" is what they call themselves and they haven't the slightest intention of re-marrying. *Non, non, non,* as we say so quickly in French.

Nevertheless, from what I can pick up from Hollywood divorced ladies who seem to prefer the society of their ex-husbands to newer and more novel escorts, it seems that:

In order to marry a man one must love him—but to like him one must divorce him.

Which brings to mind the old story of the farmer who, when questioned as to whether or not he loved his wife, replied, "Wall," with a contemplative spit of tobacco, "I love Hattie all right, but, by gum, I dont like her."

It is working out just the other way with a lot of young jade widows and sod bachelors in Hollywood.

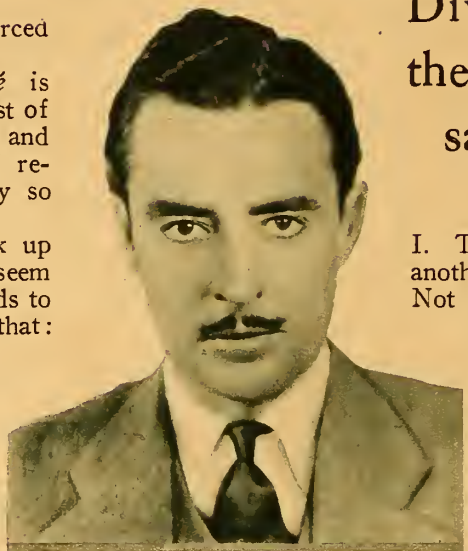
They dont love 'em any more, but, by gum, they sure like 'em.

You cant go anywhere—hardly—that you dont run into a couple of friendly enemies sociably tripping the heavy Black Bottom together, or sipping Orange Pekoe over softly lighted tea-tables or jointly judging a dance contest at the Montmartre.

There used to be a time when divorced couples would run a mile out of the way to avoid passing one another on the same side of the street, but apparently that day is over.

It has become tremendously smart to be pally with one's ex-mate. The chic woman of the world wears to the races a blue-checked sport dress, felt hat to match, one large handbag, one slave bracelet set with sapphires and one slightly divorced husband on her left arm. The social world sanctions it, the average world practises it, and as usual Hollywood started it. (I think.)

Can we ever forget the commotion Ruth Roland and her freshly divorced husband occasioned several years ago when they persisted in attending the Orpheum together in spite of an interlocutory decree. The gossips and the tourists simply couldn't get over it. Neither could



Photographs by Kenneth Alexander and Rayhuff Richter

I. They seemed to be so interested in one another and to have so much to talk about. Not only that, but Mr. Ex continued to manage Ruth's business affairs. It is a brave and generous woman who trusts her heart to a man, but it takes an absolutely open-fisted gal to put her finances in his keeping, especially when they have just been separated by the grace of the California courts. But Ruth did just that and they have been friends ever since the divorce, even tho they aren't seen together as much as they used to be—Ruth being pretty much taken up socially with Ben Bard.

After Ruth's setting the style like that, we began to expect almost anything. But even so we hadn't expected that Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy would be so friendly immediately following their divorce. Jack and Leatrice had had a pretty stormy time. Their married life was just one hurdle after another. They hurled a couple of insinuations about one another's disposi-

When Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy meet accidentally at social events, Jack spends the evening at Leatrice's feet and asks of everyone: "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Just because you no longer love one another," says Constance Talmadge, "is no sign you dont like one another. Mr. Mackintosh and I enjoy each other's society. That's all there is to it"

Photograph by Woodbury

Fiancés

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

longer run a mile out of
ing one another on the
Quite the contrary

tions thru the prints and everyone got the idea that they weren't any too chummy. But they hadn't any more than been "put asunder" when they started going together again. Jack wooed Leatrice with the ardor of a new suitor. When they would accidentally meet at social events, Jack would spend the evening at Leatrice's feet. "Isn't she beautiful?" he would murmur. "Isn't she lovely." Leatrice went to New York on a pleasure trip. Jack left immediately for New York on a pleasure trip. They were seen everywhere together, including the opening of "The Big Parade." Thinking they might re-marry, Hollywood grabbed for her smelling salts and sat back to witness a new experiment. But Jack and Leatrice fooled us. They weren't in love again, after all. They just liked one another.

That goes for Mary Hay and Richard Barthelmess, too. When Mary came out to the Coast last summer and was met at the station by her estranged husband and offered the hospitality of his home during her stay here, everybody whispered, "On again!" Mary entertained lavishly in Dick's Beverly Hills home and was entertained lavishly in return by his intimate friends. They seemed to be on the best of terms. Mary had only the most charming things to say of Dick, and Dick had equally charming things to say of Mary. "Are you going to be reconciled?" chorused the reporters. On such occasions Mary would smile sweetly and shake her head. Dick would shake his head also. "Just the very best of friends," they would answer in unison.

Marian Nixon and Joe Benjamin might have been good friends along with the others if Joe hadn't started acting like a husband again. Right after her divorce, Marian went to New York and ran into Joe at a night club. She wasn't going to speak until he came over and asked if she would dance. They danced together, and when that dance was over they were on the most amicable of terms. Like old friends. Joe sent Marian a beautiful make-up kit for Christmas, and Marian remembered Joe in turn. The troubled water grew still—for a little while. Then Joe must have fallen in love with Marian again, or perhaps he never fell out of love with her—anyway, he began to conduct himself as an impetuous lover and tried to break into Marian's house one night after she had refused to see him. No old friend would do that, not even one of those "very best friends." So for the time being friendly relations are suspended.

Not so with Connie Talmadge and Ollie Mackintosh, you bet. Like a babbling brook their friendship seems to go on and on forever in spite of a marriage and a divorce. Connie says she sincerely likes Ollie and everyone knows that Ollie sincerely looks on Connie as probably the most likable person in the world. They parted on the most friendly terms and they have abided by them ever since. When Mr. Mackintosh came out to California for a little while last fall, he looked up Connie as one of his oldest and best friends in California. They tea-d and lunched together. Of course, as usual, they were asked if they intended to take another flyer at matrimony. Mr. Mackintosh said

Reed Howes and his erstwhile wife, Lillian, are probably the most famous divorced friends. Reed says, "If there has been any bond of sympathy or mutual understanding between two people, it will not be destroyed by divorce"

Several years ago Ruth Roland and her freshly divorced husband, Lionel Kent, caused a terrific commotion when they persisted in attending the Orpheum together, in spite of an interlocutory decree

Photograph by Winstead

THE CHIC WOMAN OF THE WORLD WEARS A SLAVE BRACELET ON ONE ARM AND ONE SLIGHTLY DIVORCED HUSBAND ON THE OTHER

little or nothing. The chic Constance shrugged her pretty shoulders in dismissal:

"Just because you no longer love one another," she replied in effect, "is no sign you dont like one another. Mr. Mackintosh and I enjoy each other's society. That's all there is to it."

"Cant you see how it is the most logical thing in the world that divorced people would and could and should be friends?" Reed Howes inquired of me one day when he dropped by my table at the Montmartre. Reed, as you may or may not know, is a star in Western films and, according to his own description, the most "unknown celebrity in captivity," due to the fact that his stellar activities take place on the screens of little towns. But, later on, in case you want to see what this young man who has such decided opinions on love, marriage and divorce looks like, drop into your nearest Paramount theater (adv.) when Clara Bow plays there in "Rough House Rosie." Reed works opposite the star, having been borrowed for the event from his Western sponsors.

Outside of being our foremost "unknown celebrity," Reed has several other claims to distinction—the one most bearing on the subject at hand is that he is probably on the best terms with his estranged wife of anyone in Hollywood.

To get back to the subject, you remember he was saying something about the logic of being friends with your ex-mates.

"In spite of a lot of wise-crackers to the contrary," Reed went on, "most married people are in love. They wouldn't be, or stay married, if they weren't. And love has always run a stormy course. This is especially true of professional people. If you love someone, unless you are a super-person, nine times out of ten you are jealous of them, and let me tell you, jealousy is no cute little household pet. If it isn't jealousy, it is something else that will create a scene. Too many scenes will destroy the deepest love. You may be sorry you have said bitter things later—but you have said them and even tho the wife or husband wants to forgive, they scar the memory. So, sad as it may be, that stormy petrel that the poets call love wears away and our hero and heroine are divorced.

When Mary Hay was in California last summer she was entertained lavishly by Dick in the Barthelmess home. They have never had anything but charming things to say of each other

"If there has been any bond of sympathy or mutual understanding between them, it will not be destroyed by divorce. I know that to be true. Take Lillian and myself—we are better friends in separation than we ever were in marriage. Why shouldn't we be? She understands me better than any person in the world.

"There used to be a time when we were married when I knew Lillian hated to see me. I knew it, I could feel it, but now there isn't a time we meet when we aren't genuinely glad to see one another. There isn't another person in the world I like so much as Lillian—and I admire her."

I should think he would. The young Mrs. Lillian Howes is not an unknown figure in Hollywood. She is chic and ultra-smart. She dances divinely and she has a charming and gracious manner.

"Sometimes when I get home from work feeling blue," Reed continued, "I call up Lillian and ask her to dine with me. If she accepts, believe me, I look forward to it more keenly than I would to anything else. I know that I am going to be with someone with whom I can be myself. No acting, no falseness, no insincerity. It is a pleasure to be with someone who is restful and who knows you better than you know yourself. We talk over old friends, old things, old times. Maybe I will have a mild crush on someone else. I may tell Lillian about it. But whether I do or not, I will find nothing but sympathy and friendship from our meeting."

I wonder if we are coming to the point where all the stories will begin:

And so they were divorced and lived happily ever

Photograph by P. and A.

Marian Nixon and Joe Benjamin might have been good friends along with the other divorcees if Joe hadn't started acting like a husband again

Attention, Gentlemen!

Whether You Prefer Blondes or Brunettes . . .

. . . the Costello family has charm for you. There's the dark Helene, and there's the fair Dolores. . . . Both these girls may truthfully answer in the affirmative when asked, "Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

Studies of a Young

Of course, the house is in Beverly Hills . . . breathes there a movie star with social instincts so dead that he would build a house like this anywhere else in the entire state of California?

The living-room is spacious . . . with French windows that look out on the garden . . . great comfortable chairs . . . hangings of dull damask. . . . It is a room carefully planned to accommodate Billy and his guests

Presenting
William Haines
as Billy

Nothing was said about the lady whose portrait hangs over the divan where Billy lies reading. . . . She may be a Particular Girl in a fancy costume or she may be only the ideal of the artist . . .

Pewter and old china combine to make the candle-lit dining-room a delightful background for the dinner-parties at which Billy presides, a delightful host

Man *at his own* Fireside

All photographs by Ruth Harriet Louise

Here we find him lounging at the fireplace itself . . . and a fireplace may be said to be the heart of any home. Collegiate, did you say? Yes, yes

Mrs. George Haines, Billy's mother, lives with him. She looks the type who would have a son like Billy . . .

The next Haines film is "Spring Favor," an adaptation of the comedy that enjoyed such success on the stage

Seventy-Five Cents *and*

Olive Made the Without "Pull," Without

By JANET

Hal Phyfe

Olive is, or should be, the answer to every extra's prayer. When she and her mother left their native Virginia and landed in Hollywood, Mrs. Borden opened a candy shop . . . and Olive made the rounds of the studios

OLIVE BORDEN is, or should be, the answer to every extra's prayer.

She is living, irrefutable proof that if you are born with flashing eyes, cascading black hair, scintillating teeth and skin like distilled sunshine, you can get into the movies.

Given these attributes, you can get in even without "pull," without the nebulous and redoubtable "angel" or "backer," without experience, without money, gorgeous garments and putting on a "front."

You can get on just as God made you, plus seventy-five cents, a lot of grit and a made-over frock.

Of course, it is a bit discouraging to know that someone in a position to know recently said to us, "Olive Borden is the most beautiful girl on the screen"—or he may have said "in the world." Of course, it *was* a "he." However, and be that as it may, it need not be downright discouraging for, after all, there are those who will admire the scarlet and black and golden gypsy beauty that is Olive's, and there will be as many to admire equally the white and golden beauty of, say, Doris Kenyon.

It is to be said, however, here and now, lest you too be too sanguine and pack up your Pickford curls and Joyceian eyes at once for Hollywood—it is to be said that Olive *is* more than ordinarily lovely. Lovely even for the reeling rosebud garden of reel girls. She is intensely vivid. She wore a Romany robe of dusky, colorful hues, a green ribbon bound 'round her head, silver rings in her ears. She is perfectly formed by a master hand. Live. Determined. Oh, awfully determined. Her mother says that she is still "Just Ollie," which speaks for the girl's good sense.

* * * *

ANYWAY, there she was, living in Virginia, her native state, with her mother. Living comfortably, securely, among her old friends and the "scenes of her childhood." Her father had died when she was fourteen, but her mother started a business and the business throve and Olive was going to high school and parties and things just as nice as you please. And everyone was telling her, daily and nightly, how beautiful she was. We merely hazard a guess as to this last assertion, but we'll be willing to go the limit on the hazard.

Then the movie bug bit her. Bit her deeply and for all time. The bite stung, and it stung her into activity, into action. She exhibited the sting to her mother, who said, "If this is what you most want to do, I'll go with you."

They talked it over and talked it over; they

a Made-Over Dress

Grade to Stardom Without an "Angel," Experience

Reid

planned and planned. They did some realizing, too. They cast their net into the future and knew beyond any doubt that the fish might not be golden . . . that there might not be any fish at all, nor any loaves of bread.

They read the sad, deplorable tales of the innumerable girls who take their profiles to Hollywood, their high hopes and their confident hearts and who relapse finally into the cap and apron of a waitress, the ticket booth of a theater or the cash-register of a cafeteria. They knew that beauty flocks to Hollywood and they sounded well the proved adage that many are called and few are chosen.

But "Poof!" shouted Olive. And we imagine that she must have first glanced into her mirror before she shouted that defiant "Poof!" and that her mirror must have reflected prisms of gold and glamour.

Mother Borden saw that the sting was chronic; that Olive's school days were voluntarily at an end and that if Hollywood did not contain for them the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, at least and at most they would have to explore and see.

Mother Borden said her last wise say. She was willing to go with her "little Pard." She was willing to stake their little all on the adventure. But she asked the sixteen-year-old girl whether she was willing to run the risk of going without pretty clothes, without fun and amusements, without, perhaps, enough to eat. And Olive said sturdily that she was quite, quite willing. And her mother said, as they packed, "It is probably better for you to know disappointment, disillusion and dregs now than later on, when recovery will be more difficult."

They went to Hollywood,

Russell Ball

There was a time when the footsteps of the lallooping wolf were very audible to Ollie and her mother. How swiftly he seemed to move towards them! Below as she appeared in "The Dressmaker from Paris," in which she played one of the mannequins

Richee

these brave, blithe two, each believing in the other and in the authenticity of the sting.

* * * * * * * *

They opened a candy shop—or Mrs. Borden did. Mrs. Borden, who looks, by the way, like an eager girl herself. She sold candy, I suppose, while Olive made the rounds.

The rounds were circuitous and tiresome. There were so *many* pretty girls, beautiful girls, gaily confident girls, girls in limousines and furs and "creations," girls with maids and secretaries and "tips" and things. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of them, each one, it seemed to Olive, more beautiful and more assured than the one before.

She did a few extra jobs. Mob scenes, but she loved them.

Then, one day, two girls on the lot, the nice, generous tabby kind of girls . . . you know . . . came to her sweetly and confidentially, out of the kindness of their hearts, and

(*Continued on page* 114)

Aileen Pringle has reams and reams written about her every time a famous editor or novelist visits Hollywood. The public has been given to understand that a game of checkers with Aileen is far more enjoyable than any other entertainment to be had in the film city—nor is that meant as any aspersion on the other diversions offered. Between visits from the intelligentsia, Aileen makes pictures. This study finds her in "Body and Soul," a screen version of the Katherine Newlin Burt novel, "The Branding Iron"

WHY THE INTELLIGENTSIA LEAVE HOME

JUN 1
©CIB 74701

Motion Picture
MAGAZINE

July, 1927

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER, *Publisher* DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., *General Manager*
GERALD K. RUDULPH, *Editor*

Major George K. Shuler

Gerald K. Rudulph

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.

Salutatory

By Gerald K. Rudulph

DEEPLY conscious of the responsibility we have assumed in connection with the editorial direction of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, we enter upon our duties with enthusiasm. We had nursed a hankering for this particular line of literary endeavor for a long time. We felt it was just the kind of position to which we could bring a ripe experience in two most interesting fields of activity and, in defining our plans for the future, we hesitate for a moment and take stock. The inventory brings forth these facts: Seventeen years a newspaper man, ten years of which we sat in the managing editor's chair of a large and more or less widely circulated daily newspaper. Five years with one of the largest motion picture producing corporations, during which time we gained a broad knowledge of the processes involved in connection with the production, distribution and exhibition of that company's product. We think we know something about the making of pictures, how they finally reach the screen and what the average patron thinks about them. Maybe we dont. We have known several men and women who have been making and exhibiting pictures for a long time, and we have wondered why. However, that's neither here nor there. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has been cast to play one of the most important characters in the amazing drama of the motion picture and we are eager to see its rôle enacted not only with credit to itself but with credit to all who are contributing their best efforts toward the continued success of screen productions. It's a great show and deserves the most competent cast. The audience is too big to take a chance on an inferior performance. In playing the rôle that has been assigned to us, we shall endeavor to fulfil it to the best of our ability and to producer, player, exhibitor and patron, Major Shuler, Mr. Dobie and the writer, pledge whole-hearted co-operation. We hope to produce a magazine that will be welcome in the home of every person interested in motion pictures and the spoken drama.

Has the Flapper

F. Discusses the He Has

By

Melbourne Spurr

Scotty considers Constance Talmadge the epitome of young sophistication. . . . Fifth Avenue, diamonds, Catalya orchids and Europe every year . . . a flapper de luxe

Photograph courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

F. Scott Fitzgerald—responsible for the word flapper itself. He defines flappers as girls with an extraordinary talent for living

THE term "flapper" has become a generalization, meaning almost any *femme* between fifteen and twenty-five. Some five years ago it was a thing of distinction—indicating a neat bit of femininity, collegiate age, who rolled her stockings, chain-smoked, had a heavy "line," mixed and drank a mean highball and radiated "It."

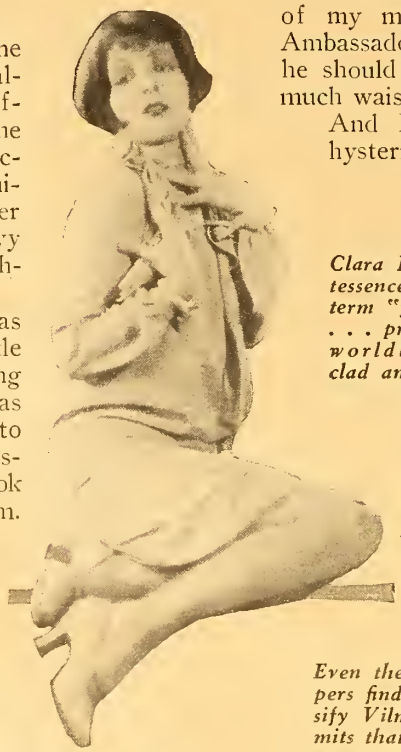
The manner in which the title has come into such general usage is a little involved, but quite simple. A young man wrote a book. His heroine was one of the n. bits of f. referred to above. "Flapper" was her official classification. The young man's book took the country by, as they say, storm. Girls—all the girls—read it. They read about the flapper's deportment, methods and career. And with a nice simultaneousness they became, as nearly as their varied capabilities permitted, flappers. Thus the frequency of the term today. I hope you get my point.

The young man responsible for it all, after making clear—in his book—the folly of flappers' ways, married the young person who had been the prototype for the character and started in to enjoy the royalties. The young man was F. Scott Fitzgerald, the book was "This Side of Paradise," and the flapper's name was Zelda. So about six years later they came to Hollywood and Mr. Fitzgerald wrote a screen story for Constance Talmadge. Only people dont call him Mr. Fitzgerald. They call him "Scotty."

But we dont seem to be getting anywhere. The purpose of this discursion was to hear Mr. F. Scott (or Scotch) Fitzgerald's opinion of the cinema descendants of his original brain-daughter, the Flapper.

It was with an admirable attempt to realize the seriousness of my mission that I went to his bungalow at the Ambassador. Consider, tho! By all literary standards he should have been a middle-aged gentleman with too much waist-line, too little hair and steel-rimmed spectacles.

And I knew, from pictures in *Vanity Fair* and hysterical first-hand reports, that instead he was



P. & A.

Clara Bow is the quintessence of what the term "flapper" signifies . . . pretty, impudent, worldly wise, briefly clad and "hard berled"

Even the father of all flappers finds it difficult to classify Vilma Banky. He admits that she is reticent and unassuming, but he has also made note of the quality of orchids on her shoulder as she has preceded reverential escorts into theaters

Changed?

SCOTT FITZGERALD

Cinema Descendants of the Type Made So Well Known

MARGARET REID

Fitzgerald claims that Alice White reflects what the recent European influence on our flappers has been. Here is a girl wildly eager for every drop of life . . . a child of the moment

Joan Crawford is to be marked as an example of the dramatic flapper . . . the girl you see at the smartest night clubs, laughing a great deal, with wide, hurt eyes

Ruth Harriet Louise

probably the best-looking thing ever turned out of Princeton. Or even (in crescendo) Harvard—or Yale. Only it was Princeton. Add "It," and the charming, vibrant, brilliant mind his work projects. My interest was perhaps a bit more than professional.

There was a large tray on the floor at the door of his suite when I reached it. On the tray were bottles of Canada Dry, some oranges, a bowl of cracked ice and —three very, very empty Bourbon bottles. There was also a card. I paused before ringing the bell and bent down to read the inscription —"With Mr. Van Vechten's kindest regards to Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald." I looked for any further message on the other side, but there was none, so I rang the bell.

It was answered by a young man of medium height. With Prince-of-Wales hair and eyes that are, I am sure, green. His features are chiseled finely. His mouth draws your attention. It is sensitive, taut and faintly contemptuous, and even in the flashing smile does not lose the indication of intense pride.

Behind him was Mrs. Fitzgerald, the *Rosamund* of "This Side of Paradise." Slim, pretty like a rather young boy; with one of those schoolgirl complexions and clear gray eyes; her hair as short as possible, slicked back. And dressed as only New Yorkers intangibly radiate smartness.

The two of them might have stepped, sophisticated and charming, from the pages of any of the Fitzgerald books.

They greeted me and discovered the tray hilariously.

"Carl Van Vechten's going-away gift," the First Flapper of the Land explained in her indolent, Alabama drawl. "He left this morning after a week's stay. Said he came here for a little peace and rest, and he disrupted the entire colony."

In the big, dimly lit room, Mrs. Fitzgerald sank sighing into a chair. She had just come from a Black Bottom lesson. F. Scott moved restlessly from chair to chair. He had just come from a studio conference and I think he'd rather have been at the Horse Show. He was also a trifle disconcerted by the impending interview. In one he had given to an avid press-lady the day before, he had said all his bright remarks. And he couldn't think up any more in such a short time.

"What, tho, were his opinions of screen flappers? As

(*Continued on page* 104)

Colleen Moore finds a collegiate classification . . . the carefree, lovable child who rules bewildered and adoring parents with an iron hand

Russell Ball

By
HELEN CARLISLE

The Play

BECAUSE OF SOME TRAGEDY BEHIND THE CAMERA, INSPIRED

Some scenes in "Stella Dallas" Belle Bennett does not remember doing . . . for, when she was putting on her make-up for her first day's work in this story of mother love, news reached her that her young son had just been killed in a motor accident

Dorothy Cummings' father died at seven-thirty in the morning and at nine o'clock Miss Cummings was on the set of "The King of Kings" playing in the crucifixion scene, where as Mary she looks up in agony at the face of the dying Christ

THE play must go on.

A gallant watchword, this. One which has disciplined the actor on the speaking stage for generations.

I do not believe, tho, that the public recognizes a fact which we in Hollywood take for granted, that the screen actor bows before this same command. A command frequently self-imposed.

One can understand why a legitimate actor, with an audience waiting, a curtain ready to rise, throws off for an hour the shock of tragedy which has stuck across his personal life, and goes on with his rôle.

But for the screen actor there is no audience stimulus. Only the monotonous click of the camera awaits him, the beating glare of studio lights, the directions of a man with a megaphone. The rat-tat-tat of carpenters' hammers is his only applause.

Yet, like his brother of the speaking stage, he rises to the command. The play must go on. And on several occasions our screen stars have given their finest performances while laboring under great mental stress. Keyed to a high emotional pitch, they have found relief in their work, and surrendering completely to it have portrayed life with exceptional fidelity.

When Clive Brook was doing sprightly and entertaining scenes for "You Never Know Women," he was getting half-hour reports from the hospital, where his new-born son was being kept alive by specialists, who held out no hope of recovery

Strange coincidences sometimes mark these portrayals. Strange parallels of the personal and mimic life. I came upon one of these just the other day when I saw Neil Hamilton working in a scene for a Universal picture, "The Eternal Silence."

In the scene, Neil was bowing in sorrow over the grave of a friend. Three or four days earlier, Neil, in real life, knelt in the death-chamber of his "buddy," the late Charlie Mack.

The story of the fine friendship these two young men bore one another is one of the most appealing in filmland. Neil and Charlie formed a friendship during what we old-timers designate as "the old Griffith days." Both young, both poor, both ambitious, they were drawn together.

There are times when every shadow on

Must Go On

OR JOY THEY HAVE KNOWN PLAYERS OFTEN GIVE PERFORMANCES

It is well known now that "Flesh and the Devil" immortalizes the tempestuous love that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo had for each other during the months when this picture was being made

In "The Eternal Silence," Neil Hamilton bows in sorrow over the wintry grave of a friend. Three or four days earlier, Neil, in real life, knelt in the death-chamber of his "buddy," the late Charlie Mack

The future was full of promise. Lounging on the shore at Mamaroneck, swimming in Long Island Sound, laughing, youthful, joyous, they planned the future.

But things went wrong presently for Charlie Mack. From the success of "Dream Street" he drifted down into obscurity. Neil, at the same time, climbed upward. He was given an excellent contract with Famous Players and brought to the Coast.

About a year and a half ago he made a trip to New York and there looked up his old pal, Charlie. And finding Charlie broken and defeated, Neil did as fine a thing as a man could do. He slapped Charlie on the back and said, "Come on, old man, you're going back to the Coast with me. You've had a run of bad luck, but you're a fine actor, and I'll bet we can arrange it so that you'll have a good break again."

When they stepped from the train in Los Angeles, a battery of news photographers and reporters faced them. Neil, in a breezy way introduced Charlie, said that Charlie was "just here for a brief visit," that his "many engagements would call him back to New York within a couple of weeks." The next day's papers all carried the story that the "famous and popular Griffith star, Charlie Mack, is paying a brief visit to his friend, Neil Hamilton."

Immediately the film producers then clamored for Charlie's services. Hollywood is like that, you know. Neil held them off. Why, Charlie was out here only for a short vacation! No, he wasn't interested in film offers. Nothing doing. And Charlie, playing off-stage his best rôle, pretended a chill indifference.

Pola Negri worked within closed and barred sets on "Hotel Imperial." She had no need to simulate sorrow, for her lover, Rudolph Valentino, lay dying in New York

But finally Famous Players "persuaded" Charlie to take the rôle of *Gareth Johns* in "A Woman of the World" opposite Pola Negri. Charlie was immediately re-established in public favor, went from one picture to another and a few months ago signed a lucrative contract with Warner Brothers. The contract was brought to a sudden and shocking end by Charlie Mack's untimely death, during the filming of a picture. Little wonder, surely, that Neil Hamilton portrays with great fidelity, his sorrow at losing a friend, when his screen rôle demands this portrayal from him. For

(*Continued on page 97*)

the screen is matched by a living shadow

$500 in Cash Prizes

Complete in This Issue

IN EVERY ISSUE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THERE WILL BE A PICTURE CONTEST WITH

THIS month our artist has presented a director and cameraman filming a war scene from a camera platform. There are many errors both in drawing and in the way things are being done. And again there are forty-eight cash prizes for those with the sharpest eyes.

Let the men of the family . . . or the best boy-friend . . . in on this, for they can probably help you to find additional mistakes. As a matter of fact, the best part of this contest is that the entire family can work on it together. It should be loads of fun finding out which member of the household has the keenest sense of observation.

As can be seen, no particular ability is needed to compete successfully. All you have to do is study the drawing carefully and note each error as you find it.

48 Cash Prizes

1st Prize	$100
2nd Prize	50
3rd Prize	25
4th to 23rd Prize, inclusive, @ $10	200
24th to 48th Prize, inclusive, @ $5	125
Total of Prizes each month.	**$500**

Usually, contests in magazines and newspapers run for months and months. This is not the case here. This contest is complete this month. And the winners will be announced in the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. You do not have to buy issue after issue and wait a young lifetime to find out if you're one of the lucky ones.

However, if you have half the fun finding the mistakes in this drawing that we think you will, you'll be anxious for the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to reach the newsstands so that you can try your luck next month.

Incidentally, the picture next month will be a bathing beach, well sprinkled with bathing beauties as a comedy is filmed.

We know the men will be glad to help next month.

These Simple Rules Promise Fairness

1. Prizes will be awarded to those who point out the largest number of actual mistakes in this picture, and who present their explanation of the errors in the clearest and most skilful manner. (The mistakes shall be in all cases interpreted to be errors appearing in the pictures about which there can be no question in the opinion of the judges.)

2. In the case of any ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each tying contestant.

3. Answers may be submitted on any kind of paper, but they must be typewritten or written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

4. Errors must be listed separately and numbered.

5. No corrections or changes will be allowed after an entry is submitted, but a contestant may submit as many separate entries as desired.

6. Address entries to Picture Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

7. Write your name and address plainly on each sheet of your entry.

8. The publishers will not be responsible for delay, loss or non-deliveries of entries. And entries with insufficient postage cannot be accepted.

9. No contribution will be acknowledged and none will be returned. Neither will letters of inquiry regarding the contest be answered.

10. Entries in this contest must be mailed or delivered to the offices of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE not later than the first day of July, 1927. No entry bearing a postmark after July first will be considered.

11. You do not have to buy MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to compete. You can borrow a copy from a friend or examine a copy at any of our offices or Public Libraries, free of charge.

12. The contest is open to everybody except employees of MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS and their families.

13. The editors of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will act as judges and their decisions will be final. Complete acceptance of these rules is an implied condition of each entry.

How Many Mistakes Can You Find in This Picture?

War stories are the thing today! So here are a motion picture director and his cameraman filming a battle scene . . . how many mistakes can you find? They are doing many things incorrectly, and the artist has deliberately made many mistakes in his drawing. For example, no soldier would rush forward to take the enemy's trench with a fancy pipe in his mouth . . .

Manuel Frères, Paris

MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS OF "PICKFAIR"

Mary's gracious womanhood makes her as great a personality in her private life as she is on the screen thru her masterly conceptions of childhood

Hollywood Slang

If you've seen "Old Ironsides," you'll remember Johnny's portrait of Stephen Decatur

Translated For the Benefit of the Lay by Johnny Walker

Evans

HOLLYWOOD has a language all its own . . . more colorful than the idiom of Broadway. At times the conversations which go on are as foreign to a stranger in the studios as the Chinese tongue. Here are some of the colloquialisms of the picture colony that Johnny Walker has gathered for an anthology of Hollywood slang which he is compiling:

Relatives of famous people—*Actors posing as related to stars.*

A yard and a half—*$150 salary.*

Give yourself up or the wagon will come and take you away—*Retort to a four-flusher talking again.*

Laughing soup—*Gin.*

Poverty Row—*Sunset and Gower, where independent studios are located.*

Mourners' Corner—*Bench at Poverty Row filled by actors looking for job.*

I'm between tests—*Actor waiting to hear from jobs he has had tests made for parts.*

On the cuff—*Charging living.*

I'm in escrow—*Meaning actor waiting for engagement.*

Hoss Opera—*Small Western picture made for almost nothing.*

Rug jumping—*Trying to keep on feet at party.*

Cuffed around—*Being put off with promises.*

Taking a powder—*One who disappears.*

Going haywire—*Going wrong.*

He's a tomato—*Not right.*

No groceries—*Broke and hungry.*

He's dynamite—*Dangerous.*

Left-handing him to death—*A down-and-outer getting no help, only hand-shakes.*

A madhouse—*Any casting office.*

A grand—*$1,000.*

Clicquot eyes—*Blamed to Kleigs, but due to bottles.*

Dizzy—*Dumb.*

Hearts and flowers—*Remark when a wisecracker pulls an old one.*

Putting the bite on—*Making a touch—borrowing money.*

Yes Room—*The projection room at a studio, everybody agreeing it's a great picture.*

Old program—*Actor talking of old engagements but having no present one.*

He's getting water wings and herring—*Actor drawing a poor salary.*

Retake alley—*One of the big studios noted for retaking pictures.*

It slayed me—*Meaning it was so funny I nearly died.*

In the ether—*Meaning foggy from too much partying.*

The Play that

The Inside Story of "Abie's of the Hesperides, Which Is

By BEATRICE

P. & A.

Evelyn Nichols, sister of Ann, leaving for Hollywood, where she may play in the screen version. William de Lignamayer, the manager of the play and responsible for the large sum paid for the screen rights, bids her good-bye

THE other day motion picture history was made in New York City by the signing of a contract which paid the largest sum of money for a film vehicle that has ever been heard of—even in this day of fabulous prices..

The sum of three hundred thousand dollars was assured a young woman, still in her twenties, for the moving picture rights of a play she had written several years ago. Altho this play is now designated as the third largest industry in the country, by no less a discerning person than the Honorable Mr. H. L. Mencken, the fact that it continues to roll up millions of dollars in good coin of the realm for its author, must cause consternation—or at least—speculation in the minds of great financiers, captains of industries, politicians, and other super-successful men who have little or no interest in matters relating to the theatrical or film world.

Ann Nichols has already earned something like eight or ten million dollars with her play, "Abie's Irish Rose." She has carved for herself a niche in the dramatic Hall of Fame that can never be questioned. She has caused more brain-storms in the world of the theater than any individual since the profession first began to entertain the world at large. She has made the most astounding, amazing, startling success that has ever been conceived in the mind of any or all dramatic individuals.

Her play is as familiar to the American public as its morning cereal. It has been running for five years in one theater on Broadway, and soon enters upon its sixth year of unflagging prosperity. Road companies have toured the country and seven of them still continue to penetrate the highways and byways of the United States; often playing in queer, outlandish towns which boast nothing better than a little red schoolhouse as the chief establishment of entertainment, or a community building serving the purpose of civic meetings, and infrequent theatrical visitations made by road companies.

The phenomenal success it has had in this country recently brought forth a lucrative bid for its appearance on foreign shores. Miss Nichols sailed for London in the early Spring to start the first of a number of companies which will play in most of the European capitals in their native languages. Several companies have been entertaining Australia for the past two years already, and the New York office of the "Ann Nichols, Incorporated Company" casually announces that "Abie" will be playing to something like twenty-five millions of people within the next two years all over Europe!

White

A scene from the Broadway production of this Gargantuan play, which is entering its sixth year. In this picture are Ida Kramer, Milton Wallace, Evelyn Nichols (bride), Jack Bertin, Harold Shubert, Alfred White, Andrew Mack and Harry Bradley

has Made $10,000,000

Irish Rose," Theatrical Apple To Be Made As a Movie

WILSON

Now, whenever a play has a successful run—that is, an average successful run in New York, it is the custom among film producers to indulge in a little game—played with rather high stakes—called "Bidding." The average success of a play on Broadway is about six months. If a play runs into a year, it is enthusiastically proclaimed a "Hit." When it continues drawing in the shekels at the box-office for a longer period than that—the managers begin to lose sight of short and snappy names and fall back on superlatives. Also they start immediately to indulge certain peculiarities which go with enormous incomes, and pretty soon you read about—or hear about—So-and-So buying a yacht, or a Rolls-Royce, or a country estate of many acres and so forth.

So that anyone with half an eye, as the expression goes, can imagine what excitement must have prevailed among the players of this little game,

(*Continued on page* 100)

Strauss-Peyton

Ann Nichols, still in her twenties, and author of this play that fooled the wisest of the wise-acres. She has caused more brainstorms in the world of the theater than any individual since the profession first began to entertain the world

The signing of the contract which brought "Abie's Irish Rose" to the screen. Seated left to right, Adolph Zukor, Ann Nichols, Jesse L. Lasky. Standing, Louis E. Swartz, attorney for Paramount; Moses L. Malevinsky, attorney for Miss Nichols, and William de Lignamayer

It's the Talk of Broadway

H. L. Mencken designates this play as the third largest industry in the country. It is playing everywhere.

Its success explains why most theatrical producers have white hair. They all refused to have anything to do with it. So Ann Nichols produced it herself.

And a few months ago the screen rights alone sold for three hundred thousand dollars and a percentage of the profits.

A Pictorial Editorial for Movie Audiences

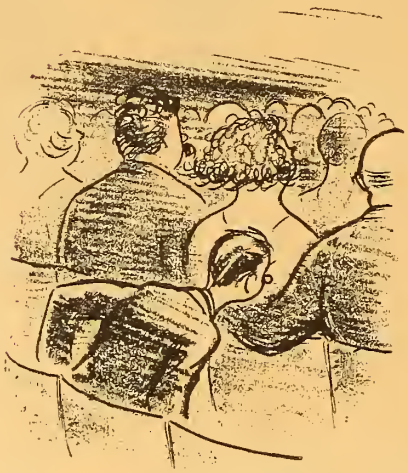
In the heat

In the cold

Or rain and wind

Instead of waiting for hours in the box-office line:

And then be trampled upon in the mad dash . . .



Being lucky to get an old back-row seat

With people going and coming over you during the showing of the film

Wouldn't it be fine if all seats were reserved, and you could see the films comfortably, when and where you wanted to!

An Unretouched Close-up of "Von"

Above is Erich von Stroheim on the set of "The Wedding March." His wife and a drill sergeant who has trained a troop of soldiers appearing in this picture are with him. Below is B. Sorenson at his camera

Given by His Cameraman B. Sorenson

I CAN name dozens of people who have threatened to resign their positions rather than work with employers that have the reputation of being slave-drivers. It has been my good fortune to spend several months with a man with a name such as this. To me, the ones who shirk from such an experience are missing the opportunity that comes but once. The first two weeks with this particular individual certainly were an ordeal. Previous experience had spoiled me. I thought that over eight hours a day was criminal, and to work nights was beyond my comprehension. The first day we started at nine in the morning, at ten-thirty that night we were still going strong with no prospect of quitting, so absorbed had this man become with his work that time meant nothing. Next morning seven of us tried to quit, but the office made a very good excuse and we hung on. The funny thing is we are still with the crew and couldn't be driven away. Stroheim's overwhelming personality and ability create respect that is impossible to describe. There isn't a person working with him (in his company you work with him, not for him) that isn't willing to devote his or her entire time, because it's like being in school, every minute new situations and obstacles arise, and we learn new ways from him to overcome them. Ways that in future years, if we are still in the same business, will be beneficial to us.

During the shooting and rehearsing of a scene, that after the picture is released will create wide-spread comment as to the ability of the actors, a visitor made this remark, "That man is impossible. If I were in Miss ——'s place I would walk right off the set and tell him to go to Hell." The truth is that we had been on that particular close-up since two that morning and it was daylight then. And every minute of that time was spent in abuse to Miss —— to break a haughty, stubborn, know-it-all spirit and opinion of herself. To get this result it took just such abusive treatment. To print what he said and how he said it would be embarrassing; as a matter of fact, you would say, "I dont believe that man would talk to a lady like that." Had we not known him, we would all have harbored the same thoughts. But after each severe lashing he would look at us and wink. Even Miss —— knew why he talked the way he did. Because of such peculiar ways of working, such as this, visitors are few; they start untrue rumors as to his character. There has

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Company Works *With* "Von" and Not *For* Him

Modern of an Old

There is always something tenderly sought in the First Kiss. And there's excellent reason to believe that it will always be one of life's most thrilling moments

Ramon Novarro as Karl Heinrich and Norma Shearer as Kathi in "Old Heidelberg" are seen as young explorers in the Garden of Eros (the intellectuals' word for good old-fashioned love)

Love is a sophisticated, fast-stepping affair in "The Demi-Bride," in which Norma Shearer and Lew Cody play deftly at Cupid's game . . . still popular in spite of cross-word puzzles and "Ask Me Another's" and other pseudo-intellectual pastimes

Just as if this sort of thing didn't have enough ups and downs at best, Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford add to the uncertainty of the moment by staging their love scene on a trapeze in "No Control"

Versions Story

Preston Duncan

What Benjamin Lyon doesn't know about the oldest game in the world isn't worth knowing. And, according to the gossip of the last few years, Ben is quite as adept off the screen as he appears with Billie Dove in this scene from "The Tender Hour"

Monte Blue can thank his lucky stars that the ladies always have had a more or less secret hankering for the caveman. Monte may wear a faultlessly tailored evening suit, but he's still the caveman . . . and you have a notion that there's a brutal force to his kisses

Write your own caption for this picture of Gloria Swanson and her personally discovered leading man, John Boles. Every woman will admit that this part of the game is quite as fascinating as the more idyllic moments

Photographs by Russell Ball

Warner Baxter, as authority on such matters, advocates the embrace which finds the embracers with closed eyes . . . the old-well-lost type of thing

Photograph by Hommel

Ruth Harriet Louise

Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody will often be seen together in the future. They are going to be featured as Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne and Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien used to be featured . . . partners in romance, so to speak. You can decide for yourself whether you like this combination of personalities when you see "His Brother from Brazil"

Melbourne Spurr

Evidently Norma Talmadge has found a leading man very much to her taste in Gilbert Rowland, for after playing with Norma in "Camille," Mr. Rowland again heads her cast in "The Dove." We wonder whether he will be the perfect foil for this charming actress that Eugene O'Brien used to be

PARTNERS IN ROMANCE

Who Will Be Seen in the New Films

The Girl with One Dress

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Following Page

By
A. M. Williamson

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig

CHAPTER XI

JOLETTE'S mind rushed back, trying to gather up in memory each word that Irma Rimaldi had spoken. What had she said about that night at the bungalow? Could a listener have guessed anything of the truth?

The girl's impulse was to dash to the window, push the curtains aside and look out. But Irma's divan, and Irma reclining among her cushions, barred the way.

"What is the matter?" the older woman asked sharply. "Why do you look like that? As if—you'd seen a ghost?"

"There was someone—listening," the girl faltered. "Behind you—outside the window."

Irma turned, half rose on her elbow, and pushed the curtains apart. But it was too late. No one could be seen except the commonplace people who stalked purposefully here and there on legitimate errands of the studio.

"You imagined it," Irma pronounced. "The curtains are very thin. The least breeze moves them."

"But there was no breeze," Jolette persisted.

"Did you see a face out there?"

"No. But——"

"You must have seen it if there'd been one."

"I was looking at you. And then, that waving of the curtains caught my eyes. It wasn't the wind! I know. I'm sure someone was listening."

Irma shrugged her shoulders in vexed impatience. Thinking quickly, she told herself that at worst *she* had very little to fear. If there were any danger, it was for Jolette Jeffreys. For her, Irma, everything had been arranged, in case of future trouble. And now she had less desire to protect the girl than in common humanity she had felt before the entrance of Sir James Belden on the scene. She didn't want scandal, of course! It was always better to let sleeping dogs lie than stir them up to bark. But if with perfect security for herself, Jolette Jeffreys' name should be connected with that of the dead man, Irma would no longer care to intervene.

"Well, after all, nothing much was said between us that you or I need worry about," she assured Jolette, with the impersonal coldness which had struck a chill into the girl's veins the night of Oswald Downing's death. It seemed to mean so clearly that Irma was indifferent to *her* welfare, so long as she herself was safe! And now, too, the coldness was more glacial than before. At first, Irma had neither liked nor disliked Jolette Jeffreys. Today it seemed as if those big, dark eyes had flashed malice into hers more than once. Still, Irma sheltered behind the screen of calm benevolence. The subject of the eavesdropper was dismissed. An appointment was made for Miss Jeffreys to have a test taken next day, and with a bored air Irma described in a few words the small part Jolette might expect in "Venice Nights," provided the test proved satisfactory.

"Ye-es," returned Jolette. "Oh, yes; of course, I'm happy. And I thank you again for all you've done." As she spoke, she felt the presence of someone in the doorway . . .

Would You Risk the Love of the Man You Loved by

"Just a jolly little girl in the chorus of a musical comedy. Nothing much to do except laugh and look pleasant, and run around with the others. But you might get a close-up or two on account of your dimples, if you can act at all."

A few days ago this would have been splendid news, and Jolette would have gone home in joy and triumph, convinced that luck had turned for her at last. But everything had changed since that ghastly night at the Downing bungalow. She was living in a different world. The fact that she had got the longed-for chance did not speed up by a single throb the heavy beating of her heart. She went out of Mrs. Downing's presence with a presentiment of something evil that waited for her—waited just round the next corner of life.

"It is going to be agonizing to tell you this," she said. "Yet I must, because of what you've said to me about love. I went to dine with Oswald Downing . . . at the bungalow. . . . I—I was with him when he died!"

To reach the exit, she had to pass thru a built-up street of a New England village, where work was going on. A number of extras lounged about in groups, watching a short scene between principals, and awaiting their own call.

"Hallo, Lady Cinderella!" a man's voice hailed Jolette as she would have passed swiftly by.

With a start she recognized that voice, but would not turn.

Henry Broome! And it was only too easy to understand why he called her Cinderella. He was reminding her of the slippers which he had stolen from her room at Baynes Ashley's house. What if it were he who had listened at Irma Rimaldi's window a few minutes ago? Working here on the lot, and with plenty of idle time on his hands, he might have seen and quietly followed her as far as Mrs. Downing's workroom. The window behind Irma's divan was at the side of the low building and sheltered by a pepper-tree with trailing branches. Yes, it must have been Broome who listened, instinct warned the girl.

* * * * * * *

And a woman's instinct, sharpened by peril, is almost always right. It was Henry Broome who had listened outside the window, and what he had overheard interested him intensely.

He had been waiting for some kind of inspiration as to what use he should make of the torn silk stockings, and silver shoes with a bloodstain on one of them. Now he was thankful that he had waited.

Broome's original idea had been to request an interview with Oswald Downing's widow, and hint that, if it was made worth his while, he could supply valuable information concerning her late husband's last hours. But now he had received equally valuable information himself, and from the lady's own lips! He'd learned that she was already aware of Jolette Jeffrey's presence in the bungalow that night. Apparently she—Irma Rimaldi—had been at the bungalow herself, and therefore Oswald Downing's death could not have given her the shock of surprise she had described to newspaper reporters.

It began to dawn on Henry Broome that there was something decidedly odd behind the surface of things, here! The woman and the girl shared a secret, and power was in the hands of Irma Rimaldi, over the girl's fate.

This changed matters for the possessor of the stockings and silver shoes. He still had something to gain, something big, perhaps, but not the thing he had begun to count upon. He couldn't sell Mrs. Downing the story of Jolette Jeffrey's presence beside the dead man, because she knew of that, and maybe meant to use her knowledge for some purpose of her own. But he had a story to sell all right, all right! And he began to sense that it might be a double story worth a lot more money with a woman

Telling Him You Were Wanted as a Murderess?

like Irma Rimaldi mixed up in it (as she seemed to be) than when Jolette Jeffreys had been concerned alone.

He had wondered what the Jeffreys girl's business was with Irma Rimaldi at the studio, and to find out he had contrived to stroll away from the prim New England village in order to hide for a few minutes under a lusciously Californian pepper-tree. For a while he had been what he described to himself as "flabbergasted" by what he overheard, and in this condition he had presently let the girl in the case pass with only a short salute: "Hello, Lady Cinderella!"

Later, however, in thinking things over, Henry Broome didn't see that he could have done much better after all. Those words must have reminded Jolette that what he didn't know about those telltale slippers wasn't worth knowing! In fact, he must have given the girl a fright, and that without committing himself to a new move before he was sure what the move ought to be!

Synopsis of First Chapters of

THE GIRL WITH ONE DRESS

JOLETTE JEFFREYS leaves her small-town home in Kentucky and goes to Hollywood to get in the movies. Stranded, with no work and no money, she meets Oswald Downing, a financial power in the movie world. He invites her to dine at his house by the sea, and she accepts, willing to take any risk in the hope of getting a job. She wears her only good dress, a silver evening gown. She repulses his advances, shoves him violently, his head strikes against a heavy table, and she realizes she has killed him. Just then Downing's wife, Irma Rimaldi, a writer and director, enters, having just returned from New York. She realizes Jolette is innocent, but fears she herself may be blamed for the murder, as she and Downing were notoriously unfriendly. She induces Ito, the servant, to tell the police Downing has had a stroke. She turns Jolette out of the house and goes to the house of a friend in Pasadena, as if she had just come from the train. Jolette starts to walk the seven miles to Hollywood. She is given a lift home by two men who introduce themselves as Baynes Ashley, Los Angeles society man, and Sir James Belden, who has just arrived from England to be starred in Rimaldi's picture. Belden is kind and considerate. They take her to her boarding-house, where the landlady will not admit her. She has no money, so the men go to a hotel and leave Jolette in Ashley's house for the night. She wakes suddenly to find Henry Broome, the landlady's husband, in her room. He wants her worn-out slippers, intending to blackmail Downing. He takes the slippers, which are blood-stained, and her stockings, which have no stains. Jolette fears that when he reads of Downing's death he will realize the truth. The next day Jimmy Belden lends Jolette some money, and asks Rimaldi to give her work in his picture. Irma loves Belden, but rather than let him know her fierce jealousy of Jolette, she gives her a part. During their interview, Irma talks to Jolette of the murder, and Jolette realizes that someone outside the window has overheard the whole thing.

CHAPTER XII

HENRY BROOME didn't go into the cafeteria after work was over, to feed with the other extras who had been with him in the village scene. He wanted to sit alone and think.

It was more expensive to eat at a place where you could sit alone and think, but it was worth the extra fifty cents or so. He found the right place, not far from home, but one in which Mrs. Broome wouldn't look for him, if she happened to be on the prowl. He did himself well on a couple of dollars gleaned from Eliza's desk that morning, and finishing with coffee and a cigaret, settled down to solving his problem.

Almost at first after leaving Irma's window, Broome had seen that he had a choice between several courses of action, each of which might put money into his pocket.

He could threaten Jolette Jeffreys with telling what he knew to a reporter, and he could frighten her half to death by pretending to know a good deal more than he did know. She would be earning a salary soon, and could afford to pay for his silence. Even before the salary began, if he could scare the girl enough, he might make her pay in currency of kisses. He could order her to meet him in out-of-the-way places, and terrorize her until she'd be ready to do almost anything. That would be pleasant, too! A nice little revenge for the way she'd snubbed him when he'd shown her a few small attentions in his wife's boarding-house. But the money part . . . well, if he wanted to be mercenary, he could do better in other quarters than with Jolette Jeffreys.

What he had learned from listening to the talk between the two women told him that!

Evidently Irma Rimaldi suspected this English swell of being sweet on the girl; and where there was smoke, there was fire. Besides, Broome had seen with his own eyes that Belden was interested in Jolette Jeffreys. Any man *would* be! The chicken was a raving beauty. She had eyes that burnt you up!

Mrs. Downing wouldn't think it good policy to run the girl down to Sir Jimmy Belden, but maybe she would be glad to employ someone already "in the know" (so to speak) who didn't have to be told anything, and could work along those lines without implicating her. The trouble was, how to get at her, and work up to the right point. Yes, that would not be a cinch, the beginning part! If Irma took offense, she had enough influence at the studio to get him ordered off the lot. And that would be a pity, because he liked his job here; and if you were in with Perfection, you were up at the top.

Maybe it would be safer to hint to Sir James Belden that he, Broome, was in a position to injure Miss Jeffreys seriously, unless it were made worth his while to keep his mouth shut. He could write a letter, signed with initials, and suggest an answer addressed to a post-office box which he had already taken soon after his marriage.

He would word the note in such a way as to rouse Belden's curiosity to a high pitch. The man wouldn't be able to resist making an appointment. And a bargain with Belden wouldn't prevent some secret traffic with the girl; a sort of side issue.

This was not the first time in his mean little career on the fringe of Hollywood that Henry Broome had gone into the blackmailing business on a small scale. He was good at it, he thought. This was a bigger thing than he had yet attempted, but he knew how to set to work.

When he had made up his mind what to do, he went home to the boarding-house on the street leading off from Hawthorne Avenue. The hour was early for him, and "the old hen" was in a good temper. She was playing bridge with a trio of spinsters, her pet boarders, congenial souls, and was willing that "Harry, love" should retire to another room and read the evening paper.

Instead of reading, he helped himself to a plain sheet of paper and an envelope from a store of stationery which he kept concealed among his few private belongings. Then, with a steel pen, and jet-black ink not in general use

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Movie Interviewer

Speaking in antediluvian terms, the interviewers have a champagne taste forced upon them. It's a difficult life—*sometimes.*

It's Lots of Fun
Being a Movie Interviewer. . . .
One has a Chance
To see so many. . . .
Sides Of Life!

I have Driven down
Hollywood Boulevard with
Mary Pickford in her
Rolls-Royce . . . and
One Hour Later have battled with
Workingmen for a Five-
Cent Seat on a
Street-Car. . . .
Miss Pickford's chauffeur
Who wears his Livery as
Only a French chauffeur can
Has wrapped a
Chinchilla Robe
Around me with a
Bow
Asked "Direction, Madame?"
And as I have
Said . . . Within
the Hour
A Negro Laundress has Pushed
Me off the Five-
Cent
Street-Car Seat . . . and said
"I'm holdin' this foh
A Frien' that gits on at
Ivar Street. . . ."

(Hollywood's a Crazy Place!)

I have Listened to the
Woes of Extra Men and
Stars. . . . I dont know
Which Class has the
Longer List. . . .
The Extra always has a
Perfect Haircut. . . .
Knifed-edged Trousers and a Bunch
Of Stills. . . .
The Star quite Probably has
None of These. . . .
The Extra says
"I Played an Important Part
With Theda Bara. . . . Look, you can
See me in this Still right
Near Her. . . . I was Fine in That. . . .
Yes, the Picture was made in
1915. . . . Everyone tells Me
That I have a Future. . . ."
And the Star says
"By God, I haven't had a . . .
Decent Picture in Two
Years. . . . The Firm is
Killing Me. . . .
I hope you didn't see
My Last Release. . . .
It was rotten. . . . Rotten. . . .
A Jackie Coogan picture and
You probably Mistook me. . . .

**You Drive down
Hollywood Boulevard in
Mary Pickford's Rolls-Royce,
And her French Chauffeur
Wraps a Chinchilla Robe Around
You . . .**

VERSE
BY
HELEN
CARLISLE

Eldon
Kelley
Illustrations

For Mary Miles
Minter in
Her Palmy Days. . . .
No Three Thousand a
Week
Will Pay me for the
Trash
The Firm is Putting Me
Out In. . . .
They grossed Two Million
on my
Last Horse Opera . . . so
What does the New
York Office
Care that I'm being Killed
With My Public. . . . You
Can
Tell the World I'm going to
Get Out of This Business. . . ."

(Hollywood's a Crazy Place!)

Then there are . . . Oh
By All Means then there are
Premières and Openings . . .
When Half the Population of
Los Angeles Stands on the
Sidewalk to See the Stars
Go By. . . .
At One of These when
I descended Ritzily from a . . .
Limousine quite as tho
I owned It . . . A Sidewalk Fan
Asked . . . "Who's this Girl. . . ."
Her Friend and Guide gave
One Quick Look at
Me and said. . . . "Oh she's
Nobody. . . ." I couldn't Fool
That Fan
At the Same Time the
Radio Announcer stationed in
The Theater Lobby shouted
"Now Entering the Theater is
Miss Marie Prevost wearing a . . .
Spanish Shawl. . . ."
I felt quite Apologetic for
I look much more like Nobody than
Like My Friend Marie. . . .
I wished on that Occasion
I had Borrowed or Stolen
An Ermine Wrap . . . so that
Marie's Admirers
wouldn't be
Too disappointed. . . .

(Hollywood's a Crazy
Place!)

Perhaps the Funniest
Thing
Was Just the Other Night
When Jane Winton gave a
Party
At the Ambassador. . . .
Among the Guests (as the
Society Editors say) were . . .
Jack Dempsey and his Wife
Estelle Taylor. . . .
Jack was my Dinner Partner
and
Asked Me to Dance. . . .
All the Dancers kept Right
Alongside Us and I was musing
that
Jack could lose Twenty
Fights and Still be an
Idol. . . .
When a Man near us said to
His Partner . . .
"Is that Estelle Taylor
Dancing with Jack
Dempsey?"
She said "Yes. . . ."
And He Said "I always
Thought
His Wife was a
Brunette. . . ."
"She Used to Be . . ." the
Girl said . . .
"But she has
Dyed . . . Her . . . Hair."

(Hollywood's a Crazy Place!)

It's Lots of Fun
Being a Movie Interviewer. . . .
One has a Chance
To see so many
Sides of Life and be
Mistaken for so many
Famous People.

One Hour Later you Battle with Workingmen for a Five-Cent Seat on a Street-Car . . .

News of the

By ELIZABETH GREER

JOHN GILBERT, feeling too much confidence in the immunity of screen stars, got himself arrested one spring night after making a great uproar in the Beverly Hills police court. John came from a late party at his house, and demanded that the police arrest some person, who has succeeded in remaining unidentified. When the police refused, John made protests so loud and violent that they locked him up on a charge of disorderly conduct. After five hours in a cell, he was released in $25 bail. But when he appeared for the hearing next day, confident that he would merely be fined, he was somewhat startled to find himself sentenced to ten days in jail. He was thrust into a cell with a negro wife-beater as his companion. And there he remained for a day, until some attaché of the police court got remorse and released him. Now Jack is on parole, and has to report to the chief of police at regular intervals.

P. & A.

Lita Grey Chaplin says she'll have to go back in the movies because she needs the money. And here we find her in a domestic pose . . . the-movie-star-at-home type of thing. . . . Certainly Sidney Earle eyes the strange kitchen scene suspiciously

Boris

Elinor Patterson as the Nun in "The Miracle," the beautiful and reverent spectacle which Universal is bringing to the screen. Miss Patterson was inspiring as the Nun in the stage production

MAE MURRAY, having apparently bagged all the big game that America's happy hunting - grounds would afford her, has picked up her baggage and her husband, Prince David Divani, and departed to hunt big game in Africa. She will be gone for a year at least. All Mae's plans and projects have been dismal failures, since her departure from Metro-Goldwyn a year ago. Her negotiations to make pictures for British National under the direction of E. A. Dupont apparently fell thru. And her most recent hopes, of signing to do one picture for United Artists, were also unfulfilled. Her suit to recover half the price she paid for her unsatisfactory Spanish house in Los Angeles has yielded nothing as yet. So, no wonder Mae is shaking the dust of Hollywood from her feet. But there's something incongruous in the thought of Mae among the wild elephants of the African veld, or, wherever it is that the big game lives. We predict a speedy return.

We recommend pictures like this one of Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian doing setting-up exercises on the beach to the Southern California Chamber of Commerce . . . certainly they would prove an attraction to possible male tourists greater by far than stupid orange groves

WE hope May McAvoy meant what she said all these ten years during which Bobby Agnew has been vainly laying his heart and hand at her feet. For even the most persistent man tires at length, and Bobby has just announced his engagement to Ann Rork, the daughter of Sam Rork. Their marriage is to take place very soon. Ann is eighteen, and has just embarked on a screen career, with several interesting performances to her credit. This will relieve May of the necessity of denying her engagement periodically and emphatically. And we hope everybody's happy.

Camera Coasts

AND DOROTHY DONNELL

Sing a song for more directors like John Robertson, who may always be depended upon for a good production. . . . John's seen here with Ernest Torrence, who's playing in his "Captain Salvation"

Now that the stars have all been rounded up in Hollywood, functions in New York are not the dazzling, glamorous occasions they used to be. There are only two lights of the cinema left to carry on the old traditions, but they do the best they can. Ben Lyon and Gilda Gray are the two on whom this heavy responsibility rests. They showed their spirit by leading the grand march at the Motion Picture Mechanics Ball at the Hotel Astor, but it's rather hard for two people to pinch-hit for half the profession that used to be much in demand to illuminate public affairs. And when Gilda goes on tour with her new picture, Ben will be the only idol New York can see in the flesh.

Famous Players-Lasky, which has now officially changed its name to Paramount-Famous-Lasky, has been having a lot of trouble out at the West Coast studio. There was much grumbling and discontent among the actors, directors, and in fact, everybody. So the home office sent Walter Wanger out to smooth things over, and when he got there, he wasn't able to find anyone who'd admit there was anything the matter. Most of the trouble seemed to have been directed against B. P. Schulberg, manager of the West Coast studio, and there were rumors that he would be removed, but Mr. Wanger made it clear that he would fulfil his contract, which runs four and a half years longer.

Suspecting that underneath the apparent serenity some grievances were still lurking, Paramount has sent out several men to investigate the situation. And Sidney Kent is said to have sent a special representative, who is doing some very slick detective work among the stars and directors, learning to know them socially, and drawing them out on the subject of their struggles and grievances. It ought not to be a hard job, as that's one subject on which people dont need much drawing out.

Time was when news was scarce, we could always fall back on those good old standbys, Arrivals and Departures, illustrated with glimpses of movie stars on Pullman steps in the very act of being welcomed by other movie stars, or standing on the rear platforms, waving good-bye over the circular Sunset Limited sign. (*When the stars travel incog they usually take a press-agent along.*)

But now that Famous Players has moved out to Hollywood, cross-country commuting is at a standstill. Louise Brooks, who had to make six transcontinental trips

Warner Baxter's place in the San Jacinto mountains is the gathering place of Hollywood sportsmen. Here's Warner at the cabin preparing for the big hunt. Walter Goss is with him

Lewis Stone appears to be getting ready to go into the cough-drop business . . . flapper hearts, be still! As a matter of fact, the alfalfa decoration is part of his characterization for "His Son." John Dillon, his director, superintends the facial decorating

The Latest News and Photographs of

in the first five months of her marriage to Eddie Southerland, is delighted—two thousand miles is too long between kisses! Tommy Meighan, however, has contracted the Broadway habit, and before returning, seriously considered standing pat on his contract, which states that all his pictures are to be made in the East. Gloria Swanson's arrival this time was practically unnoticed—that is to say, instead of ten thousand populace being at the station to greet her, there were a bare two thousand, twenty-five policemen kept the crowd from snipping off pieces of the Marquise's coat for souvenirs, instead of the former hundred, and one band preceded her automobile in place of the three hired by Famous Players to greet their titled star two years ago. A single electric-light bulb winking above a rather bedraggled sign, "Welcome Home," over the United Artists' studio, recalled the hysterical banners, "Hollywood Belongs to You Today, Gloria," that waved across every street when the Marquise de la Falaise and de la Coudray returned from Europe. Gloria's next picture will probably deal with the woman's Battalion of Death in Russia.

Topsy and Eva, alias the Duncan sisters, are in the movies now. And their first location trip took them to Lake Tahoe. "Topsy and Eva" is a screen adaptation of their stage hit

The Allan-Dwan Fox Company is the only large movie unit now in New York, and if their negotiations for the purchase of "Eastside, Westside" are successful, we may be able in our next issue to show you a thrilling glimpse of George O'Brien, waving farewell from the rear platform of the Overland Limited.

The shortest cinema romance in Hollywood history has just culminated in the announcement of Vilma Banky's engagement to Rod La Rocque at a tea at the Samuel Goldwyn residence. Three weeks ago they were first introduced to one another at the home of Victor Varconi. During dinner Rod kidded Vilma about love at first sight, and when he got home that evening, he began to wonder whether there mightn't be something in it. Perhaps he recognized the symptoms. Now they are planning to be married very soon. There is some talk about their making a picture together, after Vilma finishes "The Magic Flame," and before Rod commences "Brigadier Gerard." He is taking fencing lessons in preparation for his adventures in the Conan Doyle picture, and has evidently forgotten his disagreement with Cecil B. De Mille, having more important things to think about now than the size of type his name shall appear in on the billboards. He probably wouldn't notice if it were omitted altogether!

Neither Vilma nor Rod has been married before, tho Vilma confessed to being engaged to a German baron when she first arrived in America, and there are still trees

(*Continued on page* 117)

When Mildred Davis, also known as Mrs. Harold Lloyd, returned to the movies after a domestic concentration of some years, Jack Davis, her twelve-year-old brother, took a vacation from his military school and visited her on the set of "Too Many Crooks." Jack used to be in the movies, too, you know, in The Gang comedies

Adolphe Menjou is a gentleman all right. And his new leading lady, Katherine Carver, is the type which gentlemen are said to prefer . . . AND their engagement may be announced any time now. This snap was taken in the Sierra Nevadas when they were on location for "The Head Waiter"

the Players Both on the Set and Off

CHANG

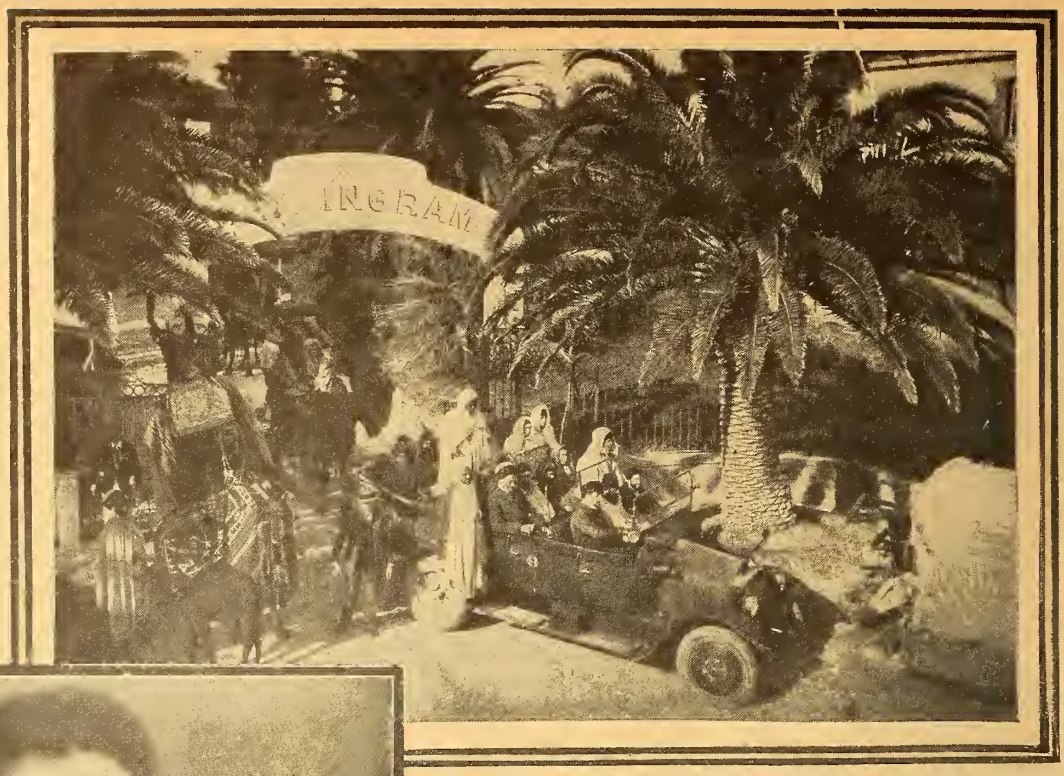
Has Captured the Jungle and Its Natives and Wild Beasts and All the Unbelievable Drama That Dwells Therein

Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, who made this wonderful and thrilling picture, "Chang," in the jungles of northern Siam, in some mysterious way have captured the very essence of the elusive jungle and jungle people and their ways. Below is Mr. Schoedsack starting out to make some scenes

Jungle homes are made of bamboo and woven thatch and raised high on stilts, in order to protect the family against the attack of animals during the night, particularly tigers and leopards

Kru is the hero. . . . And even if he has never known the smell of grease-paint, he is an actor for our celluloid sheiks to reckon with. With Kru is the leopard he kills

The Siamese children are delightful. . . . And there's a white monkey who furnishes comedy relief when the wildness of the jungle threatens to overcome Kru and his little family. Some enterprising motion picture producer will surely send out scouts to capture this monkey



"The Garden of Allah" company leaves the Ciné Studios for location

Shorty is with Rex again. Warped in mind and body . . . asking anyone he thinks worthy enough for money, Shorty nevertheless is happy. What more? On the right is Alice Terry as the girl in "The Garden of Allah"

Inside *with*

A Day at the Ciné Studio Alice, and lots of Bedouins, Rabat, the beautiful

By Gladys

WOULD you care to spend the day with the Ingrams? Rex and Alice, you know? At their Ciné Studio in Nice?

There's Rex and Alice and lots of Bedouins, and Shorty, the dwarf, to ask you for money if he thinks you're worthy enough, and Rabat, the beautiful Bedouin dancing girl, and everything. Let's go!

Noon.

The sun is shining. The fête days of Nice are arrived. Music is playing in the midst of gay little groups of people who dance to it, impromptu. They seem to have nothing else to do . . . why should they? A cavalcade of gay Nicenes clatter by, costumed as soldiers, harlequins, clowns, waving bladders, reading aloud pronunciamentos of the coming festivities, waving ornate bladders and multihued balloons . . . a toy world. . . .

Rex, wearing his favorite beret, directing a scene

the Ingrams

in Nice . . . with Rex and Shorty, the dwarf, and Bedouin dancing girl

HALL

We stroll along the glittering rim of the blue and wavy Mediterranean . . . and enter the Negresco. . . .

We collide with Rex, lounging about, looking into showcases with an indolent air. . . . One of those dramatic coincidences. For all of his nonchalant attitude, Robert Hichens might never have bothered to write "The Garden of Allah." He wears, Rex does, a French beret, a sport coat, a pair of trousers hoarsely checked, and the need of a shave. Maybe he is in costume. He says, rather sadly, that he has been beastly ill . . . while in Africa . . . that he's going back to the studio . . . that he's lost twenty pounds and that here is Alice. . . .

Alice appears, looking not at all like the screen Alice. So that, if you are an ardent fan of Alice's and dwell in the belief that some she-god made the screen Alice in her own

(*Continued on page* 80)

Two interesting and usual portraits, typically Ingramesque, of other members of the cast

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. IV — July, 1927

Claire has gold, gold hair . . . a fair skin with the pink of a peach in her cheeks . . . and eyes as blue as summer skies

Do you want two Claire Windsor paper dolls? If so, place a piece of carbon paper between this doll and her costumes and a blank sheet of paper. Then draw neatly over every line. Presto, another doll . . .

Would You Like to Win This Box of Modeling Clay?

CLAIRE WINDSOR offers this large box of modeling clay as a prize to the MOTION PICTURE Junior reader who colors her paper doll and costumes most beautifully. Also, she has autographed ten of her new pictures for the next ten best artists.

Get out your box of crayons or paints and see what lovely clothes you can color for this blonde doll. . . .

If two or more people color the Claire Windsor doll and her costumes equally well, they will all receive the same prize. What could be fairer than that?

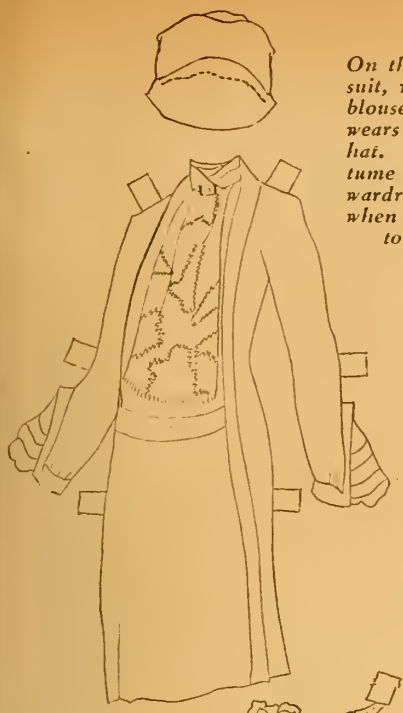
All paper dolls must be mailed by June 20. Address the envelope in which you enclose them to Claire Windsor Paper Doll, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. And be sure to wrap the doll in a piece of paper on which you have written your name and address plainly.

Claire Windsor is the judge.

Names of winners in Colleen Moore Doll drawing contest appear on page 115.

JUNIOR REELS

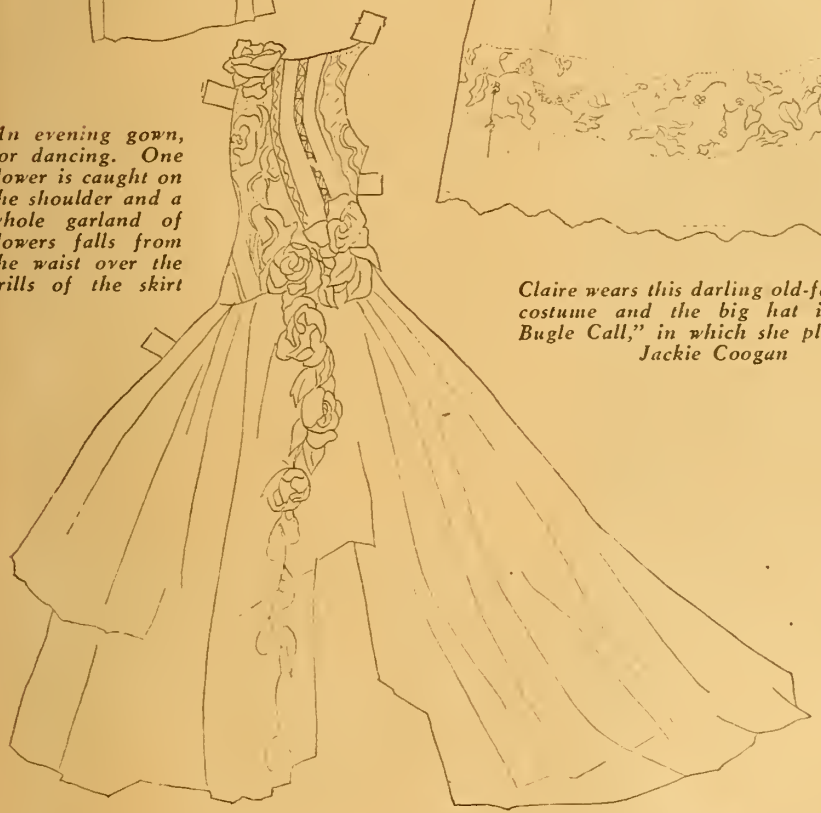
WE'RE MAKIN' A TALKIN' PITCHER OF TH' JOHNSTOWN FLOOD AN' WE DON'T WANT NO WIMMIN AROUN
1
TH' SPEAKIN' APPARATUS IS OK!
GOOD! NOW YOU RUSH IN AN' SHOUT: TH' DAM IS BROKE!
2
SMART ALECKS! WE'LL FIX 'EM! ATTACH THE HOSE TO THEIR HORN.
3



On the left is a smart suit, with a patterned blouse, which Claire wears with the soft felt hat. She has this costume in her personal wardrobe for the days when she goes downtown shopping

This gay blouse calls for the brightest colors in your paint box. With the skirt it makes a charming afternoon costume . . . see how well you can color the dainty design

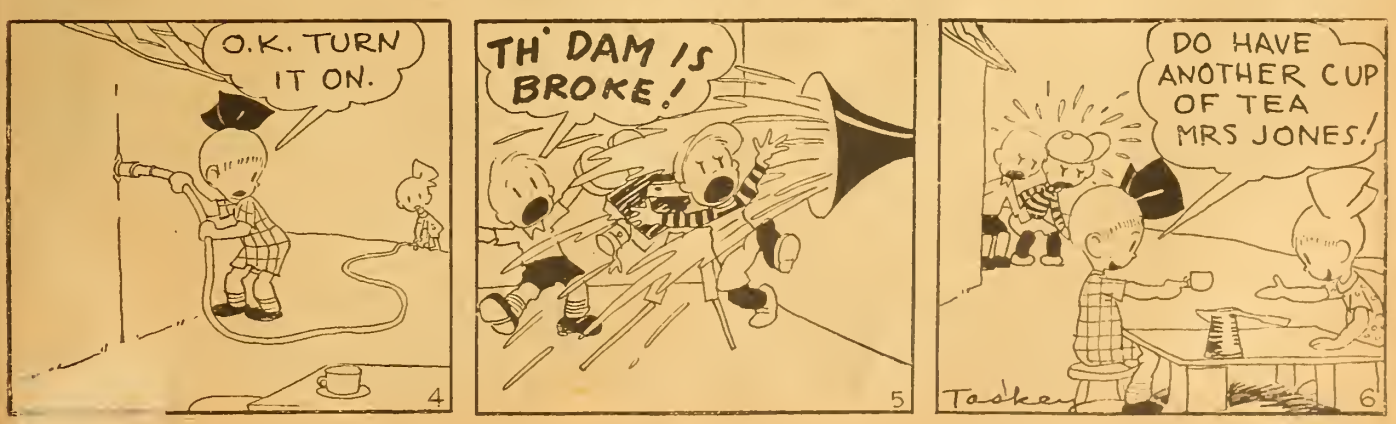
An evening gown, for dancing. One flower is caught on the shoulder and a whole garland of flowers falls from the waist over the frills of the skirt



Claire wears this darling old-fashioned costume and the big hat in "The Bugle Call," in which she plays with Jackie Coogan

A dear sport outfit . . . with gay color in the worsted embroidery

MOVIE PITCHERS



An Artist of

On the surface, the Corinne Griffith of today is a stranger to the fly-away child she used to be

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Jackson

Like all charming women, Corinne is more than this. Charm is compounded of definite and stable things, with a cloak of graciousness about them

WE know a man who as a boy lived just around a Southern corner from Corinne Griffith, then a little girl.

"She was good fun," he says, "always ready for a romp. Most of the other girls liked to sit about all dressed up. Some of them were perfect sticks. But you could always count on Corinne being ready for fun.

"I remember she wore white middy blouses and never worried about mussing her hair."

* * * * * *

BUT to leave the Griffith girl of the country Southern town and look at her today. . . .

"I'm glad I went abroad," she said to us one afternoon this spring. We were with her while she shopped for a French screen and a small Louis table that might serve coffee in her drawing-room. With a little smile, "Travel *is* broadening. It taught me that I do not have to keep on making pictures if I'm not happy doing so. There are all sorts of things to do . . . all sorts of places to go. In Hollywood we forget the breadth of the world and the thousands of delightful people in it who really know little or nothing about motion pictures. Yet I found many such who seemed perfectly happy and contented.

"I know now that I can go to France, for one thing, where people take their time about living.

"Did you ever hear about the Pressed Duck Place? You go there at, say, seven o'clock, and you never leave until eleven. They prepare the duck in the most extraordinary way, right before you. They cook it carefully, nursing the pot in which it simmers in wine of rare vintage.

"There are other such places. . . ."

We entered a small antique shop where

Living

the low slant of the retiring sun came between the faded damask curtains and marked the beauty of old wood in old pieces.

Corinne rested her long white hand on a tiny satinwood table with inlays of dark kingwood.

A suave morning-coated gentleman listened while she asked if they had any old French coffee-tables.

His manner became superior. An old French coffee-table? Certainly not, Madame. The French of the Louis' had no such thing as a coffee-table. His shop carried only *original* antiques.

We attempted to explain, a small and low table that might be used as a coffee-table. But Corinne touched our arm gently.

"I have been put in my proper place," she said, low enough so that all the elegant gentleman might overhear was her amused tone. And we were out in the spring sunshine again. It may be that even such a perfect thing as that superiority of his was a little shaken.

"I must be very careful just how I word my request in the next shop," she said. "Very careful, indeed." And it was evident that she had found enjoyment in the little experience.

A dark-brown felt hat, aviator effect, cupped her lovely head. Her dark mink coat hung loosely over her slim shoulders. Distinguished men, passing, discreetly turned to look again. She did not appear to see them. It has been said that you can grow accustomed to anything.

We stopped to look at some etchings of wire-haired fox-terriers in an art dealer's window.

"They make me homesick," Corinne said. "I remember how my wire-hairs love the garden, and the races we have up and down the paths."

On up Madison Avenue we walked, slowly . . . stopping now to admire a great bowl of old-fashioned flowers in a florist's window;

exclaiming over the brilliance of a square emerald in a jeweler's.

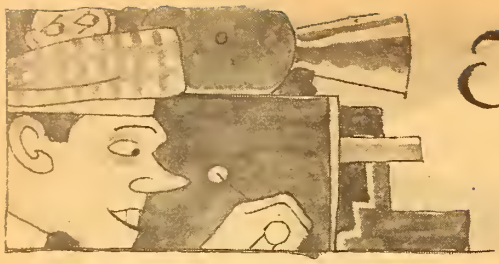
Corinne said Cartier's in Paris were sending over an emerald she had purchased while abroad.

Farther up-town the recessional buildings were appliqued on the blue sky.

"The city is lovelier than ever with this new architecture," she said. "Look up there. See how it seems to be soaring up . . . up. The beauty about

(*Continued on page* 90)

It is the few and not the many who acquire the art of living and react keenly to the moment at hand, whether it chalices beauty or pain. Always, it would seem, Corinne has been avid of a fulness of life



The Picture

CHANG

HERE is a mighty picture, one that miraculously brings the dark mystery of the jungle to those living within civilized boundaries.

Here is a picture that has all the color of the tangled jungle for its backdrop and has searched out the natives of Northern Siam and the wild animals abounding there for its cast.

What *Chang* means must remain a secret if the picture is to thrill you as it should. Suffice it to say that *Chang* names the fear in every Siamese's heart. *Chang* is the terror of wild places, at whose approach both men and beasts flee for safety.

The men who made this film must have risked their gallant lives time and time again. Unmistakably wild animals leer in close-ups. At times the thundering stampede of hoofs and paws is only a foot above the cameras.

"Chang" brings its audience into fascinated touch with stranger realities than they ever dreamed of.—*Paramount.*

CAMILLE

"CAMILLE" has fallen into uncomprehending hands in the studios of Hollywood. Fred Niblo's version is labored, and only in rare snatches does it catch at the real pathos of the story. Norma Talmadge is beautiful, but she fails to capture the essential spirit of *Camille.* She seems tired, and only in moments of sorrow and weariness approaches the author's conception of his heroine. Too, she is unfortunate in her *Armand.* The interlude of their love is so unreal, so incredibly Hollywood, that it robs the story of its whole tragic heart. It becomes meaningless. And at various inspired moments it even stirs the audience to ill-controlled mirth. This is a great pity, for "Camille," tho worn threadbare in almost every other field of the drama, still had something left to give to moving pictures, and in the right hands it might have come to poignant life again on the screen.—*First National.*

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

ILLOGICAL and incredible is this adaptation of Owen Davis' story in which Clara Bow and Esther Ralston play side by side with great good nature. The proximity of the dazzling Esther makes it quite certain that Clara is not a beautiful girl, and strangely enough the acting honors, if any, go to Esther also. She is just too refined for words, so much so that she hardly dares to breathe. But Clara errs just as much in the other extreme, managing to act the complete hoyden right up to her last breath. The plot is an unparalleled feat of someone's imagination. Two lonely children in a convent form a close friendship which survives every test. Thru the author's caprice, the girls get their men mixed, and there's a lot of sacrificing all around. Proving that love is all, or what have you. The best performances are given by two sad, prim little girls in the first reel—before our heroines grow up and the shooting begins.—*Paramount.*

LONG PANTS

WHAT happens to a young man's fancy when the springtime and his first pair of long pants arrive simultaneously is the theme of Harry Langdon's latest. It isn't one of his best pictures, but Harry has a crafty way of introducing two or three sequences so terribly funny that you go on laughing helplessly thru all the defective spots. And there are some moments in this one over which you'll laugh for a week. Harry is very amorous and very adolescent, and it's only natural that when a black-eyed adventuress drives into his life in a large automobile, he should thenceforth be in the grip of a hopeless passion for her. Dispensing with the little girl next door to whom he has been betrothed, and rescuing the black-eyed one from jail, give him a chance for two of the most priceless bits of comedy current on the screen. There's nothing we can say about this except that Harry's unique genius is worth seeing always, so you'd better go.—*First National.*

Parade

THE KING OF KINGS

NO Biblical subject has been quite so magnificently treated on the screen as "The King of Kings," and Cecil B. De Mille deserves an everlasting tribute for the triumph of his achievement in so reverently transcribing the life of Jesus of Nazareth. As a production, "The King of Kings" equals anything that has been done on the screen. The story has been told with a deep appreciation of the subject. The large cast, composed of many of the leading cinema artists, portrays the various rôles with exceptional merit. H. B. Warner, as The Christ, rises to the heights in his conception of The Nazarene. Ernest Torrence as Peter, Joseph Schildkraut as Judas, Rudolph Schildkraut as Caiaphas, Jacqueline Logan as Mary Magdalene, Dorothy Cummings as Mary, mother of Christ, and Victor Varconi as Pilate, deserve the highest praise. "The King of Kings" will always be remembered as one of the outstanding contributions to the screen.—*Producers' Distributing Corporation.*

CASEY AT THE BAT

BASED on so slight a foundation as the famous poem about Mudville's star baseball player, this seems to us to have turned into a remarkably ample movie. In addition to Wallace Beery, it boasts a perfect reproduction of the Floradora Sextette, a Big League baseball game, Ford Sterling coquetting with several different false beards, and more Wallace Beery. It has the leisurely pace which for some reason we always associate with the Gay Nineties in which it is laid, and this may detract a little from the suspense. Still, we found the big game exciting enough. Of course, the scenarist thought up a good alibi for Casey when he struck out, and he was reinstated as a hero the next day—for to leave Wallace Beery on a note of sorrow and humiliation would be too crushing for any audience to bear. Zasu Pitts is delightful as the mid-Victorian sweetie, and Wallace Beery is just a big baby. You know how he is. Unusually good entertainment.—*Paramount.*

LOVERS?

THIS demonstrates how groundless gossip can tragically wreck the lives of the innocent people involved in it. How it can poison a man's mind against the two people in the world most devoted to him. It also demonstrates the tragic results of assembling a good cast and giving them absolutely nothing to do. At least, we like to think that bewilderment, not choice, led Ramon Novarro to act alternately cute and Kiwanian thru most of the picture. We still believe Ramon is the genius of the screen, and are loyally awaiting a sign. Alice Terry and Edward Martindel are the other two involved in this little scandal. Edward accuses his beautiful young wife of carrying on with his handsome young ward, and before the tangle is straightened out, Edward has got himself killed. In your heretical heart you know that's what the young people must have wanted all the time. We blame this on bad story and bad direction—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE

THIS is about a much sought after but shy young millionaire who wants to be left in peace to woo and (if she possibly *can* overcome her prejudice against his money) win a little telephone girl. To this end he exchanges suits and personalities with his valet, who is well able to cope with the onslaught of feminine fortune-hunters. Jack (yes—the millionaire is none other than Jack Mulhall) wins her heart and hand until he tries to tell her who he really is. Then all he gets is dirty looks from the girl, sly winks from the valet, and a trip to the police court. Most of the humor arises from his entirely futile efforts to establish his identity. It's brightly directed, full of gags and sometimes funny subtitles, and Colleen Moore, Sam Hardy as the valet and Gwen Lee as the flower girl who marries him in a defenceless moment provides most of the amusement. But that's quite a fair amount.—*First National.*

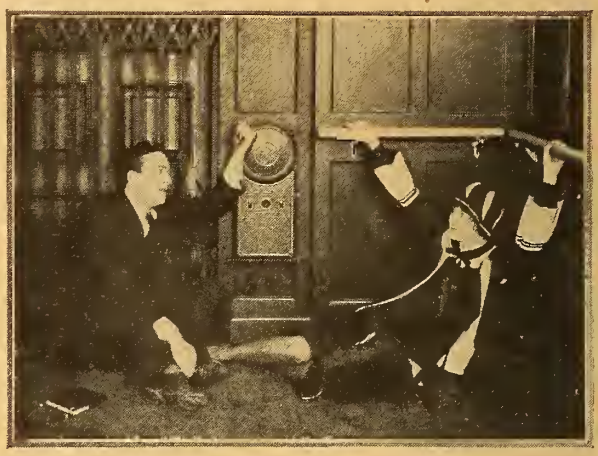
Unbiased Reviews which will Serve as Guides to the

BEWARE OF WIDOWS

NO picture is complete without its houseboat this season, and a great portion of Laura La Plante's latest takes place on one, sometimes stationary, sometimes rocking and tossing perilously on what they would like to have us believe is a stormy sea. But we're beginning at the wrong end, for of course this is the grand climax. The story starts out with the attempt of a sweet young blonde to marry a doctor. He is perfectly willing, but his infatuated patients are willing to go to any lengths to keep him single. One of these ladies goes too far, and the little blonde walks out on the wedding. Later she has to do some pretty strenuous work to keep him from marrying another girl out of spite. The whole weight of this inane comedy falls on the shoulders of Laura La Plante, and she handles with amazing spirit a situation which would have depressed almost anyone else. She uses every one of her assets to good advantage, including her small nose, and manages to be very cute and funny.—*Universal.*

SEE YOU IN JAIL

JACK MULHALL is getting along without Dorothy Mackaill this month, but he still has that smile and he works it overtime to cover up any other deficiencies. "See You in Jail" has a plot, but we wont tell you all of it, because you know already that Jack is a millionaire's son. Jack is always a millionaire's son, working his way up, or refusing to work his way up, or for some other reason posing as a down-and-outer. He is offered a job pinch-hitting for another millionaire, who has been sentenced to jail for speeding, but would rather go to Hawaii. Jack, disguised as a financial wizard, goes to jail, gets mixed up in some Big Business, and it turns out that he *is* a financial wizard all the time. Of course, he wins the girl, who loves him for his smile and not for his money at all. This is done with a lot more originality than the plot would lead you to suspect. Often it's positively amusing, and the Mulhall love scenes are so sweet and sincere.—*First National.*



THE NOTORIOUS LADY

THE courtroom scene comes at the very outset of this drama. Barbara Bedford, in order to save her husband's life, confesses to an affair which she actually never had with the man her husband killed. Everyone believes her, including her husband, who goes to Africa to forget. The rest of the picture is played out against a very handsome backdrop depicting the African diamond country, where the whole cast assembles quite by accident. There are a native uprising, a lot of coincidences that leave you gasping at the irony of life, and ultimately the reconciliation. In spite of rather bad flaws in continuity and direction, this has a certain atmosphere, a certain portentous air, that gives a semblance of interest and excitement to the story. A great deal of its interest centers in the personality of Lewis Stone, who apparently can go on forever being charming and giving performances so good that they lend credibility to the preposterous stories he is cast in. Ann Rork is good in a small part.—*First National.*

AFRAID TO LOVE

A PLEASING variation on the old theme of marrying to inherit a fortune is the plot of this picture. This time the marriage ceremony is a real one, making it more plausible and more complicated. Florence Vidor, at her very best, is the hired bride, who decides she would rather be a fixture in her husband's life than a temporary accommodation. To this end she connives with innumerable men with fierce black mustaches, and what these gentlemen do to turn a business proposition into a romance, it would be well worth your while to go and see. It's nothing new, but it's done with a fresh, absurd kind of humor and with considerable grace and charm on the part of Miss Vidor. What good women have to contend with is embodied most devastatingly by Jocelyn Lee. There are pretty clothes, and Paris, and Clive Brook falling more hopelessly, solemnly in love than most actors are willing to in this blasé age. Mild, but most diverting.—*Paramount.*

Pictures that Appear at Your Neighborhood Theater

MATINEE LADIES

TRYING to make a bad woman of May McAvoy is the thankless job of the villain of this piece. Of course, everyone has known for years that it cant be done. And in this instance Malcolm McGregor simply wont hear of it. He is the beautiful young lover who tears around Long Island Sound in a small launch, tho the breaking waves dash high, searching in one houseboat after another for his recalcitrant sweetie and her betrayer. Before they get thru everyone is thoroly soaked, and we're just where we were before. May is still a wide-eyed cigaret girl, and Malcolm is a refined gigolo in the same restaurant, choosing that edifying way to work his way thru law school. They probably wont be able to get married for years and years. But at least Virtue has been preserved, and they can look each other in the eye without flinching. The other performers of note in this little drama are Hedda Hopper as an aging vampire, and Marc McDermott as the too optimistic villain.—*Warner Brothers.*

KNOCKOUT REILLY

RICHARD DIX seems more at home in this story of the prize-ring than he has for several pictures past. Richard is a young and earnest riveter who, in defending his girl from what are commonly known as unwelcome attentions, discovers he has a knockout punch. Then he discovers a prize-fighter he wants to use it on. So two years pass, and we find Richard in the ring, on the verge of winning the championship. He is framed by his rival and gets a year in jail instead. And just picture the grudge battle that is staged when he gets out! This is by far the most exciting prize-fight we've ever seen on the screen. And the circumstances leading up to it are quite credible. The first half of the picture has an agreeable atmosphere of gentle kidding that probably should be credited to Mal St. Clair, the director. Richard Dix and Jack Renault demonstrate respectively that actors can fight and prize-fighters can act. And a good time is had by all.—*Paramount.*

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN

THIS is the first directorial effort of Dorothy Arzner, a girl who used to be James Cruze's cutter. She has done an excellent job with an excellent cast. It is, also, Esther Ralston's first starring vehicle, and unlike most newly crowned stars, she has permitted herself to be surrounded with a cast of very capable players. She does battle all the way with Raymond Hatton for first honors in the piece. Einar Hanson as the lover has little to do, but contributes greatly to the success of the film.

Esther appears as a much publicized French mannequin, who has as her press agent, Ray Hatton. She has her face lifted, and while this operation is in progress a double is secured to take her place at the annual fashion show. (Esther Ralston plays both parts.) The press agent concocts a number of stunts which nearly result in disaster for the entire company, but manages to emerge victorious. The fashion show is gorgeous. Esther Ralston is exquisitely beautiful and Ray Hatton tremendously funny.—*Paramount.*

ANKLES PREFERRED

MADGE BELLAMY is on view in another of those shop-girl stories. Madge is a flippant young thing, who resents the fact that men prefer pretty ankles to brains. But the picture doesn't get very far before it becomes evident that she has neither to offer. She leaves her humble home, her honest job and her upright young sweetheart to become the innocent pawn of two gentleman dressmakers, who get her to do a little professional vamping for them, in a nice way. All this leads the whole-wheat boy-friend into a lot of horrid suspicions—quite, quite groundless, we might add, for that girl would be safe among the Cossacks. It's all terribly confused and trite and humorless. Lawrence Grey as the old-fashioned boy and Joyce Compton as a home girl give the most agreeable performances. We would have felt more bitter about this if we hadn't seen it at the Roxy Theater, where the ushers understand charm and the true meaning of service, and practically anything seems divine.—*Fox.*

Clothes That Fit *the*

The Correct Wardrobe Anticipates Every Social Emergency

Kenneth Alexander

Florence Vidor's coat is very gay, with its colors borrowed from the summer flowers and its design borrowed from the modern artists. Made simply, without any shoulder seams, it can be slipped over the most fragile summer gown without fear of crushing it. Miss Vidor's soft felt hat, fitted smartly to her head, and her slippers and stockings complement the beige background of the wrap

The pleated skirt for the limited wardrobe, since it permits a variety of the striped sweater blouses that are so very smart this season. High-crowned hats, too, are the vogue . . . and belts of gold and silver kid . . . with bows dropping from almost every shoulder. And Myrna Loy proves that the tout ensemble of these things can be very charming

Summer Scene

Clarence S. Bull

Those who favor horoscopes will be delighted with the fad that permits your particular sign of the Zodiac to be embroidered on your hat and gown. Gwen Lee, a November child, is adorned with scorpions

It would seem that we have begrudged babies their pale pink and blue, for these are THE colors this season. Joan Crawford appeared at a Hollywood bridge table recently wearing a frock of blue flat crêpe. Her skirt was pleated from the hips to the hem line, with the pleats stitched half-way down. She wore a silver kid belt about her natural waist-line. Her hat was of blue chouquette and her large, flat purse also took its color from spring skies

Underwood & Underwood

The Wampas Frolic this year found Martha Sleeper much sought after. Perhaps the voluminous white of her tulle gown and the way in which the fur framed her young, oval face had something to do with it

Bright frocks for morning wear. Jacqueline Gadson finds the printed voiles both cool and effective

Polka dots! Perhaps their continued vogue may be accounted for by the fact that the male sex generally notices a polka-dot dress . . . and comments upon it in complimentary terms. Ruth Taylor's two-piece dress finds the white blouse looking to the polka-dotted material of the skirt for belt, pocket binding and collar and cuffs . . .

George E. Cannons

1890 POUR LE SPORT 1927

ON BRIDLE-PATH, BEACH AND TENNIS COURT

Sarony

Conly

Sarony

Old photographs thru the courtesy of Harold Seton

We hear considerable about the Elegant 80's and 90's. But the camera has preserved the truth of this era for us. It must be admitted that an equestrienne suit WAS a suit in the days when Maxine Elliott cantered along the Central Park bridle-paths. Leatrice Joy in comfortable breeches and shirt doesn't seem to take her horse so seriously

If it is a bathing suit Vera Stedman is wearing, what is it that Cissie Fitzgerald is wearing? No. . . . You'll have to take our word for it, another bathing suit. Girls took a lot of pains with their toilette in the 90's

Tennis courts are hardly the dazzling affairs they used to be if all the girls dressed as Blanche Howard in 1889. Mildred Davis Lloyd says she willingly sacrifices the striped color and whalebones for the sake of ease in swinging a racket

Don Gilum

MENU

Hors d'œuvres

Brown Soup with Asparagus

Salmon with Champignons Sauce

Venison Gelé

Vegetables Mayonnaise

Danish Apple Cake

Iced Coffee, Chocolate or Tea

A Danish Dinner

Such as the Hersholts Serve Their Guests

By

Rilla Page Palmborg

"TAKE special notice of this large and stately English manor at my right," bawled the conductor of the sightseeing bus as it swept around a certain corner in the center of the exclusive residential district of Beverly Hills. "This is the home of that famous character actor, Jean Hersholt." I turned around with a start, expecting to see all the passengers of the bus peering over the high wall into the peaceful seclusion of the Hersholt garden. But no such sight greeted me, for the bus had sped on.

Mrs. Hersholt, who had been showing me her beautiful flowers, turned with a laugh. "We still get quite a kick out of that performance," and her dark, brown eyes twinkled as she added, "You know, Jean's name wasn't shouted to the four winds when we lived in the little Hollywood cottage that we called home for so many years."

This English manor, as the guide so aptly put it, is a home of rare beauty. Deep, silky, colorful Persian rugs, exquisite hangings, rare pieces of carved furniture, heavy brocades and old tapestries blend into a suggestion of leisured livableness.

"Jean and I had a lot of fun getting these things," said Mrs. Hersholt as we strolled thru the house. "And Jean chose most of them himself," she added proudly.

Everything suggests the artist. There is color and repose, proportion and balance. Each room is perfect in itself.

The solarium, with its black and white marble floor and unique wall fountain with water trickling over colored lights, is charming.

The library, with its ceiling and frieze painted by a famous European artist, is a place of beauty.

An air of gracious hospitality pervades the dining-room with its fine furnishings of heavy carved walnut. It is here that the Hersholts serve their dinners, which are so unusual and so unusually good.

Mrs. Hersholt uses many of the recipes which her mother taught her when she was a young girl in her native land, Denmark, living in a big country home a few miles out of Copenhagen.

An air of gracious hospitality pervades the dining-room, with its fine furnishings of heavy, carved walnut. It is here that the Hersholts serve their dinners, which are so unusual and so unusually good . . . replicas of dinners that were served in the big country house a few miles out of Copenhagen when Mrs. Hersholt was a girl

Brown Soup with Asparagus: Mix one-half pound of ground lean beef with one-half pound of ground veal and brown in a

(*Continued on page* 101)

When Emil Jannings left for Hollywood, there were optimists who said he would make pictures there equal to the great pictures he made in Germany. And there were pessimists who remembered others whose greatness appeared to go to seed when they were transplanted from their native lands . . .

A decision on this question will be rendered by Mr. Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh." Certainly the five portraits of Mr. Jannings in this film, shown here, should place any betting odds in favor of the optimists

At the bottom of the page is Phyllis Haver, who had the signal honor of being selected as Mr. Jannings' leading woman. . . . Phyllis has come a long way in the last few years. And her performances always have justified the producers' faith in her ability

Mr. Jannings Goes "The Way of All Flesh"

Steichen

MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY *was Miss Elizabeth Heymann of Vienna before her marriage to the son of the president of the well-known publishing house, Doubleday, Page & Co. Chanel has displayed finesse in this exquisite gown*

In a Chanel sports costume, vert amande, Mrs. Doubleday's blonde beauty has the perfect setting. She is one of the season's favorite hostesses at Palm Beach

The restrained simplicity of a navy blue capeline and crepe de chine frock by Chanel enhances Mrs. Doubleday's charm

Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY

discovers two secrets of beauty

THE smart international set has recently been adorned by a lovely new member—Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday. Her interest in the best way to care for her skin led her to the discovery made by many women of the social world.

"Although accustomed in Vienna," she says, "to seeing beautiful women, I was amazed when I came to America, at the fine complexions so many women have here. I found that your Two Creams are used by the women whose skin I found so beautiful.

"I am now using them daily. I like them so *very* much—they keep my skin in such perfect condition—that I thought you would like to know what a Viennese woman thinks about them."

For cleansing and keeping the skin supple, before retiring and whenever your skin feels dusty and tired, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your face, throat, hands. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores, removing every trace of dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, pat fresh cream on at night and leave until morning.

For a lovely even finish, a velvety powder base and protection against the weather, smooth just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and before you powder. Now go out into wind, sun and dust-laden air. Your cheeks stay soft and fresh. And how smooth and white your hands! And your powder lies smoothly for hours, like the nap of velvet.

These are the TWO CREAMS *women of social prominence have chosen*

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U
113 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $40.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before May 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

See Prize-Winning Limericks on Page 87

Marceline, being wily and smart,
Won her way in a trice to Karl's heart,
For men have to be wooed
With some good solid food

This small, non-inflammable tot
Is only a part of the plot
To help Neil masquerade
As the Fire Brigade

Here are four of the girls men forget.
Tho quite high and dry, they're all wet.
No one would molest
Girls so thoroly dressed

Mabel's buddy is ready to tell
That war is assuredly hell;
When chasing a cootie
Is part of one's duty

The value of relaxation, robed in a gown of some exquisite color to match her mood, is one of the secrets of life which Miss Shearer has learned very early. Does it perhaps account for her marvelous poise and graciousness?

"Now it is easy to keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters looking like NEW" says NORMA SHEARER

"MY clothes must be in perfect condition all the time!" and Norma Shearer smiled as she talked of her problems as a star.

"You can't imagine what that means with clothes worn in the studio or on location. The life of the screen is really hard on clothes! No matter how grimy a dress may become today, it must be fresh again tomorrow! In fact, everything in my wardrobe must be ready for instant use.

"When I first started in screen work that was awfully hard for me. Often there is no time to send things to the cleaners' yet makeshift cleaning would not do at all. I found that out when I tried to sponge off the spots my Jerry's paws left on a printed silk frock with soap and a damp cloth. My treatment only made the situation worse!

"Then mother stepped in and bore the frock off. Next day it looked as good as new! She had had my maid wash it in Lux. Now, between them, they keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters, my most adorable negligees and underthings, as well as all my sport togs, exquisitely fresh all the time.

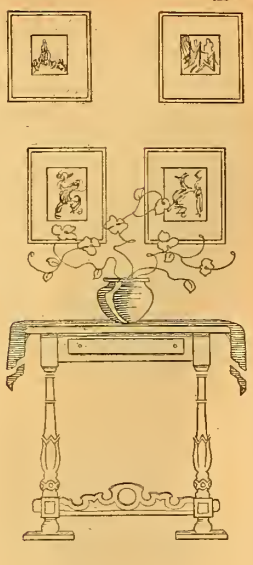
ONCE the lovely clothes which fill her wardrobe were a trial as well as a delight to Norma Shearer. But now she can enjoy them all the time—thanks to Lux!

"But they could never do it without Lux. Mother says old-fashioned washing methods—rubbing or using harsh soaps—would ruin things in no time," says Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"If it's safe in water . . it's just as safe in Lux"

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Pictures and "Pretties"



By

Stephen Goosson, Interior Decorator
for First National Pictures

ONCE I saw a bride take a survey of her most attractive home—her friends and her cousins and her aunts had done most of the planning — clap her plump little hands and say, with the cutest giggle in the world: "When I get some pictures and 'pretties' in here, this place will look simply grand!"

Being a truthful person, I must report that I saw the home of the bride — both before and after the "pictures and pretties" had been put into place. The friends and relatives had done an excellent job with the small house—it was a bungalow in Southern California. There was a taupe davenport, one taupe chair to go with it, a fireside chair in gold and blue, gold and blue curtains, a taupe rug. There were red cushions and a red-lacquered chest for contrast. The thing was a bit stiff, to be sure, but living would take care of that. It was even a little too correct, but it was in such good taste and so excellently planned that one could forgive this.

The bride had no taste at all. She was a little darling, of eighteen or so, and much better-looking than most artists dare make their illustrations. But she didn't know anything about decoration. Undoubtedly she felt in her home a

(*Continued on page* 98)

At the top of the page are two arrangements of pictures over a hall table. In the drawing to the right the arrangement of the four pictures becomes more important than the subjects themselves . . . and gives a sense of confusion

The arrangement of lounge . . . portrait and table in Pola Negri's boudoir is splendid. Grouping furniture and lamps and pictures whenever possible makes for interest, convenience and charm

The frilly boudoir pillow on the left is entirely out of keeping with the chair. Small pillows to tuck behind your back are good, but should be selected with care . . . and pillows should be simple, so that they may serve the practical purposes for which they were originally intended

Bright silks, damasks and embroideries make splendid wall hangings and add color to a room

FAMOUS FEET

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

Here's a vital "foot-note"
A new way to *end* Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for *all* feet . . . Here, indeed, *is* an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the Blue-jay formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

ANN PENNINGTON *says:* "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty Blue-jay plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"

GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet.* "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a Blue-jay."

The new Blue-jay in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE *New* Blue-jay

© B. & B., 1927

Here is a woman who wants to work as her pioneer ancestors worked, tho her tasks are not the same. Had she lived on some lonely frontier outpost, how Estelle would have flung herself into the work at hand. Her splendid vitality would have found release in this way. But her setting is Hollywood . . . her surroundings those of wealth . . .

She's Mrs. Jack Dempsey And the Critics Acclaim Her in Her Own Profession Yet Estelle Taylor Insists

She Has a Problem

BY HELEN CARLISLE

IT was a rather startling thing for a girl to say, and mean it. And Estelle Taylor did mean it.

"I could live in a back bedroom, cook over a gas-plate, and be perfectly happy, if I felt that I was accomplishing something in my work.

"Luxury doesn't mean anything to me. Not a thing. Limousine, clothes, jewels cant take the place of something to do. I inherit thru my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors, a tremendous capacity for *work*. My mother and grandmother, other women of my family away back, released their energy thru caring for their families and doing their own housework.

"Mine is done when I've gone over the day's routine each morning with the servants. There's nothing left for me to *do*. I was so blue and depressed last week that I cried for four days."

I looked out thru the rain-splashed French windows to the wide stretches of the lawn, vivid in early summer green. Jack and Estelle have purchased an acre of ground in one of the most exclusive suburbs of Los Angeles. Theirs is an English manor house. Charmingly furnished. A home in which one knows that people *live*. Not coldly formal, like so many of the houses out here. This one reaches out friendly, welcoming hands. Its atmosphere is restful.

So many women, I thought, must envy Estelle her fortunate position where material things are concerned.

But the modern woman, and man, must admire her. Because she isn't content to be a parasite, a listless woman accepting as her right the luxuries with which she is surrounded.

A woman who wants to work. As her pioneer ancestors worked, tho her tasks are not the same. Had she lived on some lonely frontier outpost, how Estelle would have flung herself into the work at hand! She would have scrubbed, and cooked, and kept her spinning-wheel twirling. Her splendid vitality would have found release in this way.

But her setting is Hollywood, her surroundings those

(*Continued on page* 95)

The Allure of Young-Looking Skin

Accent your natural coloring with these youthful shades of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

As suave and supple as the touch of a rose petal . . . as clear and fresh as the skin of youth . . . Your complexion can gain this appearance of youthful beauty—almost instantly. The deft application of Pompeian Beauty Powder with Pompeian Bloom brings just this effect.

Discriminating women select Pompeian Beauty Powder for its purity, its velvety texture, and for the perfection of its shades. There is the correct shade for each type of skin, from the pale golden blonde to the vibrant, vivid brunette.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has the ever-desirable virtue of adhering well, maintaining its subtle finish of loveliness for hours at a time.

Its faint odor has a mystery that intrigues you—an enchanting elusiveness that becomes an individual possession with each wearer.

Pompeian Bloom adds the colorful note that typifies youth. Medium, Oriental, Orange, Light and Dark Rose tones are to be found in Pompeian Bloom—with the more subtle differences in the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—Flesh, Peach, Rachel and White.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive free samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.

60¢

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry

Pompeian
Beauty Powder and Bloom

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
Dept 406-G, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the *free* samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name _____

Addre _____

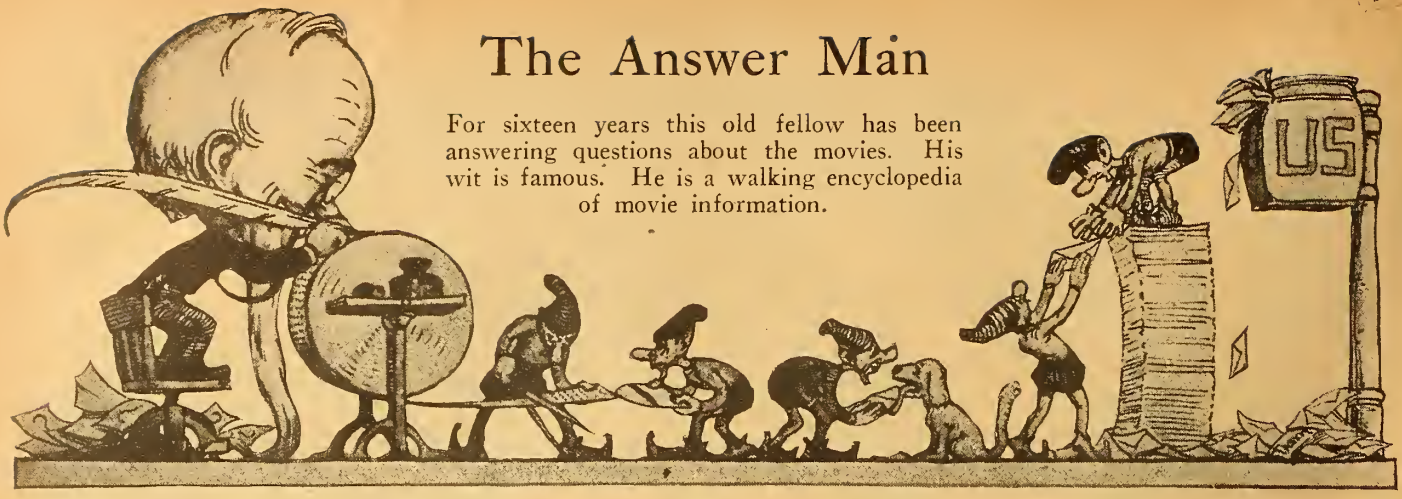
Cit _____ Sta _____

Powder shade wanted _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

The Answer Man

For sixteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of movie information.



I am at your service. Write to me and I'll promptly answer as many letters in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as space permits and reply by mail to the others. If you wish a reply by mail, please be sure to write your name and address and enclose stamps or a stamped, addressed envelope. Address me: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

INQUISITIVE.—Luffly weather! June brides, etc.; but, remember, 'tis an old maid who would swim home from a gondola ride. Oscar Shaw is now playing in "Oh, Kay." Lois Boyd was *Peggy Tanner* in "Wolves of the Air." Allan Durant was *Rags Trafford* in "Marriage." Ralph Forbes' latest picture is "Mr. Wu"—now, ask me another.

JUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—So you are an Indoor Aviator (elevator)! Bet you have your ups and downs! All the raising you do wont help my salary. Mady Christians, of "Waltz Dream," lives in Europe but can be reached thru Metro-Goldwyn. Howard Estabrook, Jean Southern, Bessie E. Wharton, M. W. Rales, Allen Murane were the cast of "Mysteries of Myra," that was running twelve years ago. I remember it well.

JEANNE.—Clara Bow is still unwed, red hair, brown eyes. Born August 8, 1905; five feet three, one hundred five pounds. You ought to see her in "Rough House Rosie." Doug, Jr., is playing in "Is Zat So?" and is about twenty. I'm good at figures, too—numerals.

AUSSIE.—So you saw Joan Crawford in "Paris"—down in Australia. You have good eyes! Joan wont tell hers—but Vilma Banky was born in 1902. So your favorite is Richard Dix. I'll tell him. A Mary Pickford Club has been formed by Miss E. M. MacKibben, 75 East Tompkins Street, Columbus, Ohio.

"OLD FASHIONED."—Thanks for the necktie, my beard will protect it. Norman Kerry played *Phœbus* in "The Hunchback." Summer hotels and some aren't. You know, everybody "shoves" a fat man!

POODLE.—Richard Dix hails from Minneapolis but he now reigns in California, playing in the "Roughneck Gentlemen"—playing, did you say? A college is a factory which tries to make men out of RAH material.

WHIBSY.—Alas, they all are married. Billy Dove to Irvin Willat. Lloyd Hughes to Gloria Hope (yes, she's an actress), and, gosh, they are proud of their son, Donald, who was born on his dad's birthday, October 21. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick—but not the singer—he's a director. No, lady, a meadow lark is not a party thrown in the country.

MURIAL A.—You can reach "Our Gang," by writing to Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. Jackie Coogan is **playing in the "Bugle Call." Mary Pickford's hair is still long and curly. Movie stars like to hear from their friends.**

CANADA GIRL.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, August 10, 1903. Edna Marion was *Drina* in "The Still Alarm." She is now with Educational Pictures, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. Mother-in-laws? Never had one—so you stump me on that one! Address Vilma Banky at Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, California.

MARGARET R.—Gloria Swanson born March 27, 1897. Five foot three and weighs 110 pounds, brown hair and gray-blue eyes. Fish is brain food all right. Think of the knowledge required to open a can of sardines.

ALMA Mc.—You know what one Gold Dust Twin said to the other, dont you—Lux's against us. Yes, Samuel Goldwyn has signed Gilda Gray for five years. Her first picture is to be "Marie Odile," from the Belasco stage-play. It's better to have loved and lost—yes, much better.

LUCY A.—Well, if your baby is crying for the moon now, when she is eighteen she will be crying for the earth. Gertrude Lawrence is on the stage. Mary Astor will appear in "Two Arabian Knights."

DENVER.—Some people's idea of happiness is nothing to do and lots of time to do it in. Pola Negri in "A Woman on Trial." Ricardo Cortez started the picture, but now Einar Hansen is taking his place. Syd Chaplin is in "The Race Track Tout"—opposite Helene Costello.

JESSIE J.—You say you have a police dog that you want to enter in pictures. There are as many dogs trying to get into pictures now as there are flappers. Better send the picture to one of the studios on the Coast. Woof, woof!

NAOMI W.—So you think Greta Garbo reminds you of the drooping-lily type, and Gloria Swanson of the rose with many thorns. Well, there's no denying they both remind you of flowers. Yes, Babe Ruth himself in "Babe Comes Home."

BUCK JONES FAN.—You are like the man who joined the navy to see the world and then spent four years in a submarine. Allene Ray was born in 1903. Buck Jones in "The Holy Terror." Harry Langdon in "His First Flame."

WINIFRED B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Glad you liked "Ben-Hur." We had to wait long enough for it, but it was worth waiting for. De Mille will star Jetta Goudal in the "Shanghai Gesture."

WILLETTA D.—Thanks for sending me the stamps—gosh, I use a lot of 'em. "Our Gang" consists of Mickey Daniels, Farina, Aroma (Farina's sister), Johnny Downes and Jack Condon, Scooter Lowey, Joe Frank Cobb and Vermie. Jackie Condon just had his hair cut.

THERESA K.—Glad to hear you like books. I like 'em, too. Eleanor Boardman and James Murray are both in "The Crowd," written by King Vidor. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899.

CANADA.—You want to know where the perfect lovers are—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien. Well, Norma is playing in "Camille," and Eugene is in "The Romantic Age." They were great together, weren't they? Remember "The Voice from the Minaret," "Ghosts of Yesterday" and "De Luxe Annie"?

ANOTHER COLMAN FAN.—All you say is true. And some fellows marry poor girls to settle down and others marry rich ones to settle up. After marriage most men get the idea they own their wives. Constance Talmadge in "The Venus of Venice."

EMILY J. H.—Greta Garbo played on the screen abroad before coming to America. Doris Deane is Roscoe Arbuckle's wife, and she is playing in "Special Delivery." They both are going to Germany to make pictures.

NEMO, SHANGHAI.—Yes, I eat onions, but the only safe place to eat them is in a night club, as the "bill" will take your breath away. "Red" Grange and Jobyna Ralston in "The Motor Maniac." Barney Oldfield is supervising director.

HARRY R.—Hoot Mon! Harry Lauder is playing in "Huntingtown," which is be-

(*Continued on page* 78)

Yes! Really Natural

Skin Tone Color *from* ROUGE!

*It is the secret of just one rouge—*PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, *and not upon it*.

And most women—delighted, charmed, entranced with the *actual result*—are curious to discover the secret of this splendid new beauty. It is due—this unique effect—to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied coloring goes into Princess Pat Rouge*. Instead, the rarest and most *delicate* of pure tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Nature's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results.

There is something else, too. Princess Pat Rouge *changes* ever so slightly to meet the requirements of *individual* skin tone. It takes its charming color note from the skin itself, blending subtly until it is precisely right, exactly natural. And of course Princess Pat has long been known as the most enduring of all rouges—permanent until you wish to remove it.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type—blonde or brunette, for instance. With Princess Pat—giving *skin tone* color all shades harmonize beautifully and perfectly with any complexion.

Words do not adequately describe the beauty of Princess Pat shades . . . BUT—Squaw gives the deep, lovely hue of quickly coursing blood; Vivid, an exotic brilliance, the color of daring moods; Medium, the softly modulated, blushing tone for demure color notes; Theatre, the haughty tints of aristocratic, fashionable artistry; famous English Tint, the very essence of lovely, youthful glow. And there is Nite, the wonder shade for evening use . . . that cannot betray . . . that is always perfect. Nite is a beautiful, strange, violet toned hue by day, changing mysteriously to perfect rose by night. Whether blonde or brunette you find all Princess Pat shades harmonize—something new in rouges.

Enjoy this luxury of greater selection of rouge shades and the wonderful beauty of color which seems to lie *beneath* the skin—not upon it. Never the painted, dreaded gauche look if you use Princess Pat. All the better shops can show you all six shades.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and FIVE other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1267, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

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City and State.....

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: Princess Pat Cream Ski[illegible]ringent (the famous Twin-Cream Treatment), Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, Almond [illegible]r, Rouge, Lipstick, Lemon-Almond Lotion, Two-Purpose Talc, Perf[illegible]r.

EVER SO QUICKLY!

Lovely Nails that Distinguish Fashionable Hands

A census of opinion reveals this new manicure as the ultra mode.

Alluring, lustrous nails . . . Everywhere feminine nails now gleam with this new manicure . . . the wonderful gift of Glazo.

No buffing. Just a flick of the brush over the nails and, instantly, they glow with irresistible loveliness. Not for an hour or a day, but for a week Glazo lustre keeps its enticing beauty. Neither soap and water nor work can dim its radiance. And it will not crack, peel or turn an ugly brown.

Make sure that you get Glazo, the originator of this vogue. Then you will know that your hands and nails are of the latest mode.

Like the most expensive imported polishes, Glazo comes complete with separate remover. This Glazo Remover insures better results and prevents unnecessary waste of the precious Glazo Liquid Polish.

You can get Glazo in the toilet goods department of your favorite store. The dainty twin bottles hold the secret to fascinating, fashionable hands. Ask for Glazo by name. The Glazo Company, 607 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Original Liquid Polish Complete with Remover . . . Fifty Cents

GLAZO

Nails polished with Glazo are more beautiful, more fashionable. No buffing necessary.

Try Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

ing made in England and Scotland, for release thru Paramount in this country. Yes, the beautiful Imogene Wilson will be known in pictures as Imogene Robertson and is to play in "Topsy and Eva."

MRS. N. E. H. S.—Virginia Brown Faire and Jack Daugherty were married February 6, 1927. A wedding is a great idea. No married couple should be without it.

MRS. M. J. K.—Ralpb Graves and Shirley Mason appear in "Tbe Fast Mail." Yes, Thomas Meighan is to do two more pictures for Famous under his contract in California.

VIENNA W.—You say girls who wear cotton stockings are either overconfident or dont give a darn. That's out of my line. Lawrence Grey was born July 27, 1898; Neil Hamilton on September 9, 1899.

GUADALUPE, OHIO.—Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen were married January 27, 1927. Blessing, my children! Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 28, 1898. Her next picture is "Naughty Nanette."

RUDY'S MOURNER.—Valentino's body is interred in a mausoleum near Los Angeles, where it was placed about three weeks after he died.

AGNEW.—Courtship is a ship of love, entirely surrounded by a sea of bills. Bobby Agnew is twenty-seven, born in Dayton, Kentucky. You refer to William Haines in "The Denial."

PATSY MARIE.—Wallace Beery was in "Now We're in the Air." The sky is the limit, Wallace, and after that he will play in "Fireman, Save My Child."

JERMAYNE.—What do you mean, I'm banana oil? Madge Bellamy is with Fox. Rex Lease and Charlotte Merriam were married in California.

UNA B. AUCKLAND.—Pola Negri was born on January 3, 1897. Jackie Coogan is attending the Urbane Military School in Hollywood.

C. CONWAY.—You must be blind—you feel for other people. Hodkinson produced "The Bashful Suitor." Mary Brandon and Pierre Gendron had the leads.

FLO FLO.—Bebe Daniels is twenty-five and she was born January 14, 1901. Marion Davies is with Metro-Goldwyn. Yes, Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland.

ENZEDDER.—You bere again. Ramon Novarro was *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Under her new contract she plays in "Garden of Eden."

KATHLEEN C.—Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens are married. Sure, I know the reason Adam introduced himself to Eve by saying, "Madam, I'm Adam," was because he couldn't tell whether she was coming or going. You see, his little speech reads backwards and forwards just the same.

VINCENT'S WIFE.— . . . ighty-two, but I was in lov . . . only the janitor's daughter. . . . pt me off my feet! Cleeve Morrison is Colleen Moore's brother, but he now uses the name of Moore, too. Yes, Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are married.

SCHOOL GIRL.—Doug Fairbanks next appears in "The Gaucho," which means the cowboy. Viola Dana is married to Lefty Flynn. H. B. Warner had the lead in "Zaza." Gloria Swanson will not allow either of her children to be photographed for publication.

CANUTT FAN.—They say Fred Thomson is the world's champion cowboy. Alberta Vaughn is twenty. I believe in Advertising, but bow about the OYSTER? He's a non-advertiser, lays 60,000,000 eggs a year and cannot cackle. Whoever knew oysters laid eggs anyway?

E. E. S.—Yes, that was Pola Negri in "Flower of Night." The first thing the Intolerant Pilgrims did was to land on Plymouth Rock for "being hard"—ouch!

FOUR HOOSIER CRITICS.—Norma Shearer is with Metro-Goldwyn, playing opposite Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg." Constance Bennett is twenty-one. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Missouri, November 1, 1904.

DELL, LONDON.—Yes, Hoot Gibson is a real cowboy, you know. No drugstores for him! You want to see more of Marion Davies? Careful, now! We heard you!

A. L. E.—Emil Jannings was *Nero*, Lillian Hall Davis was *Lygia* in "Quo Vadis." Blanche Sweet was born in 1896. Pola Negri is twenty-nine and Johnny Walker was married to Renée Parker. Murnau's first picture is "Sunrise."

SNUGGLE PUP.—Nazimova played in "Revelation." Eileen Percy in "The Flirt." Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, but that cant be held against her! Edward Piel, Jr., was *Brad*, Esther Ralston was *Dagmar* and Gertrude Claire was *Grandma* in "The Goose Hangs High."

THIRTY DUMB-BELLS.—Carolynne Snowden was *Hattie*, the maid in "The First Year," and William Boyd had the lead in "The Volga Boatman." Address Mickey Daniels at the Hal Roach studios, Culver City, California.

JUST PAT.—Presto! Electricity is a great educator. Think what it has done to make men see things in a new light. Jean Darling, four-year-old blonde, has been officially chosen to play in "Our Gang" comedies. Jean is very young, but she is a blonde!

JUANA S.—Julia Faye is witb the De Mille Company, Culver City, California. No, Ramon Novarro is not engaged so far as I know. Lon Chaney has a marine commission.

SYLVIA DE P.—Edna Murphy and Fred Thomson was in "Silver Comes Thru." Oh, naughty, naughty! They do say that love is blind, but marriage must be an eye-opener.

RAY M. K.—Clara Bow of "It" fame is twenty-two years old and born in Brooklyn. Leslie Fenton was in "The Road to Glory."

(*Continued on page 99*)

Every advertisement in MOTION PIC . . . NE is guaranteed.

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this *new* way.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by

West Disinfecting Co.

A doctor speaks

...three authoritative statements concerning feminine hygiene

Dr. Irwin C. Sutton, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hospital, makes three important statements to women in his new book, "Good Looks". First, he says "one douche a week is plenty for a healthy woman". Second: "avoid any strong preparation (carbolic acid, bichloride, etc.)". Third: "where an antiseptic is desired, Zonite may be used".

In other words, healthful as the douche routine undoubtedly is, there is real need for professional advice on the proper antiseptic to be employed. In this respect, Dr. Sutton's caution against the dangerous compounds of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury is a timely warning.

Zonite safe compared with poisonous compounds

Such compounds have caused untold harm in the past. Not only are they deadly poisons; their continued use leads in many cases to a hardening and deadening of delicate tissues. It is natural, then, that Dr. Sutton should name Zonite as the proper antiseptic for use in feminine hygiene. Because Zonite combines certain qualities not found together in any other antiseptic. In the first place, it is *effective*. Secondly, Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. And in the third place, its action is immediate.

In germicidal strength, Zonite is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. And yet it is absolutely safe for delicate internal tissues and membranes.

Send for free booklet

A booklet devoted entirely to the subject of feminine hygiene, has been prepared and will be sent to you on request. It is authentic and frankly written. Don't forget to use the coupon.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

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At all drugstores
In bottles · 25c, 50c and $1
Full directions in every package

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene
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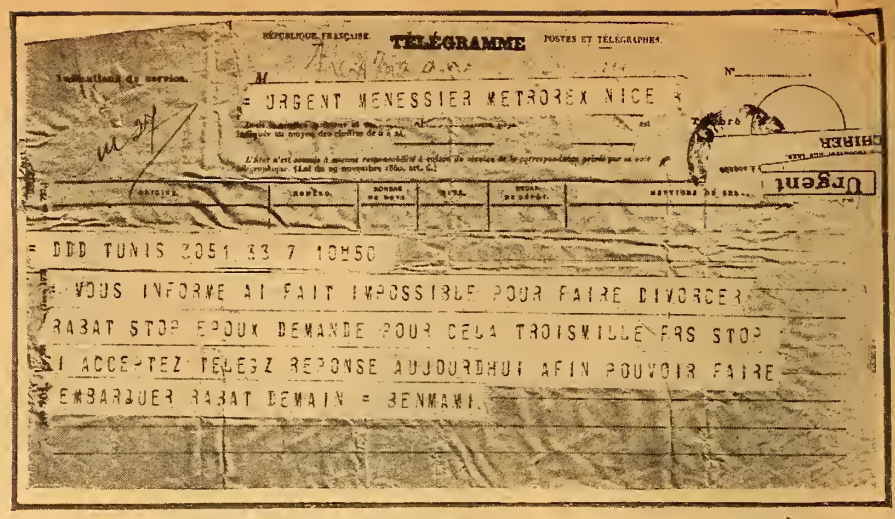
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RABAT STOP EPOUX DEMANDE POUR CELA TROISMILLE FRS STOP
SI ACCEPTEZ TELEGZ REPONSE AUJOURDHUI AFIN POUVOIR FAIRE
EMBARQUER RABAT DEMAIN = BENMAMI.

Rabat's husband would not let her leave her native country. Here's the telegram Ingram sent, arranging for her divorce. He knows when she returns home with the money she has made in this picture that her husband will be glad to remarry her

Inside with the Ingrams

(*Continued from page* 53)

image you are doomed to a specific disappointment. On the other hand, if you are of a liberal turn of mind and not set in your ways and can see beauty where beauty exists, free from preconceived ideas, you are apt to be overcome with a surprised delight when you meet her in the flattering flesh. Personally, we like her better in the F. F. We think that the camera fails her lamentably. Which is to say that her hair is dark, really, chestnut, and cut in a casually swirled and uncurled bob . . . her eyes are very sapphiric . . . her mouth demands that we employ the well-worn simile, clove-rose, and her nose is totally unscreenlike, being inclined to the *retroussé* with delicately dilated nostrils that can express etched scorn, nuances of amusement or gishish plaintivcness at will. A surprising nose. I mean, comparatively. And she has a throaty voice and brusque little mannerisms and a funny chuckle that reminds us of Mary Hay. We dont know why. There is no reason. Only, you're all trailing along with us for the day, and we aren't going to keep anything from you, even our most irrelevant thoughts. And she wore a dark red georgette frock and a small felt hat of a matching shade and a huge flower of a paler shade on one shoulder and a mink cape flung carelessly over the whole—or it may have been sable, but we cant say, because we never recognize sable when we see it. We are not that kind of girl. Tho we did pick up some in that direction since on the Riviera.

Well . . . Daisy Moreno (Mrs. Antonio) and Alice and I had luncheon together. Quite a great deal of luncheon. Alice likes the table. Likes breakfasts and luncheons and dinners. Which is always a good sign. She's a good business woman, too, tho I dont quite get the train of thought myself. Anyway, there is nothing of the pale drooping esthete about Alice. She comes from the Middle West, I believe, and she has not belied her lusty native heath. Facts is facts as much as pigs is pigs. Which is convenient—that Alice is a good business woman, I mean . . . because Rex is not a good business man, being an artist—a sculptor in clay as well as in shadow—and so doesn't like to be annoyed with contracts and checks (or the signing of them) and such. Tho our idea of a good business man is precisely one who personally owns a large and picturesque studio in the golden environs of Nice and works in his own way, undisturbed. We may be wrong—and there is always Alice to act as intermediary and sign the darned things and talk to the Powers and all that.

Well, Alice and Daisy talked about Hollywood and parties they had both been to out there and asked each other how B. Lillie was and Elsie Janis and Florence Vidor, and neither one of them said one catty thing the whole time and there were plenty of opportunities because they were talking about limelighted folk, and we, personally, could think of several silken slams they just let go by them as if they didn't even miss them.

In fact, Alice says that she is afraid of women, *en masse*. If she goes to a party, she says, and is the last to arrive and all the others are assembled together, she'd rather hide for the whole day or evening than appear before them. In fact, she has done so. Which is quite right except that it is worse to disappear before them because of the oracular opportunities it gives them and you not there to defend yourself.

She talks about Rex and how ill he has been and how nervous he is and how she wishes he would give up directing for a while and just sculpt, and when we asked her if she would stop working, too, she said that she would just as soon because she isn't so terribly interested in it, but that she supposes if someone offered her some money, she wouldn't be able to resist taking it. That's the way it is with money.

* * *

We drive to the studio in Alice's car, the three of us on the back seat, Alice hunched down in the middle, smoking cigarets and talking away. A lovely drive with the acacias and mimosa blooming miraculously out of rocks and roses and unexpected things, which is odd when you come to think of it and only goes to show how grand Nature is. . . .

"When you are working for Rex," we ask, idly, "do you think of him as Rex, the husband, you know, or as Mr. Ingram, the great director?"

Alice doesn't hesitate. "As the direc-

(*Continued on page* 82)

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their *dangerous power?*

Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will*. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use*.

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely*. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurement.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows mere physical beauty, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman*, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

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Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

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Face Powder Complexions won't last here

The fleeting beauty they render cannot stand wind, moisture or perspiration. End this constant neeessity of "touching up." The "24 hour complexion" instantly gives your skin an alluring, pearly beauty that lasts throughout the day — unaffected by moisture, wind or perspiration. Far superior in every way to face powders.

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You are only as old as you look!

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LIQUID
EAU DE HENNA
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will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.
You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous —no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

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It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling—nothing takes it off.
You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots. You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

WONDERFUL FOR TOUCHING UP

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. **Does not interfere with permanent waving.**
Full directions enclosed. State color desired; Back, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Order through your dealer or from us. Cash with order, $2.50. C.O.D. $2.77.

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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Alice says she is always self-conscious having a close-up made when Rex is around. She feels he is appraising her nose, eyes, mouth, somewhat personally, and that husbands are apt to have strange mental portraits of their wives . . . before-breakfast face . . . things like that. Above, one of the dramatic moments from "The Garden of Allah"

Inside with the Ingrams

(*Continued from page* 80)

tor," she says promptly, "in fact, I often find myself calling him 'Mr. Ingram.'"

"Do you like working for him as well, or better, than other directors?"

"Better. Oh, I get annoyed with him at times, of course, when I think I'm not getting the right break or something like that, but then I get annoyed with other directors too, so that means nothing in particular.

"When I'm working for Rex, what he says, *goes*. His word is law to me. I neither question it nor doubt it. I know that he knows what he is about, what he wants. If I'm wearing something I rather like and Rex says it's awful and to take it off, I never question it—I take it off. If I'm doing a scene and he doesn't like it, I'll do it again and again until I am able to strike the thing he wants. I believe it comes down to this . . . working for Rex seems *more worth while to me*. More worth while than anything else. I may have passing convictions now and then that he is awfully right about something or awfully wrong, but however it turns out, I know that it *will matter*. That it will have significance. Rex takes stories to do that no one else will handle . . . people . . . conditions . . . somehow they always *do* matter, no matter what the other results may be. And, of course, if a thing does seem to matter to you, if it signifies, why, naturally, you're profoundly interested in working out your part of it. . . . When Rex gives me the go-ahead on the set, I go . . . I know that it's O. K."

"Aren't you ever self-conscious, working for your own husband?"

"Only when he watches me having close-ups made. Otherwise I lose the husband sense entirely. But if I am having a close-up and he is on the set, I'm always conscious that he is appraising my nose, eyes, mouth, somewhat personally . . . that's not so good . . . husbands are apt to have strange mental portraits of their wives stowed away . . . you know, the before-breakfast face and things like that . . . here we are . . ."

We drove into a Nicean estate. Pale houses made of lime or something . . . buildings . . . stage . . . dressing-rooms . . . all the "works" . . . yet somehow preserving an air of blue and gold detachment . . . far from the raucous shouts of workmanship . . . pounding of hammers . . . striking of sets . . . thud and throb of commercial cinemaism . . . no wonder Rex bought himself the idyllic Ciné Studio . . . once a private villa.

We alighted and were led into Alice's dressing-room . . . a spacious affair with comfortable wicker things . . . rugs . . . tanks of perfume, mostly unopened . . . divers ukuleles . . . a photograph of Rex . . . we noted, on the door opposite, the name of Petrovitch, the mysteriously somber-looking Serbian gentleman who is to play the monk-husband in "The Garden."

"Do you," we said, "believe that any woman would really do what the woman in 'The Garden of Allah' does . . . I mean . . . send the man she so greatly loves, the man who has been her husband and the father of her child, back to a monastery. . . ."

"Are you," says Alice brusquely, "are you very religious?"

"Well . . . er . . ." we hesitate . . . we like to do and be what is expected of us . . . we are saved from answering explicitly by a strange throaty sound from Daisy Moreno which might easily be interpreted as a negative. Alice so interprets it.

"Then you wouldn't do it," says Alice; "nor would any woman not steeped in religion, in the Church . . . we've debated

the point many times. . . for we are leaving the story as it was written . . . only a very religious woman could do what this woman does. . . . I've had to steep myself in that sense, that atmosphere in order to have the right conviction . . . you see . . .?"

We try to.

We go out and find Rex and his father, he is a clergyman, Irish . . . and he is talking about Rex when he was a little boy. . . . "I always knew he would be great at something . . . a genius, the boy was . . . always drawing, the boy was. . . . I'd quote Shakespeare to him by the hour . . . when he was three, brought him up on it . . . and the Bible . . . I'll tell you something, he wasn't much good at mathematics . . . but he was a good boy . . . he always had a great personality. . . ."

From Rex, detachedly. "There was never any money in the collection box at our house . . . I'd stolen it all. . . ."

From his father. . . . "Hear him now! That boy's the worst liar in captivity . . . now, you cant believe one word he says about himself . . . not one word. . . ."

Indulgent winks from Rex. Gray, ironic, humorous eyes under his father's beetling ministerial brows . . . father eyes . . . openly adoring. . . .

We go into the villa . . . the charming stucco place Alice and Rex make their home a great part of the time . . . his father is staying there now . . . a wide high room, paneled, filled with interesting "bits" Rex has picked up here and there all over the world . . . an old Moorish desk, riddled with age . . . brasses . . . bizarre and grotesque nudes . . . From Rex, laughing. "Daddy doesn't like these nudes . . . wants me to take them down . . . dont you, Daddy?"

"I do that . . ." the strong tangy Irish-Anglo accent. "I think they're terrible. . . ."

We go into the workroom where Rex does his sculpturing . . . and there we see his latest conception . . . a strange, fateful thing . . . a figure of the Buddha, infinitely wise and aged and remote, holding in careful arms the thorn-crowned crucified figure of the Christ . . . . Buddha, the first way-shower, sheltering the tired form of the Christian way-shower. . . . Daisy Moreno points out to me how strangely beautiful it really it . . . not pagan . . . not madly mocking as we first think. . . . Rex's father doesn't like it, is revolted. . . . "I hope he never finishes it," he says. . . .

We have an argument about missionaries. We all side against the Reverend Gentleman. We all declare for the heathen living their own lives, worshiping their own gods. . . . Rex's father is mighty and ecclesiastic and terrifically impressive in his dogmatic faiths, his iron-clad, unshakable beliefs . . . "As it was written" . . . and that is all. Rex mutters, "We live and die and go and that's all we know about it. . . ."

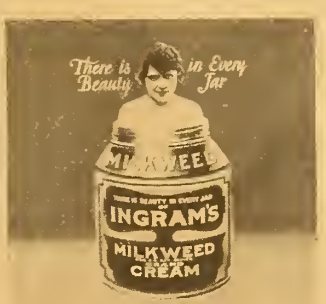
His father beetles at him, tall, towering, stalwart in the stern habiliments of the clergy . . . he shakes his head at this changeling adorable son and the Irish twinkle comes into his deep-set eyes . . . an impressive and lovable figure, Rex's father . . . yet we wonder whether some of Rex's atheism—or is it agnosticism?—may not have come, as a reaction, from the very fundamentalism, the very rock-bound rigor of the elder man's beliefs . . . oh, well. . . .

Shorty comes weirdly up to us and Daisy Moreno gives him money and Rex formally introduces him and he kisses all our

(*Continued on page* 87)

BEAUTY HERE *is* ALL-IMPORTANT

Give your throat, nose and chin constant beauty care... Milkweed Cream is all you need



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Keep Thin

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Fight excess fat, whatever else you do for youth, beauty and vitality. Fat is not popular today.

Some fight fat by strenuous exercise, some by starvation diet. But the fight is hard and never-ending.

Millions have learned to fight it with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. This is the easy, pleasant way.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. The use has grown, through proved results, until people are using a very large amount. You see the results wherever you look. You can learn them by inquiring of your friends. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

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THE · THING · TO · DO

By

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO

(Etiquette Editor)

When You Entertain

If you will pause long enough to remember some of the small blunders that have at one time or another beset your conscience, I feel that you will agree with me in saying that the majority of these *faux pas* are not so much the direct outcome of ignorance as they are the result of an inexcusable carelessness for which you have nobody but yourself to blame. Consequently, my whole object in writing these articles is not to preach nor even to teach, but is rather a sincere effort to bring to notice many of the things that we already know but seem inclined to overlook.

No matter how small or informal a party may be, to entertain properly demands a certain amount of "something" that can only be gained thru a little thought devoted exclusively to two very essential points . . . yourself and your guests. At first reading, such a statement appears painfully trite. Naturally, you say, what else would you consider? But if you will bear with me for a few paragraphs more, you will see that this statement is not so trite as you may think. Much time may be spent over the details of your menu, favors or selection of the proper guests, but it will all go for naught if you as hostess or host fail to respect some of the "laws" such a position entails.

When considering yourself, the first thing to remember is that you alone are responsible for the presence of these people in your home. You are the central point around which they revolve, so, consequently, anything you may say or do will automatically react upon them. Therefore, the obvious thing to do is that which will make them all feel at home and friendly. If, for example, something occurs which displeases you, you are not at liberty to give the slightest rein to your feelings. Unless it is absolutely unavoidable, you should never let it be apparent that anything is amiss but instead do all that is within your power to conceal from your guests any unpleasant undercurrents that may arise.

I do not pretend to be a psychologist, so therefore I cannot explain how it is that the unhappy or disgruntled thoughts of a hostess can spread from guest to guest like an epidemic of measles until the entire gathering is beset by an overpowering sense of misery. But that this can be so is something we have all been aware of at one time or another.

Unless you have a staff of expensive and experienced servants, innumerable small mishaps are bound to occur, such as mistakes in service, the serving of a lukewarm dish when it should be piping hot, and an endless number of unavoidable delays which all help towards making the hostess' life as comfortable as the proverbial bed of thorns. However, I have always found a vast amount of comfort in the thought that, after all, no one but myself has taken any particular notice of these things, and any words in the way of an apology would only serve to bring them to attention. To contort an old proverb, I might add . . . "Where ignore-ance is bliss, 'tis folly to apologize."

If you are entertaining at dinner, then there are quite a few little things you should do with as much

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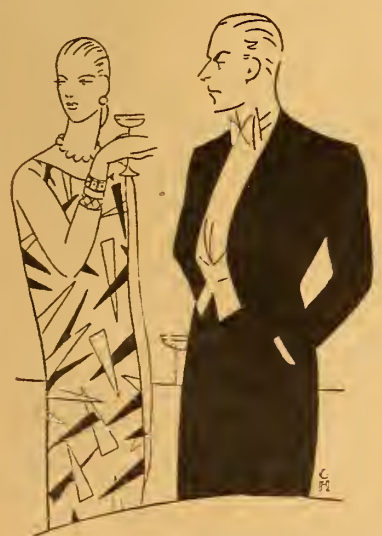
natural ability as you draw your breath. Under absolutely NO conditions should you ever allow a guest to discover that he or she is the only one at the table who has not finished the course. Perhaps they have entertained or bored your guests by a lengthy conversation and so have lapsed behind with their repast but, no matter what the reason, it is your duty as hostess to keep your plate partly filled and EAT! If your good husband is also a good host, he will invariably pick up his fork and come to your rescue, and, on rare occasions, an experienced and considerate guest will lend assistance by gracefully joining in . . . a courtesy for which we should all be extremely grateful.

Entertaining requires not only charm and tact but skill and practice as well, and if you wish your parties to be a success, you want to remember that the duties of a hostess only begin with the introduction of her guests. An experienced hostess rarely allows her attention to wander very far from her companions, nor does she throw them upon their own devices with a careless instruction to "make yourself at home, we're not the least bit formal here." If properly done, this latter method is an excellent course to pursue on some occasions . . . especially with house guests . . . but I must repeat, IF properly done! It is all very well to create a feeling of good fellowship and independence among your guests only, unfortunately, so many women seem to be unable to differentiate between this and an attitude of complete indifference which literally forces her friends to scratch for themselves like a flock of restless chickens in a barnyard. Such an attitude may be assumed with impunity by a few gifted women, but generally speaking, the perfect hostess must manifest visible interest in her guests without appearing to be weighed down by the responsibilities of her position. By this I do not mean that a hostess need necessarily turn herself into a fussy little busybody and spend her evening darting from one guest to another with solicitous inquiries as to their welfare. Such a course is as bad, if not worse, than out-and-out indifference, as it creates the possibility that your comrades will soon tire of your attentions and find themselves harboring a fervent wish that you would leave them alone. Dont nag at your guests with the repeated offering of food and drink. If your first offer is re-



It is well for every hostess to remember that her duties only begin with the introduction of her guests. An experienced hostess rarely allows her attention to wander very far from her companions

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

Your Hair Looks Twice as Beautiful

—when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair. Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes the hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Just Notice the Difference

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It keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage, and makes it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

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At any drug or toilet goods counter, just say

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

fused, it is quite all right to follow it up with another, but further than this you should not go, as nothing is more exasperating than to be continually having to refuse the good hearted, if misdirected, vigilance of your hostess.

MY DEAR MRS. MORENO:

What is the proper thing to do on leaving a person you have just been introduced to? Is it necessary to mention the fact that it has been a pleasure to have made their acquaintance? Kindly outline the "duties" of a service plate, just how and when they are used. Also, is it considered good form to raise the bouillon cup to the lips, or must a spoon be used at all times?

"CURIOUS," Oaklyn, N. J.

I would not advocate the use of the cumbersome phrase you have quoted when taking leave of a stranger. Merely "Goodbye" or "I am very glad to have met you" is sufficient. Service plates are set at each cover and upon them is placed, first, the hors d'œuvre plate and then the soup plate. When the latter is removed, the service plate is also taken away, but must be immediately replaced by the warmed plate for either the fish or the main course. Never raise the bouillon cup to the lips.

MY DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Would you tell me exactly what is a canapé? Is the name properly applied to a piece of toast covered with caviar or some kind of tasty paste? When this is served, what service is necessary? I have seen them eaten with the fingers, which seems sane to me after the struggle I had trying to separate the last one served to me with a fork. If a large piece of toast covered with mushrooms is served, is there a special small knife and fork for such a purpose?

MRS. V. C. LITTLE, Los Angeles, Cal.

Your description of a canapé is correct. Sometimes it is previously quartered, pieced together and then covered with caviar, but in case this is not done a small fork placed on the outside of the service must be used. There is no special service for mushrooms.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

When serving ice-cream, is the cake placed on the dish holding the sherbert glass, and should a fork be served, or is it eaten with the ice-cream spoon? Is it proper to eat cake with the fingers by breaking it into small bits? Should a lady precede a gentleman going up and down stairs?

MRS. BRYANT, Los Angeles, Cal.

It is better to have the cake passed to each guest. If the cake is in the form of cookies, the use of fingers is permissible. The ice-cream spoon should never be used for anything but ice-cream. A lady precedes a gentleman going up and coming down a stairway.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

I have read of the "Cat" parties which are given in Hollywood. If possible, my sister would like to give a "Cat" party. What is done at these parties?

ELEANOR KELLY, Commerce, Texas.

This is merely another name for a "Hen" party, wherein all husbands, brothers and sweethearts are checked at home.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

I am to have twelve or fifteen friends some evening for a game of cards. What would be the proper thing to serve? Something that is easy to serve and should be different.

ELVERA NORMAN, Gilbert, Mich.

It is pretty hard to find anything very different from the usual salads or ice-cream and cake. However, if your party is very informal and the hour fairly late, why not serve a large dish of scrambled eggs and bacon with crisp, buttered toast?

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

A friend of mine claims that it is "proper" to eat cake with the fingers, while I say that it isn't and that one should eat cake with a fork. Which of us is correct?

MISS MARY MARJORIE, Springfield, Ill.

You are correct.

MISS NANCY CAMPOGNA,
Manor, Pa.

I regret my inability to answer your questions in the April issue, as we had gone to press before I received your letter.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Before going to a dance the other night, I took an hour off to rehearse the things you said about an introduction. There is a gentleman visiting here from New York and I wanted to do the right thing. As luck would have it, I forgot all my good intentions and I did, as I now know, the wrong thing. I thought of telling the gentleman I knew better, because I am very anxious to correct my mistake, but I lost my nerve. Can you suggest some nice way I can do this?

K. L. B., Cambridge, Ohio.

Dont feel too upset over your blunder, as the chances are that the gentleman never even noticed it. However, if you feel you must right matters, I would suggest that you create another opportunity to introduce him again—only, this time do it right. Never make any mention of your first mistake in the way of an apology. To do this would be fatal, and your reason obvious.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

My wife has taken me severely to task for introducing a very distinguished visitor *to* my daughter, aged twenty-three. I know, of course, that all gentlemen are presented to ladies, but I confess that I am a bit shaky as to whether or not I did the right thing in this case.

J. B. W., La Jolla, Cal.

You did absolutely right. In spite of all etiquette has to say, I have always felt as if it were not quite the right thing to do. But personal feelings do not greatly matter, nor do they change the "rules." The majority of distinguished personages are quite used to this formality, and would even feel uncomfortable were the young lady to be presented *to* them.

DEAR MRS. MORENO:

Speaking of introduction. . . . About two years ago I met a young gentleman without even the semblance of a formal or informal introduction. In those two years our meeting has developed into a real and a true friendship, and yet we both feel, living as we do in a small town like this, that if it "came out" there would be talk and our friendship ruined. Is it too late to be properly introduced?

WORRIED.

If you have a real and a true friendship, then how can a little "talk" ruin it? Your two years of companionship have more than justified the fact that you should be friends.

Prize Winning Lines for Limericks Published in May Issue

Messrs. Beery and Sterling and Brice
Crash the gates of a Lost Paradise.
For within, it appears,
There's a bar and three beers,
They look like they've all been in twice.

RUTH BOTHNE,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Tho no South Sea Isle is complete
Without monkeys, Ann finds it's a feat
To powder and prink
While this small missing link
Has a "Tail" to unfold at her feet.

JOHN E. KINNEY,
Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

These puppies with long pedigrees
Are brought up by a nurse named Louise.
She feeds them shad roe,
Keeps them white as the snow
We never "Sausage" cute pups as these!

G. W. ARMBRUSTER
Chicago, Illinois.

Frances Lee looks so pleased with her beau,
Just imagine the fit she will throw
When she finds her gallant's
Vera Steadman in pants,
When she pants for a reel Romeo!

C. L. ARMSTRONG,
Hazleton, Iowa.

Inside with the Ingrams

(*Continued from page* 83)

hands. . . . We say to Rex's father, "Now what of him, Shorty . . . how account for him? . . ."

"The sins of the fathers," says Rex's father.

"But that isn't fair . . . just. . . ."

"It's God's way. . . ."

"Anyway," says Rex, his face buried in Alice's bright hair, "anyway, he's happy . . . he lives for money . . . he's rich and respected among his own people . . . he's happy . . . that's the main thing. . . ."

We drove home . . . making a detour along the beautiful Cornish road . . . our mind is filled with strange and potent images . . . food for thought, for imagining in that Ciné Studio . . . Alice, wholesome and sane . . . lovable and loving. . . Rex, indolent and vital and whimsical and perverse . . . and Irish. . . . Rex's father, powerful and impressive and reactionary . . . the strange uncanny power of the rushes we saw . . . the sombre face of the man Petrovitch when, marrying, he sees the Cross . . . Shorty, warped of mind and body . . . horrible . . . happy. . . .

"Well . . ." I sigh. . . .

"I know . . ." says Daisy.

We are both silent.

I'll continue to be.

Resinol Soap—the choice of the younger set.

Its soothing Resinol properties protect the softness and youth of the skin

"My skin is very smooth and it is due to the regular use of your wonderful soap."

"I have a skin that is easily irritated, but Resinol Soap soothes it."

"—delighted to see how soft and smooth it made my skin."

"Resinol Soap is wonderful if one has to use hard water. Does not draw the skin as some soaps do."

"I have so many compliments on my complexion and owe them all to Resinol Soap—the most wonderful soap on the market."

The above extracts from a few of the letters written to us by enthusiastic girls show that even the youngest of the "younger set" has found that her skin must be watched carefully or it will grow tired looking in this modern age of cosmetics, jazz and excitement. She has accepted the fact that thorough cleansing once a day is a positive necessity, and she turns to a cleansing agent that will soothe the skin at the same time.

In Resinol Soap the required elements are found because of the special Resinol ingredients. Begin today to use Resinol Soap and you will be giving your skin the protection of daily Resinol treatments. In countless homes the name Resinol is synonymous with skin health and beauty.

If blackheads, blotches, etc., are already present, apply Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, prickly heat, etc.

Send for free trial package today

Dept. 6-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

"Last night I came home with great news"

"I'd TELEPHONED Ruth that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had called me in and given me a $25 increase in salary.

" 'It's wonderful,' she said, 'just wonderful. Now we can pay some of those bills that have been worrying us and even put a little in the bank each week.

" 'Remember the night we saw that coupon in a magazine and you decided to take up an I. C. S. course? It made a new man of you, Bob, and I knew it wouldn't be long before the firm would notice the difference in your work.

" 'We certainly owe a lot to the International Correspondence Schools. You would never have received this increase if you hadn't studied at home and prepared yourself for bigger work.' "

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Don't let another precious hour pass before you find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple, little act may be the means of changing your entire life. *Do it now!*

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6581-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐Business Management	☐Salesmanship
☐Industrial Management	☐Advertising
☐Personnel Organization	☐Better Letters
☐Traffic Management	☐Show Card Lettering
☐Business Law	☐Stenography and Typing
☐Banking and Banking Law	☐English
☐Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐Civil Service
☐Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐Railway Mail Clerk
☐Bookkeeping	☐Common School Subjects
☐Private Secretary	☐High School Subjects
☐Spanish	☐Illustrating
☐French	☐Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐Electrical Engineering	☐Architect
☐Electric Lighting	☐Architects' Blueprints
☐Mechanical Engineer	☐Contractor and Builder
☐Mechanical Draftsman	☐Architectural Draftsman
☐Machine Shop Practice	☐Concrete Builder
☐Railroad Positions	☐Structural Engineer
☐Gas Engine Operating	☐Chemistry ☐Pharmacy
☐Civil Engineer	☐Automobile Work
☐Surveying and Mapping	☐Airplane Engines
☐Metallurgy ☐Mining	☐Agriculture and Poultry
☐Steam Engineering ☐Radio	☐Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal

Phantom Red

LIPSTICK

The Shade Paris Is Raving Over

Try the witchery of this wonderful Lipstick, with its alluring color—woman's greatest problem solved—a perfect Lipstick! Waterproof and stays on. Regular size $1—Junior, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact—75c.

Send this adv. and 12c for beautiful sample MIDGET Lipstick (lacquer finish). Another 12c brings sample of "PHANTOM BROW," for eye lashes and brows.

CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc.
54 Dey St., F-7, N. Y. City

Created for Mary Philbin Universal Star

One of the highest paid directors in the profession offered to work on the von Stroheim set for nothing . . . as a laborer, if necessary . . . in order to study Von's methods. Above, at work on some details of production between scenes

An Unretouched Close-up of "Von"

(*Continued from page 39*)

not been a day during the picture that some individual has not wanted to thrash him, but thirty seconds later Von apologizes whole-heartedly for his hasty remarks.

We had one very noted visitor that said, "When I came here I expected to see a Prussian military organization, instead it was a bunch of boys at school, the most congenial troop I have ever seen." To explain more clearly this free yet respectful attitude we have toward him, one of his most earnest workers said the other day, "If Mr. Von was not so familiar with his help, he could accomplish more." She is dead wrong. Were it not for the personal feeling, his crew wouldn't stay a day.

There is a great deal of talk about his slow way of working. Have you ever really compared a picture of his with that of any other director? If you have, haven't you found why he takes so much time? He has spent hours on scenes, but when he finished them—well, you can read on the actors' faces just what that particular part of the story is to express. Every scene is a builder toward the end. They are like the cogs in a wheel, each one seems indispensable.

The most admirable thing about him is, he is not stuck on himself. Starting as a prop man, he has grown with his success. No matter if it is the cheapest laborer on the job that makes a suggestion, if it is good, it is used, and the laborer gets the credit for it. Stroheim is very liberal with his praise and just as free with his criticism. So long as one is capable and productive, he will be with him. In one particular department he has changed heads five times because of incapability.

To the whole picture industry von Stroheim is years ahead of all. As an example of his ability, one of the highest paid directors, who has an enviable reputation, offered to work for nothing just to be on the set, if Von would permit it. Not as an executive, but as a laborer. To command such respect must be backed by ability.

Von has a sense of perspective that is so keen it creates amazement in our minds. Every little thing, no matter how tiny, even to the number of candles and their length, that were used in the cathedral. When a man's mind observes minute detail such as that, larger things are like mountains to him. Everything with him has to be right, not mediocre. It seems uncanny, when he has a dozen people working in one scene, that their every little movement would be observed.

As an actor, Mr. Von thinks himself of the worst. I can point out a dozen instances to prove this firm belief. On several separate occasions Stroheim was just getting ready to work when actors of noted ability and fame were shown on the set. They were asked to leave because of the embarrassment caused to Mr. Von by his attitude of self-condemnation and self-consciousness. His own way of expressing this is, "I am scared silly, my knees quiver and I shake all over the minute I step in front of a camera with the lights on, and I know I have to do something. I am like a kid—I forget everything—my mind becomes a perfect blank." At present he is working in scenes surrounded by capable people, and this disbelief in his ability is so pronounced that it is embarrassing to all of us. This concerns his acting only. He has a sneaking belief that his directing ability is on a par with anyone else's, and it is only thru this weak belief in himself that he keeps on making pictures. If he should ever take the same attitude toward his directing, I am afraid we would likely find him with his son in the fire department some place. It seems to be his and his son's one hobby. Erich Jr. and Sr. have every known apparatus for fire fighting in miniature form and use them, both being accomplished firemen.

One of his greatest assets is his adherence to realism. To get realism in his pictures I have heard him abuse everyone *often*. Some shots of himself have been postponed for days, because as he expresses it, "I dont feel the thing, and unless I do, I know the audience wont grasp it." Many

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Erich von Stroheim as Prince Niki in "The Wedding March"

actors have come to him with marvelous opinions of themselves and their ability. All have had these opinions quickly changed because of their lack of realism, caused by too much acting. I have heard him plead for hours, "Please be yourself; dont act, just be natural, that's all I want. The instant you start acting, it shows. Now, try it again, please, and be your natural self." And unless they are natural, after many, many trials, he shouts, "Look out; dont get me sore again. If you cant be natural, say so; if not, we will get someone else. I am not running any school for actors. Try it again and do it as you would in real life." With his determination to have things right, he keeps rehearsing until they are. Coupled with this determination for realism is the good fault of being too analytical. Everything that is done is very carefully thought out. Many times we are asked what we would do if we were placed in the same place and under the same conditions. From Harry Carr I learned that during the writing of the script every scene had to have dozens of reasons before they would either be used or left out of the script. Every little detail was acted out, even to how a man should stand inside a room. All this, months before actual shooting began. Do you wonder why everything is so technically correct. Stroheim's pictures are so true to life that all the superstitions that we all have are used when there is the slightest excuse for one. The funny thing being that he is superstitious himself. Along with this he likes to make his audience think, and instead of telling you a thing directly, he uses with great success symbolical signs.

His biggest asset is his versatility. A capable writer (he has always written and titled his own scripts), good musician, severe dramatic critic, marvelous comedian. Could fill any position with a picture company from grip to cameraman and be perfect in it. A most marvelous host.

It Pays to Advertise

Voice of lady dramatist from the veranda of a Hollywood hilltop home on a particularly lovely evening: "Those lights, those lights in the valley, those lovely twinkling lights. What can I say of them?"

Another voice from the veranda: "Put them all together and they spell Marion Davies!"

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CORRECT shaving soothes and protects the skin. Every shave is a correct shave with the Valet AutoStrop Razor. Its freshly-stropped, keen-edged blade leaves the skin smooth as velvet. Keeps the face young.

Valet AutoStrop Razor is more than a safety razor—it is a safety razor and a stropper ingeniously combined. A complete shaving service. Nothing to take apart—nothing to put together, except when you occasionally slip in a new blade.

GUARANTEE

We wish that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours affecting its perfect service, send it to us and we will restore it to perfect condition without charge.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

"The ROMAN"

$5.00

Sharpens its own blades

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Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

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Federal School of Illustrating

7097 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

An Artist of Living

(*Continued from page* 57)

us we seldom see. We're like the artist who stands too long, close by his canvas."

Like all charming women, Corinne Griffith is much more than this. Charm is compounded of definite and stable things, with a cloak of graciousness about them. Intelligence, steadfastness of purpose, tolerance and philosophy in this particular instance.

For some years Corinne Griffith has overcome the handicap of a number of mediocre stories. Were it not for the fact that she has an undeniable something; a something more delicately shaded than Elinor Glyn's famous IT, she would not have her name on a contract with United Artists.

It is probable that Corinne early learned that the first thing you need to get a specific thing is an apparent independence of it, a superiority to it. She has, certainly, a gracious independence of most things. And evidently people are impressed by this quality, for we have seen hard, bargaining motion picture magnates offer her the thing she wished without her appearing to have moved a finger towards it. We have seen her arrange affairs to her liking over what an onlooker would have considered a casual luncheon, while she spoke lightly of inconsequential things, lacing her talk with a twinkling humor.

It would seem that she has always been practical. For there never was a time when she did not save a portion of what she earned. When she was receiving seventy-five dollars a week from the old Vitagraph Company, a ten-dollar bill was deposited in a savings-bank every pay day. When she was raised to one hundred dollars a week, the deposit was increased to twenty-five. And so on.

But the finely tempered blade of her ambition, practicality and determination she sheathes in silk.

On the surface, Corinne Griffith today presents a strange contrast to the picture given of her as a little girl with fly-away hair who romped in tomboy fashion. But an analysis proves that the same fundamental characteristic which caused her to be remembered thru the years makes her the charming woman her friends know today.

It is the few, not the many, who acquire the art of living and who react keenly to the moment at hand, whether it chalices beauty or pain. Those who do this are usually the artists. It may be this quicker sensitiveness that sets them apart.

Take Corinne as a little girl in a country Southern town . . . very well, what did it offer? Care-free days . . . comfortable middies . . . a confusion of fly-away hair . . . romps in big barns with hay-lofts fragrantly overflowing. She availed herself of all there was to be had in it.

The years temper all of us. And maturity brings with it a delight in other things . . . in the blending of colors in ancient woods . . . in leisurely dinners in quaint French restaurants . . . in recessional buildings softly blurred against blue spring skies. . . .

And there you have Corinne Griffith truly an artist of living.

Fifteen Years Ago in Motion Pictures

1. John Bunny closed an engagement as *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and entered motion pictures.

2. The first Keystone comedy, "Cohen at Coney Island," was released.

3. "Queen Elizabeth," a four reel motion picture with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle and Lou Tellegen as *Essex*, was made in Paris.

4. Lillian and Dorothy Gish entered motion pictures via the old Biograph studios.

5. Wallace Reid made his first screen appearance in Vitagraph's "Leather Stocking Tales."

6. Blanche Sweet played *Judith* in "Judith of Bethulia."

From an impression by Cerline Boll

MARQUISE DE LA FALAISE DE LA COUDRAYE

. . . who moved her entire domestic and professional personnel to Hollywood when she planned a story of a lady sheik for her next picture, an honest-to-goodness desert being important. Now it looks as if this would not come to pass after all. Gloria has almost decided to do a movie about the Woman's Battalion of Death instead

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H A V E A C A M E L

No half-way verdict — Camel is supreme

THE American people have had many favorites. But there's never been a choice like Camel.

Camel is the most popular cigarette this nation ever had. Millions unite to place it first, and there's no comparison. Camel is supreme.

There must be reasons back of such a preference. There must be mountain-high quality in this famous cigarette to make millions join in saying, "I will have only Camel."

That is true. Camel quality is just as supreme as its leadership. In Camel, no substitute has ever been made for quality. No compromise has ever been made with expense. For Camels, the world's largest tobacco organization buys the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. There simply are no better tobaccos or blending.

If you don't yet know that supreme tobacco enjoyment, try Camels. All the taste and fragrance, all the mild and mellow pleasure you ever hoped to find! We invite you to compare them with any cigarette made, regardless of price.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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Free
An 8" x 10" Art Print of this beautiful painting—the *Kissproof Girl*—is included free with your Kissproof Beauty Box. Printed in 12 colors. Mailed flat for framing.
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Lipstick
Rouge
Powder
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Kissproof
Kissproof
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Waterproof–Smearproof *they stay on!*

When you use *Kissproof* you know that your beauty is superb for the entire day. And what beauty! *Kissproof* gives you a different kind of beauty, a warm, subtle, fascinating atmosphere that will make you more intriguing, more interesting, more lovely than ever before. And *Kissproof* flatters tremendously.

Make the most of your beauty. Get *Kissproof* today. The best stores sell *Kissproof*, or

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a generous sample of *Kissproof Rouge*—waterproof—a lovely miniature box of the new windproof, *Kissproof Powder* and a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.

Delica Laboratories, Inc.,
3012 Clybourn Ave., Dept. B126,
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Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box. I enclose 20c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Also send art print of the Kissproof Girl FREE. Check shade of powder.

☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

By MARION MARTONE

Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur, George K.—playing in *The Gingham Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Gertrude—playing in *The Small Bachelor*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The Rose of Monterey*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banks, Monty—playing in *An Ace in the Hole*—Pathé production, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Magic Flame*—Samuel Goldwyn Production—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barnes, T. Roy—playing in *The Tender Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Patent Leather Kid*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Drums of the Desert*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in *Colleen*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Bennett, Belle—playing in *The Man Who Forgot God*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—recently completed *The Black Diamond Express*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Blythe, Betty—playing in *The Belle of Barcelona*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Crowd*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Borden, Olive—playing in *The Secret Studio*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Bow, Clara—recently completed *Rough House Rosie*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *Two Arabian Knights*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Underworld*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Who's Your Friend*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Brockwell, Gladys—playing in *Seventh Heaven*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *In Service*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brooks, Louise—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Busch, Mae—playing in *The Beauty Shoppers*—Tiffany Productions, 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Special Delivery*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Carey, Harry—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Carr, Mary—playing in *Paying the Price*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chadwick, Helene—playing in *Love*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *The Ordeal*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—has temporarily discontinued work on *The Circus*—United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Cody, Lew—playing in *Adam and Evil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Magic Flame*—Samuel Goldwyn Production, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *Twelve Miles Out*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Conklin, Chester—playing in *Rubber Heels*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Arizona Bound*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Love*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Heart of Maryland*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Twelve Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Snappy Jane*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Señorita*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Ramona*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Out All Night*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

De Putti, Lya—playing in *Midnight Rose*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Who's Your Friend*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *The Stolen Bride*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Duncan Sisters (Vivian and Rosetta)—playing in *Topsy and Eva*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dwan, Dorothy—recently finished work in *The Land Beyond the Law*—First National, Burbank, Cal.

Eddy, Helen Jerome—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *The Gaucho*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Seventh Heaven*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Simple Sis*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Forbes, Ralph—playing in *The Trail of '98*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ford, Harrison—playing in *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fox, Earle—playing in *Slaves of Beauty*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Love*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Seventh Heaven*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Prairie King*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Twelve Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Wind*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Grange, "Red"—playing in *The Motor Maniac*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Gilda—playing in *Passionate Island*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in *Time to Love*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Eternal Silence*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hanson, Einar—playing in *The Woman on Trial*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hanson, Lars—playing in *The Wind*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hatton, Raymond—playing in *Fireman, Save My Child*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haver, Phyllis—playing in *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *White Pants Willie*—Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—recently completed *The Mysterious Rider*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Constance—playing in *The Magic Flame*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Gareth—playing in *The Whirlwind of Youth*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed work in *The Stolen Bride*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jannings, Emil—playing in *Hitting for Heaven*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jones, Charles (Buck)—playing in *Good as Gold*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Nobody's Widow*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Keane, Raymond—recently completed *War Eagles*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *College*—Buster Keaton Studios, 1025 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Painted Ponies*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *Too Many Women*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Silk Stockings*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Roque, Rod—playing in *Adventures of Brigadier Girard*—Cecil B. De Mille Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Livingstone, Margaret—playing in *Slaves of Beauty*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Is Zat So?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Simple Sis*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Dance Magic*—Robert Kane Prod., Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York City, N. Y.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Colleen*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

MacGregor, Malcolm—playing in *The Kid Sister*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Road to Romance*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MacLean, Douglas—playing in *See You Later*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marchal, Arlette—playing in *Rolled Stockings*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *Irish Hearts*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McCoy, Tim—playing in *The Frontiersman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *With Their Eyes Open*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *Hot Heels*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *The Circus Ace*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *Oh, What a Life*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *Too Many Women*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in *Colleen*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in *The Road to Romance*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—playing in *The Crowd*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Quality Street*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—recently completed *The Woman on Trial*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *Lonesome Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Prince Feazil*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Out All Night*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in *Flames*—Fine Art Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Tom—played in *Rookies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Day, Molly—playing in *The Patent Leather Kid*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

O'Hara, George—playing in *Jack o' Diamonds*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in *The Callahans and Murphys*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Callahans and Murphys*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Paddock, Charles—playing in *The All American*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *The Man Who Laughs*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Love*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Night Bride*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen—playing in *Adam and Evil*—Metro-Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Ten Modern Commandments*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ray, Charles—playing in *Let's Go Home*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *Dearie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Schildkraut, Rudolph—playing in *The Country Doctor*—Cecil B. De Mille Productions, Culver City Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *The Frontiersman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *After Midnight*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Hard-Boiled Haggerty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Starke, Pauline—playing in *Dance Magic*—Robert Kane Prod., Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Lonesome Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *Breakfast at Sunrise*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Terry, Alice—playing in *The Garden of Allah*—Rex Ingram Production for Metro-Goldwyn, Algeria, Africa, and Nice, France.

Thomson, Fred—playing in *Jesse James*—Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *Twelve Miles Out*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Valli, Virginia—playing in *Judgment of the Hills*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *The Romantic Age*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Veidt, Conrad—playing in *Surrender*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Vernon, Bobby—playing in *Jail Birdies*—Educational Film, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—playing in *The World at Her Feet*—Famous Players Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Gingham Girl*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *The Frontiersman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Winton, Jane—playing in *Lonesome Ladies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

"Darn it," says Estelle, "I have nothing to do but darn!" Tho Estelle scored hits in "Don Juan" and "New York," and tho she is receiving her pay check weekly, she has done nothing in the studios for months . . . and she grows restless

She Has a Problem

(*Continued from page* 74)

of wealth, and her motion picture contract, it would seem, is keeping her off, rather than on the screen, as a contract should do.

It happened in this way. About a year ago Estelle knocked all our hats off by her splendid portrayal of *Lucrezia Borgia* in "Don Juan." Anyone who has studied the life of that strange victim of fate, *Lucrezia,* saw her live again in Estelle's remarkable characterization.

United Artists sat up and took notice, and Estelle was signed on a long-term contract by this company. Her first rôle was chosen—the lead opposite Rudolph Valentino in his next picture.

But Rudy was never to make another picture. . . .

And Estelle remained idle. United Artists demand an exceedingly high salary when they loan one of their contract players to another company. Thus Estelle, who has nothing to say about it, is replaced in casts by less expensive players. With the exception of "New York," a picture in which she walked away with all the honors, she has not appeared on the screen since "Don Juan."

It is no joke, as Estelle or any other film player will readily assure you, to be seen in just one program picture in eight months' time. This accounts for her sincere statement that she'd prefer a back bedroom and a job to a mansion without one.

But she is never gloomy for any length of time. The conversation rambled, as it does between friends, touched a variety of subjects. People we liked and didn't like. Hollywood's latest intrigues. John Barrymore's very thoro belief that the stars influence one's destiny.

"He told me the other night that I should remain passive. That we cannot alter fate. I cant be a fatalist, tho, and just let things take their course. . . ."

No, Estelle couldn't be. She is a very positive person. Vivid, straight-thinking, without sham or artifice of any sort. She says what she thinks in a forthright, direct manner. It's very entertaining to listen to her talk, but unless one were writing a "Mirrors of Hollywood," one couldn't do justice to her fearless honesty.

I might give just one example. A New York newspaper woman came to the Coast recently and met Estelle for the first time. The writer was complaining. She had been snubbed and criticized because of a certain article she had written.

"You must be used to that by now," shot back Estelle, before a room full of people. "I've not forgotten some of the things you

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wrote about me, before you had even met me."

If the newspapers could have separated Jack and Estelle, they would have done it long before now. It must be rather trying on one's nerves to pick up the morning paper and read in head-lines that you and your wife are separated. Jack and Estelle have had to laugh this unfounded rumor off over many a breakfast table. Just why such myths persist, in their case, is one of the unsolved mysteries of Hollywood, since their marriage is one of the happiest out here. Probably it's the penalty they pay for both being in the limelight, and both being very definite personalities.

Whether you are alone with them in their own home, or in a crowd where they appear, Jack Dempsey is always Jack Dempsey, and Estelle Taylor is always Estelle Taylor. Neither personality fades the other one. Such a combination is exceedingly rare. Offhand, I can think of no other film couple of which this is true, with the exception of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

Jack came in presently, somewhat splashed with rain. He had been working on their new garage. He wore a pair of dark trousers and a very blue sweater, which became him immensely.

Most stories on Dempsey have been written by sports writers, in the atmosphere of the prize-ring. Very few, if any, in the atmosphere of his home. One writer, whose articles were antagonistic toward Dempsey, wrote probably just one truth about him when he said that Dempsey, tho indifferent to women, is extraordinarily attractive to them. The writer, a man, could not define Dempsey's attraction. Only a woman, probably, could define it.

In the first place, there is his physical perfection. Never think of Dempsey as a man of bulging muscles. His muscles ripple like velvet under his tanned skin. He is perfectly formed, and his every movement is graceful as a panther's. He has attained that superb physique for which the ancient Greeks strove, their eyes on the gods. Indeed, he recalls Pater's description of Flavian, ". . . he was like a carved figure in motion . . . but with that indescribable gleam upon it which the words of Homer actually suggested as perceptible on the visible forms of the gods."

His voice is surprisingly gentle. I've never heard a more quiet, pleasant voice than Jack Dempsey's. His manner toward women partakes of that grave courteousness which went out, in this country, with the Civil War. Any hard-boiled flapper would find herself acting like a lady when with him, and a girl friend of mine said to me one day, "You know, I neither smoke nor drink when I'm at a party where Jack Dempsey is. It would make me feel ashamed of myself, somehow."

He is without doubt a very sensitive person, shy and inclined toward reticence. I've never known him to talk freely of himself, tho he enters readily into a conversation when it is turned into other channels. He has a delightful sense of humor. Just now having raided the mail-box, he came over to Estelle and tossed a bunch of letters and a torn photo-mailer into her lap.

"Dont you think I ever get jealous?" he demanded with his engaging grin. "This fellow doesn't know it, but he's flirting with dynamite."

The photo-mailer contained three "art studies" of a young man who quite evidently hoped to get into the movies thru the assistance of Estelle Taylor, for with the photographs was a slip containing his name, address and telephone number. I had a ridiculous vision of this *Merton* of the Movies, had he known that Jack Dempsey, rather than Estelle, was the first to see his pictures.

We exclaimed in mock admiration over the "art studies." Jack settled down in an armchair to read the evening papers. Presently thoroly interested in the stock market, Jack plunged down flat on the floor, a mêlée of newspapers around him.

"And do you ever get jealous?" I asked Estelle.

"Of Jack? No. I couldn't."

"Glad to hear that," said Jack. "Now I'll step out."

"He's attractive to women. I know that," said Estelle, frank as always. "I've seen them throw themselves at his head. He doesn't pay any attention to them. When I see that some girl has a crush on him, I invite her here to our home and make a friend of her."

"Stay to dinner, Helen," invited Jack, looking up once more from his market reports.

"That sounds like a dirty crack," I replied cheerfully, "but I'll stay if you'll tell me whom you're going to fight next. The flag-waving Tunney?"

"Oh, three or four fellows around New York." And back he went to his paper.

Later Jack and Estelle drove me home, and she told me of an incident which proved to be the beginning of their romance.

Jack went into an art store on Hollywood Boulevard one day.

"What," he asked the clerk, "is the price of that picture?"

"This one?" The clerk indicated a picture on the wall.

"No," said Jack, "the one in brown."

The one in brown was Estelle Taylor, who was examining a delicate ivory figurine. She left the shop, highly indignant.

But Jack met her later, and married her. And despite what the newspapers have said, they've lived happily ever since.

THE NOT-SO-MELANCHOLY DANE

Karl en route for location. . . . He's playing a nice fat part in "The Trail of '98." That means that everyone who saw him in "The Big Parade," or anything he has done since, will mark this down as a picture they want to see

The old story of the clown who cuts capers while his heart is breaking had its counterpart in a recent span in Ben Turpin's life when he daily put on his trick whiskers and funny clothes, in which he played slap-stick while his wife was dying

The Play Must Go On

(*Continued from page* 31)

Charlie Mack has gone into "The Eternal Silence."

Dorothy Cummings as Mary, Mother of Christ, in "The King of Kings" played her scenes at the foot of the Cross on the day of her father's death.

Mr. Cummings died at seven-thirty A. M. At nine o'clock Miss Cummings was on the set. Mr. De Mille suggested postponing the scenes until a later date. But Miss Cummings refused to postpone them. *The play must go on.* Those who have seen the picture, say that in the crucifixion scenes, when Mary looks up in agony to the face of the dying Christ, Miss Cummings' portrayal crashes thru all precedent.

"Her face is a mask of tragedy," said one of the studio officials. "She was *living* tragedy, and the screen reveals it."

Possibly Miss Cummings' work will lift her to the heights achieved by Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas." When the rôle of *Stella Dallas* was being cast, this unknown actress, with some thirty others, took tests for the part. Her tests were not satisfactory, but Henry King, the director, saw some promise in her work and called her for a second test.

While she was putting on her make-up, the shocking news reached her that her young son had just been killed in a motor-car accident.

Belle Bennett went on with her test.

She has told me since that she does not know how she did it, nor how she played the rôle which remains unforgetable.

"There are whole sequences in 'Stella Dallas' which I do not remember taking," she said. "I look at the picture on the screen and say 'When did I do these scenes —or those?' It is a peculiar sensation to have a photographic proof of work which one does not remember doing."

So powerful was Miss Bennett's work in "Stella Dallas" that she was immediately acknowledged as one of the screen's greatest character actresses. Nothing can console her for the loss of her son, but she has another son to live and work for, and in superb selflessness she buries her sorrow in her work.

(*Continued on page* 105)

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Pictures and "Pretties"

(*Continued from page 72*)

lack of something intimate, of some personal touch. So she proceeded to carry out her threat and fill the tiny place full of "pictures and pretties."

I shall never forget them. In the living-room she added large, colorful and almost meaningless pictures that she had cut out of magazines or bought at department stores. They were framed in gaudy gold, in frames too large, too elaborate and too scalloped. To these she added "a real hand painting" in an enormous and hideous shadow box. This atrocity hung over the lovely davenport and was one of the first objects that you saw when you entered the living-room. In her own bedroom she added all the saccharine pale pink and blue water colors that she could find: "Seven Ages of Women" in a gold frame, a child with a basket of cherries, a girl with roses in her arms. In the dining-room she added companion pieces of fruit and game, actually!

The rooms lost their stiffness, to be sure, but they lost, too, a certain sense of elegance and peace and beauty, and when the bride placed at intervals hideous ash trays too ornamental for use, empty vases with hand-painted flowers and various bridge trophies that she had won, the house lost all of the charm that it might have had under other handling. To be sure, there are not many of us so ignorant and foolish as the little bride who wanted "pictures and pretties" to finish her home, but there are too many of us who dont give a thought to our ornaments.

The trouble is that people are apt to get too used to pictures on their walls, too accustomed to meaningless ornament. Most of us have just a bit of a miser in us, even if we are generous in many ways. We hate to discard. It does seem a dreadful shame to throw out a perfectly good ornament, framed pictures, vases, just because we are told that superfluous decoration is no longer good form. We cling to our possessions. We do not take time to look around and see our house with the eyes of a stranger.

Try this experiment, right now in your own home. Go to the front door. Go out. Close the door. Come in again. Be truthful with yourself—and try to see your home as a stranger with good taste might see it. Are there hideous ornaments which meet your eyes? Are there useless vases all around? Are the pictures too horrible for words? I hope that your home isn't this bad, but there are good chances that you will find at least something that should be taken out and stored against the time when it might come in useful or be given to someone who might really need it to add color to a more humble home.

Personally, I would rather see a place that is too bare than one that is too full of ugly accessories. A certain austereness and bareness is really beautiful—and we see too little of it. Far too little. If our "pictures and pretties" are regulated, the rest of the house can take care of itself far more easily.

"Pretties," first of all. We shall include only extra ornaments here. Vases err most seriously, it seems to me. Now, to be really truthful, there are very few vases that are lovely enough or important enough to take their place in a room while they are empty. Most vases are made purely as flower receptacles. When they have no flowers in them, they should be put out of sight. I have seen a few vases that were really exquisite without anything in them, pieces of Rookwood or Ruskin pottery. Lovely pieces of La Laque or Faience glass. The old-fashioned "hand painted" vase with its bulbous and impossible roses or its sprays of unreal-looking flowers has, I am happy to report, passed out of style forever. If our art standards improve as they have done in the past, I dont think that this hideous sort of work will ever appear again. Simple glass or pottery vases or flat bowls or jars are lovely for flowers. They are good-looking in themselves, but empty, simply are not ornamental enough for the home. Put your vases away until you need them—and try to need them as often as possible. A few cut flowers—half a dozen—with a spray of fern or a few leaves is quite enough for a vase. If you cant afford cut flowers, you can afford, I know, lovely bunches of leaves or even wild grasses. A few of these in your vase, and you have justified the existence of it.

A bas artificial flowers! I dont mean the amusing flowers of shell or glass. These are most decorative. The artificial flowers which I dislike are those of paper or wax made to imitate nature, the kind that, when you see them, are supposed to make you say: "Aren't these lovely! I thought they were real!" Dont try to imitate nature! I like very much some of the glass flowers that are being shown. Some of those of other materials which are frankly ornamental, frankly conventionalized, and make no attempt to "look like real flowers" may be used occasionally with perfect safety. Be sure, however, that your imitations are really amusing, that they are actually ornamental, that they fit in with the color scheme of your home.

One of the most hideous modern accessories is the smoking stand. I seem to be knocking these down when I go into many so-called modern homes. I think you know the kind I mean. Brass or iron or wood, they stand almost in front of a chair, always a bit in the way, and practically useless. Each one usually contains a place for matches—and no matches there. There is room for ashes, to be sure, but far less room than such a huge receptacle should provide, and the whole thing is always too reminiscent of yesterday's smokes, and you know that that is not a pleasant thing.

If I were furnishing a home, whether it were simple or elaborate, I would do away entirely with the floor ash receivers, those trick receivers which wont fall over but which come up again if you give them a push, those less comic but just as annoying receivers that fall over if you so much as touch them, and all of their brothers. For ashes I would use small, occasional tables, sturdily made, with simple trays and match boxes on top of them. Simple ash trays of glass or pottery or *cloisonné* can be washed easily and always look well. It is easy to move them from one chair to another. They are convenient and good-looking.

Too many ornaments have appeared during the last few years for me to go into detail concerning them. Unless you have really valuable things that are lovely in themselves and that you are not keeping around just because they were gifts or because they were costly or because you had never thought twice about, very well. Dont make the mistake of cluttering your home with useless things.

Pictures, now. I dont dare tell you the number of homes that I have seen ruined by the wrong kinds of pictures. I remember one home in particular that was abso-

(*Continued on page* 102)

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 78)

MARION D.—Yvonne Pelletier was the little girl in "Bride of the Storm." Mary and Douglas were married March 28, 1920.

CHARLES V. S.—So you think my beard is very becoming. Well, I wear a necktie under it—but not a red one! James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest played in E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Great Impersonation." Mary Philbin was born July 16, 1904.

JANIE M. B.—Yes, Alice Calhoun took a second fling at matrimony New Year's Eve at Ventura, California, when she married M. C. Chotiner, of Los Angeles. Esther Ralston will appear in "Beau Sabreur."

E. W., BUENOS AIRES.—Leatrice Joy is playing in "Vanity" with Charles Ray. Lincoln Stedman is with Metro.

BEJOL O.—Frances Lee's real name is Merna Tibbetts. She's a comedian and one of the 1927 Wampas stars. Ben Lyon is in "Dance Magic" with Billie Dove. Trixie Friganza is playing in "Red" Grange's "Motor Maniac."

CHARLOTIN.—You want to know if the ears Bull Montana wears on the screen are his own. Well, pray tell, whose ears do you think they are. Taylor Holmes and Leah Baird are going to play in a series of two-reel comedies.

MARGIE D. O.—I dont doubt but what the little two-year-old boy is all you say he is, but it is almost next to impossible to get him in pictures unless you visit the studios. Sorry.

ELEANOR K.—Mrs. Wallace Reid is playing in "The Satin Woman." Lois Moran is not married. Mary and Jack Pickford are brother and sister. Jackie Coogan's first picture was "The Kid," with Charlie Chaplin. He was born October 26, 1914.

ANNA M. McK.—Lenore Bushman is playing with her father in "Belgrano." Jacqueline Logan, too. William Boyd is twenty-nine. Farina is about six. Olive Tell is married to Henry Hobart, and she is playing in "The Grand Flapper."

THELMA O.—Sure thing I like cold tea, cold coffee, cold ham, cold days and everything but cold feet, cold hearts, plain colds. Esther Ralston was born in 1902. Oh, you must send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the producers.

JIMMIE B.—Great Guns! Run out of questions? No indeed, I usually run out of space. Lawrence Gray was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on July 27, 1898. John Gilbert first played in "Heart of the Hills."

EDNA R.—Myrna Loy is five feet six inches, Dolores Costello is five feet four inches. Robert Z. Leonard, husband of Gertrude Olmstead, directed Norma Shearer, Carmel Myers and Lew Cody in "The Demi-Blonde."

EARLE.—You say you dont know whether to send me candy or cigars. When in doubt, send both. As for Clara Bow, you can write to her at Famous Players, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Joyce Compton is with First National. Youcca Troubetsky played in "The King of Kings" for De Mille.

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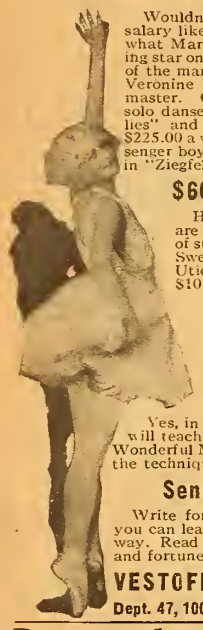

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White Studio

Another scene from the Broadway production with Ida Kramer, Alfred White, Harold Shubert, Jack Bertin and Milton Wallace

The Play That Has Made $10,000,000

(Continued from page 37)

for the past three or four years in their "Bidding" for "Abie's Irish Rose." Every film producer in the country, in all probability, has been yearning for this little Apple of the Hesperides. No theatrical goose has ever before laid such golden eggs. The sums offered for the movie rights jumped from the first one of fifty thousand dollars to a hundred and fifty.

When "Abie" began to show symptoms of developing into a perfect Gargantuan dramatic vehicle, Miss Nichols rightly judged that it would soon get beyond her control. No woman in the world could handle such a monster. No young lady had any right to bring such a being into existence. So she appointed as her General Manager and business head, a young Frenchman by the name of William de Lignamayer, who had shown his unquestionable qualifications for such an important position, by being the only other person she knew, besides herself, that had displayed any faith in her little play when it was going the rounds of the offices, and begging for aid from practically every manager in the city. That's why all theatrical producers today have white hair. Nine-tenths of them had a chance to own at least a half interest in the play for some ridiculously small sum, and nine-tenths of them laughed the opportunity away with derision.

Five years ago, Mr. de Lignamayer helped Miss Nichols with his limited means to put her play on. I dont mean actually by financial aid. I dont know about that—but he helped her with his assurance that her faith in it was warranted. He advised her, and he did everything he could to get it produced.

Two years ago he said he would not sell the motion picture rights to this play until he got the large sum he valued them at. Everyone laughed. Last week every newspaper in the country carried the story, and a photograph of Ann Nichols signing the contract with Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players.

The details of the contract are interesting from a human standpoint. Mr. Zukor has wanted the play for a long time. He has been impressed by the evidence of a deep-rooted, unshakable faith reaping its own reward ever since the play began to spread over the country. He has this faith in it as a motion picture story. He and Miss Nichols are equally interested in its possibilities as a film. They both feel that it will surpass in success as a screen production, what it has done on the stage.

There is to be no limit put in cost of making the picture. The possibility of Ernst Lubitsch as a director, with Ann Nichols personally to supervise the production and to write the titles gives it a start-off which cannot fail to arouse widespread interest. The young author and her business manager leave for Hollywood on July first to start work. The exploitation and management of the screen story will be handled by the Ann Nichols office, and when I say that volumes can be written about the methods of exploitation invented in this office, I am putting it mildly.

They expect the picture to be released around the first part of November. Whether the cast will include well-known stars already under contract to Famous Players, or whether those appearing in the picture will be used for their faithful delineation of the familiar characters in "Abie," is not yet decided. But that seems to be a matter of minor importance. Any producers, and a woman producer at that, who can put on a show for about five thousand dollars with a cast of comparatively unknown actors and actresses, and have that show make more money than several big successes put together, certainly can be safely entrusted with using her own judgment. And when she piles up a fortune of ten millions of dollars because of her perspicacity, you may rest assured that she is probably well aware of what she does.

I know that "Abie" is a play which has been laughed at, criticised, sneered at, and derided by some. Among these a number of leading dramatic critics, who have grown somewhat weary of holding the laughing

pose. The smile is, by now, rather fixed. Whatever one may think of it as a piece of dramatic construction, is a matter of personal opinion. What the country thinks of it as a source of genuine, every-day, human entertainment has been proved. You can't get away from facts. Ann's income-tax sheet furnishes sufficient evidence that the majority of the people in America have found somewhat more in "Abie's Irish Rose" than mere twaddle!

A Danish Dinner

(*Continued from page 65*)

Hot skillet with four tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two quarts of beef stock and let simmer for ten minutes. Then add two diced carrots, one bunch of diced celery, two parsley roots chopped fine and one small red pepper. Simmer for two hours. Just before serving, thicken with three tablespoonfuls of flour. Pour over two pounds of fresh asparagus that has been boiled in salted water until tender. Serve the asparagus whole with the soup.

Salmon with Champignons Sauce: Cover a medium-sized salmon with boiling water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of salt has been added. Boil until tender, but do not cook apart.

Champignons, explained Mrs. Hersholt, are French mushrooms and can be bought canned in the United States. For the sauce, brown one tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two cups of beef stock and one glass of cooking sherry. Carefully fold in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs as the mixture simmers over the fire. When smooth and creamy, add one can of the mushrooms. Pour over the boiled salmon. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley.

Venison Gele: Venison, said Mrs. Hersholt, is for sale in the meat markets in Denmark the year round. As we are not so fortunate here, we will have to try this recipe when we are lucky enough to have deer meat. Cover six pounds of venison tenderloin with sweet milk and soak for twenty-four hours. Wash and lard with salt pork. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour in a frying-pan. Add four cups of meat stock, one-half teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet and salt to taste. Pour over venison and roast, basting every ten minutes. When the meat is done, strain the gravy, add one pint of cream, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly and a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a half cup of cooking sherry. This gravy is poured over venison before serving.

Vegetables in Mayonnaise: Boil separately until tender one pound of green peas, one bunch of carrots and one bunch of beets. Chill and dice. Add five tomatoes quartered. Mix well with mayonnaise and serve with the venison.

Danish Apple Cake: Core, peel and cut into small pieces enough apples to make two cupfuls. Cook with two-thirds cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water until they become soft. Grate one-half loaf of stale bread and fry crumbs in one-half cupful of butter. Butter a baking-dish and put the bread-crumbs and applesauce in layers, with a layer of the crumbs on the bottom and on the top. Three layers of these and two of the apple-sauce are about right. Put little pieces of butter on top and bake in a moderate oven for one-half hour. Remove and let stand fifteen minutes. Turn out on a platter. Just before serving, spread with whipped cream that has been sweetened to taste and flavored with vanilla. Garnish with rounds of currant jelly. Cut in squares to serve.

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Pictures and "Pretties"

(*Continued from page* 98)

lutely marred because of one framed atrocity. A young decorator friend of mine did the living-room and he was very proud of it, for it was one of his first jobs. He selected everything with very real care and affection. He knew that the master and mistress of the home were without taste, but he hoped that by telling them why he selected each piece he could instill in them a love of the beautiful and make them not only like their living-room, but actually become the sort of people who should live in it. He thought he had accomplished something.

The owners gave a party one evening, a sort of housewarming, to show their new home to their friends. The young decorator was, in a way, the guest of honor. He arrived early—but, alas, not early enough. A dozen guests were already assembled. He walked into the lovely living-room, the room to which he had given so many hours of care, and the first thing that met his eyes was a huge painting, hideously done in just the colors that should not have been in the room, framed in a massive and most objectionable frame. He hurried to his hostess and asked for an explanation and was told that host and hostess together, while shopping the day before, had found this picture in an art gallery and while it was expensive, because it was "the real thing, every stroke hand made," they decided it was just the thing for their new living-room.

There was nothing my young friend could do, but perhaps his plight, tho unpleasant to him, may prove a lesson here.

You wouldn't wear a dress made by an amateur dressmaker, wrong in cut and fit, and uncertain in color. You wouldn't wear a hat with a feather the year that feathers were not worn, way back on your head, I know. Yet, in a way, this corresponds to the use of ugly pictures in the home. Too few people know anything about pictures and the result is that they take anything that is framed and has a glass over it and call it a picture and hang it up. Dont put

(*Continued on page* 106)

The Answer Man Asks You

1. What director has a studio at Nice and insists upon making his productions abroad?
2. What motion picture actor might earn his living on the concert stage?
3. Who has a clause in their contract stating that they do not have to have any straight photographs taken?
4. What famous dancer has recently turned her attention to the movies with real success?
5. What imported pictures gave Pola Negri her popularity in America and resulted in her being signed by Paramount?
6. What screen actress is invariably compared to Eleonora Duse?
7. What motion picture actress is married to one of the biggest figures in the sport world? What is her husband's name?
8. Who is called "The Czar of Motion Pictures"?
9. How long is the average reel of film?
10. What actress always wears a wig when playing before the camera?

Lovely Nazimova, Noted Stage Star,
careful of her dramatic voice,

writes:

"The Russian lady—ah how she delights in the puff of a fragrant cigarette! As a Russian I have tried them all—the cigarettes of Cairo, Paris, London, Madrid—but here in my adopted country, America, I have found my favorite cigarette 'The Lucky Strike.' In addition to its lovely fragrance and wonderful flavor it has no bad effect upon my voice—so even when I go abroad I carry with me my little trunk of Luckies—and enjoy a puff from America."

Nazimova

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

Miss Dorothy Seastrom

Bring true *color to your lips!*

WITH the most famous lipstick in the world! The only one that changes color to blend with every complexion! That will give your lips the blush-rose glow of Youth . . . color as true and natural as Nature herself . . . warm . . . pulsating . . . alluring . . . and as permanent as the day is long!

Give yourself this perfect color today—with Tangee—a tiny sorcerer's wand in a gunmetal case . . . and have lovelier lips tonight . . . when a golden moon beams down from a cloudless sky.

Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Crème Rouge $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, Tangee Face Powder $1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE

Dept. 127,
The George W. Luft Co.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me your trial "Tangee Beauty Set"—including Tangee Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Rouge Compact, Face Powder, Day Cream and Night Cream. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Has the Flapper Changed?

(*Continued from page 29*)

flappers? As compared to his Original Flappers?"

"Well, I can only," he began, lighting a cigaret, putting it out and crossing to another chair, "speak about the immediate present. I know nothing of their evolution. You see, we've been living on the Riviera for three years. In that time the only movies we've seen have been a few of the very old pictures, or the Westerns they show over there. I might," his face brightening, "tell you what I think of Tom Mix."

"Scotty!" his wife cautioned quickly.

"Oh, well. . . ."

Having exhausted all the available chairs in the room, he returned to the first one and began all over again.

"Have flappers changed since you first gave them the light of publicity? For better? For worse?"

"Only in the superficial matter of clothes, hair-cut, and wise-cracks. Fundamentally they are the same. The girls I wrote about were not a type—they were a generation. Free spirits—evolved thru the war chaos and a final inevitable escape from restraint and inhibitions. If there is a difference, it is that the flappers today are perhaps less defiant, since their freedom is taken for granted and they are sure of it. In my day"—stroking his hoary beard—"they had just made their escape from dull and blind conventionality. Subconsciously there was a hint of belligerence in their attitude, because of the opposition they met—but overcame.

"On the screen, of course, is represented every phase of flapper life. But just as the screen exaggerates action, so it exaggerates type. The girl who, in real life, uses a smart, wise-cracking line is portrayed on the screen as a hard-boiled baby. The type, one of the most dangerous, whose forte is naïveté, approximates a dumb-dora when she reaches the screen. The exotic girl becomes bizarre. But the actresses who do flappers really well understand them thoroly enough to accentuate their characteristics without distorting them."

"How about Clara Bow?" I suggested, starting in practically alphabetical order.

"Clara Bow is the quintessence of what the term 'flapper' signifies as a definite description. Pretty, impudent, superbly assured, as worldly wise, briefly clad and 'hard-berled' as possible. There were hundreds of them—her prototypes. Now, completing the circle, there are thousands more—patterning themselves after her.

"Colleen Moore represents the young collegiate—the carefree, lovable child who rules bewildered but adoring parents with an iron hand. Who beats her brothers and beaus on the tennis-courts, dances like a professional and has infallible methods for getting her own way. All deliciously celluloid—but why not? The public notoriously prefer glamor to realism. Pictures like Miss Moore's flapper epics present a glamorous dream of youth and gaiety and swift, tapping feet. Youth—actual youth—is essentially crude. But the movies idealize it, even as Gershwin idealizes jazz in the Rhapsody in Blue.

"Constance Talmadge is the epitome of young sophistication. She is the deft princess of lingerie — and love — plus humor. She is Fifth Avenue and diamonds and Catalya orchids and Europe every year. She is sparkling and witty and as gracefully familiar with the new books as with the new dances. I have an idea that Connie appeals every bit as strongly to the girls in the audience as to the men. Her dash—her *zest* for things—is compelling. She is the flapper *de luxe*.

"I happened to see a preview the other night, at a neighborhood movie house near here. It was Milton Sills' latest, I am told. There was a little girl in it—playing a tough baby-vamp. I found that her name was Alice White. She was a fine example of the European influence on our flappers. Gradually, due mostly to imported pictures, the vogue for 'pose' is fading.

"European actresses were the first to disregard personal appearance in emotional episodes. Disarranged hair—the wrong profile to the camera—were of no account during a scene. Their abandonment to emotion precluded all thought of beauty. Pola Negri brought it to this country. It was adopted by some. But the flappers seem to have been a bit nervous as to the results. It was, perhaps, safer to be cute than character. This little White girl, however, appears to have a flair for this total lack of studied effect. She is the flapper impulsive—child of the moment—wildly eager for every drop of life. She represents—not the American flapper—but the European.

"Joan Crawford is doubtless the best example of the dramatic flapper. The girl you see at the smartest night clubs—gowned to the apex of sophistication—toying iced glasses, with a remote, faintly bitter expression—dancing deliciously—laughing a great deal with wide, hurt eyes. It takes girls of actual talent to get away with this in real life. When they do perfect the thing, they have a lot of fun with it.

"Then, inevitably, there is the quality that is infallible in any era, any town, any time. Femininity, *ne plus ultra*. Unless it is a very definite part of a girl, it is insignificant, and she might as well take up exoticism. But sufficiently apparent, it is always irresistible. I suppose she isn't technically a flapper—but because she *is* Femininity, one really should cite Vilma Banky. Soft and gentle and gracious and sweet—all the lacy adjectives apply to her. This type is reticent and unassuming—but just notice the quality of orchids on her shoulder as she precedes her reverential escort into the theater.

"It's rather futile to analyze flappers. They are just girls—all sorts of girls. Their one common trait being that they are young things with a splendid talent for life."

Ah, Charlie . . .

Charlie Chaplin made a naïve remark lately. He attended a party where they discussed the pantomine of Señorita Raquel Meller. Charlie was enthusiastic about it. . . .

"It is," he said joyously, "like my own!"

The Play Must Go On

(*Continued from page 97*)

Pola Negri had no need to simulate sorrow when, day after day, she went thru her highly emotional scenes in "Hotel Imperial," the picture which has proved her greatest since she came to America. Her lover, Rudolph Valentino, lay dying, in New York, while that picture was filmed. My memory of "Hotel Imperial" is one of closed and barred sets. Of Negri, aloof and frozen, wrapped in an impenetrable mantle of tragedy except when, at her director's call, she flung herself into a scene.

Sometimes the actor is called upon to go thru gay and amusing scenes when there is no echo of laughter in his heart. This happened to Clive Brook.

One day, about a year ago, while visiting at the Lasky studio, I stopped by the set where Florence Vidor and Mr. Brook were filming some sprightly and entertaining scenes for "You Never Know Women."

I was about to hail the actor with some merry wise-crack when Miss Lang, of the publicity staff, said, "If you dont mind, I think Mr. Brook would rather not talk to anyone today."

Mr. Brook's new-born and only son was being kept alive at the Hollywood Hospital by the unceasing efforts of three specialists who held out no hope of the infant's recovery. For three weeks, during the making of that picture, Mr. Brook was kept informed, every half-hour, of the child's condition.

Clive Jr. is a healthy baby today, and Clive Sr. won a contract from Famous Players on the strength of his excellent work.

Hollywood has its *Pagliacci*, too.

No, I dont mean Charlie Chaplin. I mean Ben Turpin, who daily put on his trick whiskers and funny clothes, and did his slap-stick stuff before the Sennett cameras while his wife was dying.

Ben was very proud of his wife, and he used to take her to the Alexandria or Ambassador.

I recall one night at the Ambassador when a "movie ball" was given. Some of our smart boys decided to play a trick on Ben. They told him he was to be Master of Ceremonies. Good for a laugh, this, for of course Ben believed them. He and Mrs. Turpin came, all fixed up for the proud occasion, Ben with his lengthy "speech" all neatly typewritten.

He stopped by our table later. After he had found out the "joke."

"I dont mind for myself, y'see," he explained wistfully. "But my wife was sort of counting on it. She was pretty proud. But, of course, I dont mind, for myself."

Nor did Ben "mind for himself" later, when he took the custard pies in the face, and the funny falls. Only for Mrs. Turpin, who would never see him strut across the screen, again. . . .

We've all seen Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil," one of the outstanding film triumphs of 1927. A powerful, a compelling story of the love of two men for a strange woman.

A real-life story made "Flesh and the Devil" the film that it is.

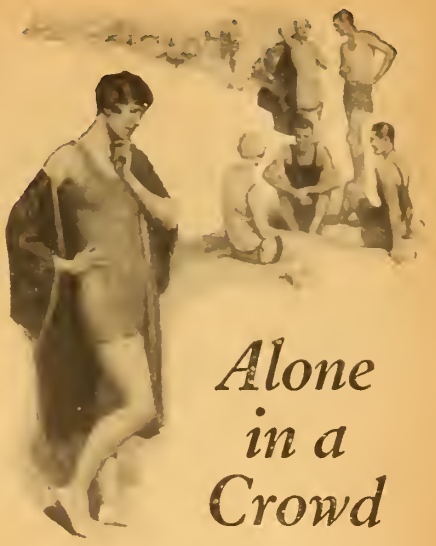
But every love scene caught by the cameras was matched, between these two, by a love scene in real life.

But—*the play must go on!*

An impression by Cerline Boll

CONNIE

. . . the young Talmadge who's as popular in her adopted home town, Hollywood, as she is on the screen



Alone in a Crowd

Conscious of something wrong — Ethel moved aside from the group of young people on the beach. She had expected such a jolly time; and now she heartily wished she hadn't come.

Not until a kind-hearted friend tactfully explained later, did she realize that superfluous hair is an unpardonable fault that personal charm cannot overcome.

Del-a-tone Cream removes unwanted hair in 3 minutes; better and quicker than any other method. Comes in handy tubes ready to use, on face, arms, under arms, legs, back of neck. Fragrant, pure white. Leaves skin soft, white and smooth.

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Second Wind

DO you remember when you were a boy—or a girl, for that matter—how you always ran a winning race once you had gotten your second wind?

And do you remember how you felt when you realized that you'd almost dropped in your tracks just before that peculiar something happened which changed the whole complexion of things?

Remember?

Sure you do.

Well, that's just how we feel today.

We've gotten our second wind, and we have the bit between our teeth. We knew all along that we had been running a winning race and that we would step across the finish line first if we were persistent.

And what a grand and glorious feeling that second wind gives a fellow who makes up his mind to do a thing and then does it.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, pioneer in its class, always has been in the front rank, but now, with second wind, it proposes to recognize no competitor.

Beginning with the current issue, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE introduces its new editor. An entirely new editorial policy has been carefully formulated and adopted.

It is the purpose of those now in control of the future destiny of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to produce a publication that will not only be welcome in the home of every follower of motion pictures, but as each succeeding issue reaches the subscribers or appears on the news-stands it will make such a favorable impression upon the reader that those to follow will be eagerly awaited.

In text and pictorial display MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will cover the realm of the entire industry, including the production, distribution and exhibition of every company, presenting that which appears within its covers as comprehensively and interestingly as possible.

To those ends we shall devote our energies earnestly, diligently and hopefully.

Upon those premises we rest our case and submit it to the jury composed of all who are interested in the screen and spoken drama.

Pictures and "Pretties"

(*Continued from page* 102)

a picture in your home unless you know that it has some value as an object of beauty and unless it "goes with" with the rest of your living-room furniture.

Pictures must of necessity be beautiful or they have no other value. They are not useful, save occasionally when they hide a bad spot on the wall. Even so, I would rather have a bad spot than a bad picture. In some furnishings beauty must sometimes be sacrificed, in a way, for service. In pictures this is unnecessary. Pictures must in themselves be lovely.

If you are in doubt as to what pictures to use, the best thing to do is to get some copies of works of the Old Masters. Dozens of prints are obtainable at reasonable prices. You may choose a copy of a Velasquez, of a Botticelli, of Frans Hals, if you like his sturdy people. Dürer, Raphael, Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci—the masterpieces of all these artists are procurable in inexpensive reproductions, either in colored prints or in soft sepia tones. A lovely Madonna or one of the other subjects which the artists liked to do, framed in a simple molding, is a splendid addition to any living-room.

How much lovelier to have one of Frans Hals's hearty men, the "Laughing Cavalier," or one of the others, instead of one of the hideous prints that we see so often, or da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" or his "Unknown Lady" with her charming profile, instead of an ugly pink or white girl cut from the cover of a second-rate magazine. If your windows do not look out on a lovely view, you might like a landscape picture best of all. I can think of nothing lovelier in any home than a good print of Corot's "Spring" or any of the other Corot reproductions, or any Inness, or a bit of a garden done by one of our modern men and reproduced just as charmingly.

Etchings are among the loveliest of the pictures procurable for living-rooms. An etching of a scene that you love is something to have with you always. An etching of a bit of foreign country brings you a glimpse of that country in a delightful way. Be sure that your etchings are well done and are worth while. Good etchings, even today, are within the reach of many of us. They constantly increase in value and when framed very simply give a dignity and a calm beauty to a living-room that is not easily obtained any other way.

Japanese prints are among the most decorative and the least expensive of our

(*Continued on page* 107)

Answers to Questions on Page 102

What Do You Rate?

1. Rex Ingram.
2. Ramon Novarro.
3. Lon Chaney.
4. Gilda Gray.
5. "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood."
6. Lillian Gish.
7. Estelle Taylor married to Jack Dempsey.
8. Will Hays.
9. One thousand feet.
10. Alice Terry wears a blonde wig.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Pictures and "Pretties"

(*Continued from page* 106)

wall decorations. Dont try to get antiques, for, altho they were very lovely, all of the old dynasty prints have gone up in price so much during the last few years that they are beyond the reach of most of us. Modern prints, or copies of old prints, or some of the colorful Japanese drawings, are still reasonably priced. Framed in the conventional narrow black molding with rounded corners, they are most attractive to look at and add spots of color and decoration to your wall. A pair of them hung on an otherwise blank wall gives a new interest to that part of the room.

Tapestries are good—if they are good in themselves. French tapestries are for the most part out of place in our modern homes, just as French furniture, unless it is carefully adapted, is almost useless. A carefully selected tapestry, a copy of one of the old English, Flemish or Italian tapestries, will add interest and life to a wall.

We all have great quantities of personal photographs. They are interesting to us—but are they interesting to our friends? Remember that a living-room is more than a personal room. It is a room in which primarily we must meet the world—at least that portion of the world which comes to see us. We must be careful not to make it too personal. Photographs are frequently too personal for a living-room. If you are acquainted with a famous person and feel that the person is famous enough to be interesting to your friends, you might give it space in your living quarters. If you have a really lovely picture of someone dear to you, a picture that is beautiful in itself, it too might find a place there. In almost all other cases, however, I would keep photographs for bedrooms, or for the more intimate quarters of the home.

Old family portraits in oils are always interesting and usually age has made them good. These are most ornamental. On the other hand, enlarged crayon portraits of the last generation are hideous things and should be banished forthwith and forever. Pictures of fish and game for the dining-room are nearly always hideously done and are usually so atrocious that they should find no place on your walls. They are not *appropriate* pictures. Who wants to see dead fish or dead game while they are eating! They are in bad taste, if nothing else.

In hanging pictures, dont get them too high, and dont play tricks with them. Too many people are apt to place pictures in curious geometrical designs, which calls attention not to the pictures but to the pattern they make on the wall, which destroys the symmetry of the wall itself and the beauty of the home. Dont "sky" your pictures. A generation ago we were apt to put pictures far too high. Then we went to the other extreme and hung them almost down to the floor. *A picture should be at eye level!* That is, the center of the picture should about meet the eye of the person of average height who will visit the room. That is the best rule in hanging pictures and it has never been superseded. You must use your judgment in hanging pictures, of course. Dont hang them all at exactly the same level. You can soon learn to "balance" your walls if you will use your judgment, giving a little more prominence to a small picture and just a trifle less to a larger one, putting a group of two small pictures to balance a large one—similar small tricks to cause optical illusion.

In hanging pictures, imagine that your wall is a seesaw. You wouldn't put a huge, heavy object on one end of a seesaw and then a tiny object on the other. Balance your walls in order to keep the seesaw equal!

In hanging pictures, try to hang them so that they will have some relation to the rest of your furniture. A large picture may hang above a desk or a davenport, small pictures may hang above small chairs. Use your judgment and you will soon learn where your pictures look best and where they should be.

Pictures and "pretties" have their places in the home, but they should be put in their places and they should be selected with the greatest care. Remember, that neither one of them is actually necessary and they should not be added unless they can add real beauty to the home. A few excellent ornaments, some really good pictures, reproductions, etchings, portraits, are lovely. Have them by all means—but be sure that those you choose are good. Then arrange them carefully. They will make your home more attractive, I know.

Who Says the Movie Folks Are Improvident?

Their Insurance Policies Indicate that Quite the Contrary Is True

Here is what a few of the big movie personalities are insured for:

William Fox	$6,000,000	Constance Talmadge	$1,000,000
J. L. Lasky, Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew	5,000,000	Buster Keaton	1,000,000
Joseph Schenck	4,250,000	Charles Chaplin	1,000,000
John Barrymore	2,000,000	Mary Pickford	1,000,000
Gloria Swanson	2,000,000	Douglas Fairbanks	1,000,000
Norma Talmadge	1,250,000	Eric von Stroheim	1,000,000
		June Mathis	1,000,000
		Cecil B. De Mille	1,000,000

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Now a New Kind of Facial Creme Brings Amazing New Results, or Your Money Back.

Whitens your skin | Smoothes out lines | Banishes freckles | Reduces pores

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowsfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only $1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 7-B 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

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MAIL NOW

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Dept. 7-B 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

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WRITE TO EARN

"The Palmer Institute would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully

"I RECALL writing my first short story," says Jim Tully, author of the brilliant novel, *Jarnegan*, and of work in *Pictorial Review*, *Vanity Fair*, *American Mercury*. "It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton, president of the Palmer Institute, gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' . . . I am certain had I known of the Palmer Institute sooner, it would have saved me years of labor."

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AFTER 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Without delay or red tape, we'll send you this typewriter for a 10 day FREE trial.

FREE Typewriting Course, Tools, Waterproof Cover *if you act now*. Write today for Special Offer and free typewriter manual.

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.,
357-360 E. Grand Av. Chicago

The Girl With One Dress

(*Continued from page* 45)

in the house, he printed a letter addressed to Sir James Belden, Bart. (he had seen in a Sunday supplement that Belden was a baronet, shortened on envelopes to "Bart.") West Winds, Beverly Hills.

"Sir," he began, "You may be interested to learn what Jolette Jeffreys was doing before you and your friend Baynes Ashley brought her to Ashley's house late on a certain night. Or if you dont need to know, you may wish to keep others from finding out why there was blood on one of her slippers. This can be arranged in a meeting between you and Y. Z. Address P. O. Box 2020."

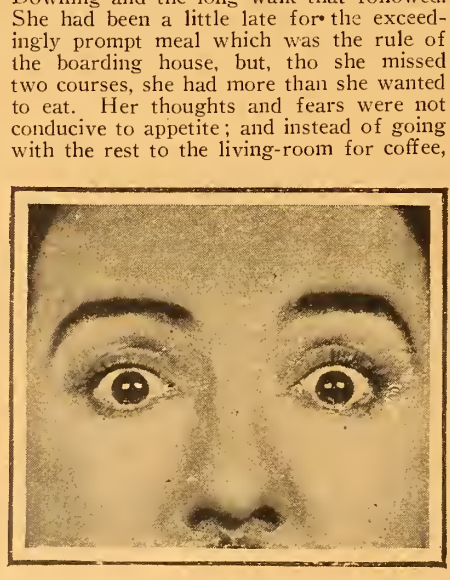
Reading these over, it seemed to Broome that he had struck the right air of mystery. He sealed the note; and going quietly out to a toolshed at the back of the house where he kept a bicycle, soon he sped towards Beverly Hills. There he would himself drop the envelope into Ashley's letter box, and later, make a call on a "certain young lady," as he called her in his mind, before going home. He hoped that Eliza and her friends might play at least three rubbers!

* * * * * * *

Jolette was almost embarrassingly popular at her new boarding house, but she was too wise to attribute her popularity wholly to her own charms.

Of course, she was the prettiest girl! She was the prettiest girl wherever she went. But mere prettiness without wonderful clothes to enhance it, or a background of extreme distinction count for little at Hollywood, where all girls are pretty and most of them well dressed. Jolette knew that her fellow boarders were interested in her because Sir James Belden was "being attentive." She had promised to let him know the result of her talk with Mrs. Downing, by telephone between seven and eight, at which time he was sure of being at home to receive the message. Dinner at "Hollywood Hall" was at seven, which meant that the girl would dine, and call Belden up directly she had finished—before the more fashionable hour of his dinner.

The girl had had just time to bathe and change after her interview with Mrs. Downing and the long walk that followed. She had been a little late for the exceedingly prompt meal which was the rule of the boarding house, but, tho she missed two courses, she had more than she wanted to eat. Her thoughts and fears were not conducive to appetite; and instead of going with the rest to the living-room for coffee,



We Present Monte Banks
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A Four-reel Film, "Versatility"
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BOTH MEN AND WOMEN
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The health-giving properties of the Kola Nut, from which Kola Astier is derived, were first discovered by the natives of darkest Africa. Absolutely harmless vegetable product and non-habit forming. Kola Astier is extensively used today to increase *strength* and *endurance*, build resistance to *fatigue* and *overwork*; and to restore vitality after severe cases of

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The dynamic men and women of Latin countries, known the world over for their remarkable health and beauty, have been using Kola Astier for years to keep physically fit. Also used by athletes to increase energy in all tests of endurance:

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she stopped in the hall at the one telephone which served the household.

In a moment she had her connection, and the sound of Jim's voice warmed her heart. (How silly she was to let herself go and feel like that about him! she thought. But after all, she *did* owe him gratitude. He had been so good! And what she would have done without him, she often asked herself.)

"Well, how did it go?" Jim inquired. "Are you engaged at a million dollars a week?"

"I'm not engaged yet, for any dollars at all," Jolette answered. "But I am to have a part if the tests they take tomorrow are all right."

"All right!" echoed Jim. "That's a mild word for what they will be. They'll be dazzling. The thing's as good as settled. That goes without saying. Are you happy?"

"Ye—es," returned Jolette. "Oh, yes, of course, I'm happy, and I thank you again for all you've done."

"I've done nothing; and if I'd done twice what I have, it wouldn't be half I'd like to do—for *you*," said Jim. "But that 'Ye—es' of yours sounds a bit of half-hearted. Wasn't Mrs. Downing as nice to you as she ought to have been?"

"She—oh, yes, she was quite kind," replied Jolette. "Oh! Here comes someone wanting the telephone! I must not keep it. Good-bye!"

As she spoke, she hung up. And it struck Jim at the other end of the line that her voice at the last had had an excited, almost frightened note in it.

He would have given a good deal to get her back again. But, as she had said that someone was waiting, he mustn't call her up for a sequel to their first conversation, anyhow until a few minutes had passed. Perhaps, even, she wouldn't like to be called a second time. . . . Well, there was the dinner gong, a musical instrument which exquisitely announced meals at West Winds. Guests were coming, and Ash would have a right to be cross if he were late. But—they were motoring into Hollywood for the first night of a new picture, starting as soon as dinner was over. Why shouldn't he hurl himself out of the car at Miss Jeffrey's boarding house, stay just long enough to see with his own eyes how she was, pick up a taxi, and join the rest at the theater?

"That's exactly what I'll do!" he said to himself aloud, as he started for Ash's "den" where the guests, and the cocktails, would be waiting.

As he reached the door, Nono came towards him with a letter on a tray. There was no stamp upon it. Evidently it had been left by hand, and by a soiled hand, for there was a dark thumb mark on the envelope.

"Some beggar, I suppose—or a chap

Reel II: The Bored Dilettante
(See the next page)

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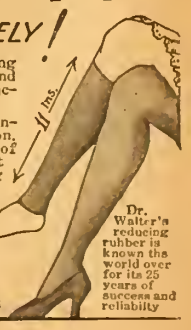

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who thinks I can get him a part in the picture," Belden said to himself. The cheap, dirty envelope looked so unattractive that Jim was on the point of tossing it onto a hall table, to await his return that night—as it looked as if it would keep till tomorrow morning. But something made him think again. He paused outside the closed door, thru which laughter came, and distastefully pried up the lightly stuck flap.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOLETTE had not told Jim Belden the truth when she bade him good-bye "because someone was waiting to phone." The "someone" who had interrupted and frightened the girl was waiting not for the telephone, but for her.

Henry Broome had walked in at the open front door, and caught her at the phone. There was no chance of running away. She had to face him.

"What luck!" he laughed. "I bet if you'd been up in your room, and I'd asked for you, you'd have sent down word you was out."

"I would!" answered Jolette. "You walk in like the sneak you are, and startle me so that I——"

"Anybody's got the right to walk thru the open front door of a boarding-house," sneered Broome. "I wouldn't go to calling names! It dont take no sneak to scare *you* with them jumpy nerves of yours and that conscience. Say, listen, Cinderella, I've come to the conclusion since I met you last that the best thing for us both is a real good pow-wow, about *you know what*. Where are we going to have it? Will you come for a stroll, or would you rather sit out on the porch in one of them nice, comfortable rocking chairs? I guess by the smell o' coffee the folks are all busy indoors for the next few minutes, so if we jump for 'em, we can grab the best seats."

"I dont want to talk to you about anything," Jolette braved him, tho her nerves were on edge.

"Do you want me to talk to somebody else instead, then?" Broome threatened. "For instance, your British boy friend, Sir Jimmy Belden? The last call I made on you, kid, you was mighty rude and interrupted the conversation by ringin' the bell for a servant, just as we'd come to the excitin' part. Then when I seen you walkin' away from Irma Rimaldi's this afternoon late, I says to myself, 'soon will be a good time'!"

"You listened at the window!" exclaimed Jolette; then wondered anxiously if it would have been better to keep that suspicion to herself.

"What do you mean, listened at the window?" repeated Broome. "I know plenty, without givin' myself the bother of listenin' at no windows. And if I dont know, I

Reel III: The Scheming Villain

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can guess. You're goin' to be in Mrs. Downing's new picture. Congrats and best wishes. Ten per cent. on your pay, that's all I ask, and it's not much, considerin' what I could do to you if I spilled the beans, like somebody's blood was spilled on your slipper, Cinderella."

"I'm not afraid of you!" Jolette stood up to him, tho her heart died within her. "There's no reason why I should be afraid, and if you go on trying to terrorize me simply because I was with Mr. Downing a little while, the evening of the night he died, I'll call on the police to protect me from you."

"The police are the last people you'll go to!" Broome laughed in her face. "Maybe you're thinkin' of your friend, Sir James. And then, maybe again I've beat you to him."

Jolette, who had risen from the telephone to confront the enemy, was afraid she was going to fall. But she caught at the back of the chair in which she had been sitting.

"Do you mean," she stammered, "do you mean you have gone to Sir James Belden and——"

"I've no call to tell you what I mean," Broome played with her, as a cat plays with a mouse already half hypnotized. He was grinning, showing the oddly shaped teeth that made him a "type for the movies" whenever a small, mean-faced man, a village gossip, or a "hanger on" of any sort was wanted. Jolette's eyes were on those cruel looking teeth, fascinated, when suddenly the thin-lipped mouth shut like a spring-trap. He blinked, and then hastily composed his features, as if he wiped off all expression.

Jolette guessed that someone had entered at the still open door, to which her back was now turned. Mechanically she glanced over her shoulder to see what her enemy was seeing. Sir James Belden had come in.

How handsome he looked—how strong, and protecting, if only she dared *ask* for his protection. . . .

There was just a second when the girl was inclined to bid for it at any price, to cry out: "This man is trying to blackmail me!" But thought is quicker than light at such a moment. She seemed actually to see enacted what would happen if she spoke. She saw Belden seize Broome by the scruff of his scrawny neck, and throw him out of the house. She heard Broome's curlike yelp, and saw people rush from the living-room into the hall.

Henry Broome guessed what was in her mind and had an instant of physical fear. It was unlucky that Belden, who had probably received and read the letter from "Y. Z.," should have seen him with Jolette Jeffreys so soon after. He might ask Jolette the name of the man she'd been talking to, and so put two and two to-

Reel IV: The Lady Killer

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gether, prematurely. Later, if Belden answered the letter and made an appointment with "Y. Z." he might find out his correspondent's real name and welcome. By that time he would be deep in the business himself! Now was a good bit too soon. However, Broome told himself that the girl was too scared and at the same time too sensible to give herself away by confiding in Belden; and the best thing he himself could do at the moment was to vanish.

"Well, ta ta, Miss Jeffreys," he said jauntily. "I guess this gentleman is calling on you, and I won't keep you any longer. Our little business can wait—till tomorrow."

With a warning glance which would have been more comic than terrible on the screen, but which in real life chilled Jolette Jeffreys, Broome jerked his head with a stage nod including the girl and Belden, then clapped on his hat—and—as he would have expressed it—"did a fade-out."

"Why, I—just a few minutes ago, I thought you were having dinner—at West Winds," Jolette exclaimed, trying to smile at Belden.

Jim was more successful with his effort! "Well, I was going to have it," he said. "I wanted to 'phone you first, to find out how you were and all that. But the way you hung up so suddenly, and the sound of your voice when you said 'good-bye,' made me wonder if you were all right. Ash had two guests with him, and that wonderful Japanese butler had sounded the equally wonderful Japanese gong, so dinner seemed a duty. However, Nono gave me a letter just then, and I opened it. Nothing of any real importance, so dont worry, but it was about you, and written by some swine who would hurt you if he could—which of course he cant! That, coming just on top of your voice sounding a bit frightened when you rang off, gave me a scare. I simply *had* to come to you! So here I am, and that's that!"

It was then that Jolette realized exactly what her feeling for Jimmy Belden was. She admired him, was grateful, and all the rest. But she was also in love. She saw now that she had been in love with him since the night when they first met. *And she didn't care!* She was glad that she loved him, because even if dreadful trouble lay ahead of her, and happiness could never come, she was sure—sure—that he loved her, too!

Tears came, but she wouldn't let them fall, and she smiled up at him with a new light in her eyes. "You are wonderful to me!" she said, trying to speak quite lightly, as if something tremendous had not just happened in her soul. "Do you mean that you left Mr. Ashley and the others, without even stopping to dine, and rushed off to me——"

"Dine, nothing!" laughed Belden, pleased with the American slang he had picked up, and relieved that Jolette seemed after all in no immediate need of rescue by a strong arm. "I explained in five brilliant words to Ash and his friends that a letter sent by hand called me into town on important business that absolutely wouldn't wait. A cocktail was more or less forced down my throat, while one of Ash's cars was got ready to buzz me into Hollywood, that's all. I thought maybe you'd dine with me somewhere quietly, and talk. Because we *must* talk about this rotten letter! I wouldn't have mentioned it to you at all, if it hadn't seemed to me that you ought to know about it. Without your knowing, I might do the wrong thing, and harm instead of helping you—my dear!"

Sweet, kind little words, "My dear!" Just then they sounded sweeter to Jolette

than if Jim Belden had called her "darling" or "precious one." They seemed to say everything—and to say it so simply!

"I want to talk to you," Jolette said, giving him another smile which he thought of adorable beauty. "I have dined. But I'll watch you. Is Mr. Ashley's car waiting?"

"No," Belden told her. "I let it go back. I'll phone for a taxi now."

"Wont Mr. Ashley and his friends be angry?" the girl wanted to know.

"I've made it all right with them—tho it took some doing. But I persuaded them the business that took me away was practically a matter of life and death, and that isn't far from the truth. You and I haven't known each other long, my child, but the way our acquaintance began made us friends at once, then more than friends. I feel now as if Fate had sent me to Hollywood just to meet you. It was a toss up whether I'd accept the offer to come to the Coast or not, for I was half tempted to stay on at Long Island and do another picture there. But destiny had this for me, and here I am, at your service. Whatever concerns you is a matter of life and death for me."

"I *love* destiny!" Jolette said, almost in a whisper.

"Does that mean, you love me?" Belden asked.

"Of course, you must know! It seems too magical to be true that you—a man like you—could care about a girl like me."

"A girl like you!" he echoed, happily. "You are the only girl!"

"Maybe you wont think so when I've told you a thing I know now, if we're to belong to each other, I must tell you," said Jolette.

"I shall probably love you better—if possible," he assured her.

"You cant be sure, till you hear. Oh, I can hardly wait to tell you, now! Do phone for that taxi, and let's get away. Here they all come! They've finished their coffee."

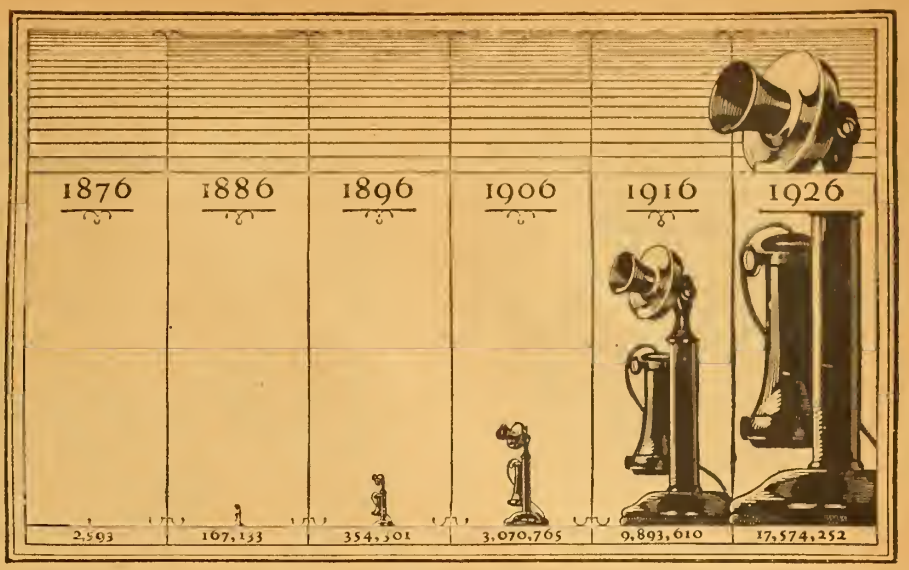
CHAPTER XIV

If it had not been for Henry Broome's letter, Jim Belden would doubtless have kept his love-making back until later. One didn't, as a rule, tell a girl one adored her, before one had known her a week! But the circumstances were very special. Jolette had to hear of his love before she would open her heart, and give him her confidence. She was, he thought, that kind of a girl! And at a quiet little restaurant in Los Angeles he told her about the letter.

"I wondered, when I saw that skinny little manikin with you, whether he was the sweep who'd written it! He looked low enough for anything," Jim added.

"I'm sure he must have written the letter. No one else could," Jolette answered. Then she began at the beginning with Mr. Henry Broome, so far as he had attached himself to her life. Told how he had lain in wait for her in dark corners, at his wife's boarding-house, and roused the woman's jealous fury. How he had seen Baynes Ashley and Jim, in the former's Rolls Royce, bring her home at one o'clock the night she had been picked up on the road. How he had hidden himself and overheard the plan to take the girl to West Winds, and for the men to spend the rest of the night at the Ambassador. How he had seen the faint blue light in the room with the balcony, guessed where she was, waked her up by climbing thru the window and walking into her room. But Belden

(*Continued on page* 116)



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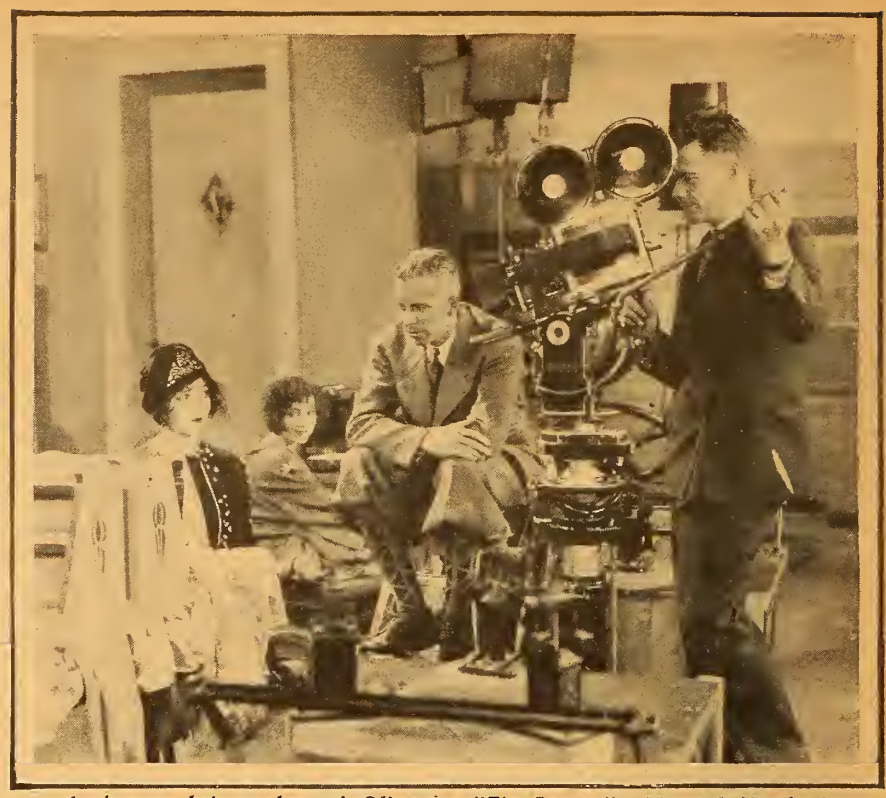
See pages 32 and 33



A close-up being taken of Olive for "Fig Leaves." Howard Hawks is directing and Joe August is the cameraman

Seventy-five Cents and a Made-Over Dress

(*Continued from page* 25)

told her she hadn't a chance in the world; that she would never screen well, that she had better give it up and go home to mama. Oh, they meant well, of course . . . you know how us girls can be. . . .

Olive believed them. The folks down in Virginy had never told her lies, sugar-coated or otherwise. She was unversed in the cat-psychology of her claw-sheathed sisterhood. She grimly concluded that they were right, thanked them for "taking such an interest in me," and turned her back upon the shadow world and upon the beautiful, misleading lies her mirror persisted in telling her.

For three weeks or more she never went near a studio. And then the candy shop failed, closed down. The day the shutters dropped upon the toothsome window display it dropped, too, upon all their little capital and left them, strangers still in Hollywood, with seventy-five cents between them and the lallooping Wolf. His footsteps were very audible. How swiftly he moved!

Olive had, besides the seventy-five cents, a voucher for seven dollars and fifty cents in her possession. But she couldn't cash that voucher for six whole days. After all, you cannot expect studio departments to reorganize their efficient systems because one little girl and her mother have stomachs and seventy-five cents.

They simply didn't eat, that was all. They went hungry. Actually *hungry* there in plethoric Hollywood. They knew what it meant to press your face against a bakery window and inhale the appetizing odors with a dull hope of vicarious appeasement.

Then someone suggested to Olive that she try for a part in the Screen Writers Revue. She tried once and failed. She tried again and failed. A kindly girl at the office of application said to her, "Say, Olive, you look too much like a kid. Why dont you put your hair up and dress older and slap on a little make-up?"

Olive thought it over and decided the girl was right. She and her mother experimented with cascading black hair and achieved an effect. Mother Borden "made over" a three-year-old dress, cut up a set of Olive's little-girl furs to trim it with, spent a few cents on a lipstick and Olive sailed forth again, an adult. She got in the Revue.

Comedies came next. Mack Sennett looked at the vivid sparkling little gypsy from Virginia and was conquered to the extent of two to four days' work a week. That helped. It helped buy clothes and food and self-confidence again. There came more comedies . . . two years of them . . . for Hal Roach and others, and all the while and during the hard work Olive was growing up. She was learning. She was finding out "how."

The comedies led to Fox. . . .

"Comedies," she said to me, in her suite at the Hotel Ambassador, New York, "comedies are the best training school in the world. They teach you never to say 'Cant.' When a director tells me to do something today, no matter what it is, I *try it*. And it's wonderful what you can do when you have learned that there is no such word as impossible.

"I worked hard. I still do. They didn't spare me and they don't spare me much now. But I love it. There wasn't anyone *to* spare me, you see. I was there on my own. I was there to work and to make good. There wasn't any influence behind me, no 'pull' and certainly no experience. I didn't have beautiful clothes or a maid or any of the paraphernalia that so often helps over the first rongs. But it has taught me that a girl *can* get there, and get there sturdily and honestly and inde-

pendently, if she really means business. It is a business to me, and everyone knows that it is."

"Now we have a home in Beverly Hills and I have my bungalow dressing-room . . oh, they all have them, but mine is the nicest . . . and I have mother, who has stood by me thru thick and thin.

"I want to do drama some day . . and I will when they think I am ready for it. I'm willing to work and to wait and not to let my ambition run away with my happiness. . . ."

* * *

So, now, you see, you *can* get in without pull, etc., etc.—providing, always, all the fairies have been at your christening.

Prize Winners in Colleen Moore Paper Doll Contest

From among several thousand drawings submitted by girls and boys living in many countries, Colleen Moore has chosen the eleven drawings she deemed most worthy of consideration. Admitting that she encountered considerable difficulty in arriving at her decisions, Miss Moore has requested the editor to extend the courtesy of "honorable mention" to several whose names do not appear among the prize winners. The list, in order of selections made, follows:

First Prize
Marjorie M. Dodd, 5539 Geer Street
Los Angeles, California

Second Prize
Vladimir Magoch, 230 West 5th Street
South Boston, Massachusetts

Third Prize, Leon Hamilton
c/o Mrs. Jack Vann, 791 33d Avenue
San Francisco, California

Fourth Prize
Verna DeLeo, 1370 Berkley Avenue
St Paul, Minnesota

Fifth Prize, Marjorie Jones
c/o Mrs. Namias, Via Copalla 4,
Genoa, Italy

Sixth Prize
Rachel Titnault, 59 Dale Street
Aldenville, Massachusetts

Seventh Prize
Frances Goldacker, 815 Hartwell Avenue
Waukesha, Wisconsin

Eighth Prize
Willie Gray Martin, 307 Crescent Avenue
Greenville, South Carolina

Ninth Prize
G. Mae Ziegenfuss, 532 Carlton Avenue,
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Tenth Prize
Mary Ellen Bayne, 509 St. Charles Avenue
Montgomery, Alabama

Eleventh Prize
C R. Gooderham (Miss), 8 Elm Avenue
Toronto, Canada

HONORABLE MENTION

Cecelia Telgman, 3323 Gilpin Street, Denver, Colorado; Dorothea E. Whitham, 2232 Grand Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York; Ruth Michaels, Ontario, California; Angelica Welldon, 22 East 72d Street, New York City; Kirk Sevenson, Palo Alto, California; Elizabeth M. Reynolds, 58 West 29th Street, Jacksonville, Florida; Mary Harbaugh, 2800 Thirteenth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.; Helen Iva Davies, 9372 Pryor Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; Dorothy Louise Beaver, 539 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio; Louise C. White, 7624 Race Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mary Alice Danforth, 116 S. E. Molino Avenue, Pasadena, California; Mattie C. Corley, 7723 Jeanette Place, New Orleans, Louisiana; Elizabeth Hensley, 578 Merchant Street, Ambridge, Pennsylvania; Raymond Manas, 3138 W. North Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Jackie Spradley, 704 West Main Street, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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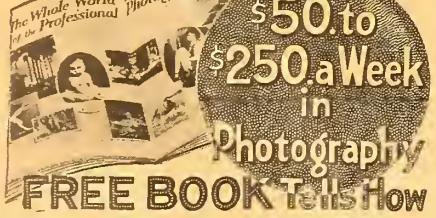

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The Girl With One Dress

(*Continued from page* 113)

could stand no more, without venting his rage.

"The damned swine!" he exploded. "He ought to have every bone in his beastly body broken, and I'll give myself the pleasure of doing it before long."

"Oh, no!" begged Jolette. "There'd be a scandal. For my sake and yours both, that would be the worst thing that could happen."

"I'll have to punish him as he deserves, somehow," said Belden. "And that's that."

"Wait. You dont half understand yet," the girl hurried on. "You dont know why he came in the night to my room at West Winds."

"I suppose the hound's motive isn't exactly a cross-word puzzle," Jim exclaimed furiously.

"It wasn't what you must think—or it was that only partly," Jolette explained, her voice choked; for she was approaching now the hardest part of the story. "He said he came to look at my shoes. That sounded like nonsense. But it wasn't. There was a hateful kind of sense in it! You see, he knew who it was I'd gone out to dine with. He saw me start with a man in a car. I had on a cloak over my dress, and—nice new-looking shoes then, of course. When you and Mr. Ashley brought me back to the boarding-house, so many hours later, my cloak was gone, and—and he guessed that something queer must have happened."

"I see," said Jim, controlling himself as best he could.

"The little cad explained to me afterwards that he thought, if my shoes were spoiled as well as my cloak left behind, he would have something to tell the wife of—of the man I'd dined with. They *were* spoiled—you know what they were like! And—and he found a spot of blood on one shoe I hadn't known was there."

"Poor, blessed child! I suppose your little feet were blistered."

"No. The Broome beast looked at my stockings and saw there was no blood on them."

"Why on earth didn't you ring for a servant and scare him away?"

"He threatened to tell everyone—including you!—where I'd been. And—I had the most *fearful* reason for not wanting anyone to know that. I dont mean that it was so very shocking for me to go. Almost any girl in my place would have gone. It was what happened at the house where I was, which made it so awful for me. The Broome man didn't know about that. But next morning he read in the papers—oh, it's just agonizing to tell you this. Yet I must, because of what you've said to me about love. You may not love me when you've heard, but things cant go on any further till you do hear. I—went to dine with Oswald Downing—at the bungalow. I—was with him when he died."

"Good God, my poor little girl, how it must have frightened you to see him fall in that fit! No wonder you ran away."

"Oh, but my dear, my dear, you dont understand *yet!*" the girl moaned. "I pushed him with all my might. He struck his head as he fell. I—*killed him.* It was his blood on my shoe that Henry Broome found."

Will Sir Jimmy remain true to this girl he loves after her confession? After all, she is practically a stranger to him. See the August

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Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque's engagement has resulted in a particularly heavy social season in the film colony. Everybody is giving luncheons, teas and dinners in their honor. . . . It certainly looks as if there would be one less bachelor before long

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 50)

in the Del Monte woods which bear the initials "R. L. R." and "P. N." cut inside a heart.

When Irene Rich slipped away late the other afternoon and married David F. Blankenhorn, a real-estate and bond man of Los Angeles, she surprised even her closest friends. The two have been seen together at movie resorts and their engagement has been rumored, but they broke all precedents by not denying it before they were married! This is the lovely Irene's third marriage, her first being when she was a schoolgirl, and her second to Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Rich, whom she left dramatically three days before her second daughter was born.

They are dusting the studio bungalow on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot, and Mary and Doug will soon be starting on their next pictures, always an event in Hollywood. Mary's story, a drama of the five-'n-ten-cent store, is tentatively titled "Paradise Alley," and she is looking for an unknown to play her leading man. He will still be unknown when he finishes—whoever remembers anyone except the golden-haired heroine in a Pickford picture? Doug's play, "Gaucho," was written by one Elton Thomas, and if he doesn't like the script he will have a hard time firing the scenario writer, for Elton Thomas is the *nom de plume* of Doug himself. Dolores del Rio will play the heroine, but so far there is one important character lacking in the cast. For weeks they have been taking tests for a Wild Woman until they have almost reached the conclusion that there isn't such a thing in Hollywood!

With so many foreign stars coming over on every boat, however, most of the native actresses will soon be wild women. One disgruntled young woman who wanted the title rôle in "Helen of Troy" was heard to grumble the other day as she looked at beautiful Maria Corda, the Hungarian importation who will play *Helen* for First National, "Call that the face that sank a thousand ships! Say, it couldn't sink a rowboat!" Her husband, Alexander Korda (the difference in spelling to keep them separate personalities in the public mind), is unconscious of any feeling of unfriendliness, for he remarked to me the other day, "Ach, peoples has been so kind. I mus' buy me a house and servants and invitate them back so I can give them *re-*

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Clarence S. Bull

Jacqueline Gadson believes in variety. And when she wishes a change from her blonde locks, she adds a bobbed transformation to the inside of her hat and . . .

revenge." He is said to be a great director, but the studio points out with especial pride that he is probably the only man in the world who can look thru the finder of a camera without removing his monocle.

A NEW contract has been arranged with Greta Garbo by Metro-Goldwyn, somewhere between the four hundred dollars a week she was getting and the seventy-five hundred she demanded. Just what her salary will be is not certain. One who has "inside information" confides that he "knows for certain" it is thirty-five hundred, another with a "straight tip" claims that it is only two. Meanwhile Greta continues to say nothing at all eloquently in all languages, including the Scandinavian.

AND speaking of contracts, the Bar Association will probably pass a resolution against Madge Bellamy, who has just signed to make two pictures for Fox (the first to be "Colleen"), conducting the negotiations herself with painful disregard of the right of the legal profession to a share in the thirty-thousand-dollar check she received in advance. Instead of hiring an attorney to protect her, Madge merely signed the papers herself, stuck her contract into the pocket of her sport suit and walked out of the office.

"Contracts dont mean anything, anyway," says Miss Bellamy. "What do I care about my *rights* as long as I've got the money already in the bank."

Now is the season of their discontent. Morning papers print rumors that John McCormick and Colleen Moore are about to quit First National, which the evening papers deny. Richard Talmadge, who has amassed half a million down on Poverty Row, has left the Carlos Distributing Company and is said to be considering an offer to move his make-up box to the Paramount lot. Carmel Myers and Pauline Starke have left Metro-Goldwyn, and Patsy Ruth Miller has departed from Warner's to free-lance. She is making "Hot Heels" for Universal at the moment.

Some of the free-lance players, tho, aren't having quite the fun they expected when they shook the dust of their former lots from their little French heels. There is Alberta Vaughn, who has had only a few days' work since she left F. B. O. They say at the studio that lately the telephone has been ringing constantly with requests for pictures of Alberta, till at last, out of

Clarence S. Bull

. . . she becomes a brunette. Smart folks, these movie gals

patience, the boy who answered it told the inquirer that the usual procedure was to write directly to the star herself.

"That's what I thought," piped a fourteen-year-old voice at the other end of the wire, "but he told me to ring you up and ask for the picture."

He turned out to be a close family connection of Alberta's!

ONE famous movie feud was settled the other day when Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton agreed that the same screen was big enough for both of them and started to work on "Fireman, Save My Child." But the battle of words between Belle Bennett and Sam Goldwyn still continues. Belle indignantly denies that she was ever "glad to get" the measly two hundred a week which Sam paid her to leave the speaking stage, and accuses him of "barber-shop vanity."

"I was getting one thousand dollars a week in stock at the time," says Belle, registering half a dozen emotions at once and severely straining her expression, "but this man persuaded me to accept two hundred a week while I 'learned screen technique,' holding out the star part in "Stella Dallas" I did so. He absolutely promised me that no one would know what I was getting. We were to share a dark secret, the wise guy and the easy mark. Yet the very next day he boasted of the deal openly in the Christie Hotel barber shop and laughed over how he 'got her for two hundred.'"

Belle adds that she "faced privation" for eleven months before "Stella Dallas" brought her a livable salary of a thousand a week. And Lita Grey Chaplin told the judge recently in her petition to be allowed to occupy the Chaplin mansion that she and her babies were so destitute they could not even afford to pay a thousand a month rent for a decent house to live in! Doesn't it break your heart to listen to the frightful hardships of these poor movie people?

THE quickest weather change took place on the set of *Old Heidelberg* in Laurel Canyon when a summer scene was turned in a few hours into a winter landscape by setting the entire company from Novarro and Norma Shearer to the cameramen to pulling the leaves off the trees and underbrush! The oldest actress in the movies, Ruby Lafayette, eighty-eight, played a bit in this picture. She had to rise at five o'clock every morning in order to travel from her apartment in Los Angeles to the

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Goldwyn studios, and was never once late on the set.

COMING home from Culver City the other day, I got into conversation with the driver of a studio car. He told me that he had worked for the same company many years. "But always as chauffeur?" I asked—for he was a handsome chap, "haven't you ever tried to act in the pictures?"

He shook his head. "You see," said he candidly, "we drivers take the actors on location trips and listen to them talk. Sometimes I think they must believe chauffeurs are deaf—and blind, too. No, I wouldn't like to change my work. *There's so few actors I'd care to associate with.*"

I've often wondered what the stage hands around a studio think of the strange beings with pasty pink complexions who stand so close to them and yet belong to another world. The electricians go about their work with a curious disregard of the human faces they are lighting. But the other day in the De Mille studio, where they were filming a touching scene from "The Country Doctor," I was interested to see the carpenters, grips and stage-hands creeping up from all the other stages to watch Rudolph Schildkraut at work. Joseph Schildkraut and his wife had also made the long trip from Beverly Hills to watch the scene. Among the extras on the set, by the way, were two pretty girls with long dark ringlets, the daughters of Mrs. Margaretta Tuttle, the novelist.

WHEN Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, visited the Goldwyn lot last week, the cameras were waiting. Louis B. Mayer exchanged coats and caps with the chauffeur and drove the visitor's car down a set representing a city street. While the cameras turned, Mr. Schwab entered a florist's shop and returned carrying a sheaf of roses which he presented to his wife with the courtliness of a Lew Cody or a Conrad Nagel. Ask to see the picture at your neighborhood theater!

SOME years ago when D. W. Griffith was making "Dream Street," he was looking for the right actor for an important bit. After trying out many seasoned players, he glanced about him and suddenly beckoned to a young Irish prop boy, with a hammer sticking out of the back pocket of his overalls. Charles Emmett Mack came over, expecting a request for some property and was told to try the part. He went thru it with such feeling that then and there he became a motion picture actor.

But things did not go any too well with him for some time. He married and was too poor to afford a honeymoon. At last he came out to Hollywood and his luck turned. He played a big part in "The Rough Riders" for Famous Players, was signed up by Warners for a lead and sent East for his family, now increased by a fourteen-months-old-son. As they sat at luncheon in the Mission Inn at Riverside on the last day of the Warners' picture, Charles Mack must have looked about him at his expensive surroundings with a bit of honest pride. He was successful, he was on the road to stardom and he was twenty-six years old with all of life before him. He took a pansy from a vase on the table, kissed it and stuck it in his wife's hair.

"Well, so long, dear," he said gaily, "I'll be back soon."

Ten minutes later he was dead, crushed under his automobile which he overturned in an effort to avoid a speeding car driven by a woman. Ironically enough, the

International Newsreel

The Hollywood Blues . . . Monte, Barbara Ann and Mrs. Monte

The Wampas decided that Clara Bow was the Baby Star who had achieved the greatest success since 1924 . . . they had a grand loving-cup for her, too . . . but Clara was home, confined to her bed with a cold, the night of the Wampas frolic. And the next day the presentation of the cup was made there

picture which he had just finished making for Warner Brothers was named "The First Auto," a title which will doubtless be changed before it is released.

Valentino's life insurance is now the subject of a legal wrangle in the courts. He carried two hundred and fifty thousand dollars insurance when he died, but a third of that will go to pay the expenses already incurred on "The Firebrand," which was to have been his next picture. Many of his household effects are still on sale in Hollywood, among them a portrait of the actor by Beltram Masses, the Spanish artist, said to show signs of a mysterious knife slash expertly mended. While a memorial fund is being raised for a monument to the dead actor, Valentino's body lies in a vault and there is one mourner who comes every Sunday to lay a bouquet of flowers on his coffin, a girl who knew Rudy and was loved by him long ago before he was Sheik of the world and famous and adored by many women. . . .

Emil Jannings has finished his first American picture, "The Way of All Flesh," and his wife has remained at home with him thruout. Frequently, she confesses, she has been obliged to leave home while Emil was working on a rôle because he throws himself so utterly into the part that he *becomes* the character he is playing for the time being. It *might* be a trifle wearing to sit opposite *Faust* while he ate grapefruit in the tragic manner or to watch a deep-eyed villain plotting all manner of evil while shaving!

"Did you bring over any ideas for pictures with you?" I asked Emil on the set the other day. His eyes twinkled, half hidden in fat cheeks, "Yas," he admitted, "I bring 'em. I got 'em still. Nobody want 'em"

The sensation of Hollywood this month, vaguely recalling the old days when the road-houses ran wide open and a few wild spirits among the movie colony made a reputation for Hollywood which it will never outlive, was the death of a boxer named Eddie Diggins in what the newspapers head-lined as "a night club," but which was really a commonplace-looking little bungalow on a back street where bootleg liquor was sold. An argument between some of the guests became a fight. Someone turned off the lights and when they came on again the boxer was lying on floor bleeding to death from stab wounds. Lloyd Hamilton, the comedian, hurried to his side and tried to stop the flow of blood but the wounded man died in his arms. This Good Samaritan act on the part of Hamilton, of course, tied the occurrence up with the movies and gave rise to sensational head-lines, "Movie Stars Flee Police" and "Wild Party of Screen Folks Ends in Murder!"

By the way, the star in a long-ago screen sensation, Roscoe Arbuckle, announces that he is returning to the films after several years' absence. Under the ironic name "Will B. Good," he has been directing the Buster Keaton comedies ever since his acquittal. Now he plans a vaudeville tour of the country and after that he will go to Germany to make comedies which may be released in this country. Apparently importing them with a foreign label will appease Will Hays.

When there is no news, Hollywood press-agents go out and make some. The opening of the Metropolitan film, "Getting Gertie's Garter," in Los Angeles, suggested to the fertile brain of one p. a. a leg contest with a pair of diamond-clasp garters as a prize, to be held at a popular roof garden. To add picturesqueness to the story the press-agent decided to hire an elderly woman extra to compete. But, search as he might, he was unable to find one whose legs could conceivably be entered in a beauty contest.

With other enthralled spectators the press-agent, on the appointed evening, beheld twenty-five silken pairs of legs thrust thru a curtain, some sedately crossed, some kicking and some performing Charlestons. The judges slipped the prize garters on the prize-winning legs and pulled the curtains back, and there, among the twenty-five contest-

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(*Letters from Lovers: IX*)

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For every woman there is a new, alluring charm, when to her own appeal she gives a setting of atmosphere permeated with the poignant fragrance of Narcissus. You may use this magic of the senses by burning Vantine's new Narcissus Blossom Incense in the rooms that are your background. You may obtain it and eight other Vantine fragrances at drug and department stores.

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ants who belonged with the legs, was Mrs. Ellen Miller Nye, seventy-five and a grandmother!

THE death of Earle Williams from pneumonia on April 25 will be sad news to a great number of people. For Mr. Williams was known to every generation of film fans. He started his career with the old Vitagraph Company when the movies were truly in their infancy, and has been steadily working in the studios ever since. His last important picture was "The Skyrocket." He and Florine Walz really were one of the most devoted couples in Hollywood.

SIDNEY CHAPLIN, has left the Warner Brothers, to whom he has been under contract for several years, and for whom he has made a lot of money. There is a report that Sidney will join United Artists. Another rumor insists that Sid will go back to England, to make pictures for some British producers and release them in America thru United Artist .

Dorothy Mackaill's contract witl. First National has finally been renewed, after a great deal of debating. But Doris Kenyon has been dropped by that organization, and there is the possibility that Lewis Stone will not be re-signed. Doris Kenyon is ill in New York. She has never recovered from the illness which attacked her just before her marriage to Milton Sills.

THE scent of the orange-blossoms from the San Fernando orchards may have something to do with it, but Hollywood seems to be getting engaged and married much faster than divorced these days. There is Edna Murphy, the little blonde of "McFadden's Flats," who announced her engagement to Marvin LeRoy, Colleen's new director, at a luncheon given by Colleen the other day. And there is Janet Gaynor, who hasn't announced anything, but at least doesn't deny that she is engaged to Herbert Moulton, a newspaper man gone wrong and turned actor. And there is Adolphe Menjou, who is seen everywhere with his leading lady, Katherine Carver.

ONE of life's little jokes has cropped up in the film colony. Mae Murray and Pola Negri are going to be sisters-in-law. You've no doubt heard rumors about Pola's Prince, whom she recently sailed for Europe to marry. He turns out to be none other than Prince Serge Mdivani, brother of Prince David, who wed Mae Murray.

Prince Serge is marrying in spite of parental disapproval. Pola and Serge are undaunted. Pola proudly says her beloved is willing to give up his title and his heritage for her. Which may mean more to you when you hear that Georgia, his native land, is now one of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Pola and the Prince have known each other since she was fourteen. They met again in Hollywood a year ago, and the courtship began while Rudolph Valentino was still living. Pola explains it all like this:

"I did love my first husband, Count Domski," she says; "I adored Valentino, and I grew very fond of Mr. Chaplin. But Serge means more than all to me."

She says he is the perfect husband for an artist, willing to give up everything himself, and asking her to give up nothing.

APPARENTLY there's nothing in these rumors that Hollywood is flooded with beautiful girls, and that there's not room for one more screen aspirant. Statistics from the Central Casting Bureau reveal an appalling state of affairs. In the first place, there aren't enough blondes. This is the blonde's year, certainly, and you'd think the market would be overrun with them. But the sad fact is that there aren't fifty really beautiful blondes available to progressive directors who are trying to keep up with the times.

Furthermore, long-haired girls are almost obsolete. The number on call at the casting bureau is far less than fifty, and directors who want long tresses are obliged to patronize the wig-makers.

And worst of all, there are hardly more than fifty girls, of any shade or style, who are really beautiful as to face, figure and wardrobe. Not long ago a big studio sent out a call for two hundred beautiful girls. The casting office worked for a week rounding up its beauties, and then only eight of them measured up to the studio casting director's ideals.

We know it's wrong to do anything but discourage screen aspirants. But it does seem that there's room for a few more, if these reports are true. However, be sure you're beautiful, before you leave home. It's not numbers that are lacking, but quality.

JAMES HALL is singing the old song, "I cant get away to marry you today—my wife wont let me!" James, it seems, rather thinks he would like to marry Margaret Breen, a legitimate stage actress. The only obstacle in the way of their happiness seems to be that James has no divorce from his present wife. And he declares that every time he tries to get one, she wont let him. James, that's really a perfect alibi.

DESPITE the stern ruling of Will Rogers, Mayor of Beverly Hills, that all wives in his precinct who desire a divorce shall be obliged to give their husbands at least a week's notice before leaving their bed and swimming-pool, houses continue to spring up in the movie colony, Spanish haciendas, French châteaux, Italian villas, English manor houses (antiquated and fully furnished even to a family ghost and a family skeleton).

The foothills, too, have their share of building. Mack Sennett is scraping off the entire top of a mountain at the cost of a quarter of a million for his home site. Gardner James and his wife, Marion Blackton, are making over an old ranch-house in the hills, close to where J. Stuart Blackton is building a studio home. Larry Semon has sold his Hollywood place and moved to a country house some miles out where he spends his spare moments raising vegetables. Ethel Shannon, alumna Baby Star, who married Joseph Jackson, scenario writer, after the completion of her work in Colleen Moore's latest picture, announced that their new little house in Hollywood would occupy her time exclusively hereafter. These permanent retirements from the screen usually last four months at the longest!

IT is a transition period in the motion picture business. The older favorites who seemed so secure a year ago wear slightly haunted expressions as they watch the horde of younger players who have sprung up all in a moment into the Klieg light and are romping away with some of the best parts of the year. And new foreign players are signed up every day. Some of last year's stars are now "taking a vacation while they consider several flattering offers of new contracts." They go to the Montmartre, laugh and talk, but there is anxiety in their eyes. It must be strange to be one day a star whom everyone flatters and applauds and the next day only an actor out of a job. Hollywood is full of dramas which never are shown in a picture theater.

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Wall, stranger, bein' as heow yer int'rested in me, p'rhaps yer aims to sell me somethin'?

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Wall, stranger, I ain't no good on arguin'! And I allow as heow yuh talk kinda convincin'. I'll buy one of them there CLASSICS *tonight and read it from stem to mizzen.*

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As we've interested you in the past, you must know that we're dedicated to the task of keeping you interested in the months to come. So look to July and the Clara Bow cover. It's a magnet that will draw you to the news-stand to purchase it on sight. As usual, it will contain bright and breezy pages, brimful of live topics and striking portraits.

CLASSIC is the Live Wire of screen publications. What it has to say it says Honestly, Authoritatively and Entertainingly. So place your order now for the July number. It's the Magazine with the Personality.

Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"It's true, until recently I didn't know one note from another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"You all know I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly, my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music — right in your own home — and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but real notes, catchy tunes—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

You, too can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable, easy "at home" method that has helped almost a half million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And it costs just a few cents a day!

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The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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